Aunt Fiona

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I Learn How To Fly!

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Aunt Fiona was hardly my mother's favorite sibling. Mom was the oldest, and Fiona the youngest by a considerable margin. I first met my aunt when I was five and she was in high school and a star gymnast. I thought she was gorgeous, with her long red hair, pale skin, and deep blue eyes, I didn't tell Mom, but I wanted to look more like my aunt and less like my mother when I grew up.

When she graduated from high school, Fiona went to USC where she helped them win a Pac Ten gymnastics title, but then she left school for Europe to take up the high flying trapeze in a circus there. Mom got mad at her for doing it, because she thought she should finish her education that everyone else in the family had succeeded at, but Fiona wasn't going to give up on her dreams. She would write me frequently, enclosing pictures and reviews of the show where the "Irish Queen Of the Skies" was the main attraction and she was having the time of her life. It seemed so glamorous to me, being a kid of ten and having an aunt that was a star, I wanted to be like her, but Mom wouldn't let me try gymnastics because she didn't want me to end up like her. I got to play sports because I wasn't a bad athlete but when I got to High School at 14, they offered gymnastics, and with Fiona's urging I didn't bother to tell Mom. Fiona then left for a long tour that would keep her crossing the globe for two long years before she'd get to see me perform.
For two long years I worked hard, and got pretty good, despite Mom finding out and nagging me about it, but little did I know Fiona would return and really teach me a few things I needed to know.

"Godamnit! Your aunt is coming to visit, and there isn't a thing I can do to stop her!" Mom was not happy.

"What's so bad about Aunt Fiona?" I asked.

"She's a flake, a quitter, and a bad influence, that's what." No, Mom wasn't just unhappy, she was pissed.

"Why is she coming by?"

"Apparently she had surgery or something and is taking some time to heal up. And there's nothing I can do to stop her."

This was certainly true. My grand parents on my mother's side had died about 5 years previously, and had left my mother the majority of their money, with the stipulation that she take care of her younger brother and sisters if they needed anything. A recovering Aunt Fiona would need a place to stay, and Mom had to provide it. Oh well, I looked forward to seeing her, as she hadn't been to see us in two years.

The day came and she glamorously had a limo drop her off at the house. She still looked incredible, despite the crutches and cast on her lower left leg. I ran to greet her.

"Aunt Fiona!!! You look amazing! It's good to see you!" I hugged her close and she hugged me back. We'd always gotten along well together.

"Good to see, you, too. You're getting pretty hot these days, Lissa!" Oooh, compliments, I knew I liked her for a reason. "And it's great to see you, too Jennifer, even if you aren't happy to see me."

My mom tried to scowl but had to be gracious somehow. "It'll be good to have you back, how long will you be here?" Nope, didn't succeed at gracious.

"Ah, Jennifer, why can't you just be happy for me being who I want to be? Is there anything fundamentally wrong with enjoying my life?" asked Fiona.

"No, as long as you do something worthwhile with it. Being in a god damned circus doesn't qualify." Mom shot back.

"Mom! Be nice, we don't see her very often, can't you just let it go for once?" I yelled.

"Yes, let it go for once," said Fiona sweetly. "I even brought presents for everyone. I won't be here that long, we can all be civilized you know."

I grabbed her bags and we all went in to the house. I showed her her 'room', which was actually mine. Despite having twin beds, I was going to give her her privacy and sleep on the couch. My younger sister Danni and I had shared until Mom and Dad added another bathroom and bedroom to the house two years ago and I kept the two beds out of habit.

"We gonna be roomies? Fiona quipped.

"Nope, I'm on the couch so you can have some privacy."

"No way, I'm just a bit gimp, not some invalid that's got some horrible condition. I don't need that kind of privacy, as long as you knock before you go in the bathroom, I'll be fine. I don't want you on the couch. Seriously, take the bed. Besides, we can do each other's hair, talk about boys, and play with makeup!"

Her silly enthusiasm sounded fun, and Danni and I had never been all that close event though we're only two years apart. She unpacked and we got to talking. It turned out her surgery wasn't done yet, she had come home to have a local surgeon do it as he was supposedly the best in the business. and it made sense to recuperate close to your doctor.

"Yeah, my place in England is nice, but it's nice to come home to the family, even if your mom and I don't get along too well."

"What's your house like there?" I asked.

"Oh, it's nice enough, it's got a two bedrooms, a neat living room, a small garden and the tiniest kitchen you've ever seen, it's about the size of a motorhome kitchen! I like it though, we get about three weekends off and then we get three weeks off every six months. It's a nice place to be, especially if I've got someone nice to spend it with!" she said with a smirk.

"So who do you spend the time with? Dish, Fiona, dish!" I wanted to know all about her life. She tells me all about Eric, who works in the circus with her as a magician and part time ringmaster. She shows me pics and he isn't classically good looking, but he's got something, and the slight twinge of grey hair at his temples does the trick just fine. She tells me how much she's going to miss him while she's back home, but she'll be okay. Then she's off to shower and I give her a hand by getting all her towels and stuff ready as she has to take the cast off before she can shower. The cast that goes on after the surgery won't be removable so in her words "I'll stink like week-dead fish for a few weeks." I promise to leave the windows open and spray lots of air freshener for her.

She gets out of the shower ok and limps to the bed to put the cast back on. I feel bad because she's always been such an athlete.

"Does it hurt much?" I ask.

"No, not too bad, but I don't take anything heavy duty, just Tylenol because I don't dare risk getting

hooked. I've seen other performers do that, and it's not worth it to kill some pain. I just have to be careful and relax."

We do talk about just about everything under the sun, guys, my school and gymnastics, guys, movies, music and guys, and I notice that she's slightly fingering herself!!

How do you bring that up!?!? I don't want to make her mad, but she's playing with herself! She notices and smiles at me.

"Does this bother you?" she asks quietly.

"A little, I mean...right in front of me?" I splutter.

"What's the big deal, it's just my body, I'm not ashamed of it, and you shouldn't be ashamed of yours. It looks pretty good from where I sit."

I pull my t-shirt down as far as I can. I'm not ashamed, but I'm shy as hell about it, and I don't even like showering at school.

"I'm not ashamed, but I don't.....you know...." I mumble.

"You don't masturbate? Right! Find another sucker! You do, we all do, even your uptight mother does! It's so totally normal, and believe me, nobody in Europe even worries about it. My roommate when we're on the road and I masturbate in front of each other fairly often, then again, due to cramped quarters, we've been fucking different guys in front of each other in our rooms! It's no big deal!"

"You don't sleep with your boyfriend on the road?" I ask in amazement.

"Nope, old fashioned owners, but they turn a blind eye to everyone pairing off as soon as they go to bed. Don't try to change the subject, though."

"I'm not, I just...."

"Can't handle talking about masturbation, can you? Boy, your mother really got her hooks into you, didn't she?" Fiona seems a little mad about my raising the issue.

"Mom doesn't have her hooks into me, I'm taking gymnastics completely against her wishes, and I piss her off in other ways, but I'm.....really, really shy about.....sex." The last is a whisper.

"Why so shy? And we weren't talking about sex, we were talking about masturbation. Slightly different there. Do you know all the stuff? I hope you've gotten that much info." She's calmed down a lot and seems pretty sympathetic now.

"Oh, I know the basics, but Mom isn't easy to talk to, and me and my friends are all total dorks. We're all virgins, you know?"

"I see." She's very sympathetic. I thought the admission of being a virgin would make her laugh, but she doesn't.

"Let me ask you something Lissa, how well do you even know your own body?" she asks quietly.

"I know all the parts, but I'm not sure what you mean." I"m blushing now, but there's no laughter on her part.

"Do you know what really makes you feel good, do you know what things will give you pleasure?"

"No, I just sort of rub myself." I feel so stupid now, but she's being incredibly cool.

She notices and crosses over to my bed to embrace me.

"Shh..it's nothing to be embarrassed about. No one taught you, very understandable, this is where a big sister would have come in handy. Maybe a wise aunt can help?"

"Will you?" I ask with my quavering voice.

"Of course, here, let me show you on myself." She leans backwards and spreads her legs to reveal herself. Unlike me, she's not wearing panties and her neatly trimmed pubic hair looks so soft, unlike my unruly mess. She uses her fingers to spread her lips to show a bit of moisture. I'm eager to see this, and somehow, it's enticing me as well.

"OK, these are your labia, or the lips, they're sensitive, and at least for me, they need a little moisture to enjoy being rubbed. You have two sets, inner and outer, and they're pretty sensitive to how you feel, if you're horny, they're open wide, if not they tend to stay inwards, mine "shoot open" with a touch" according to Eric. At the top here is your clitoris, and believe me, it's the part that makes everything feel good. Some girls don't get off so much on their clits, some can't off on anything but their clits, we're all a little different. And of course, the actual vagina, where fingers, toys and boys go. Touching yourself to pleasure is.....simple. Find what works for you. For me, just a few gentle strokes on my clit, and I start to get wet, the wetter I get, the better I feel. Then I include the lips in my stroking

and I slightly finger myself just a bit. A combination of gentle stroking on the lips and some steady rubbing, or sometimes, some tapping on my clit, and I can come pretty easily. Of course, imagining Eric, or some fantasy guy helps!" she said with a smile.

She then began to gently tap her clit, and the bit of moisture began to grow with each one. "You see? I'm getting wet, and now I'm gonna rub those lips a bit..." and she did, which elicited a quiver of pleasure from her. And that, turned me on in a big way, especially when she let out a soft moan to go with it.

"Could I.....?" I whispered.

"Go ahead, it's all right..." she replied softly.

I lightly rubbed her clit with my fingertips and was rewarded with a light quiver of pleasure from Fiona. Then I ran my fingers along the edge of her labia, and they were so wet, and I barely slipped the tip of my finger inside her and her smile told me all was well, as she stroked my hand. I knew I was getting wet, and I'd never felt like that before. I continued to gently stroke her clit, and her moans got louder.

She looked around. "Is your mother liable to come investigate?"

I laughed softly. "Mom's about deaf! Besides, I lock the door." I smirk.

"Then keep it up, you're doing fine sweetie..." she says softly. "Now tap my clit a little harder...ah...that's it....a little more, a little harder....and....aaahhhHH!" She quivered with delight as my fingers got pretty wet. She gently took that hand, held it up to her face, and very sensually sucked my fingers clean. My own wet spot on my panties was growing!

"See, sweetie, nothing to a good bit of masturbation. A little effort, a little gentleness, and one very nice orgasm. I hope you noticed I'm sitting on a towel..."

I giggle as I'm not, but I grab one out of the bathroom. I shyly strip off my panties and sit back down on the towel and spread my legs. Fiona smiles and slowly rubs her fingers across my belly before she goes to my thick thatch of pubic hair.

"Jesus, Lissa, the 70's have been over for awhile, help me into the bathroom and we'll fix you up." she grabs a small bag and we go in. She directs me to sit on the edge of the tub as she sits on the rail. She opens up the little bag and pulls out a small trimmer.

"Let's see, do you want a tight trim, hardwood floors or a landing strip?"

"Huh? I don't understand."

She giggles softly. "Tight trim is what I have, hardwood is completely bare, which I used to do, but my costumes irritate it, and a landing strip is just a tiny bit."

I have no idea, so I just decide to copy her. "Tight trim." She starts the trimmer and it only takes a minute for my thick bush to look like hers. Then she lathers me up and brings out the razor and in a few minutes I have a pussy that looks....good? Would any of the guys I know like this? A quick rinse, and I carefully gather the hair and drop it in the toilet. Then it's back to the bed.

"See, it looks sexier, and you feel sexier, don't you?" I nod. "Now you're gonna know just how sexy it is..."

She gently strokes my labia and like hers, they open up at her touch. Then she softly fingers my clit and I let out a soft moan.

"That...feels good." She uses one finger to stroke my clit and another slips inside of me, but she takes it as deep as she can. She gently feels as much of me as she can and then slides another in, and it feels sooo good....

"Mmmmm....."

"Hmm...I think you're more of a pussy girl than a clit girl...." as she strokes my lips and explores me with her fingers, she shifts herself on the bed so she's right between my legs. I close my eyes to enjoy the sensations of my beautiful aunt masturbating me, and then a new sensation enters and I open my eyes to see her head between my legs and her tongue is gently licking me!

"Fiona!"

"Shhhh...just let me please you...it feels good doesn't it?" it does, but she's going down on me! "It'll feel so good, trust me..."

I let it go and close my eyes again as she licks and sucks me, plus she kisses it from time to time, and it does feel good! Then she focuses on my clit for awhile and it starts to get pretty intense as I catch my breath. "Ooooohh!" My moan is louder than I want it to be. I know I've got to be soaking wet, but sweet Fiona doesn't care, she wants me to feel good.

The sensations build, and as she uses her lips to bite down on my clit, I orgasm, trying to keep it

quiet, and I succeed, but it's not easy.

As I slowly refocus, I see her beautiful face looking up, and she's smiling, despite her face being very wet.

"Hmmm...like auntie, like niece! I get pretty wet myself at times, but there's a fun way to clean up."

"Oh?"

"Yes." and she kisses me fully! I want to pull away, but...I don't, not really. I...kiss back, and I feel her tongue in my mouth. I always HAVE had a crush on her, and now it's all happening so fast, but I trust her....I taste myself, and I like that as well. We kiss for about ten minutes and slowly break apart.

"You okay, sweetie?" she asks softly as she is still holding my hand.

"Yeah, it felt...amazing, but what does it....all mean now? I mean, you..and I...we're, well, family, should we, you know, isn't it...well, wrong?"

She smiles and shakes her head. "Wow. You're putting all that over a pair of shared orgasms? That's your mother talking there. Call this....a moment between friends, because aunt or not, we ARE friends, right?"

"Yes, of course, but I-" and am silenced by her finger on my lips.

"Friends, shared pleasure, would you hesitate to give your friend some of your ice cream?"

"Of course not, but I-"and the finger is there again!

"It's just pleasure, and listen to me, there is nothing wrong with it. Even if we're related. Now if we wanted to move in together, and try to raise a family, yes, wrong wrong, wrong, but this? More of this? Even more? No. Just fine. If you like I'll teach you all sorts of things, and some that are even more fun than this. We can be very special friends, and I do want that, because I do love you....do you want more?"

"You....love me?"

"Of course I do, silly. And more than the 'weird aunt from Nebraska who sends you socks at Christmas' kind of aunt love."

"Wow. How did you know what Aunt Beth sends us?"

She giggled at that. "Socks. To me. In Europe. Fashion capitol of the world. One of our dancers is a cousin of Versace's. Like I need socks from Sears? But seriously, we can have something...special, sweet, and fun for awhile. It won't last forever, but it can be a sweet memory, because you're a beautiful girl, I just think you need someone to show you how they see you...."

"So...we'd be girlfriends?"

"Yes. Now, come over here and kiss me some more, ok?"

I cross over to her bed and we do kiss...for quite awhile.

The next morning I feel a little weird, but I'm up before Fiona, and I just watch her sleep. For a few minutes that is. Because without moving a muscle, she speaks up and surprises me.

"I can feel you watching me, so get over here and kiss me, you silly lass!"

Giggling, I follow her orders. We wind up sitting in bed for about an hour or so, kissing a bit, but mostly talking. She wants me to know what I'm getting into, and lets me know in no uncertain terms that if I want to bail out, she'll understand and won't think the less of me. She also wants me to know that having a fling with her does not mean I am a lesbian, and I can still be interested in guys. She explains how she thinks we're all a bit bisexual at some point, and it's just enjoying a special time with someone you care about. She then tells me that she has dated both guys and girls at the same time, and explains that 100% honesty is the best policy there, and she points out that Eric completely knows about her and women, and understands. She's going to e-mail him today and tell him about me, so he's never left in the dark.

"You going to tell him everything? Won't he be weirded out? Me being your niece and all?"

"Nope, he understands I don't get involved with women all that much, and when I do, it's usually someone pretty special."

"OK then, so what are we gonna do with this beautiful Saturday?"

"You, kiddo, are going to take me to your school's practice facility, because if Barbara Cunningham is still teaching gymnastics, and you said she's your teacher, she'll have a few girls practicing there today. And so are you, I want to see what you've got."

"Get my gear out?"

"Yep, and you are going to show me if you've got the goods or not. Oh, and by the way, if you'd like to make me some pancakes, that'd be ever so sweet of you to help an invalid."

It's her knee that's hurt, so I hit her in the head with the pillow.

A hastily made batch of pancakes and some more giggling take care of breakfast and I switch in to a set of my tights. Fiona compliments me on my ass, which feels great, and off we go to practice.

We arrive and as she predicted, my teacher's there and a half dozen girls are working hard. Fiona greets my teacher like the old friends they are, and she signals me to get started on stretches. When I first asked her about gymnastics when I was a little girl, she told me that proper stretching and warming up were incredibly important to competing at any level in any sport. I took that to heart in soccer, softball, basketball and gymnastics, and I've never ever pulled a muscle, so I'll stick with it. After about 20 minutes, Fiona comes back over.

"So what's your best discipline?"

Mrs. Cunningham thinks I'm great on the bars, but I love the vault and beam so much. "Vault is my favorite, and my best."

"Show me what you've got, babe! Whatever you like, and make sure to show me you can stick that landing!"

I shake myself out, look forward, concentrate run and go for a double somersault with a single twist. I make it nicely and I STICK the landing! Graceful, smooth and perfectly poised. My teacher and Fiona both applaud.

"EXCELLENT Lissa! Now throw the twist in first!"

I give her a dirty look, that's much, much harder, and I've never tried it, but I'll see if I can do it. I run, launch, get the twist and nail both of the somersaults, and stick the landing, but I'm off balance and I sway a bit trying to hold the landing. They both applaud even louder.

"Looks like talent runs in the family, eh, Fiona?" asks my coach.

"I'm not surprised, I just wish her mother would have let her get started earlier." replies my aunt.

"Hey Lissa, let's see what you've got on the beam, that's my best event. Do it without music though, that's just for the judges."

Hey! That's even harder, but she's not going to let me do the easy stuff. I think she really wants to see what I've got. For the next half hour I run through my two best beam routines, my coach runs me through my bars routines, and I finish up with floor, my least favorite, but when I'm done, I get much positive feedback from Fiona and my coach, so I'm pretty happy. We finish up and I want to shower but she tells me no. I want to know why, but she tells me to wait as we have somewhere else to go. I'm driving, and I follow her directions to a dingy warehouse two cities over.

As we walk in, I realize it's not a warehouse, but something similar to my practice facility. Fiona explains it's where she got her start as an acrobat. An older woman with white hair, but a youthful step comes over and gives her a huge hug by way of greeting.

"Fiona Daniels! The Irish Queen returns home? Sporting a cast? What did you do? Turn it on a landing?" She barely breathes between words, but she's got an infectious energy.

"Actually, fell off a motorcycle, minor tear, I'll be as good as new. Lissa, this is Joan Campbell, the woman who got me up in the sky, and made me an acrobat. She teaches it all here, you interested in giving it a go?"

I'm thrilled to try! "Yes! I wanna be like you!"

"OK, she's got your spirit all right, we have some forms to fill out, but we'll see if you've got what it takes."

The forms take a minute or two, and I'm handed off to a woman with a British accent who introduces herself as Tina. She goes over all the basics of holding the bar and spinning on it properly, and goes over my gymnastics experiences.

"OK, sounds like you'll be capable of the easy part just fine. Now up these steps, and I just want you to jump to the bar. We'll move it farther each time, but I just want you to catch it smoothly. You don't need to spin, or do any moves, just catch and land smoothly, and drop off."

I jump and easily catch the bar several times, and I realize I'm jumping 6 feet or more to catch it, and it's pretty easy. Then she moves it closer again. This time, she pulls the bar away from me. She's going to drop it from the other side as I jump, time to hit a moving target. I miss once but land smoothly on the big airbags, and then I catch it three times running, and from a farther distance as well.

"Very good. Very, very good. You've got a lot of natural talent. Now we're going to drop you while holding the bar and I want you to release on the upswing and try a simple rotation and land on the bag."

At it's highest point I'm no more than 20 feet off the bags, but I ride the bar until the upswing, release, and instead of merely trying to correct myself, I do a full somersault, and I land smoothly. She runs me through it several times, and she's impressed, and offers me to try to catch another bar. I release, somersault, and the bar is exactly where I want it, I catch and continue my swing, upswing, and back with a double somersault that I don't quite land smoothly on, but Tina and Fiona both give me good marks for.

"You can do this. It's all matter of training." she tells me "You ready to try to be caught?"

I nod my assent and she explains that I cannot do anything other than a single somersault, and I have to do it in the exact same part of my swing three times in a row before she'll let me try it with a partner. I do it to her satisfaction, she introduces me to Yuri, a handsome blonde Russian guy who has a killer body. He gives me an appreciative glance and tells me not to worry, he will make certain to catch me. He positions himself and watches me do it twice more and then calls to me.

"OK, pretty snowflake, I will be waiting as you come out of your somersault, simply extend your arms like you have been doing, and trust me. If I miss you will be OK, don't worry, but it will make it harder if you do not keep your arms where they are supposed to be! Ready?"

"Ready!"

"Then fly on my signal, one two three GO!" he roars as he takes off and like lightning he is already riding the bar with his legs wrapped around it as I fly towards him. I release, my somersault is smooth and my arms are where they should be, and I feel his strong hands grasp my wrists smoothly! We ride the back swing under his platform and on the way back, he tells me to do a double if I can when he lets go! As we come back up he releases me, and although I'm a bit wobbly, I execute my double and descend to a perfect landing. On my butt. Everyone laughs, and he is the first to congratulate me as I come off the bags. Fiona and Tina both hug me, and I am loving this, it's even better than gymnastics!!

I thank everyone for their help and Fiona arranges for me to come back a week to learn a few more tricks.

I am still in heaven as we get in the car.

"Thank you so much!!! It was a blast!!! Now I know what you like so much about it! What a rush!" I kiss her impulsively, and she kisses back. That takes a few minutes. Then a few minutes more. We come up for air.

"I figured you would love it, and now you know you can do it. The rest is up to you. However, we have a bit of a problem now."

"What's that?" I ask.

She wrinkles her nose at me. "You reek. Time to clean up."

"Back to the house?" I ask.

"Not at all, there's much more pleasant places to clean up, there's a really nice hot tub place near here."

She smiles and gives me directions and off we go. It only takes a few minutes and we pull up to the place. We go in and Fiona asks for a particular room, and we are ushered in almost immediately. It looks like a Roman bath with marble all around and it looks so cool. She takes the key, locks the door, and strips immediately. I catch my breath looking at her beautiful body, because after she licked me to a massive orgasm, I've been thinking about doing the same to her. I walk closer to her but she puts up a hand.

"No people with clothing allowed, and you do have to shower before you get in, Miss sweatypants!"

I peel my tights off in seconds, and as I do I notice that my trimmed pubes aren't as irritated as they usually are. I start the shower, and despite being pretty clean, Fiona joins me, carefully hobbling in. I tell her to just put her hands on my shoulder to balance, and as she does, I start to caress her body with the soap, and she smiles as I do. I gently run my fingers all over her soft skin and loving caress her breasts and then I lean in to kiss her and she responds with passion, and we embrace as our tongues explore each other hungrily.

I pull back after a few minutes and lean down to take her left breast in my fingers and I gently kiss the nipple, and she responds with a sigh, so I kiss the other and slowly lick around her nipples, which by now are rock hard, and I notice my own are as well. She gently pushes me back.

"You're supposed to get clean in the shower, we do the rest once we're in the tub, silly girl, now let me scrub you down!"

She holds on to me with one hand while her other expertly scrubs me down, and she carefully washes my pussy, somehow spending a few extra moments caressing me, and softly telling me it's time to hit the tub. I get in and wait to help her, and she slowly sits down in the tub next to me.

"Ah, this feels good for my knee. It'll actually be therapeutic and erotic, what a deal, eh?" she says as she leans in to kiss me some more. Her fingers caress my nipples as her tongue plays with mine, and her other hand explores me further as her finger brushes against my pussy. It's hard to tell if you're getting wet in a hot tub, but I'm willing to bet I am. I let out a soft gasp as several fingers penetrate me and she slowly slips them in and out of me.

"Mmmmm.....your pussy feels so good, I can't wait to taste it again, and maybe, if you want, we'll go a little further today as I have a surprise for you in my bag."

"Don't need a surprise, and you're going to wait to taste me again, because I want to taste you, I want to lick and suck your pussy, and feel you come all over my face, that's what I want..."

"Oh? Well then hold on, let me float on my back and get my arms in position, and raise my body up, now be careful of my knee, just gently lay it over your shoulder baby....that's it...now you can do as you will with my pussy....."

I am inches away, and I lean in and kiss her lips, and lick, and as she said, they open with a touch, so my tongue darts and I taste a woman for the first time as she lets out a soft moan. I love this, it tastes so sweet, and knowing that it makes her feel good makes me enjoy it all the more. I ease up on the lips and gently lick her clit, and she moans even louder, and when I suck down on it as hard as I can, she lets out a small scream. She's getting very, very wet now, and I know I am, too, but I keep licking and sucking her beautiful pussy, because I want to feel her come like she made me come!

"Oooohhh baby, you lick that like you've been there before, it is soooo good....."

"I just wanna make you feel good, Fiona, just wanna make you come real nicely...."

As I dive back in and suck hard on her clit, she explodes with a loud moan! I keep licking, and her moan lasts longer and longer, and she keeps coming, have I made her come more than once?

Finally, she relaxes and breathes normally and I stop licking.

"Whoa.....that was an...incredible orgasm, Lissa. I came maybe four times, soooo good."

I smile at her. "Glad you liked it, I know I enjoyed myself, your pussy is sweet, do all of them taste like that?"

"Some do, some don't, yours was pretty nice, too as I recall, and what you eat has a bit to do with it as well."

"Don't change anything then, I loved it the way it was."

She leaned in to kiss me. "I'll try not to, sweetie, now about the orgasm that you haven't had yet?" Her hands go down to my pussy and I feel her fingers slide along the edge of my pussy.

"You can make me come underwater?"

Her grin is so sexy. "Baby, I can make you come anywhere, any time, any place, and you're gonna love it!" She kisses me deeply and she begins to explore me again! Her mouth kisses me, then she moves down and gently sucks my nipples, and as she fingers me softly, it feels incredible. Her skilled fingers touch me like nothing else, and I begins squirming because it feels so intense, it's only been a few minutes and I know I'm gonna come! She starts thumbing my clit and I erupt with a scream that's all the more intense because I don't care who hears it! She keeps it up to make keep orgasming, and I come twice more as her tongue plays with mine, and I slip backward into a sitting position.

"Oh god, that was so hot, Fiona, you made me come so easily!"

"I enjoyed it, you come so sweetly, and the scream was a major turn-on for me. I'm going to enjoy this relationship!"

I pull her close and kiss her as passionately as I can and in between kisses I tell her what I really feel.

"I love you, Fiona, I love you so much!" Her kissing back gets even hotter for a few moments, and she pulls back to echo my words.

"I love you, too, you're different from the other girls I've been with, it's more of a real emotional connection. Now I really do wanna show you your surprise, because baby, I want you to fuck me!"

"Mmmmm, I'd love to, but not exactly equipped for that, you know."

Her grin is pure sex. "That's what the surprise is for, now just grab that bag I brought."

I grab it as she gets out of the tub and she takes it from me and sits down on the bed. She pulls out a

harness and a dildo that looks pretty real. She hands it to me.

"Here you go, just pull it up like a pair of panties and then wrap the straps around your waist and pull them tight. Then we attach the dildo, and you can fuck me all day if you want!"

I get it all squared away and she helps with the dildo, and it feels weird seeing a big dick hanging off of me, but the thought of filling her up and making her come gets me pretty hot.

She lays back and I position myself on top of her like I've seen in pornos and she slips the head of it inside her.

"Now just stroke me nice and deep, and fill me up with that thing, baby..."

I thrust and it goes deep inside of her and I pull back, but a little too far and it pops out, but her fingers deftly slip it back in, and I try again and this time I'm smoother. She lets out a soft sigh and tells me I can go as hard as I like, but to be careful of her knee, and I pick up the pace a little bit and then lean down to kiss her. She kisses back, and I realize that this is the difference between sex and making love. As I fuck her, I vary how deep I go, or how hard and we kiss a lot and I spend some time sucking her beautiful nipples and I now have my arms wrapped around her and I'm holding her tight as we fuck, and it feels good!

The sensation of the dildo pushing against my crotch feels nice, but the moans and sighs of pleasure from her make me incredibly hot, especially as she picks up her voice and I realize she's not far from her orgasm and I start to pump her even harder! She only lets out a deep moan as I drive the dildo as deep and hard as I can into her and as I go to kiss her again, she comes with a scream!

"Aaaahhhhhhhhhhhh!!! Oh god fuck me baby!!!"

I go for another few deep strokes and and slowly pull out of her and fall to her side as she turns to face me.

"You're a good fuck, Lissa, you knew just what I wanted and you gave it to me!"

"I just liked the way you were enjoying it, I got pretty wet watching you take it in and out like that."

"And I got pretty wet all over! Looks like they'll have to change the sheets on the bed here! It's not the first set I've come on that weren't mine, they won't be the last!" she said with a giggle.

We cuddle and kiss for a bit, and then she asks me if I want to try the dildo. I'm not sure, because

then I'd no longer be a virgin, and I tell her so. She understands, as we hold each other close, but I tell her that everything else is great, and I loved it all, and I love her.

The knock tells us our time is up, but she'll be here for several more weeks, it's just a matter of time before I give all of myself to her. In the meantime, I'm enjoying being her willing pupil!