



My Naughty Boy Part 1

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"Oh no! Please don't stop!" He begged

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I can't forget that day because I was only eight when I saw him for the first time. He was a little boy

with a cute smile, brunette hair and very small, yet beautiful eyes. His little hand held my finger in a firm grip.

Today, tears formed in Aunt Celina's eyes as I handed over the little boy to her. She gave a little kiss on his forehead and looked in his beautiful eyes; he was so happy and we were happy for her. For the first few years that Jake and Aunt Celina lived with us, she had some health issues. Jake and I had developed a very close and strong relationship as he grew up. We would go to movies together, have fun together, share things with each other; our relationship was unique. I was sixteen when Aunt Celina decided to go to Los Angeles. She had a business to take care of there, so she had no other choice but to leave.

Jake started crying as he heard the news. "I don't want to go." He whimpered, as he wiped the tears from his cheeks.

"Don't cry dear. Instead, you should be happy. You will meet new people, will go to a new school, and make some new friends." I said, trying hard to console him.

"But you won't be there." Jake sobbed, sadly looking me in my eyes.

"Yeah, but you can come here whenever you want to. And I don't think Aunt Celina will have any problem with that." I tried to reassure him with a smile on my face, but inside I was crying too. I didn't want him to go, but she had no one except Jake. I had to let him go.

"Promise me, you will call me every single day?" Jake placed his hand in front of me.

"I will, I promise." I said as I placed my hand on top of his hand.

"Will you sleep with me tonight?" He asked.

That night I lay beside him and covered ourselves with the sheet. Even though the bed was too small for both of us, we were comfortable in each other's arms. I woke up early to help Aunt Celina pack things. I made pancakes and coffee for my aunt, and for Jake, I prepared his favorite sandwich. Soon the taxi arrived. We hugged each other before going out of the house. Aunt Celina picked up her luggage and headed out the door. Jake caught my hand as we walked towards the taxi. He looked at me with those beautiful eyes of his before getting in, and I could see that he was trying hard to be brave and not cry. I waved my hand as we sadly said goodbye to each other.

Every summer Jake would come to visit while enjoying his holidays, but I knew that he just wanted to be with me. He would come two or three days early and would leave on the very last day. Every time

he came to my house, he always insisted that if I come to Los Angeles, I would stay with him. I used to tell him that I would visit Los Angeles very soon. As the years passed, he stopped asking me.

After completing my education, I decided to become a model. By God's grace at the age of twenty-four, I had everything that a Brazilian girl should have. A well-shaped body, nice pair of 34D size boobs, beautiful ass, silky hair and black eyes. I had also participated in various beauty contests and won some. Several people told me that I had the personality, grace and figure to become a model, and they encouraged me to do so. One of my friends suggested that I go to New York, because that would be a good place to start my modeling career. When I told my parents about my decision to choose modeling as my career, they were very happy. I decided to go to Los Angeles before going to New York, so I called Aunt Celina and informed her about my visit, but I asked her not to say anything to Jake about me coming.

My flight landed at 5 p.m. at the Los Angeles airport. As I walked into the terminal, I saw Aunt Celina waiting for me near the entrance. We gave each other a big hug because it had been a long time since we had seen each other. As we drove along the highway, I asked about Jake. She told me that at first he found it tough to adjust to a new place, never interacted with anyone and most of the time he stayed in his room. However, after a few months everything changed, he made some new friends and started hanging out with them. I was happy to hear about Jake adjusting to his new home. We reached her house in an hour or so. As we took my luggage out of her car, I noticed that her house was small, yet very beautiful. Entering the house, we set the luggage in the corner of the room; then she invited me to sit down on the couch.

"This is my palace." She said, motioning with her hand around the lavishly decorated room.

"It's a beautiful palace, I must say."

"Thank you. It's comfortable and I like it. So what brought you here?"

"Well, I have decided to go to New York to start my modeling career. I thought it would be nice to spend some time with you and Jake before moving there."

"That's great! You will definitely do better there."

"I hope that I'll be successful. Where is Jake?" I asked, as I was eagerly waiting to see what his reaction would be when he saw me.

"He said he wouldn't be gone long, but I don't know why he isn't back by now. I told him that he would get a gift if he came home soon."

"Gift?" I asked, laughing.

"I did as you asked and didn't tell him that you were coming, so seeing you here will be a complete surprise for him. He has always hoped that someday you would come and visit." Looking at the clock, she said, "I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to leave you alone for a little while. I have some work to do, and it's urgent that I get it done."

"Don't worry! I'll be fine; besides, Jake will be here to keep me company."

"That's good." She said as she got up and picked up some files from the table. As she was about to open the door to leave, she turned and said. "There is something that I almost forgot to tell you."

"What's that?" I asked.

"There's some electrical problem in the guest room, so I'm afraid you will have to stay in Jake's room for a few days until the problem gets solved. It's just that I don't want anyone to get hurt." She replied with an apologetic tone in her voice.

"No problem." I smiled. I waved goodbye as she left the house. Being very tired from my long flight, I decided to take a shower. Picking up my luggage, I headed towards Jake's room. Standing in the doorway for a moment, I looked around in amazement. Like every other boy's room, it was so messy. It looked like a tornado had swept through the room. Everything was in the wrong place, like t-shirts on the beds, books, magazines and assorted sports equipment scattered all over the floor. I decided to clean the room first and then take my shower. It took me more than an hour before I had everything picked up and stored in its rightful place.

Finally deciding that the room looked somewhat respectable, and now needing that shower more than ever, I dug through my bag and took out a towel and other assorted items that I would need. Entering the bathroom, I could hardly wait to feel the warm soothing effect of the hot water, as it cascaded down my shapely body, relaxing my sore aching muscles. Placing the items on the vanity, I reached around behind, unhooked my skirt, and then sliding the zipper down over my hips, I let it fall to the floor. Starting at the top and working down, I began to unbutton my blouse, gradually allowing the fullness of my breasts to become visible. The upper reaches of that crevice that my mounds created, the one that always seemed to attract men's wondering eyes when they were standing in front of me, was now on full display. Laying the blouse on the vanity, I reached behind my back and with practiced ease, I unclasped my bra; letting my D cup breasts swing free.

At the prime age of twenty-four, they seemed to defy gravity and surely were the picture of perfection

in any man's mind. My problem now was that there was no man in my life to enjoy them. How I missed the touch of a man's hands as they eagerly explored my body. I considered my breasts to be my greatest asset, because there was no doubt in my mind, that they had contributed greatly to my winning high points in the swimsuit contest, of the last beauty pageant that I won. Holding them in my hands, though they needed no support, I lightly tweaked the nipples with my thumb and forefinger. Instantly a shiver ran through my body; they were always so sensitive, that they would respond almost instantly to any stimulation. Maybe when I was in New York, I'd find a man that would appreciate all I had to offer in the way of feminine charms.

Before releasing them, I gave one final little tug on each protruding nipple, again experiencing those same satisfying sensations that spread out in all directions. I slowly ran my hands down my firm, well-toned tummy, the waistline that I had worked so hard to keep in shape, because it played a central part in that perfect hour-glass figure that I possessed. My sexy figure had earned me more than one whistle of appreciation from men as I walked by them. One unlucky man that was watching me, instead of where he was going as I passed him on the sidewalk, walked into a light post. Hooking my fingers under the waistband, I peeled my thin white under wear down my long legs. I promised myself that as soon as I arrived in New York, I was going to visit a sexy lingerie shop and purchase a few panties. Perhaps some pretty ones with lace. Maybe a pair I had seen advertised; the ones with a hidden slit down the front. I'd also need several matching bras to go with my panties. I'm sure that my tender breasts would enjoy the way that the soft cups of a peek-a-boo bra cuddled them, the bra with the little windows at the tip that would allow my hard protruding nipples to peek out at the world. After all, a girl needs to be ready for any situation that may arise at any moment, doesn't she? As I slid them down my well shaped legs ; legs that some had told me were my second best feature, even I had to marvel at how graceful and slender they looked, especially when I was wearing heels like I was now. Stepping to one side, I picked up my skirt and panties and placed them on the vanity table along with my blouse and bra.

I took a few moments to admire myself. My small clean-shaven pussy stared back at me from the mirror. It had been so long since anyone had paid any attention to it; that it ached for attention. I couldn't resist the temptation; my fingers naturally migrated to its tender lips. At first contact, my body flinched as I took in a quick gasp of air. Lightly, I moved my fingers along the folds, even letting two fingers enter into that dark cavern. From experience, they seemed to know exactly where to go, as they quickly found their way to that most tender of all spots, my little love bud. After even a couple of light caresses, it poked its head out, asking for more attention. Giving it one final caress, I withdrew my hand, because I knew I wouldn't be able to stand here if I continued. My knees wouldn't be strong enough to support me. Maybe later, I promised myself.

Taking a deep breath to get myself back under control, I stepped out of my heels, eagerly entered the shower and turned on the hot water. Standing in the shower with my eyes closed, I could feel my whole body starting to relax, as my muscles gave in to the effect of the soothing heat and pounding

jets of water. I directed the spray towards my breasts and for a few moments enjoyed the feeling of the hot water pounding against my nipples. The sensation soon became almost more than I could stand, so I adjusted the nozzle towards the rest of my body. This was almost as pleasant as the hands of a skilled masseuse. I needed this because it had been a long time since I had treated myself to a massage.

Instead of putting out the burning flame of passion that was consuming me between my legs, the hot water dripping through my pussy, and over my wide open pussy lips only seemed to make it worse. A few hard jets of water were striking my enlarged love bud, sending a steady stream of pleasure waves directly to my brain, taking me almost, but not quite, into that wonderful world where all time stops, a million lights flash through my mind and every muscle in my body tenses up like a violin string. I needed a release of built up tension, more now than at any other time in my life. My hand cradled my mound, as first one finger then two, easily gained access to the center of all female pleasure.

" Ohhh, that feels so good." I half murmured to myself, leaning back against the shower wall. Before I could reach that pinnacle of pleasure that I so desperately needed, the sudden cooling of the water brought me back from my dreamland. I knew that I couldn't stay there any longer. As much as I hated to, I shut the water off, stepped out of the shower and began to dry myself with my big, soft, fluffy towel.

Feeling totally refreshed and tingling all over, I picked up the bottle of my favorite lotion and applied a generous portion to my entire body. I loved its smell, not a strong odor, just a faint hint. With my hands now covered with the lotion, I cupped my breasts and treated them to the one luxury that I allowed myself. I even touched the tip of each nipple with a finger, more to feel the wonderful sensation that I knew they would reward me with, than to apply the lotion.

Picking up my hairbrush, I began the nightly ritual of brushing my silky smooth brunette hair. After several minutes, my hair glistened in the light. I couldn't decide whether to leave it down or put it up. Realizing that it was going to be a very warm evening, I tied it up in a loose bun. This was a much cooler way to wear it, and I had always received compliments when I wore it that way.

As I stepped out into the hall, I closed the door of the bathroom and turned towards Jake's room. That was when I saw a boy standing in front of me. It was Jake. A wide smile appeared on my face, as the person for whom I was eagerly waiting was standing almost within arm's reach. However, his reaction was very different. His mouth was wide open and he was looking at me as if he had just received an electric shock.

"Aren't you happy to see me ? "

" Huh? aaaaaah ...Yes! ...Yes!" He muttered, taking a long time to respond .

"What happened to you ? " I asked as I waved my hand in front of him.

"You forgot your towel. " He replied. I didn't understand initially. When he told me to look down by using his eyes , I realized that I was naked. I had left my towel in the bathroom.

"Oh my God! That's so silly of me! " I laughed, but to be honest, I was so embarrassed I thought I was going to die. Taking him by his arm, I led him into his bedroom, but as soon as I let go of him, he quickly turned around. "Sorry , I didn't mean to look at you like that. "

"Don't be. It isn't your fault, and I bet that you have seen girls this way before. "

"No, I haven't."

"Seriously?" I asked as I took a black bra and matching panty from the bag that I had left lying on his bed.

"Yes."

"It's okay. Now look at me. " He slowly turned around but he kept looking down. "Come on, look at me! I need your help." He slowly lifted his head and then his eyes. Putting that black bra on over my large breasts, I wiggled a little to get those two babies seated in the cups, and then holding the bra straps around behind me, I turned around to show him the several tiny hooks and clasps on the back. "Will you help me hook this together?"

"Okay." He said. Stepping closer to me, he tried to match each hook up with the right clasp, but he was finding it difficult because his hands were shivering. After battling with those tiny hooks and clasps for more than five minutes, he finally managed to hook the bra on right. "Thank you Jake," I said giving him a big smile. Picking up the matching black panties from where I had tossed them on the bed, I bent over slightly and raised one foot to put in them. As I did this, I glanced up at Jake. The moment he saw me watching him, he immediately looked away, his face starting to blush, because he knew that I had caught him looking at my breasts. I smiled to myself, because I could see that he was very uncomfortable standing there so close to my almost naked body.

Slipping my other foot into the panties, I slowly pulled them up my sexy, long slender legs, and over my hips. All this time, he had been standing there nervously shifting his weight from one foot to the next, and watching me, but at the same time trying hard to pretend he wasn't watching. I felt a thrill go

through my body, just knowing that I was having such an effect on him. Not wanting to torment him anymore, I reached into my bag, and pulled out my robe. Putting it on, I tied the knot tight around my slender waist, which only accentuated my ample breasts even more, a fact that I could tell by the look on Jake's face that he noticed.

"So I heard that you have finally adjusted to living here?" I asked as we both sat on the bed.

"Yeah." He replied, nodding his head.

"Does a girl have anything to do with that?"

"Not really."

"Come on! Don't be shy. You can tell me." I teased, giving him a little prod in his ribs with my elbow.

"No! Really I don't. I am still single."

"That's nonsense. You can't be single."

"Why can't I be?"

"Because you have all the qualities that a girl wants in a boy, that's why. That is good looks, honesty, caring, supportive and so many things. Any girl would consider herself lucky to have you."

"Thank you so much, Natasha for the sweet words."

I looked at the clock and saw that it was already 9 p.m. I knew that we were both hungry, so I suggested that we find something to eat. We went to the kitchen and I started preparing meatballs. Jake seemed glad to help in any way I asked. Perhaps having something to do, helped take his mind off the discomfort he was feeling a few minutes ago, when I asked him to fasten my bra, and then watching me put on my sexy panties. As I started to place the plates on the table, Jake suggested we have dinner in his room. I thought that was a great idea, because I had been wondering how I was going to get him back into the bedroom with him being so shy and bashful. Taking a bottle of coke, two glasses, and the bowl of meatballs to his room, we talked about various things as we ate the meatballs out of that single bowl.

"Give me the bowl." He said when we finished eating. Getting up off the bed, where we had been sitting as we shared our delicious meatballs, he went to the kitchen. It was very hot inside the room, so I went over to the windows and opened them. Jake came back few minutes later.

"Are you feeling tired? I can see that you have cleaned my room." He asked as he looked at my face.

"You just now noticed it?" I jokingly complained. " I had to spend lot of energy to clean your room."

"I am not so quick at observing things." He laughed .

"Then I must thank you for at least realizing the amount of effort I put forward." I said as I dropped my robe. Jake went in to shock mode. "Are you going to bed or not?" I asked him as he became silent. I had to step closer so I could shake him to make him respond.

"Yeah! Yeah! Let me go in to the bathroom to change my clothes." He said as he headed off in that direction. A few minutes later, he came out wearing baggy shorts and a t -shirt.

"It's so hot and you're wearing heavy stuff ."

"I wear this every night." He replied innocently.

"Come on! Be free. "

"I am. "

"Oh come on! Don't be shy. You will die with a heat stroke if you wear them." He took a long time before removing his shirt.

"Is this okay now?" He asked .

"Your shorts too. "

"What? No way! "

"I don't know why you are feeling so shy." He said something under his breath as he pulled his shorts off and threw them away .

" Oooooo." I cooed. I saw him try to adjust his boxers to cover the bulge without me seeing him do it. However, he was too late.

"You are looking sexy, my dear. " I said trying to comfort him; instead, he was getting more uncomfortable. I patted the bed beside me, trying to get him to get on the bed. As we lay facing each

other, I felt his bulge touching my waist.

"It seems that you are feeling excited?" I asked, as he was still trying to adjust the bulge inside his underwear.

"If a sexy girl sleeps beside a virgin, then it's hard to control the excitement." For the very first time, he didn't hesitate and answered me confidently .

"Don't worry my dear, you will definitely get a pretty girl who will love you and make love to you every single day. " I sat up, leaned over, and kissed him on his cheeks .

"I hope so." He said , while looking at my boobs. He didn't care whether I was looking at him or not, he was just continuously staring at them.

"Stop staring, you naughty boy!" I punched him on the shoulders.

"Ouch! That hurts." He complained as he rubbed his shoulder.

"It's wrong to stare at girls boobs like that."

"What can I do if something so beautiful is in front of me? I want to have a good look at it."

"Oh yeah! Then how about this? Since you won't stop staring at or thinking about my breasts, here is something else for you to think about. " I decided to give him a surprise , so I quickly placed my right hand on that tent in his boxers. He closed his eyes as soon as he felt the pressure of my hand. I slowly started to massage his stiff cock through the underwear. In his growing excitement, he grabbed the sheet with a firm grip, pulling it partly over himself as I continued the massage. I was getting horny just by watching the expressions on his face. I could almost feel the pleasure he was having. With my left hand, I removed the bed sheet that he had pulled partially over him self, without losing my grip on his cock.

"Oh no! Please don't stop!" He begged, as I removed my hand from his cock. Reaching in through the open slot of his boxers, I quickly grasped his throbbing love handle once again. " Mmmmmmm ! " He moaned as my fingers touched the bare skin of his cock. His balls came out of the underwear , as I furiously started to rub his pole up and down . He suddenly caught my wrist , and guiding my hand, he showed me the way to bring the most pleasure to him. The orgasm began building inside me as the thought entered my mind of having my cousin's cock.

I was licking my lips as I saw his cock become solid like a rock. It had been a while since I had sex,

because after breaking up with my boyfriend, I stopped dating, but I missed the sex very much. Now was my opportunity to satisfy my longing. My heart wanted me to have this virgin's love handle to satisfy my thirst, but my mind had an other opinion. It reminded me of the relationship I had with him, and that it's a sin to fuck someone in your family.

My hearts argument was that I wasn't having sex with him; I was just helping him. Rather than have a stranger introduce him to sex, wouldn't it be better for me to do it, because I wouldn't laugh at or make fun of him if he did something wrong? Another person might not be so considerate of his feelings, and hurt him deeply. Not only was I protecting Jake; this was a chance for me to relieve some of that built up tension I'd been experiencing, so both of us benefited. It's true, It isn't wrong to help your family. With that though t in mind, I made the final decision. "Open your eyes honey." Kissing him on the cheek to get his attention, I saw that he was breathing heavily. In his eyes, I saw not only tenderness, but also a look of lust and desire.

" I don't know how to ask you ..." I shushed him, as I understood his desire.

"It should be our little secret. Promise me?"

"I promise," He said.

"Get in the middle of the bed," I told him as I got up. I closed the curtains but left the windows open.

"Don't turn off the lights. Ok?" He asked in a questioning tone, grabbing my hand as I reached to turn off the bed light. He looked at me with anticipation, because he didn't know what was coming.

I crawled on the bed and moved over near to where he was lying. Reaching across his chest with my left hand, I carefully swung my left leg over his groin . Then straightening up, I sat down on his crotch. My cotton-covered pussy was right on top of his dick, which had been gaining rigidity ever since my hand touched his cock. He had been watching every move I made, and the moment my panty - covered pussy touched his hard dick, a loud moan escaped from his lips.

" Ohhh, Natasha!" He exclaimed.

I felt his hips suddenly tense for a moment, and then slowly relax back down onto the bed. Placing my hands on his stomach, I gently massaged his chest by slowly moving my hands up and down his body. I felt tiny shivers run through his body, as my fingers lightly caressed him. Supporting most of my weight on his chest, I wiggled down until I was sitting on his firm thighs. The moment my body left his hard cock, it sprang up at a forty-five degree angle, as if happy to be free once again. He was staring at me as I bent down and kissed his belly button. I stuck my tongue inside and ate it out as if it

were a pussy. Moving up his trim body, I planted kisses on his chest and both of his nipples. Then I worked my way up a little more until I could see his handsome face. I leaned forward and planted kisses on either side of his neck and under his ears. I saw my image in his beautiful eyes. It made me feel more beautiful and prettier than any girl in this world. I could feel his breath, as our lips were just inches away.

Our lips met for the first time, as we surrendered ourselves to the lust. Our hands explored each other's trembling bodies as our lips and tongues entwined. This erotic caressing and playful kissing continued for quite some time, because neither of us were going anywhere and we both wanted these wonderful feelings to last as long as possible. I had never felt so loved before; the feeling was quite special. As my kisses became more intense, Jake's hands found their way to my pussy. He rubbed me through my panties. A few minutes later, he slid his hand inside my skimpy black panty, and then moved his hand down a little more to feel a girl's pussy for the first time in his life.

"Are you horny?" He asked as he felt my wet pussy lips.

"Yes, my love." I winked.

"Me too," He told me as he rubbed his fingertips along my moist slit. I moaned softly as he slowly massaged my pussy.

"What are you doing?" He complained, as I caught his hand and removed it from my panty. My action surprised him, I brought his finger near my mouth and sucked my cum from his fingers .

"It isn't fair!" He complained.

"You will get your share very soon, honey." I said.

"Ok." He replied, but I noticed that he kept a sad face.

"Get ready my dear. You're about to get a most sensual blowjob." I said trying to cheer him up. He didn't react, as he was thinking about what he was going to get. I stood on my knees and grabbed the waistband of his underwear.

"Raise your hips so I can get these off." I said. He promptly did as I asked, but it was a struggle to get his hard cock back into his boxer shorts. Grasping it in one hand, I tried bending it to force it back inside his boxers, but it was too stiff, and the only result of that was a loud ' OUCH!' from him. Finally forcing it down against his stomach, I managed to work it back inside. Now I was able to pull his boxers off his hips. His eyes widened as I pulled them down and then tossed them on the floor .

Suddenly I realized that I was the first girl to strip him, and it gave me great pleasure to know that I was to be the one to share in his initiation to the wonderful world of sex. I was determined that I would do everything that I could to make this moment in time, one that he would remember for the rest of his life.

I would have loved to know what thoughts were running through his virgin mind, but the intensity of the moment wouldn't allow me to ask him. There were other more pressing thoughts running through my mind. The main one was that I had to have that beautiful penis that was standing at attention before my very eyes. Nothing else mattered. I gulped as I saw his thick, long cock, because even though I had just seen it and held it in my hand a few seconds ago, it seemed to have grown during our struggle to get his boxers off. I bit my lips as I imagined him inside my mouth.

He lay there motionless, except for the heaving of his chest as he struggled to regain control of his breathing, intently watching every move I made. I had to smile to myself, because I knew what was coming, and he didn't.

"Are you ready?" I asked, giving him a smile.

The only reply sounded something like ' Uhhhhh '. Before he had a chance to say anything else, I suddenly reached out with my right hand and firmly grasped that hard pole by its base. At the same moment, I stuffed as much of it into my mouth as I could. Firmly gripping him with my lips, I cradled the underside with my tongue. Wiggling my flattened tongue sideways, I caressed that one most sensitive spot on any man, that area just below his crown on the underside of his penis. The result of my action was instantaneous and exactly what I expected it to be.

The moment I made contact with Jake's love handle, his hips shot up off the bed faster than a speeding bullet. His arms flew out to the side and gripped the edge of the mattress with a death grip. It's a good thing that I prepared myself for such a reaction, or he would have rammed his cock out the back of my throat. His leg and back muscles held his body in that position for the longest time, before finally relaxing enough to allow his still quivering body to fall back down to the bed.

Knowing what his expected reaction would be, I rode him up and then back down again, never losing contact with my lips or caressing tongue. Using my talented tongue, I licked the underside of his cock with the entire length and width of my tongue, flattening it as I moved towards the head. With my fingers still wrapped firmly around its base, I held him so his manhood stood straight up, and began licking just the head. I would twirl my tongue around the pointed tip, and then go up and down each side.

"Holy Fuck!" He screamed. "What did....I never felt anything like that before in my whole life." He

finally managed to blurt out, while still gasping for breath.

"Did you enjoy that, honey? " I asked with a giggle. I let go of his dick from my mouth and started slowly to jerk him off using my hands. I didn't want him to cum yet, but I just wanted to maintain his hardness, though at his age, he would be able to recover in only a few moments.

"Oh yes ! " He said , still having a little trouble breathing normally .

He moaned as I took the head of his cock in my mouth, moving down inch by inch until I was halfway down. Then I slowly moved up until I reached the head of his dick , but didn't allow the head of his cock to leave my mouth. I did it repeatedly , increasing my pace. His hips jerked involuntarily as I continuously moved my mouth up and down along his shaft , my probing tongue exploring every crease and fold along the surface of his engorged manhood .

" mmmmmmmyour cock tastes so good mmmmm " I slurped , briefly taking my mouth away from his beautiful cock. Then I immediately returned to sucking and licking him like a person does a stick of candy. My tongue was all over his shaft , again sliding up and down his pole , while I jerked him off with my hand at the base. Every few strokes of up and down motion, I would lick up and down the shaft again just to keep switching the routine. I was enjoying it like a baby having an ice cream cone. I could feel the tremors racing through his body, and from the sound of his moans and groans, I knew that it wouldn't be long now.

" Oh... I can ' t hold it anymore!" He warned me. "Oh Natasha, Oh...."

"Come Jake. Come in my mouth. Make it wet in my mouth," I murmured the best I could with his large hot pole stuck in my mouth. I continued my assault on his penis , only faster and harder . He let the first stream of cum squirt out and into my mouth. After the first jet of cum, I took his cock all the way inside my mouth until it reached my throat. His cock continued to erupt, jet after jet of cum straight down my throat. I took it all without missing a beat. Not a single drop escaped the lip lock I had on his hot throbbing cock . I swallowed every bit. Licking all over his hard as stone cock, until I had every drop of his deposit removed, I gave him a final kiss on the pointed tip. My jaws ached, but I didn't care, nothing mattered now, except giving him the greatest amount of pleasure for his first experience. Straightening up, I was glad to be able to breathe normally once again, as it had been a struggle to keep from chocking on his long pole.

For a few moments, neither of us said a word, as we both looked at each other, each savoring the magic of the moment. I wondered what his reaction was going to be to his first experience with oral sex. He was laying there staring at me, with a look of wonder in those beautiful eyes, and a silly grin on his handsome face. Waiting to hear what his response would be, I sat there on his legs, with my

legs folded under me, and my hands resting on my knees.

“Oh WOW!” were the first words he uttered.

“Oh WOW, is right.” I almost had to laugh at his boyish response. “What did you think of that? “

“I have always dreamed of someone doing that to me, especially when I ...” He suddenly stopped as if he were about to say something that he didn’t want me to know about. His face got red, and he tried to look away.

“Come on, Jake. Tell me. What were you going to say?”

“No ! I can’t. Especially not to you!”

“ Aww Jake , why not? We have known each other for many years. You know that you can trust me. I promise I won’t laugh at you, no matter what it is. You know that I won’t. Please tell me ? ”

For a long moment, he stared intently at me, his eyes boring a hole into my mind. It was as if he were trying to convince himself that I was telling the truth, and that he could confide his innermost secrets to me. Then taking a deep breath, which seemed to help him make up his mind, he asked, “Do you promise that you won’t laugh or make fun of me if I tell you?”

“Of course I do. I promise. I might tease you sometimes about something, but I hope that you always know that it is only in fun. I’d never laugh at you or make fun of you in a mean way. You can trust me.”

Taking another deep breath, he stammered, “ Yeah, I know I can. You have always been nice and completely honest with me. It’s just that this is kind of embarrassing to talk about, especially to a girl.”

“Then for the moment, don’t think of me as a girl. Think of me as your very best friend. ”

After a moment’s hesitation, he continued, “Thanks. That helps. Well ... it ’s just that sometimes I get some strange feelings, uhhh especially at night. Sometimes I ... with my hand... ..I well you know.” He stammered, all the while his face getting redder and redder.

I had to struggle to hold back a tear, as I sat there listening to this young man pour out his innermost secret to me. My heart went out to him. This was something that no man ever wanted to admit. So honest and trusting, someday he would make some girl a wonderful husband. However, right now he was mine. Reaching forward, I took one of his hands in mine. “Listen to me Jake. I know what you are

trying to tell me, and it is okay. I understand. What you are talking about is perfectly normal and natural. I'll let you in on a secret, girls do the same thing."

"They do?" He blurted out.

"Yes, of course we do. We have the same feelings and urges that guys do." With that, I gave him a big smile and squeezed his hand.

"But how can they, I mean that girl's are different, well you know what I mean? "

His innocence was so refreshing, that I could hardly keep from laughing, but I knew that would have hurt his feelings if I had. Not only that, but it would have destroyed any confidence he had in me, and I sure didn't want that to happen. "They can and do, trust me." His next question shocked me, because I didn't think he had the nerve to ask me, but he did. He was so sincere; he really wanted to know.

"Would you show me how girls do it?"

"Well, if you are a good boy, maybe someday I will. But not right now." He looked disappointed, but he didn't press the issue any further.

"Thanks Natasha for explaining these things to me. I've always worried that maybe I was some kind of weirdo, or something."

"Believe me Jake, you most certainly are not any kind of a weirdo ! " I said emphatically, giving his hand another squeeze to emphasize my point. " You are just a very nice young man that has a lot of unanswered questions. I'm happy that I may get a chance to answer some of them for you. I just want you to remember one thing, and that is that you can always talk to me, or ask me, about anything you want." Looking down at his hips, I saw that his love handle was standing at attention. Even though I had drained it only moments before, there it stood; ready to go again. It was as if it was saying, 'Hey, here I am, don't forget me. I want some more attention.' It looked so beautiful and lonely there all by itself , that I knew that I couldn't ignore it.

Letting go of his hand, I leaned forward , and placing my hands on the bed and on each side of him, I walked up his body on my hands and knees. He let out a groan as that most sensitive of all spots on the underside of his manhood brushed against my tummy. I continued my upward journey until my panty covered, pussy was directly over that love rod of his. My large tits, which my black bra only partially covered, were now directly over Jake. Glancing down at him, I could tell that he was also very aware of what was hanging so close to his face. I know it was mean of me what I did next but I'll

try to justify it by saying that the devil made me do it.

Knowing how fascinated he seemed to be with my breasts, I couldn't resist giving my shoulders a little shake. This caused my tits to swing back and forth, and the fleshy part of my two feminine charms, that were above the restraint of the bra cups, to shimmer even after I stopped shaking my shoulders. I honestly thought that his eyes were going to bulge out of his head, and I couldn't resist a little giggle. At the same time, I felt his flagpole that was pressing against my pussy, stiffen and press even harder against me. He started to reach up with one hand towards my hanging breasts, but I quickly slapped his hand away.

"No, No. You can look but not touch." I said, teasing him.

Rising up, until I was once again sitting on my heels, I wiggled around until I had that big log of his firmly trapped underneath me. I heard him groan a little as he moved his hips, trying to relieve some of the pressure I was applying to his penis by sitting on it. He may have succeeded, I don't know, but by him doing that, he firmly wedged his full length within the crevice of my pussy lips. My skimpy panties offered me no protection from this intruder, as it forced the front of my panties in between my pussy lips. I felt a tingle run up and down my body at his contact with my most intimate spot. Squeezing his pole between his stomach and my quivering pussy lips, he sat up and leaned towards me.

As his face drew closer and closer to mine, my heart began to beat faster and faster with anticipation. It seemed like forever since we had kissed, and I couldn't get enough of his sexy lips pressed against mine. Drawing closer, ever closer, until I could feel his hot breath on my cheek, I closed my eyes and waited. Waited for that electrified moment when once again our lips would touch. The whole world around me would cease to exist, for there would only be us. When that magical moment finally arrived, I split his lips with my tongue and gently felt the surface of his tongue with mine. Pressing his lightly down to the floor of his mouth with mine, I tried to hold it there, while I explored the roof and gums of his mouth. Our tongues played a little wrestling game, as both were anxious to explore the other's surroundings.

As we started kissing more passionately, he placed his palm on my right breast, put his other hand on my ass cheek and squeezed it. He lightly rubbed my breast through the fabric of my bra, as if asking for permission; I didn't object, and even continued kissing him. He correctly assumed that he could go farther, so he smacked my butt and started pulling at my top. He reached underneath my bra and let his hand rest on my bare breast. My whole body shivered from that first touch of his hot hand, my heart skipped a beat, and my breathing came in short gasps. I thought I would give him better access, so reluctantly I broke our kiss. I leaned back slightly as I sadly pulled my lips from his; he seemed to think I didn't want him touching me that way, for he removed his hand from my tingling

breast. Quickly I reached around and unclasped the bra. Without me telling him to do so, he reached out and slowly eased the bra straps down off my shoulders, all the while never taking his eyes from mine. I could see the burning desire in his eyes, for he knew that he was only moments away from finally being able to fondle and caress , that which he had desired for so long.

Just the touch of his fingers trailing down my arms as he lowered the straps, sent burning flames of excitement rushing throughout my body. My mind was in a sexual -induced daze, and all I knew was that I wanted him to touch me, to fondle and gently caress my whole body. It had been such a long time since I'd felt anything like this. Even with the bra unhooked and the straps hanging from my arms, it clung to my breasts, as if trying to protect them from the stranger that was now invading my feminine charms. However, it was not to be, for he reached out and pulled the helpless bra away from my chest. As he exposed more and more of my large breasts to his gaze, he drooled as if he was in a trance from the sight of them. Finally having removed the now useless bra, he tossed it away, My tender nipples, being suddenly removed from that warm, secure place within the cups where they had nestled , now reacted almost instantly to the cool air. They became hard and pointed, like little caps sitting on top of a mountain. He grabbed both of my big breasts with open palms and started squeezing. I let him have some fun as he molested my boobs with both hands. He obviously didn't know how to treat a woman's breasts because he was squeezing them very hard. When it started getting more painful than pleasure, I decided to stop him.

"Ouch." I screamed, as I removed his hands from my tits.

"Sorry!"

"That's alright. I know you guys get excited when you see boobs, but we don't like having our boobs squeezed, especially not hard. We put up with it to please our man, but when you squeeze too hard, it hurts. Instead, you should gently play with a girl's nipples. That is a very tender and sensitive spot, so that's a quick way to make your girl horny. Also lightly caress and kiss the rest of the breast. Not only handle her breast with loving care; but you may find that a gentle touch on the rest of her body works wonders also. "

"Do you mean like this?" He asked as he reached out and very gently cupped both of my mounds with his hands. His touch was now so light, so soft, one would think that my breasts were made of priceless china, and he was afraid they would break if he applied to much pressure. Supporting me with his hands like a bra, only this felt a million times better. Slowly sliding his hands along the full length of each tit , his fingers reach ed up in that valley between them , forcing them apart. Then he curled each hand around the burning tip, with his palms ever so lightly gliding across those hard little mountain caps. Pausing for a moment, he pressed his hands a little tighter against each captive nipple, then so very delicately; he slowly moved each hand around in a circular motion. His gorgeous

eyes staring into mine as if he were trying to read my mind and know every feeling, every sensation I was getting from what he was doing. His fingers glided across the tops of my breasts as smoothly as a skater glides across the ice. Not only were my already super sensitive nipples being stimulated almost beyond belief, but also the areola. They puffed up even more, which only brought more contact with his burning palms; more electrifying shock waves rushing to my mind. I couldn't help a little shiver, as my whole body was starting to respond to his touch. How could he go from being so rough and aggressive one moment, to being so loving, so soft and gentle the next ?

"Oh yes! Oh my good heavens yes!" I almost shouted. "That is exactly what I meant. You have no idea how good that feels. You can touch me this way any time you want. "

"Good." Was his only response, but I saw a smile cross his happy face. He seemed pleased that he could bring me this much pleasure, just by touching me with his hands. If he could cause my body to melt just from the touch of his hands, what would he do to me when he made love to me with his whole body?

Once again cupping the underside of my feminine mounds with his large hands, his long fingers digging deep up into that crevice, massaging spots normally hidden from view and usually ignored, I felt him jiggle them a little as if he were weighing them. My quivering breasts lying in his hands, and now entirely at his mercy, seemed to excite him even more, because his eyes grew larger and larger. His whole attention was now on them; he was as much a prisoner of them as they were to him. He placed his hand on my right nipple and gently played with it. My nipple became even harder, so he instinctively put his hand on the other one and did the same. I threw my head back, a moan of sheer pleasure escaping my lips as he took my hard nipple in his warm mouth and held it there , motionless. Then he opened his mouth wider and took as much of my massive globe that could fit into his mouth.

He sucked harder and harder, using his tongue to run circles around my heaving tits. When he moved to the other tit, he spent some time squeezing them together so he could lick both my nipples. Spending a few seconds with one nipple, he would quickly move to the other one, then back to the first. It was almost as if he was kissing both of them at the same time. I'd never had that done to me before, and the intense feeling it was creating in my body was something that I hoped that I'd experience again. My nipples were so hard that they ached, but it was such a glorious ache. He nibbled on the second tit, still gently but firmly pinching the first one with his thumb and finger.

" Ohhhhh ...baby, your mouth... soooooo good . " I sighed .

We tumbled back on the bed, he was on top of me now , but he wasn't done with my boobs. It seemed that he couldn't get enough of looking at and touching my breasts. This suited me just fine, as I loved the attention he was giving them. Judging how my enlarged nipples were now standing at

attention like little soldiers, neither did they. He had listened to me when I explained that he shouldn't be so rough, and that I would respond much more to his advances, if he used the gentle touch. I knew then that I had a real gem on my hands, because even though he didn't know how, he was eager to learn. The thought went through my mind about all the pleasure I would be receiving in the future as I taught him how to make love to a woman, and not just have sex with her.

He licked and sucked on them like a little baby nursing at the mother's breast . Every time his rough tongue raked up and across my puffy areole and tender nipple, my whole body seemed to melt even more. I could feel tingles racing through every nerve. I was enjoying the game between his mouth and my boobs. As he would pay attention to one, his hand would be busy with the other breast. Neither one was safe from his attack; he was relentless and seemed never ready to give up. After enjoying my boobs like a baby enjoys their mothers' breast at feeding time, he slid off me. Laying there on the bed facing each other it seemed that he couldn't get enough of kissing me on the lips. I happily returned the favor. Reaching out with his right hand, he gently cupped my face in his palm, looked deep into my eyes and whispered, "You are so beautiful. I want to touch and love every inch of you."

My heart melted at those words. Ever so lightly, he caressed my cheek, his fingers barely touching me. His thumb traced the outline of my lips, his eyes never leaving mine. He lightly slid his hands over my cheekbone; his fingertips blazing the trail along my throat that his sexy lips soon followed. Turning my face to the side to give him full access, I felt him taking little nibbles with his lips as he explored every inch of my throat.

"Oh yes, Jake! You have ignored them for too long." I murmured as I felt his hands once again making electric contact with my heaving breasts. I couldn't help but arch my back, forcing my two large feminine mounds tighter against his roving hand. He hadn't forgotten what I told him about being gentle, as his fingers slid across the tingling skin of my breasts, as light as a feather. Cupping my breast in his hand, he held it until his roving lips reached that part of my body. This time he didn't really suck on my protruding nipples, instead he flicked them back and forth with the tip of his tongue. This sent shivers of excitement all the way down to my quivering pussy lips. I felt him remove his hand from the underside of my breast .

"Oh no, please put your hand back against...." I started to complain, but he stopped me in mid sentence when I felt him take my hot extended nipple between his lips, and roll it back and forth before releasing it. " Ohhh my! Ohhh yes! I exclaimed, feeling wave after wave of pure pleasure rush throughout my whole body, from my sex craved mind down to my leaking pussy lips.

Glancing up at me, he grinned as he said, "I hoped you would like that. I just can't seem to get enough of your sexy tits and those hard little nipples."

“I love the way you handle me. You have such a light touch that it sends tingles all through my body every time you touch my breasts. You can fondle and kiss them as much as you want.”

“Thanks. I’ll keep that in mind for future reference.” He said, giving me an evil grin. Then returning his attention to my tummy, he continued his slow but steady exploration of my trembling body, as his hands once again started on their downward trek. Caressing across my stomach, he moved each hand to my side; then with only his fingertips touching me, he let his fingernails lightly rake down my sides. I couldn’t decide if it was a caress or a tickle, not that it mattered because the effect was the same. My whole body jerked as his fingertips moved down over my ribs. Then laying his hand flat against my stomach, and spreading his long fingers, he moved back up towards those two mountainous breasts with their hard tipped peaks.

“You have such a firm tummy. Your skin is so soft and tender, I love its feel.” He commented, as his hands crawled ever so slowly across my belly button, on their upward journey. Once again reaching my breasts, and never breaking contact, he cupped them in his large hands. With his fingers along their sides and his thumbs forced between them, he moved up their full length until reaching the summit. Holding them firmly, he bent down and lightly kissed each nipple. Then swinging his fingers over the summit, briefly making contact with my aching nipples, he released each breast and once again moved his hands to my side and started back down. At the same time, he kissed the underside of both of my breasts, before moving down over my heaving tummy with his lips. I knew what his ultimate goal was, but he was taking such a long time getting there, that it was driving me mad with desire. He was teasing me and I knew it, and it took every ounce of restraint that I had to not grab his hand , or his head , and push him down to my burning pussy. It was starting to ache with desire.

“Hurry up, Jake ! You are teasing me and I can’t stand much more!” I demanded.

“Don’t be so impatient, my dear. You must have patience.” He responded with a chuckle. “You will live, and besides, it’s fun tormenting you this way.” I wasn’t going to get any consolation from him, because he immediately went back to what he had been doing. His hand slid down my stomach , gradually descending to wards that most tender and sensitive spot on any girl’s body . He lowered his head and immediately began to shower my waist with kisses. His mouth continued to work overtime on my waist, before starting to move downward , following his hands. As he drew ever closer to that most private of all places on a woman’s body, I tensed every muscle , trying to prepare myself for that glorious moment of contact , that moment when his probing fingers touched my burning pussy. It become so wet with expectation , that the panties felt cool and damp against my burning lips. My whole body trembled as I waited ... waited ...

I heard him snicker, as he suddenly removed his hands and lips from my expectant body, and quickly moved down to my lower thighs, making contact there with his fingertips.

“Why are you being so mean? For heaven’s sake , please don’t do this to me!” I demanded. “ Ohhh ! Please” I squirmed around on the bed, trying to get him to move back up and take care of my burning desire. As he had done before, he once again ignored my pleas for mercy, and began a slow movement up my shapely thighs. I couldn’t stop my legs from shaking as he raked his fingers up along the sensitive skin between my legs . I saw him watching me with a grin on his face, as he slowly moved up towards what I knew his ultimate goal was. It was the place that I wanted him to touch, to kiss and caress me . I desperately needed him to quell those burning flames coming from that point of the ultimate pleasure for a girl.

Feeling his finger wiggle in under the leg band of my panties, I felt a sense of relief begin to flow through my shaking body. Maybe now I was going to get some relief from the burning desire that had consumed me for the longest time. It had been such a long time since a man had touched me there, and I desperately needed relief. I knew that I couldn’t stand it much longer. If only he would hurry. I spread my legs apart as far as I could because I was trying hard to make it as easy for him as possible . Changing his mind, he withdrew his fingers and cupped my moist mound in the palm of his hand. The front of my panties was soaked, and I am sure his fingers must have noticed it.

“Oooooohhhhhh, YES! ” I screamed when I felt him pressing against me. “Oh, Jake, that is so wonderful. Please don’t tease me anymore. I need you so badly.” I begged.

“Okay. I’ll be good.” He said, obviously enjoying the knowledge that he had managed to bring my trembling body to this heightened state of sexual desire. Reaching down with his hands to my hips, he wiggled his fingers in under the tight waistband of my panties. “Rise up. I want to take your panties off, so I can see what treasures you have been hiding from me.”

Instantly obeying his command, I raised my hips from the bed and I felt him start to pull my soaked panties down. I marveled at how his attitude had changed; he had started out being afraid to touch me and now he was giving commands, but he was doing it in a kind gentle way, not in an aggressive manner. This was the type of man I enjoyed, and one with whom I would be willing to share my body.

As he began to slide my panties down my legs and my naked vagina became visible to his wondering eyes, he hesitated a moment, and stared at the sight unfolding before him . He had told me that he had never been with a girl, so I knew that this was the first time he had ever seen a woman’s shaved pussy. For a few moments, I lay quietly, not moving, as I watched the expression of wonderment cross his handsome face. I was proud to be the first woman to share this sight with him. This was another first for him, and I wanted to let him enjoy the moment. I saw his jaw drop, and I heard him take in a sudden gasp of air. His eyes got so big I thought they were going to burst out of his head.

Finally breaking the magical spell that held him in its grasp, I asked. "Well Jake, what do you think? Is it what you expected?"

It was several moments before he could gather himself together enough to answer and even then his voice was barely above a whisper. "It's ... it's..... well it's even prettier than I expected. I've seen pictures in men's magazines, but nothing like this." He finally managed to blurt out, his face starting to blush from having just admitted that he had seen pictures of naked women in magazines. "Natasha, you are so beautiful." He said, finally managing to tear his eyes away and look me in the eye. With that, he leaned down and gave me the sweetest , the most loving kiss I have ever had. With his mind starting to clear, he remembered what he had been about to do, and that was to remove my soaked panties. Reaching back down to my hips, he slid my panties down my legs, off my feet and threw them away. As he slid them down, he couldn't resist letting his fingers trail along against my skin.

Positioning himself between my outstretched legs, he crawled back up over my body, until we were eye to eye. I looked deep into his eyes as he supported himself on his arms above me. I saw not only a longing, but also a burning hunger. Glancing down his body, I saw his love handle hanging there stiff as any steel rod. He lowered himself down to my face ; then as we kissed passionately, his youthful male hormones running wild, I felt the tip of his cock bump against my inflamed pussy lips several times. A loud moan of sheer pleasure escaped my lips as he broke the kiss, just the thought of what awaited me almost sent me over the crest.

Moving his head between my thighs , I heard him say. "Now Natasha, I finally get a chance to try to repay you for the sheer joy you gave me when you sucked my cock. I just hope I can give you even a small amount of the pleasure you gave me. If I'm not doing it right, please tell me , because I really do want to learn how to please you . " His warm breath on my inflamed pussy lips as he spoke started to make me crazy. He began to alternate between lightly nibbling, kissing, and licking my outer lips. He started out by barely touching them with his tongue, and it amazed me how light and delicate a touch he had when he wanted. It was so light that I could barely feel it . I knew that while I didn't want him to get rough, I did need a firmer touch.

"You can press a little harder. That is the most sensitive spot on my whole body, but a little firmer pressure will really get me going." Immediately I felt the pressure increase. "Hmmm." I softly moaned to let him know that was how I like d it. He would lovingly caress me, first up one side, then the other. Without me saying a word, sometimes he would vary this by gently taking my swollen lips between his lips and nibble on them. Every time he did that, my body automatically reacted by jerking, as pleasure tremors raced everywhere. This seemed to encourage him even more.

"It's okay if you stick your tongue inside me. I will really enjoy that and I think you will too." I

instructed him, trying to let him know that I wouldn't mind . "At the top, you will feel a hard little nub. That is my clitoris, and it is extremely sensitive. I will go wild if you caress and kiss it. But please remember, be very gentle." I felt his tongue briefly enter me, and then almost immediately withdraw as if he wasn't sure he had done it right. "Hmmm, that felt good, Jake . Do it again." I said to encourage him. This time he didn't withdraw, but slowly moved it around, testing and exploring. This was all new to him, and he was eager to learn what he had only dreamed about in his fantasies, probably while looking at some picture in a magazine and masturbating. He had all but admitted in so many words that this was what he had done, now he was getting a chance to live out his dreams, and he was going to make the most of t his opportunity . I sure wasn't about to stop him, as his probing, while not expert, certainly was having an effect on my body. I was enjoying every second. It seemed like a lifetime ago since I'd felt this good.

"Now use your fingers on each hand and pull my lips further apart. That will let you enter me even further. See if you can find my clit at the top, but go easy when you do." Doing as I asked, he carefully pulled me apart, and I spread my legs as much as I could. I could feel the tip of his tongue, as it flicked from one spot to another, trying to explore every fold and crevice inside of me. He seemed to be happy for the moment to just explore, and forgot what I told him about finding my clit. Finally, he remembered, and I could feel his face move upward as he began to search for that little love bud inside me. Instinctively he seemed to know when he found it, because he lovingly cradled it in his tongue.

The moment his rough tongue touched me there, my whole body jumped as if you had touched me with a cattle prod. A loud moan escaped from my mouth the second his tongue discovered my clit. He had had my body on such a sexual tight rope for so long, that the shock wave that hit every nerve in my body from his contact was more than I could stand. My sudden, violent reaction scared him , because he thought he had hurt me, so he started to pull away. Before he had a chance to do so, I grabbed him by the back of his head and pulled him back inside me.

"No, please don't stop now! That felt fantastic ! Do it some more." This time he knew that he had done it right; his tongue played with my clit like a virtuoso plays with the violin. He flicked his tongue back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, harder and harder, as the tension climbed near the breaking point.

"OOOOHHHH!" I yelled , as my ass began to bounce on the bed. I slammed my knees together, holding his head firmly in place. His lips alternatively squeezed and released the base while his tongue swirled around my love button, licking it and teasing it. I squeezed my boobs and bit my lips as I felt my orgasm building inside me.

"I'm almost there. Ooo, Hhh, Yesss! Do it harder Jake. Harder! Faster!" I cried out to him, begging

him not to stop or slow down. He did his best to do as I asked. I squeezed his head with my thighs, and with my hands, I pushed his face tighter against my pussy as I felt my orgasm reaching its climax. "I can't hold it anymore." I screamed. My flood gates opened and a gush of cum ran out of my slit, but Jake didn't move his mouth from my pussy. He took every bit of cum and made sure that not even a single drop was wasted.

I don't know whether it was the built up tension of not having had a proper sexual release for such a long time, or whether it was the excitement of showing Jake how to please a woman, or perhaps a combination of both. He had pushed me so high, that when I finally reached the summit and climaxed, it was like falling off a mountaintop. It was a ride that I've never experienced before. I was completely exhausted. I let my legs fall back onto the bed, flung my arms out to my side and lay there with my eyes closed. I was desperately trying to get my breathing back under control and my racing heart back to normal. Being the perfect gentleman and not knowing what else to do, he kept sucking and licking my love bud with that marvelous tongue of his. After such a huge explosion as he had helped me reach, I was now too tender to continue. Gently, but firmly, I placed my hands on each of his cheeks and pushed him away.

Looking up at me with inquisitive eyes, he asked. "What's the matter? Is something wrong? Didn't I do it right?"

"No Jake, there is nothing wrong. It's just that after such a huge orgasm as you just now gave me, I'm very tender down there. My clitoris is just a bundle of nerves, and when it is pushed to the level of excitement the way you did, I need a few minutes for my nerves to calm down." I replied, trying to put his concern to rest.

"Come up here beside me and let me hold you for a little while until I can catch my breath again." I said smiling at him.

Doing as I asked, he crawled up along my right side, and lay facing me with my arm under his head. "Are you sure you haven't been with another girl before now?"

"No, I haven't." He replied with a bit of puzzlement in his voice, because he didn't know why I'd ask that question again, after he had already told me he was a virgin.

"I'll take your word for it, of course. It's just hard to believe that someone with no experience in lovemaking would be so good at it. That is exactly what you have been doing to me this past while, making love to me, and not just having sex. Believe me, there is a world of difference. I don't think that I've ever had such a huge orgasm as this was. When you caressed my clit with your tongue the way you did, I literally exploded. I've never felt such a wonderful feeling in my whole life."

Drawing his face a little closer to mine, I continued. "Thank you Jake for giving me so much pleasure." I gave him a kiss to show my appreciation.

"So I did okay then?" He asked, as if needing to confirm that everything was okay.

"Jake, you did more than just okay. You did fantastic!"

This seemed to satisfy him. "Thanks. I wasn't sure if I had or not. I just know that I wanted to please you." He then reached out with his right hand and placed it over my left breast, not caressing or anything, just let it lay over my nipple.

I smiled my appreciation at him. For the next several minutes, we lay there, me holding him in my arm. We talked about several things in our life that had happened during the past year since we had seen each other. I explained about my desire to move to New York and start a career as a model. He agreed that that would probably be the best place to try to get myself established in that profession. I asked him what his future plans were, but he hadn't decided yet what he wanted to do with the rest of his life. He guessed finishing high school was his first objective and then he'd see what happened. I told him that he had better finish his schooling or I'd never speak to him again.

"Awww , Natasha, you know that you couldn't do that. You like me too much." He said, grinning at me. He knew of course that I was only teasing him.

Starting to feel a bit more relaxed, I couldn't help but notice that his cock was still standing at full attention. It had never gone down, even after all this time. The beauty of youth, I thought to myself. My cunt, although still tender, was starting to get that familiar ache once again. Here was an excellent opportunity to quench some of that built up tension that I'd been carrying around since my boyfriend and I had split up. I intended to take full advantage of the situation too.

"I think I should give you a reward for licking my pussy so good. " I said .

"Really? What is that?"

"Let me get my arm out from under your head. Then I want you to lie down in the middle of the bed. Eagerly I swung my leg over his hips as I got into the cowgirl position, my pussy, dripping wet, was mere inches away from his hard penis. I could hardly wait, for as good as my last orgasm had been, this was what I really wanted and needed.

"Ready?"

He nodded.

Standing on my knees, I lowered myself just enough so that I could rub my clit against the head of his penis. Once again, I felt the all-consuming electric shock waves rush through my body. Slowly lowering myself further, I eased the tip into my warm, wet pussy. Pausing for a few moments with just the head of his penis inside me, I wanted to enjoy the feeling a little longer. If he felt this good with just being inside my pearly gates, what would it feel like when I had the whole length of him firmly planted deep within me? He was so hard, and so full of energy, I was sure he would be able to put out those burning fires that had been about ready to consume me for so long. This was what I had been missing all those long lonely months since my boyfriend had left .

Jake, in his youthful impatience, didn't want to stop there, so he twitched his cock. Feeling him move slightly inside my flared pussy lips brought my mind back to reality. I leaned forward a bit, and then sat back so I could take a few more inches of his cock inside me. Our long session of foreplay and the huge orgasm that he had given me had left me so wet, that his cock now slid up my love tunnel with no resistance. He placed his hands on my hips while I lowered my pussy the rest of the way down his rod. The wonderful feeling of his hot cock invading my most secret places, as it pushed aside the wet walls of my tunnel of love, was something that no words can ever describe. I could feel him tunneling into me. He seemed to go on forever, so deep inside me; he was touching and massaging places that no dildo or finger could ever reach.

As the rough ridge around his cockhead caressed the tender walls on its dash to my innermost depths, I felt shock wave after shock waves of pure pleasure rush through my whole body. Every nerve ending in my trembling body was tingling. This was what I had been missing. My whole body suddenly felt so alive and vibrant, and I knew that I had this young man laying below me to thank for that. I'd never be able to repay him for the sheer pleasure he was giving me, but was determined to try. " Mmmmm , " I murmured, as I rose up on my knees, and then slid back down, repeating this process again and again . I closed my eyes to shut out all distractions; I wanted to enjoy the feel of him moving in and out of me as much and for as long as I could. I lost all sense of time; the only thing that mattered to me was the love he was sharing with my body through the massaging of my inner sanctum.

Each time I pushed down, he met me half way by raising his hips off the bed and shoving upward to penetrate my pussy to the maximum. After one particular hard thrust, I threw back my head and let out a loud howl of pure pleasure. The sudden shock of my tender pussy lips slamming down hard against his hipbone caused my eyes to fly open in surprise. Looking down I saw the look on Jake's face was one of pure ecstasy. His eyes glued to the point where his love handle was moving in and out of the gateway to my love tunnel. He was in heaven. His hands had been caressing my back ,

moving down to my hips and then over my curvaceous ass. Every time I rose up, and more of his cock pulled out of me, it pulled my inner lips out with it. He seemed fascinated by this, and pressed the fingers of one hand against the top of my slit, so he could feel my inner lips as his cock pulled them out of me. I'm sure that he didn't realize it at the time, but as he pressed his hand against me, he was also applying extra pressure to my oversensitive clit, trapping it between his fingers and his hard cock as it moved in and out. As I moved my pussy slowly up and down his dick, he removed his hands from my pussy and started massaging my breasts. I leaned forward and gave him a shower of kisses on his neck, cheeks, and forehead. He slipped his tongue in my mouth and we passionately kissed as we fucked.

"Oh Jake! Why haven't I fucked you before? If I had known what a fantastic lover you are, I would have fucked you long ago." I whispered in his ear. I could feel his cock expand inside my pussy with every word I said, letting me know that he's going to burst anytime soon. I leaned back, placed my hand on his chest, then I started to use a circular motion, slowly moving my hips clockwise so that his cock touched the entire inside of my pussy. "You feel so wonderful inside me like this. I can feel you touching spots way up inside of me, and each time seems to stretch me wider." I said, never missing a stroke, as we continued our rapid up and down motion.

"My God! You are so sexy, my babe. Aaaaaah yes!" He moaned. It was the first time he had called me anything but my name. I was glad that he didn't feel too shy to call me babe. All of this sucking and touching was stimulating me to new heights. I never imagined being in this situation. I had nothing in my mind except to meet Jake when I decided to go to Los Angeles, because I wanted to spend some time with him before I became busy with my career. Now I am fucking him like a girl with a craving for sex. I was the one who insisted he remove his clothes. Was it just one thing leading to another sort of thing or was it something I wanted to happen because no one had fucked me in a long time? These thoughts made me even hornier. He moaned and screamed as I started fucking him faster and harder. I found myself screaming louder than he was.

Grabbing me around my waist, he pulled me down against his hips; at the same time, he slammed himself up hard against my watering pussy. This shoved his long hard cock even further into my hot tunnel. That extra little bit was all I needed to send my body, which was already about ready to explode, over the top." Ohhhhhh aaaaaahhhhhh yesssssss !!! Hhhmm mm m !!!" I screamed, as I felt my juices flowing out over his cock and then down on his thighs.

"I can't hold it anymore. I'm going to cum!" He yelled a few seconds later as his hips started to shake.

"Yes! Yes! Do it. Cum inside of me; fill me with your precious cum!" I cried, gasping for breath. Hardly were those words out of my mouth, when I felt his hard as steel cock, that was probing my innermost depths, jerk a couple of times, then suddenly he shot a long stream of cum deep inside me, painting

the inside of my pussy with a thick white cream . I'd never allowed anyone to cum inside me. I would ask them to wear a condom , but I was happy to let him fill me with his cum , because it was his first experience , and I wanted it to be so special for him that he would remember it for a very long time.

" Oh Jake! That felt so good ! " I gasped , as I tried to catch my breath. Jake lay there with his eyes closed and he had the biggest smile I've ever seen . It pleased me to know that he had enjoyed himself, and would always remember his first experience with a girl with fond memories. I guess the joy of fucking a girl while still at such a young age , was what was making him smile. Being a typical teenage boy, I'm sure it was something that was constantly on his mind. I was very glad that I was the girl that had fulfilled his dream. Sitting there on his lap, his cock still buried deep within me, I felt so happy and contented. All the built up tension and stress of days gone by, was now gone, stripped away by that part of him that had only minutes before invaded my inner most reaches. He had touched my soul, and now I was unwilling to let him go. This was what I had needed , what I had been missing all those long lonely months since I had been with a man. Slowly I rose up off him , watching as more and more of the part of Jake that had brought me so much pleasure emerges from deep inside me. I lay down beside him and looked at his beautiful dick, which was still hard even after cumming twice. Taking hold of his shaft , I started moving my hand up and down.

" Mmmmm. " He moaned, as I played with the skin of his dick with my fingers. Our mixed juices were still moist on his rod, so my hand slid along its rough surface as if it were a greased pole; a pole that I was starting to realize that I loved, and couldn't get along without it . I loved the feel of it as it easily slid between the fingers of my fist, the same way it had slid up inside me only a few minutes ago, bringing me such intense pleasure. It was a mystery how he could still be so hard.

"I love the feel of your fingers wrapped around my cock. I think I could lay here forever and let you do that."

"I'm glad you are enjoying this because I can't get enough of looking at and touching it. You have the prettiest cock I've ever seen."

"How many others have you seen?" He asked with a mischievous tone in his voice.

"That's none of your business." I said, in as stern a voice as I could, winking at him so he would know I wasn't upset with his question. Returning my attention to the treasure that I held in my hand, I continued caressing his stiff pole. I'd lean it first one way then another way, but he didn't seem to mind what I did. He just lay there letting me have my way with him. His only responses were a few moans of pleasure that I noticed were starting to come more often the more I caressed and fondled him. I saw his leg muscles tense and felt his groin rise slightly, as if he was trying to let me have access to every inch of his love handle. He was too long for my one hand to cover, so I wrapped the

fingers of my other hand around him, as I continued fondling him.

“Oh, Natasha that feels wonderful. Keep doing that.”

Every time I pushed my hands down his prick, he rewarded me with the sight of the pointed tip sticking above my fist. Bending down, I covered that remaining part of his manhood with my lips. Sliding my tongue across the tender tip, I felt him jerk slightly, as another loud moan escaped from deep within his chest. Before I could go any further, he interrupted me by saying, “I know what you are about to do and I love the feel of your lips and tongue against my cock, but I have a favor to ask of you. There is something else that I would love to try.”

Turning to look at him, but still maintaining my grasp on his hard pole, I asked. “What’s that, honey? I’ll do whatever you want if I can.”

“Well ... Ummm I saw a picture of a guy that was fucking a girl while she was on her hands and knees. He was standing behind her. I’d love to fuck you that way.”

“Of course, honey. I’d love to have you fuck me that way.” I said smiling at him. “Just tell me how you want me to be.”

His grin got even bigger as he realized that another of his fantasies was about to come true. “Maybe you could turn around so that you were kneeling on the bed and your bum was at the foot. Then I could sneak up behind you. You wouldn’t know I was there until I stuck my cock in you.”

“Oh, that sounds like a lot of fun. Let’s do it!” I excitedly exclaimed, as I let go of his pole and started to scramble around the bed to get myself into the position he had described. Kneeling there with my knees spread apart and right at the edge of the foot of the bed, I looked up at him still laying there. “Is this how you want me to be?”

“Yes, that’s perfect.” He said as he swung his legs over the side and got up. “Now remember, you don’t know that there is anyone else around.”

“Okay. This is going to be so much fun.”

To add to the effect, I closed my eyes so that I wouldn’t see him coming up behind me. This was so exciting. Then I waited to see what he would do next, my whole body tingling with anticipation. Something else that was exciting was the fact that earlier this evening, he was so shy and nervous that he couldn’t look at my nude body, and had a great deal of trouble fastening my bra. Now he was confidently giving explicit instructions on how he wanted to fuck me. I waited ... and waited ...for what

seemed like an hour, but probably wasn't more than a minute or so.

Wild thoughts raced through my mind as I impatiently knelt there. What would he do next? Would he say anything? Would he suddenly take me with no warning? Oh, how I wished he would hurry up, the suspense was killing me. Would he... I never got a chance to finish that thought, because suddenly I felt two strong hands grab me by my hips, pull me back and at the same moment, something big and hard forced its way into my wide-open pussy. It raced up my love tunnel, like a steam engine out of control, forcing my walls apart as it made its mad dash, never hesitating, never slowing down until it completely buried itself inside me.

Even though I knew he was there and what he was going to do, the suddenness ; the aggressiveness of his act caught me by total surprise. My eyes flew open and I threw my head back, as a loud scream came from somewhere deep within my ravaged body. The sudden and complete entry only intensified the unimaginable waves of pleasure that raced through every fiber of my body. Not only was I feeling the effects as he massaged my inner walls, but his entry point had been a little low, so the full length of that lovely cock scraped against my still very sensitive clit, adding to the pleasure. It was almost more than I could stand, and for a few moments, I thought I was going to pass out, something that I had never experienced before. Determined to hang on, I gripped the sheet in my fists and hung on for dear life. Only managing to take short, gasping breaths through clenched teeth, I finally managed to blurt out, "Oh, my Jake. You really did catch me by surprise. I've done it this way before, but I never expected anything like that."

"I didn't either." He replied. "I've read stories where guys did that to girls and I've always wanted to try it. " Still holding me by my hips, he now began to withdraw, until only the tip was inside me. Then reversing direction, he again entered me, bringing another murmur of pleasure from my lungs . This time it was different than his original entry, this was slow and tender. We continued for some time like this, sometimes he held my hips, other times he was gently caressing my sides and back with his gentle hands. Every time he fully entered me, and I would feel his hips bump against my inflamed pussy lips, another pleasure tremor raced to my brain, each adding to the intensity of the other. Our previous two sessions when I had sucked him and the time I rode his cock to completion; it was to satisfy an intense, burning urge for sexual release that had consumed our bodies. It had been mad passionate sex. Now, with our desire somewhat satiated, this was different, this was gentle, tender love making.

Sliding his hands all the way up my trembling body, until he was caressing my cheek , I turned my head and kissed the palm of his hand. Then slowly moving back down my throat, he let his hands wonder down my side until he encountered my swinging breasts. Lightly cupping my hanging tits in his hands, he massaged my nipples by moving his hands in small circles, bringing another gasp of pleasure from me. I couldn't get enough of the wonderful feeling his hands gave me as they

supported my enormous tits that way. Releasing those hard buds, and still with the lightest of touch, he moved on over the underside of my feminine charms. All the time he was fondling me that way, he kept up that frustratingly slow, but so very exciting, in and out motion of his now harder than ever rod.

I could feel my body once again climbing that ladder, each step bringing me closer and closer to that wonderful moment when I would feel fireworks explode in my brain. Then I would experience that slow leisurely decent; until reaching bottom, I would feel totally exhausted but also completely satisfied. His hands never ceased their downward trek, gracefully gliding across my tummy, until his wondering fingers touched that most secret of all feminine places, that secret cavern that was now allowing him access to my heart and soul. Pressing against me with his fingers, he increased the pressure against my already inflamed clit, as his probing cock was massaging it from the inside. This sent me a few more steps up that ladder; however, I now sensed that I wasn't the only one that was getting close to seeing fireworks and blinding lights. His probing love handle was now entering me faster and with a bit more force, and I could hear him grunt every time he fully entered me and his hips slapped against my ass.

"That's it Jake. Ohhh YESSSS! Give it to me!" I shouted, trying to help him reach his point of no return.

I must have succeeded, because only a couple of hard, deep strokes later, he jerked out of me, and yelled. "Quick Natasha, suck my cock!" Whirling around as fast as possible, I quickly took as much of his bloated cock in my mouth as I could. He was so near his breaking point that I only had time for a couple of quick strokes with my tongue against his throbbing penis, when I felt him push against my face and let loose a blast of his hot cum down my throat. Already balancing on that top step of the ladder, this was enough to shove me over the top. As I finished sucking him dry, I could feel the hot juices from my explosion running down my legs, starting to soak the sheet below my knees.

"I have to sit down before my knees give away and I fall to the floor." He panted, flopping down on the bed beside me.

"I know the feeling. I'm feeling the same way. Come and lay down with me for awhile until we can catch our breaths." I said, as I turned and with the last remaining strength I had, crawled back up towards the pillows.

Rolling over onto his back, with his head propped up on a fluffy pillow; he extended his left arm out across the bed. "Would you lie in my arms for a while, Natasha? I'd love to hold you."

I know my face lit up with joy, because there was nothing that I loved doing more than to cuddle with my partner after the joys of lovemaking. It was such a nice, warm, fuzzy feeling that I experienced

every time I had a chance to do that, even thinking about it, sent little shivers down my spine. It was like icing on a cake, no matter how good the cake was; this made it all that much better. My ex-boyfriend hadn't always wanted to do that with me; many times, he would immediately roll over and go to sleep for a few minutes. This left me laying there by myself, feeling ignored and somewhat unfilled. Here was a young, handsome man that actually wanted to cuddle and hold me in his arms, after having given me more pleasure than anyone ever had. What a treasure! With no hesitation, I lay on my right side, with my head on his broad shoulder, and wiggled in tight against him. He pulled me even tighter against his body, when he bent his arm back over my shoulder.

I reached down with my left hand, and picked up his now exhausted cock, as I placed my leg over his, then laid his limp love handle against my thigh where I could see it. Resting my hand flat on his chest, I could feel his heart beating. Reaching out with his right hand, he cupped my chin with his fingers, tilting my head up towards his face. Bending forward, he gave me a very light, tender kiss, and then extending his arm, he placed it over my waist, with his hand lightly pressed against the small of my back, holding me close.

“ Thank you Jake. You have given me the most pleasure that I think I've ever had. Lying here in your arm's this way with your naked body against mine is heavenly. With you holding me the way you are, I feel so warm, so safe and secure. It is the most wonderful of feelings.” I said looking up into those beautiful eyes of his. After giving him a quick kiss, and then snuggling back against his shoulder, I couldn't resist a sigh of contentment.

“I feel like I should be the one that is thanking you, Natasha. For years, I've dreamed of making love to a girl, and wondered what it would be like. Now you have made all those dreams come true. I guess that I always knew that sex would be wonderful, but I never dreamed it was like this. ”

“You don't know how happy it makes me to hear you say that. I'm proud that I've had the honor of introducing you to this new and exciting world. I hope that now you realize the difference between sex and lovemaking. What we just now had was a sample of how wonderful lovemaking can be if the couple care about the feelings of each other.”

Lying there together, we grew silent, both of us deep in our own thoughts. It was a comfortable silence, because nothing needed saying, yet that silence spoke volumes. We understood each other almost as if we could read the other person's mind. We had both freely given and received pleasure, so nothing else mattered. It was only a few minutes until I heard soft, deep breathing coming from Jake. Glancing up at his face, I saw a very happy, contented young man. It was also the face of a man sound asleep. This time it didn't matter to me, it was okay, because I knew that he cared about and desired me, and this made me feel like the prettiest, most loved girl in the whole world. I don't know how long I lay there, but it couldn't have been very long. Maybe it was the sound of his steady

breathing, maybe the result of my long flight earlier that day, or maybe just exhaustion from our hot and heavy lovemaking, or perhaps a combination I don't know, but I soon joined him in slumber land.

Somewhere deep in my subconscious mind, I thought I heard something. Forcing myself to partially wake up, I looked around the room. Seeing that it was daylight, I looked at the clock on the nightstand. "Good heavens." I thought to myself. "It's already a few minutes after 8 a.m." I couldn't remember ever sleeping this late. However, it was so comfortable laying there on Jake's shoulder that I decided to give myself a few more minutes before getting up. I had barely closed my eyes, when I heard it again, a knock on the door. Then from the other side, came a voice. "Jake! Open the door."