Ti amo, il mio Angelo

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Title translation: I love you, my Angel

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A whole year and he still hasn't said it...why won't he say it?!

It was a Saturday night and also coincidentally my birthday so my brothers were throwing me a birthday dinner and my girlfriends were treating me to a GNO at the local bar later. Knowing them...it was going to be one hell of a night!!

I am living with my brothers, both of them older so I am one spoilt and adored little sister. Usually my brothers have their friends over. In fact, it was almost like they lived with us. I mean they're around every minute of every day. Most of them are 'regulars' and have been friends with my brothers for as long as I can remember and since I moved in with them two years ago I became really close to some of them as well.

My brothers, Jacob and Raphael, are twins, 23 years of age, and as different as twins can be. Jacob is the brainiac while Rapheal the quarterback. Both of them are usually considered hot and cute (especially by my friends) and very lovely people. They aren't players – thank the good Lord! – and they are genuinely very good people. I love them to bits...more so when they agreed to let me stay with them!

Well you know I told about my brothers always having their friends over...yeah so there is this one friend of theirs that they've known forever and is also a good friend of mine because of that. We got closer as friends since I moved in. Camden, that's his name. To my complete and utter dismay, however, he doesn't think of me as more than a friend which is how I think of him nowadays...as more than a friend. I would lie in bed at night and imagine how it would feel to have his strong muscled arms wrapped around me, how it would sound if he said he loved me, how it would feel to have his grey eyes smoulder my brown ones before he leaned in to kiss me. He was a regular runner so he was some tasty piece of eye candy (particularly when he joined my brothers and I for our regular morning run from time to time). Yes he was muscled but it wasn't the I-wanna-be-Rocky-wannabe

kind. It was just right.

I shook my head and smiled, I really had to learn that day dreaming brought nothing but unattainable dreams followed by the oh so painful heartache. I got dressed and headed downstairs. My brothers and a few of their friends were treating me to dinner before I went out with my girlfriends. These friends of my brothers' were very close to me too, some of them even considered me to be the sister they never had. Oh it is wonderful to be the little sister...

I got downstairs and there they all were (Camden too), huge grins big presents, the whole cheesy drama, but I loved it, every second of it. I was turning 21 and it was unbelievable. I was ecstatic, and they were too. Nothing was going to spoil my night. Nothing...

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She floated downstairs, so beautiful, so elegant and I began to wonder whether this girl would ever cease to amaze me. I was in awe of her every time I had the absolute pleasure to be in her company. She doesn't know how I feel about her...she can never know...

Her long naturally curly brown locks bounced ever so slightly as she swayed her way towards her brothers. She was wearing a lavender knee length dress that floated and swayed with her and she was wearing the black high heeled ankle boots that I bought her yesterday (when she dragged me to the mall with her) as her present. She stood in front of her brothers and smiled the most brilliant twinkling smile as she twirled and asked, "So...how do I look?" in a voice so sweet it could be dripping with layers upon layers of the sweetest honey known to man. Fuck!! I was so screwed...I'm the player!!! I am not supposed fall in love with my best friends' sister. That is a total no no in the About Your Best Friend's Sister handbook. A COMPLETE no no!!

I watched her as she made her way around everyone, personally thanking them for coming and being so wonderfully generous with the presents and saying that they really didn't have to, that there company was a present enough. She was the kindest soul I had ever met...and she was beautiful. I used to call her my Angel. At the beginning that used to be an insult to her...I would make sure I explained it too her so that it seemed like one. I remember she cried her eyes out for the next four hours the first time I told her and I had to, on the strict order of her brothers, tell her and explain to her that it was not an insult but was in fact a compliment of the highest decree. The name sort of stuck and it has never been so appropriately used before. However as she grew older I had to stop using it, it got a little weird as you could probably guess...besides I have a player image to uphold. But whenever I think about her (which is all the time) it is never Skyla, always Angel...my Angel...

Yup...sadly...I was so whipped!!

She finally reached me at the back of the room. She smiled that brilliant smile of hers and said my name, “Cammie!!!” as she gave me a hug. She was the only one I allowed to call me Cammie but she doesn’t know that, her brothers tried but I told them I hated the name and just to make fun of me she continued using it. Strangely it sounded wonderful when she said it.

“So what do you think?” she asked twirling. There were thousands of words going through my head; gorgeous, beautiful, sublime, fetching, charming, tempting, magnificent, superb, spectacular, dazzling. The list was really endless.

But all I could say was, “Eh...I’ve seen better.”

She pulled a face of mock anguish and punched me on my shoulder lightly. She then said, “I’m sure you have,” and she smiled. There wasn’t a single trace of unhappiness on that face. I loved her like that, smiling and always ready to gracefully take a joke. And since that was all the time...

She truly believed that I had seen better than her. She underestimated her beauty so very much I almost died every time I was reminded about that. She really needs to be placed in front of a mirror with a list of what makes her beautiful. And trust me, even after all that she will still not get it!!

“Hey, Camden! Let’s go!!” Raphael shouted.

“We are coming!” I shouted back and I just couldn’t help but wish that we really were.

Skyla looked back at me and smiled as if she knew exactly what was going on in my head. She then began to walk towards the door where Jacob and Raphael were waiting. The others had already left in their cars to go to the restaurant.

Skyla turned to look at me, “Let’s go,” she said. She held her hand out for me to take and it was shaking with excitement. I took it and followed her to the door.

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We were sitting in the car on our way to the restaurant. My eyes were shut and blindfolded because it was a surprise and none of them wanted to ruin it. I sat in the back with Jacob while Raphael drove his ‘baby’ - he loved the car – and Camden sat beside him. We were at the restaurant in no time.

Everyone else was already there. The place looked amazing and so did the food. Luckily I was famished!! The dinner was superb and I made sure I caught slight glimpses and glances at Camden

who was flirting with one of my friends. He looked really hot in his leather jacket and blue jeans. He didn't sag thankfully and was wearing a shirt and tie along with the jacket. It was a cold night and I too had brought along a jacket that I had not felt to need to wear yet. The dinner was fantastic and I thanked everyone beforeleaving for the bar with a couple of girlfriends who were with me for the dinner. We would meet up with the others at the bar. I told my brothers what bar it was in case they needed me and headed there.

I was going to have a blast...I knew I would.

We got to the bar and there they all were. It was a bar with a disco which was already packed by the time we entered. The only reason we managed to locate the others was because of the huge uproar when they saw me enter. Trust me...it was LOUD!!

We had a couple of drinks as they gave me my presents. I didn't open them yet, I wanted to open all my presents together when I got back home. We talked for a little while but the music was so overwhelming and catchy that we just had to hit the dance floor. I started dancing with a couple of guys, but it was no fun. The last guy I danced with was so hot and totally worth the wait.

We started grinding with each other. His hands were all over me, slowly lifting up my dress exposing me to the world. I didn't care. I was so horny that he could have fucked me on the dance floor in front of everyone and it wouldn't have bothered me. His hands rubbed my thighs, inching higher and higher...his teasing was making me so wet. His touch was intoxicating and I wanted to get so drunk on it, so drunk on him. I put my hands on his ass and pulled him closer to me. I could feel his hard-on and that made me wetter. He began to kiss my neck and I let him. I honestly couldn't believe that I was doing this. My friends were busy with their dance partners and so no one was paying any attention to me.

He stared to nibble at my neck and a low moan escaped from my lips. One of his hands moved from my thigh to my shoulder and played with the strap of my dress, slowly brushing it off my left shoulder. He began to plant soft kisses on my shoulder, ensuring that he covered every inch of my left shoulder, from my neck and collar bone to my upper arm. But before we could progress any further a distant calling drew closer.

"Jared!" some woman was shouting. The music drowned most of her out but as she came closer the kisses stopped. The man I was with whispered, "Oh shit!" and I guessed him to Jared. I smiled and turned around.

"Thanks for the dance," I told him very coolly, "but I think you should return to your girlfriend." I had no idea I could be this casual. I was in awe of myself, surprised and ecstatic by this side of me that I had

never seen. It was like visiting uncharted waters and finding me in an exotic and beautiful place that I didn't want to return from. I laughed a little and he smiled and gave me a kiss.

"Au contraire," he whispered in my ear, "Thank you." He looked at me and smiled and I smiled back. With that he was gone.

"Damn it," I sighed. He was something. I decided to leave, not wanting to destroy the lovely feel that I had just by dancing with the mysterious Jared. I was sure no one could compare and I wanted to savour every bit of the memory. It was exhilarating.

I couldn't find all my friends so I texted them my goodbyes and thank yous, grabbed my presents and hailed a cab. I was home in no time. I had a key so I let myself in quietly, not wanting to disturb anyone. They were all already asleep. "Strange," I thought and then looked at the time. It was 4 am!!

"Shit!! No wonder they are all asleep," I said to myself. I noticed Camden's car in the driveway and figured that he had been so wasted he must have decided to spend the night. I shrugged and made my way to my room. I changed into my night dress and sat on my bed staring at my presents. There were so many!!

I wasn't at all tired so I decided to open the presents, beginning with theones I received at the bar. I was sure there was something exciting and kinky in there and I couldn't wait to open them. I was right. The first present I opened had a vibrator and some lace lingerie.

I was horny still from my dancing with Jared that I decided that the other presents could wait. I felt like trying out my new toy. I got up and closed the door just in case. I couldn't lock it unfortunately because the lock broke a couple of weeks ago and I hadn't gotten round to buying a new one.

I removed all the stuff off of my bed, changed into my sexiest night gown and sat on my bed.

For a while I did nothing. I just looked at the vibrator I had placed on my bed in front of me. I had never used one and I really wasn't sure how to go about it. Well...I knew what to do, I was just kind of nervous is all. It's okay to be nervous...isn't it?

I shook my head. No. I wasn't backing down now and I was really curious as to how it would feel. I lay down a little and turned it on. It started to buzz softly, sounding very similar to an electric toothbrush. I grinned devilishly as it made its way to my pussy. As it touched my pussy I jumped and I immediately moved it away. I laughed at myself as it returned to my pussy. This time having a better idea I let it stay. It hummed lightly as I pleasured myself with it, massaging it against my cunt.

It felt so good!!! By now my eyes were closed and I was holding on to the bed post, moaning slightly as I moved to the rhythm of my vibe. I didn't realise it-until I heard myself say it at least thrice-that I was moaning Camden's name. My Vibrator slowly inched its way inside me, making my insides jump and tingle with phenomenal sensations and my moaning grew a little louder.

"Camden..."

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I slowly pushed the door open. I had heard her come in and wanted to see if she was alright. I had expected her to be sleeping. I was planning on taking a quick peek and then retreating the way I had entered.

As I opened the door I heard a slight hum. I figured she must have been massaging her feet and left the massager on as she dozed off. For her, this wasn't a rarity. So I entered to turn it off and I saw her...

She was lying on the bed, her eyes squeezed shut as she pleasured herself.

"With what?" I asked myself, "Is that a vibrator?" It was!! I had no idea she owned one. Watching her masturbate was making my cock twitch. I wanted to stay and watch her longer, enjoy her sexiness with her. God she looked divine, smoking hot. Her 36c boobs curved nicely in her short lace nightgown, which rested at her pelvis, giving her a very voluptuous appeal that was already turning me on. I moved a little to the right and I could see her pussy glistening with her juices. Oh how I wanted so badly to taste it, suck it, lick it. My cock was at full attention now and I was this close to jerking off in her room, this close. Her body was curved and shaking as she neared her orgasm. She had no idea that I was here and I intended to keep it that way. I turned and was about to leave when I heard it.

"Camden..."

My breath caught in my throat. "She caught me!" I thought.I was so scared. I spun around and saw that her eyes were still closed. She didn't see me! Enormous relief flood over me and I thought maybe I imagined it so to make sure I decided to wait awhile...maybe she'll say my name again. I didn't have to wait long.

"Camden...oh...that feels so good!!! Camden..."

I couldn't believe it. My Angel was saying my name while pleasuring herself, thinking of me...thinking

of me pleasuring her. Knowing this, a new energy came over me.

I walked towards her, stopping at the side of her bed. I bent forward, my face inches away from hers...and kissed her. She froze and her eyes flew open as my lips pressed against hers. I looked into her eyes as I kissed her, wanting her to see that it was alright, that it was me, that I know...and that I feel it too.

She relaxed a little, closed her eyes and kissed me back. She wrapped her arms around me as I lay down next to her on her bed. We lay like that, next to each other, kissing deeply and passionately wanting for it to go on for ages, neither of us wanting to stop, kissing and exploring each other with our hands, scared that if we break apart so will the spell and magic we were feeling. Then Skyla began twitching and shaking uncontrollably. At first I was startled, and then I remembered that she still had her Vibe inside her. She was about to take it out when I stopped her. I held her against me as she shook, her orgasm building and building. She cried out my name, trying desperately to relieve some tension.

As her orgasm began to subside, I started planting kisses on her neck, nibbling away. I could feel her smile as she moaned. My hand moved from her waist to her thigh as I began rubbing it while inching it towards her glistening pussy. I touched her pussy and she jumped. I then removed her vibrator and threw it. It hit the ground with a CRASH and I could tell it was broken. So could my Angel. When I looked back at her with a smile there was no reciprocation. She was clearly annoyed and she was glaring at me.

“I really liked that,” she said, “and it was brand new.”

My only response was a wider smile. “I’ll be your vibrator from now on,” I said with a sly smile.

She laughed and there was a twinkle in her eye. She then sighed and said, “That is the lamest one I’ve heard you say and you’ve said some pretty lame ones.” She grinned at me and it was so infectious that all I could do was grin back. At that moment with her in my arms, laying with her on her bed, looking at her as she looked at me...I was in euphoria.

If it hadn’t been for my unsatisfied cock still drilling through my pants I would have stayed with her in my arms, intent on never letting her go for the rest of my life (and 24 isn’t too young to get married either). But my cock throbbed and the pulsing was unbearable. It was crying out to me for release.

As if Skyla could read my mind she placed her hand over my cock through my jeans (well, in fact, if truth be told, not much mind reading was required since my cock was practically jumping out at her and screaming “HEY THERE!! LOOK AT ME!!). I closed my eyes and she began to undo the zipper,

gently pulling it down while her knuckles brushed against my cock...teasing me. I ripped off my jeans and lay back down. She immediately sprung on top of me. I had never seen this side of her (okay I had at the bar...but that was subdued) and it was such a turn on. To think that I made her behave like a sex deprived whore was making me queasy and my insides tingled with excitement.

She smiled seductively at me as she whispered, “Relax Cammie...”

This made me stop. “Wait a minute!” I thought, “That was supposed to be my line. I’m supposed to be telling *her* to relax.” But I forgot it all as I felt her lick the tip of my cock. Oh it felt sssooo good!!

“I’ll have my turn later,” I decided to myself and I surrendered myself to the fabulous feelings Skyla was making me feel.

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As he removed his jeans and lay down, I stared at his cock. It was huge! It looked to be roughly eight and a half to nine inches. Well, that explains the mob of girls always after him. Sensing my concern he smiled at me in reassurance. I smiled back. I wanted him so badly. I then oddly told him to relax before I diverted all my attention to his cock.

I licked the tip of his cock and rolled his pre-cum on my tongue, savouring the magnificent taste of him. I couldn’t believe he was here, in my bed, and I wanted to make sure that it was the best sex he ever had. I wanted to make sure that I was the girl he would think thrice about before leaving.

First I had to make sure that I gave him a mind blowing blow job. People, after finding out that the man they loved was willing to sleep with them and he possibly loved them back in the way they did, wouldn’t usually give him a blow job first. They would want him inside them before he changed his mind. That was why I started with the blow job. If he decided to change his mind or if I had second thoughts there was still time to back out. But I didn’t want to and I knew he didn’t either. Still, I was going to start slowly and enjoy it, making it last as long as I possibly could. I had imagined this moment a hundred times and it was finally coming true.

I licked the length of his shaft, going up and down a few times before returning my attention to the tip of his cock. My hand began to massage his length as I sucked and nibbled at his tip. My other hand made its way to his balls, tugging and squeezing. I heard him moan and I groaned in response. I knew he not only heard but felt my groan as he moaned again a little louder.

Slowly I began to take in his cock. My mouth inching downwards as my tongue flicked at and drew on the part of his cock already in my mouth. Soon I had all of him in my mouth. I began to deep throat

him as my hand continued to play with his balls, occasionally grazing them gently with my fingernails making him jump and moan.

I started mouth fucking him slowly, removing most of his cock before I took it all back in again. I continued this rhythm for a while before picking up the pace. I enjoyed teasing him. As I began to fuck him faster his moan got louder and he began to say my name. I loved hearing him say it. I looked up at him as my mouth worked on his dick and he looked at me. I wanted to see what he looked like when he had an orgasm and I knew he was close. As his breathing became heavier I fucked him faster.

"I'm cumming," he said. He shut his eyes as he continued, "I want to cum in your mouth." He opened his eyes waiting for my response and looked at me. I slowed down and nodded as I looked at him. He grinned sheepishly and I continued, fucking him faster and faster.

"FUCK!!" he shouted as he shot thick creamy jets of his semen down my throat. I swallowed it all, proud of myself for taking it all in.

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I had never cum that much. It was unbelievable that my virgin Angel would be the one to make me cum like that. As my orgasm subsided she crawled and lay down next to me. I turned to look at her and she smiled.

"Delicious," she said and I grinned.

"That was the best blow job I have ever been given," I told her, trying to look as sincere as was possible to make her believe. She studied my face for a moment and when she found no trace of lies, her face broke into a dazzling smile that made my heart skip a few beats.

We lay like that for a while, looking at each other, speaking without words until I broke the silence.

"My turn," I said grinning, and I turned so that I was on top of her staring down at her. I kissed her lips and then made my way to her neck, kissing her as I went. I reached her ample bosom and kissed the peek-a-boo bits. I then got up and tugged gently at her night gown. She sat up and raised her arms as I pulled it over her. It threw it to the floor near my jeans. I then unclasped her bra and removed it. It followed her night gown. She lay back down and I looked at her whole body.

"You really are beautiful," I breathed and she smiled. I returned my attention to her two perfect globes and I took one in my hand. I took the other my mouth and sucked and nibbled at her nipple. She

moaned and placed her hands on my head and neck. Her fingers intertwined with my hair, gently pulling. I continued to massage her boobs with my mouth and hand taking it in turns, ensuring that I got a good taste and feel of both. She moaned and sighed my name as I did this. I then made a trail with my tongue from her breasts to her belly button and down to the opening of her pussy, stopping just before it.

I looked at her and gave her a naughty smile. I was going to tease her like she teased me. I skipped her pussy and began to suck and lick her thighs, inching upwards to her pussy. She groaned. As I moved closer to her cunt I could smell her sweet scent. I was high on it as if it were a drug. I wanted to get lost in it, lost in her. She shivered as she felt me breathe her in, as she felt my warm breath on her pussy. It was so wet and I couldn't wait anymore. I began to suck and lick her clit making her jump and shiver. I licked every nook and cranny of her glorious pussy and then made my way to her clit. I stuck my tongue in and began to tongue fuck her. She came almost immediately after that.

I looked up at her as she orgasmed for the second time tonight.

"I want to feel you inside me," she whispered as her orgasm subsided. Well, I didn't need to be told twice.

"Cammie..." she started. I looked up at her and smiled.

"Don't worry," I said, "I know...I'll be gentle." Upon hearing that she smiled slightly and nodded.

I placed my dick at her opening and slowly inched my way inside her. I soon reached her hymen.

"This will hurt for a bit," I said. She nodded slowly and placed a pillow over her mouth in case she screamed. I continued and popped her cherry. I stopped as I heard a low muffled gasp escape from Skyla. I waited till she gave me the go ahead.

"I'm okay," she said after a while, "it wasn't that bad. I was just surprised is all." Then she smiled at me trying to reassure me. Remember how I said this girl never ceases to amaze me...

I pushed in deeper and she began to moan. Soon I was all the way in and I started to fuck her slowly. I wrapped her in my arms as I pushed into her and pulled out. She began to grind into me at the same rhythm with which I fucked her.

"Faster...faster..." she breathed and I was happy to oblige. I fucked her faster, as fast as I could. We were both moaning and groaning and the bed post was hitting the wall. I was so glad her brothers were so drunk and out cold downstairs.

“Oh fuck yeah,” I huffed.

“Baby, I’m close,” she said.

“So am I.”

“Cum in me baby, I’m on the pill.” I looked at her and we kissed passionately as we both came together. I could feel her juices and mine mix together and flow down my cock and out of her cunt. It was the most intense orgasm I had ever had.

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The feeling of his cum jutting into me as I came was amazing. I felt our fluids flow out of me and roll down my thighs as his cock went flaccid and he rolled over. He lay on his back and looked at me. I inched towards him and snuggled against him, placing my head in his shoulder. As I lay there curved into him he began to play with my hair.

“I love you,” he said and I immediately sat up and looked at him. He smiled at my disbelief and said, “Angel, I have for as long as I can remember. And when I saw you with that man tonight I almost ripped him off of you, but I wasn’t sure how you felt about me.”

I gaped at him, dumbstruck. He loved me and he was at the bar. He was watching me. He loved me!!

“You were at the bar?” I asked, just wanting to hear him say it again.

“Yeah...” he answered sheepishly, “I...well...I...I don’t know. I guess I wanted to make sure you were safe and didn’t allow some scum bag to take you home.” He looked at me waiting for a response. When he got none he continued, “I saw you dancing with him and as much as it made my blood boil it turned me on, to see you so care free and sexy, it was very seductive. And I wasn’t the only one who noticed.” When I looked at him quizzically he replied, “Let’s just say if you hadn’t left when you did I would have had to be ripping guys off of you like leeches.”

I laughed and shook my head. I couldn’t believe this was happening.

“Thanks,” I said and returned to my snuggle position next to him. As he placed his arm around me I looked up at him and said, “oh and I love you too.” His eyes were shut but he grinned foolishly.

“That’s good,” he said, “You have no idea how long I’ve waited to hear you say that.” I rested my

head on his shoulder and closed my eyes.

“I’m afraid to fall asleep,” I told him.

“Why?” he asked.

I replied, “Because I don’t want to wake up and find that this was a dream.”

“That’s funny,” he said, “I was thinking the exact same thing.”

I grinned and I could feel him grinning. He placed his hand on my chin and lifted it so that I could look at him. “Don’t worry,” he said, “I’m not going anywhere.”

“That’s good,” I replied and kissed him.

“I love you my Angel,” he said before we resumed our snuggle and fell asleep in each other’s arms.

I feel asleep with a smile on my face that night. He loved me and he had finally said it.