Hurricane Kelly - Part 1

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Seemingly innocent 16 year old Kelly seduces an older man

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/hurricane-kelly-part-1-1.aspx

Hello, my name is Kelly; I'm now a college student. This took place a few years ago when I was sixteen. I showed the first draft to a friend who insisted on including the incident from his perspective, it's in part 2.

The fact that I can't get enough of his flattery exposes my inability to live up to it. He's so sweet! Enjoy!

A little about my life at sixteen:

I was an only child, my parents divorced when I was seven. I was quiet and very independent. I had only one close friend, Leah (also my lover, I'm bi) but she moved across the country six months prior. I practically raised myself with Mom pursuing a career, and Dad living in another city. Dad met his financial responsibilities and then some, but he was more like an Uncle. I was an honor student, hoping for an academic (or gymnastics) scholarship to a major university. I was also into martial arts, yoga and meditation. I maintained a strict, healthy diet.

I was proud of my body! Slender and curvy, small perky breasts, flat tummy, petite shapely ass, the body of a gymnast! And a cute, girl-next-door face framed by straight auburn hair that ran down to the middle of my back.

I missed Leah. We texted and e-mailed a lot more right after she moved. But she wasn't the introvert that I was and had settled in with new friends (and a *boy*friend damn-it!) and we'd drifted apart.

I jilled at least twice a day, but wanted someone to play with again. Someone to touch, taste and hear. Someone whose pleasure I could take delight in.

I didn't have much experience with boys; I had jerked a guy off once though, and enjoyed the

wonderfully strange hard/soft feel of a throbbing cock in my hands while bringing him to orgasm. Unfortunately the penis was connected to an idiot who had little knowledge or interest in returning the pleasure. But Leah was in my life then, and who needed boys.

So I had decided to get my hands on another cock, a man's cock, not an adolescent's. But I wanted to hang on to my virginity. I didn't want to get into some kind of relationship, especially with an adult. I just wanted some good dirty fun! Jackin' and jillin' sounded perfect! Masturbation is so underrated, especially mutual masturbation. There are countless ways to do it to yourself and others. It's virtually risk free with STD's and pregnancy, and much less emotional.

I set my sites on Steve, this good-looking guy I had seen in yoga classes. He was 31, in great shape with a cute little ass that made concentrating difficult when he lined up in front of me. The studio had mirrors on all four walls and I loved catching Steve's lusting eyes on me when I was in front of him. He'd quickly look away when he thought he might get caught (guys are so bad at that). He even looked a little ashamed, me being half his age.

I'd heard him mention to someone that he was an engineer. I did some planning, and after class one day, I told him that I was considering an engineering career and asked if I could pick his brain about good colleges and various engineering fields. We agreed to meet for coffee at a diner a few blocks from the studio about 15 minutes after class. I had suggested the diner, which I'd previously scouted.

I got over there in lightening speed, it wasn't crowded that time of day, and I went to a booth in the back corner where I could see the entire place. The waitress came over and I told her that I'm waiting for my Uncle (he's not my uncle) and I'll order when he arrives. I explained that we needed to discuss some important family business, and asked her not to return to our table after bringing the order, if we want anything else, we'll let her know.

I was wearing loose shorts and a hoodie. But underneath only a thin white tee shirt with no bra and pink panties with the word 'meow' on front. I pulled some towels out of my workout bag and arranged them in a small pile next to me.

I was nervous. I knew what I wanted to do, but my plans to get it started no longer seemed practical. But what's practical about this anyway, I thought. And how hard can it be; guys are perpetually horny creatures. I'll just let nature take its course.

When I was waiting, I had a hand in my shorts while looking at erotic pics of Leah on my BlackBerry.

I couldn't tell if Steve had caught my scent when he sat down across the booth, but I was a little embarrassed about it and seriously considered backing out. I began to tell myself, just have a short

chat over coffee and no harm done. I could seduce him later; this could be an ice-breaker. But I was so horny, and we were both there and everything had gone according to plan to that point. I couldn't decide.

We made small talk about yoga and the studio until our coffees arrived. Then I asked Steve how he liked engineering. His eyes lit up and he enthusiastically began telling me about his career.

I returned to my business under the table while gazing into Steve's beautiful brown eyes. I imagined HIS hands doing this to my pussy, and my hands working the length his cock, fondling his balls, tickling his asshole, hearing his reactions. I was soon nearing orgasm and was having a difficult time hiding it. I slightly gasped and he asked if I was alright. I told him that I was on the verge of a sneeze and resumed rubbing myself. A few moments later, I was ready to go over the edge and couldn't hide it anymore.

Staring at my coffee cup, I interrupted him, "Steve, the reason you haven't seen much of my hands since you got here is because they've been busy playing with my pussy while I fantasize about your cock." His jaw dropped. Then I looked him straight in the eyes and whined, "I'm gonna cum." I flopped down on the padded bench, face down in the towels (which muffled my noises) and jilled myself through wave after wave after wave of incredible orgasm.

About a minute later, which seemed a blissful eternity; Steve reached over and gently shook me asking if I was OK. When I first looked up at him, I wondered what he was doing in my bedroom. I quickly got myself reoriented, sat up, took a drink of coffee and said, "Now it's your turn, but don't start yet."

I slipped out of my shorts and panties (my panties were soaked!), discretely handed him the panties and put my shorts back on. When Steve read them, I thought he was going to cry. He looked at me and his eyes were simultaneously begging me to stop and pleading with me to continue. "Aren't you going to smell them?" I asked. As he put them to his nose, I told him I wanted him to shoot his load into them, and then I'll put them back on and wear them the rest of the day. I asked him how long it would take to cum, he said he didn't know.

I suggested we play a little game and guess how fast he could do it. "It'll help my sexual self-esteem," I joked. "We'll start the bidding at **five** minutes, but I know we can improve your time with some enticement." I held my BlackBerry to his face and showed him three photos of topless women with our heads out of the picture. "Which one is me?" He guessed the second one. "Wrong, I'm the last one," and showed him my topless photo zoomed out to include my face. He moaned. "That should bring us down to **four** minutes!" Next I showed him a pic of a nicely trimmed hairy pussy and one completely shaven. "Which pussy is mine?" He guessed the shaven one. "Right, but actually they're

both mine, taken about a half hour apart only a few hours ago." I clicked to the next picture with me sitting on the side of the bathtub shaving my pussy. He looked like he was being tortured. "Can you now cum in **three** minutes?" he nodded yes. "I think this next item will encourage you to fill my panties in just **two** minutes." I plugged the ear buds into my BlackBerry, reached across the table, put them into his ears and started a short video clip. The video featured me lying down on my yoga mat in my bedroom. I was totally naked, spread wide, furiously working my clit with my right hand, pinching my left nipple and humping the air while screaming his name through an orgasm. He yanked out the ear buds and agreed to two minutes. "And this should get the job done in less than **one** minute," I unzipped and opened my hoodie and my erect nipples reached out to him through the thin white fabric of my tee shirt.

I instructed him to slide his sweats down, wrap his hand around his cock and get ready. I switched my watch to stopwatch mode and said, "Go." I began playing with my nipples from the outside of my shirt and was telling him how I'd love to try yoga totally naked. "Though I'm not sure I could handle sweat running down directly onto my puss, it might get me too exited and I wouldn't want to cum in front of the whole..." Then I felt cum shooting all over my legs and thighs. I looked at my watch, forty three seconds. "Hey, you were supposed to fill my panties!" He laid his head down on the table and didn't say a word.

I grabbed a towel and cleaned my legs off; there was even some of his goo on my stomach. He stood up and said that he had to go. I gathered everything into my bag while he walked to the register. I caught up with him as the waitress arrived. He handed her a twenty and told her to keep the change. In the parking lot he asked if I needed a ride, I told him no, my bicycle is at the yoga studio.

I no longer saw him at yoga and couldn't figure out exactly why. He must have had a good time. He shot his load clear across the booth. And I never got to touch his cock!