

Ignition - Chapter 2

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Katie needs her pussy satisfied...

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Katie's eyes opened slowly. The sound of birdsong outside had gently roused her, aided by a refreshingly cool breeze over her naked skin. Little had changed from the evening before. She must have opened her window during the night, and put the duvet back on her bed, but she remembered neither. She was lying on her front, comfy bedding beneath her hips, raising her bum a little.

She wriggled to the edge of the bed and picked up her phone from the oak floorboards where it had fallen at some point in the last twelve hours. She smiled contentedly looking at the time. Early still, a quarter to seven in the morning, the late summer sun rising, already promising another warm day.

Katie put her hands under her shoulders and pushed up, arching her back in a catlike stretch, cool air flowing over her breasts as she raised them off the bed and pushed her chest out. Her nipples hardened, and her evening of self pleasure came flooding back to her. It was no wonder she had woken at this time when she had fucked herself into unconsciousness so early the evening before. She moved her legs apart and slid off the bed onto her feet, raising her arms above her head in another morning stretch. She crossed to her open window.

Her room was an old attic conversion, big, with beams and warm wood throughout, her dark metal framed bed sitting at its centre, away from any of the walls. The large window stopped a foot from the floor and protruded from the side of the house, creating a bright alcove overlooking her garden. She stood there completely naked for a few minutes, as she moved her fingers casually through her light pubes and lazily stroked her clit. Sleep had done nothing to quell her newly rekindled desires. She imagined Jack watching her right now, her pussy moistening with the knowledge that she would do anything he wanted. Today she would figure out how she would make that happen.

Her fingers stopped their caresses. She wanted to delay her orgasm for a while so her delicious thoughts could build over the morning. She only had classes until lunch time and then the day would be hers, though she was determined to make it more productive than yesterday had been, if similarly themed.

She took a towel from her chest of drawers and descended her stairs, opening her door onto the bright landing of the house's upstairs floor. It was quiet. She passed Rachel's open door and saw her still asleep in her pink bedding and smiled. Onwards she went, quietly, to the big bathroom at the end of the hall. There was plenty of time until she needed to leave so she went to the freestanding bath and turned the tap on, running it hot and letting it fill as she sat on the side of it. She got in, the water not too deep, her breasts mostly above the surface as she lay back, her nipples hardening as the hot water bit pleasantly at her.

She absentmindedly began to play with her pink buds. Her areolas were large and she found herself wondering if Jack liked that. Lauren's had been large and he had devoured those. Unlike her though, Katie's breasts were a c-cup, with the slightest hang to them.

The door opening brought Katie back to reality. Her hand jerked away as her mum walked into the room. With only girls in the house, the bathroom door was never locked. Dana was naked too, with skin the same light tan as Katie's. Her breasts were, if anything, slightly smaller than Katie's, with more of an emptiness and droop, her nipples quite small and dark. She was dark haired, both on her head and between her legs, her pubes being neatly trimmed and shaped.

"Oh... Sorry honey," she said, immediately noticing Katie. She moved into the room anyway; it wasn't uncommon for any of them to be naked around each other. "You're up so early," she remarked.

"Sorry mum, I'll be out in just a minute." Katie began to rise.

"No, no sweetie, you go ahead. Leave the water, w..." she paused and cleared her throat a little, "I'll have it after you." She crossed to the towel rail and grabbed a couple. "There are croissants downstairs. Lovely warmed up." She turned to face Katie as she left, and beamed at her, her eyes with their usual sparkle. Katie was so pleased how close she was to her mother.

She only spent another minute in the water, washing herself quickly. Talk of food had reminded her stomach that it had not been fed since yesterday afternoon, and now it decided to growl about it. She dried herself lightly and put her towel on the rail. Dana had left the door open and Katie strode through it and down the hall to her stairs and up into her room, unashamed of her nudity.

Going to her wardrobe, she chose a fitted white shirt with three quarter length sleeves. It had a vintage feel to it, and showed off the shape of her boobs nicely. Katie never wore a bra, more of her mum's influence coming through in her. She picked some white lace panties and pulled them on, followed by a brown skirt that stopped about five inches above her knees.

She looked at herself in the mirror. She had the top two of her shirt buttons undone. If she undid a

third she knew that from some angles her nipples would be on display. That thought always excited her, though she hadn't had the guts to do it so far. She regarded her hair, at a loss as ever. Long, dirty blonde, unruly, she never did know what to do with it. She left it down, letting it do its own thing, with a sigh of resignation.

She went downstairs to the kitchen and warmed the fresh croissants for her breakfast, and ate them by the open kitchen window. The sun was high and bright, promising another hot early September day. Her mum's kind but frustrated tone broke into her musings, as she tried to rouse Rachel for the day ahead.

"Oh honey! Come on, help me out, you have to get up and dressed," Katie heard from upstairs, followed by a sleepy protest in response. Rachel still hadn't got back into the routine of early mornings, having had the eternity of the summer holidays, not to mention a lazy sister, to get her used to lying in. Katie smiled to herself, finished her breakfast and went to the door, grabbing her keys.

She heard the splashing of the bath then and was surprised how quickly Dana must have gotten her little sister into it, given the reluctance she had heard moments before. She opened the door and left. She was already driving before it dawned on her.

Katie recalled her mum's hesitation in the bathroom about keeping the water. Had she nearly said "we" would use it? It wasn't Rachel she had heard in the bath when she left. Her mum must have had a man over last night...

Then Katie recalled the abandon with which she had paraded her naked body about the house this morning. Whoever had been there could easily have seen her. She wasn't surprised by how she felt about that. The thought of a stranger seeing her naked made her heart jump and her pussy wet.

She drove the rest of the way to college wondering how she would handle not being able to do anything about everything that was running through her mind. She parked in the shade when she arrived, under trees at the far end of the car park. She was very close to ripping off her skirt, opening her shirt and fucking her wet snatch right there. Seconds before her hand found its way into her already damp panties, her door opened.

"Fuck!" she, shouted in embarrassed shock.

"Right here, Jameson? You dirty slut."

Katie punched Kale in the arm. "Fuck you, you twat," she laughed, "though I fucking would, right now,

the mood I'm in."

"Don't tease me, Jameson," he said with a flirtatious look. "Come on," smiling as he took her books for her, got out and closed the door. He was around to her side before she got out and he opened the door for her. She stepped out and turned towards him, standing very close to him. Their eyes met.

"Thanks, honey," she said with a seductive smile of her own. She turned and started walking. He closed her door and walked next to her.

Kale was cute, unbelievably so. Charismatic, sweet, good looking. He had a young face, killer smile. And Katie had never met a guy with a better personality.

They had met a year and a few days ago, on their first day of college. History class, they were sat next to each other, the proximity of their names on the register ensuring it. His quick wit had her in stitches from the outset.

They had always flirted, though neither of them had tried to take it further. He was her friend, he was exciting, and what they had was simple.

"So, what has you in this mood then?" he asked.

Was she ready to tell him her secret? She had disclosed pretty much every sexual experience she had had over the last year to him. She knew he would never tell anyone, and besides, she liked hearing about his. But she had kept Jack to herself.

"Here comes the kitten," she said, changing the subject.

"What? Oh..."

Arms flung themselves around Kale from behind, followed by legs. Tori was Kale's latest project, his girlfriend of about a month. She was a year younger than them, sixteen, and they had met over the summer. She was sickly sweet, clingy and, according to Kale, purred during sex, hence the imaginative nickname.

Kale wrestled Tori off him playfully, and then pulled her to him and kissed her. Katie watched them, and jealousy mixed with lust ran through her, which surprised her. She watched his mouth on hers and thought about how it looked kissing her little breasts.

Tori was quite short, not fat but chubby, with boobs that Kale told her were small, plump, with

massive nipples, that covered the bottom half of them, and pointed down slightly.

"Hey sweetie," he said to her.

"Hey. Hey Katie," she smiled at her and Katie smiled back. "Meet you after school?"

"Tonight," Kale said to her. "I have something to do this afternoon." He kissed her again before she could protest, and she scampered off to her class.

"What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Hanging out with you." He smiled. So did she.

Kale didn't pursue the fact that Katie hadn't revealed the cause of her heightened arousal. He knew she would tell him if she wanted to, and she knew he hadn't just forgotten.

They went to their first lecture together, Kale's chatter distracting her from her fantasies for an hour. She knew her second class would be more difficult to get through. English, a classroom lesson, so fewer people to hide behind, and no Kale, who had Maths on the other side of college.

They parted company outside the lecture hall, agreeing to meet on the field after he was done with his double lesson. She reached her classroom, grateful to be early, able to choose a seat right at the back in the corner. The small population of the class trickled in, though no one sat next to her.

It seemed to take forever. As ever, the class consisted in the over analysis of poetry that practically no one in the last hundred years could have related to, and her thoughts quickly began to wander.

The image of Jack's topless body came to mind. He had looked more muscular yesterday, over a year since she saw him last. She thought about lifting his top off, running her hands down his chest and stomach, imagining the firm physique under her touch. She wanted to press herself against him, kissing his bare skin. She would open her own shirt, press her breasts against him and start at his neck. Placing her soft lips on him she would move down his chest, biting a little, hands feeling the muscles of his shoulders and arms.

She would move down further, licking his toned abs all the way down to the top of his jeans. On her knees by then, she would look up into his piercing eyes as she unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his jeans. She imagined putting her fingers into the top of his jeans and underwear, her face inches from his growing bulge, and pulling them down, his cock springing out to greet her. She would immediately wrap her hand around it and press her face against its base, kissing it, running her tongue over the

bottom of the thick shaft and big balls, her hand working on the end of it, sliding his foreskin back and forth in a slow steady motion.

"Miss Jameson!"

Katie was angry at being torn from her daydream. She looked around the room and all eyes were on her. Her nipples were hard with arousal though no one could see the wet patch in her panties from where they were sitting.

She turned her head to face her teacher. Mr Walden must have been in his forties, slightly balding, with a wet personality and lack of authority. Katie had never dealt well with being shouted at, and fury ignited behind her eyes as she fixed him with her gaze and delivered "Yes."

He cleared his throat. She didn't know what the question had been, but he was left unable to repeat it. Looking away and trying to hide his humiliation, he continued his lesson.

Her breathing was heavy and adrenaline was running through her and all she could feel now was frustration, which was enhanced by the confined and stuffy classroom. She needed to relieve herself, needed Jack, needed his big dick in her mouth.

She hadn't opened her books by the time the lesson ended, quickly sliding them into her bag, first out. Walking purposefully down the hall and out of the exit at the end, she went straight to the tree where she would meet Kale in an hour.

She sat down with her back against it, closed her eyes and tried to calm herself. She could feel the dappled sunlight on her face through the leaves above, and felt a warm breeze blow gently over her. Her breathing began to slow as she relaxed a little.

She dared to part her legs a little, and slide her skirt up. At the far end of the college grounds, it was unlikely that anyone would discover her. Eyes still shut, she stroked the inside of her thigh, moving her hand under her skirt. She touched the material of her panties, feeling how damp they were. She pulled them to one side, feeling the warm breeze on her exposed lips. She could feel herself moisten with excitement. Slowly she pushed her finger into her pussy, and let out a quiet moan of relief.

She began moving in and out of herself, part of her hoping no one would catch her, part of her wishing someone would. With her other hand she began rubbing her clit, less concerned with discretion now, pushing herself onto her fingers. The thought of Jack watching her crossed her mind. When she acknowledged to herself how unlikely that was, her brain immediately replaced him with Kale.

The thought made her heart skip a beat, and she nearly stopped. If anything, though, the real possibility of Kale catching her aroused her even more. Finally she had distracted herself from Jack, and she realised how much she wanted Kale to find her here, fingers in pussy, cumming for him. Vigorously fucking her tight wet snatch, she pushed herself over the edge, thinking about him pulling his cock out of his jeans and stroking it in front of her. She absentmindedly released groans of pleasure into the summer silence.

She rested her head back against the tree, letting her fingers slowly slip out of her. Her pussy was throbbing, her heart pounding.

But for all her efforts, she remained unsatisfied. A day ago Jack had ignited desires in her that refused to be extinguished by her solitary attempts. If anything, the numerous orgasms she had given herself over the last twenty four hours had fanned the flames. It had gone beyond him now though. She had just cum thinking about Kale's hard dick, and the possibilities there were far more achievable than her fantasies of Jack.

She and Kale had never so much as kissed each other. She had always been attracted to him, but she loved their friendship. It was uncomplicated. Yet, now she found herself considering risking all of that. In fact, her mind was made up.

She moved round the tree, into the sunlight and lay down on the grass on her side. She took a book from her bag and placed it open on the grass. Then, heart fluttering a little, she put her hand to her chest, subtly unfastening the third button of her shirt.

It opened wide, her bottom breast no longer supported by the fitted shirt. The material still covered her nipples, though she slowly opened it further so that this was barely the case, the edge of her top breast on display, along with plenty of flesh between them.

Then she waited. It was twenty minutes before she saw Kale come into view. Being on display to anyone who might look had made Katie nervous and excited. When she noticed him her heart jumped and she instinctively went to cover herself. It took everything to resist, and by the time he got there, her heart was pounding.

"Hey, Jameson," he said. She couldn't detect any change in his tone. Had he even noticed her nipples were nearly on display?

"Hey, K," she rolled her torso slightly and looked up at him. She couldn't tell if her movement had exposed her or not, but again she resisted the urge to hide her breasts. "Mind if we stay here for a

bit? I have to finish this chapter for tomorrow."

"Sure, I have reading I can do too," he said, in a mildly surprised tone. It was rare for either of them to spend time actually studying. Katie noticed him finally break his evidently feigned ignorance, with a lingering glance at her chest. His eyes came back and met hers. He coolly smiled at her, unashamed or perhaps not acknowledging that she had noticed where his gaze had been directed

He sat down where Katie had been before, back against the tree, legs out in front of him. He took out a book himself.

"How was English?" he asked. He wasn't in the best position now to see what she wanted to show him. She turned her head awkwardly to look at him.

"Usual shit. Fucking Walden is a dickhead," she said, raising her eyebrows. He made a mocking sad face at her, turning over his bottom lip.

"Oh poor Katie. Did he catch you masturbating in class again?", He laughed. Mr Walden had never caught her doing that. Katie punched Kale on the leg, and smiled at him broadly. He smiled back.

"Can I lie on you?" she asked.

"Sure."

She slid herself closer to him, turned onto her back and placed her head on the middle of his thigh, lying at a right angle to him. She glanced up at him. Kale's attention appeared to be on his book.

She looked down at her chest. Lying down, her young nipples pointed up under her shirt. She slowly began to adjust herself, causing the fabric to open. Her pink areola came into view. She stopped for a moment, wondering whether she was brave enough to do this, her breathing heavy. She forced herself on, knowing the frustration she would suffer if she backed out now.

Gradually, she moved her hand to her chest. Not knowing whether Kale was watching, she gently pulled at her shirt, sliding it over her nipple. She felt it harden as it touched the summer air. It was completely exposed now, rising and falling with her deep breathing, the white of her shirt and light skin contrasting with its pinkness. All Kale had to do was look and he couldn't miss her young breasts on display.

Her sex juices began to moisten her pussy again. Her heart was beating so rapidly she was shaking. She held her book up pretending to read, being careful not to obscure Kale's view. She turned the

page, not absorbing any of the words. She was desperate to know what effect she was having on him, if he had even noticed.

After a long couple of minutes she could resist no longer, and dared a glance at him. Lying on his thigh as she was, she had to turn her head slightly and look up to see his face. She caught him then. His book had fallen to his side, clutched by one hand, and his gaze was directed towards her chest. He noticed her watching him a moment later, his gaze then darting away. He brought his book up in front of him.

Katie felt the excitement build further. Not being able to see his face, she turned her eyes towards his jeans. Any doubt she might have had that he had been looking at her naked breast evaporated as she noticed the bulge between his legs. She could see the outline of his dick beneath the denim, clearly engorged, pointing towards his belt. Her pussy was dripping, desperately needing the satisfaction she knew she would find there. She squirmed frustratedly and, without meaning to, let out a small moan, unable to contain her desire.

Kale lowered his book, beginning to realise from her noises and motion that Katie's exposure was not unintentional. Their eyes locked and her heart pumped hard, feeling the rise and fall of her chest with her accelerated breathing. His eyes moved over her body, and the excitement rose further. She loved the risk and the vulnerability. She felt naked and it was turning her on so much.

Eyes still on him, she moved her hands from her sides to her shirt. Slowly her fingers found the next button, unfastening it. She gently began to open her shirt, letting it slip off her shoulders, revealing both of her young tits, the shape of them softly hugging her chest, hanging slightly down the sides, nipples standing erect.

Kale's eyes broke from hers, watching her actions, taking in the unexpected sight. He lifted his hand and brought it towards her face. He stroked her cheek, and ran his fingers through her hair.

Looking into his eyes, Katie rolled onto her side, her cheek against his upper thigh. She put her free hand on his leg, and began moving it over his jeans. As she reached his bulge, she squeezed gently, applying pressure as she moved up and down its length. Kale groaned a little, his hips lifting involuntarily in response to her attention.

Then she began to undo his belt, pushing it aside to access his buttons. One by one she undid them too, opening his jeans when she had. The outline of his dick was clearly visible. She placed her hand on it and squeezed again, before slowly lifting the waistband of his boxers up and pulling them down over his hard shaft, not stopping until the whole of it and his balls were exposed.

Kale's cock was beautiful. Hard, straight, not as large as she remembered Jack's being, but impressive nonetheless. It was very thick, and he had a long foreskin that still covered the head despite his intense arousal. She placed her hand on his shaft, stroking it, feeling the softness of his skin as he let out another small moan. With her head on his thigh, she was inches away from his balls, which were huge and begging for attention. Her pussy wet, her nipples hard, she moved her mouth towards them, and kissed one and then the other. She was met by more satisfied sounds from Kale as she placed her kisses, followed by a much louder groan as she took the whole of one of his testicles into her mouth. She lifted his shaft and stroked it slowly as she sucked gently on him.

Finally she had what she wanted. Balls in her mouth, rubbing his cock against her face, Katie started to moan in delicious pleasure. Kale smelled incredible, manly, like cum and cock. She released his scrotum and moved her mouth immediately over the head of his dick. She slid her lips back and forth over it, took it out, licked it from top to bottom and put it back in again.

"Oh my god, babe, you taste so good," she said between sucking. She moaned onto it as she took it deeper, and he moaned in response. Taking it out again, rubbing it more quickly with her hand, holding her lips then tongue against it, she could not get enough of his slippery dick.

"Why haven't we done this before?" she asked, looking at him then with his head in her mouth.

"Fuck knows," he replied, half moaning. "Fuck, Katie, I want to suck on your nipples."

She smiled at him then, licked his cock a few more times and stood up. She put her feet either side of his legs and got onto her knees, hips and back straight so her breasts were inches from his face. He placed a hand on her back and pulled her towards him, his mouth enveloping one of her nipples, and he began to suck. She squeaked with pleasure as he did, feeling his tongue over her sensitive pink buds.

She began to lower her hips until she could feel his cock against her pussy through her wet panties. She started to grind against him as he switched to her other breast, his hand continuing his work on the first. He squeezed her teenage boobs, thrusting his hips against her.

Katie's clit was rubbing against his shaft. It felt fat and hard against her and she needed it inside her. She reached between her legs and moved her panties aside.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as his swollen head pressed against her naked wet clit. She rubbed it against herself and he sighed with muffled pleasure, her breast in his mouth. She began to position him at the entrance to her pussy. She put her mouth to his ear and whispered, "My cunt wants your big fat dick, baby."

His cock slid into her tight wet hole, and she almost screamed with pleasure. She lifted up and back down, straddling him. For the first time she lowered her mouth to his and kissed him. It was the most intense kiss she had ever had, his soft lips feeling almost as good as his thick shaft in her throbbing snatch. Their eyes met as they increased their rhythm, Kale's hands reaching under her skirt and gripping her ass, pulling her deeper onto him.

They kissed again, both of them moaning into it, and Katie reached down to caress her clit as he moved in and out of her.

"Fuck baby, that's so good," she said, high pitched, but quiet.

"Yeah? Does your hot little cunt love that dick?" Whispering the second part into her ear.

"Fuck yes baby, I love your big dick," she said followed by moans in time with their thrusting.

Her mouth began to open then. Rubbing her little bean more vigorously, Kale's cock was about to make her cum.

"Oh baby..." she mouthed silently to him, staring into each other's eyes. Hard shaft finally in her pussy, Katie went over the edge. Her mouth opened silently, her face displaying her imminent climax, and she exploded with a combination of scream and groan.

"Yeah, cum on my dick, Katie," Kale said as he pulled her hard by the hips, slamming his cock into her. She was in ecstasy, her pussy gushing with sex juice, her clit throbbing. Her orgasm coursed through her, more intense than any she had given herself. She was fucking him hard, bouncing up and down.

Kale began to groan deeply as she neared the end of her pleasure, "Oh god, I need your cum baby. I want it in my mouth," she said, kissing him as he continued to fuck her.

"Fuck, I want to cum all over you, Katie," he said, intensely.

"I want it all," she whispered back, and with that, lifted herself off him. She pulled him to his feet, pressed him against the tree, and kissed him. He kissed her nipples again while she wanked his dick, and then she got down on her knees.

His cock was slick with precum and her pussy juice, and she devoured it. She slid a finger into herself as he thrust into her mouth, her other hand around the base of his shaft. The taste of her cunt on his

dick was incredible and within moments she was on the edge of a second climax.

"Fuck my mouth, Kale," she said looking up at him. He put his hands behind her head and pulled her further onto his dick, thrusting deeper. She began moaning, finally having her mouth satisfied, and then he started to fill it with his hot cum.

Jet after jet squirted into her, the delicious salty taste of it and the knowledge that a man was cumming in her mouth sent her into another climax. She screamed onto his fat cock and cum leaked from her lips. She pulled it out when her mouth was full, the final jets hitting her lips and cheek. Semen dripped from her mouth onto her naked breasts, as she fingered herself to the end of her orgasm.

Kale slumped against the tree. Their eyes locked again as she swallowed the cum that remained in her mouth. She moved over to him and he pulled her closer, kissing her deeply. She was surprised but delighted that he would kiss her with cum on her lips. Then he went further and brought his mouth to her nipples where more had fallen. He licked it off her and she gasped with sensitive pleasure. They kissed again, and he pushed what he had licked up into her mouth. She moaned deeply and swallowed it all.

Their realisation of where they were came back to them almost in unison. Their passions satisfied for now, they immediately realised the risk of what they had done. The distant sounds of the playing field came back to them. Katie quickly buttoned up her shirt and adjusted her soaked panties, while Kale slid his still hard cock back into his jeans. They stood and smiled at each other, not knowing what to say.

Finally, Kale laughed. "Come on," he said gently, and took her hand.

They walked directly towards the car park. When they reached her van they got inside.

"Fuck, Jameson," he let out, and then laughed. "That was fucking incredible."

Katie laughed too. "I didn't..." She paused a second. "Fuck, your dick is amazing," she blurted, and they both laughed again.

"I didn't know it would be that... intense, you know... between us," she said. She couldn't remember sex like it, and she felt like something had passed between them. Like neither of them had realised what they felt for each other until now.

"No, it took me by surprise too," Kale said looking into her eyes.

"What do we do?" she asked.

"I don't know, but I don't want to stop."

She moved from her side and straddled him, kissing him deeply.

"What do you want then?" she asked quietly.

He put his hands under her skirt and squeezed her ass. "I want you to drive me back to yours, take me up to your room and let me eat your pussy while you tell me what got you in this mood."

She smiled at him moved back to the driver's seat and turned the ignition.