They Called Me The Babysitter -- 2

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A guy never, NEVER knows what will turn a girl on.

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TheyCalled Me 'The Babysitter' -- 2

This story is based on some of the sexual events of my life when I was in graduate school back in 1971-73. I was attending a college in rural Mississippi, working on a master's degree in physics.

Charlotte, Megan's little sister was fast becoming a distant memory. Still, despite the loss, it had buoyed up my self-image. It had been the most sexually fantastic six hours of my life! It was only a week or two later that Bruce, who was also a member of the "freak community", and a fellow member of the campus newspaper staff, came up to me and said, "Hey, my little sister is visiting for two weeks, and she is a royal pain in the ass. I heard that you babysat Megan's sister. Can you take mine off my hands for a day or two? I'll pay you. Please?"

Now having a better idea of the possibilities, I cheerfully agreed. Of course, I kept reminding myself that there was no guarantee of future success. But hope burns eternal...

And then Bruce stepped in closer and put a finger on my chest.

"Listen up! I heard rumors you fooled around with Megan's sister. Don't even THINK about touching my sister! You hear? I find out you messed with her, I'll kill you!"

Well. That was certainly promising, wasn't it?

Bruce's younger sister was Heather, age sixteen. She had short, copper red hair and freckles. She was petite, stood about five feet two, and had nice gentle curves. Okay, she wasn't gorgeous or sexy, but she was definitely cute in a tomboy kind of way. And I detected right off that she was anything but stupid.

Things did not get off to a good start. She was obviously disappointed that her brother had foisted her off on me, a total stranger. Her lip turned up in disgust when she saw her brother give me fifteen

bucks and a clap on the back. He turned and gave his sister a perfunctory wave, then trotted off.

She growled, "so you're my paid guardian, hunh? I'm not impressed."

She wasn't impressed by anything! I tried the campus tour, I tried the rose gardens, I tried the Big Boy restaurant, but nothing sparked any interest in her. It wasn't until I (finally!) got her talking about herself that she became animated at all. She was striving to be school valedictorian, and currently had the top grades in the tenth grade. She was in the Science Club, the Math Club, and played first-chair-first flute in the high school orchestra.

So I told her about my studies in physics. When I mentioned my master's thesis, she got positively titillated. My graduate advisor had somehow managed to get a grant from NASA to study cosmic ray sputters in a block of photographic emulsion that had been taped inside the escape hatch of Apollo 13. I kid you not. She wanted to see it! Now!

So I drove her to the physics building and showed her my stereo microscope. I put a thin sheet of emulsion on the microscope stage, and showed her some sputters, tiny conical "holes" where atomic nuclei had slammed into the emulsion at nearly the speed of light. By the time we left, it was dusk, and Heather was absolutely giddy. She even let me hold her hand as we walked back to my car.

She wasn't hungry but I was, so I asked her if we could run to my apartment for some food. She nodded and said Okay.

"But you're not thinking of getting in my pants, are you? The last guy who succeeded, got his face caved in by my brother."

Hmmm. So, she was NOT a virgin, and it WAS possible to get in her pants. But not likely. I thought about Bruce. Not bloody likely at all.

My cheap, shabby apartment: I pulled some leftovers from the small fridge while Heather read over the titles of my textbooks and sci-fi novels. I put a foil-covered plate on the tiny table. Heather asked what it was. I hesitated.

"Er... it's brownies. ELECTRIC brownies. You may not want to eat... ahh... okay."

She had already tossed one into her mouth.

"Electric? Like, there's weed in them?" I nodded. "Super! I smoked it once, and it was all right. Felt nice. But I've always wanted to try it baked in brownies. These taste great! How many should I eat? I

just wanna see what it's like, not get totally wasted or anything."

She picked up a second brownie.

"Well, I think one would be enough. Uh. Okay, two. But I wouldn't eat any more than that. Really."

I finished off my leftover potato salad and a chicken leg, then had two of the brownies for "dessert". She sat on one of the two chairs, I on the other, and we continued our discussions. We were having a pretty good time after all. She loved my sci-fi collection and I let her borrow the latest Larry Niven novel. Then I thought to ask about when she needed to be back at the dorm.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I had my roommate agree to cover for me. I can go in before curfew, or stay out all night if I want to." She gave me a wry little grin. "But if you can't come up with something really interesting to do tonight, I'll probably just go back to the dorm."

I cleaned up the table while Heather returned to my bookshelf.

She asked, "Hey, what is this? A Primer For Star-Gazers?"

I poked my head out of the kitchenette, and glanced at the book in her hands.

"That was the book I learned astronomy from -- star gazing. It shows exactly where in the sky the constellations are at any particular time, on any date. I've just about memorized it by now."

"Oh, wow! Astronomy! I live in Jackson, and you can't see more than a dozen stars at a time from there. All the city lights, you know?"

"Well, we could go star-gazing tonight. It's supposed to be clear, and there's no Moon showing until almost sunrise. I guarantee you can see over a thousand stars at the same time. I can even teach you some of their names. Wanna try?"

She flipped some pages and said, "Yeah! I've never really seen the stars before."

In ten minutes, I had us some snacks and a blanket in a basket -- along with the book and a flashlight I had modified for doing back-yard astronomy. We got into the car and I headed for the university's practice baseball field. Which was also the favorite "parking" site for young lovers. But I didn't tell her that.

As I turned onto the main road, I felt the weed began to take effect. I never knew about electric

brownies. Sometimes they were potent, sometimes a fizzle. But I didn't like to smoke at all, so brownies were my first choice.

I drove past the last pole light on Baseball Lane, and turned my headlights off, leaving only the parking lights on. Didn't want to piss off anyone who might already be parked. Another hundred yards and we ran out of gravel road. There were half a dozen vehicles parked already.

I got the flashlight, and picked us a path between the trees and out onto the practice field. There were no artificial lights visible at all. The flashlight was mostly obscured with a thick piece of cardboard -- only a tiny pencil of light led the way. But without it, there was NO light at all. It was pitch black. I found a clean spot of grass and laid out the blanket.

Soon, Heather and I were laying on our backs looking upward into the infinite depths of an incredible star-filled sky. I turned the flashlight off and noticed with satisfaction that I could not even see my hand in front of my face. We could see NOTHING but the stars. ALL the stars. As our eyes adapted, the Milky Way brightened and burned and the number of stars became uncountable.

I found Heather's hand and held it. I heard her whisper, "Oh god, it's so beautiful. I had no idea there were this many stars. I feel like I'm floating up among the stars, like I'm speeding through the universe at some incredible speed. Oh god, hold my hand..."

I was beginning to feel the same. The brownies were indeed coming on nicely, but not too strong. The rush was something like riding a local county-fair roller-coaster. The eyes focused so much clearer. The patterns of stars were fascinating. The feeling of gravity against my back disappeared. I looked up at the blazing Milky Way, and I was OUT THERE... And I knew that Heather was too.

Every few seconds, she would gasp quietly and squeeze my hand. I squeezed back. She moaned long and low.

After maybe fifteen minutes, she slipped her hand away. There were rustling noises beside me and I saw her black silhouette against the star field. Then she lay down. It wasn't long before I heard her moaning again. A different kind of moan, regular, insistent, almost desperate in its intensity. It soon became clear that something horny was going on.

I rolled toward her and put my arm gently around her waist. She was naked!

"Hey! Uhhh... Heather? What's going on?"

"God... the stars are... so beautiful!... I never dreamed... that they... oh my god... it makes me... so

horny!... I've just... please forgive me... got to masturbate... oh shit, I never dreamed..."

I let my hand wander down her bare flat tummy, encountered her wrist, followed her fingers down to her bare, fuzzy, and very wet pussy! Omigod, she really was masturbating! She had taken off every stitch of clothing.

I whispered intensely, "Here, let me handle the wet works. Open your thighs some more. Great. You focus on the stars!"

If I had learned anything from Charlotte, it was how to finger a desperately hot pussy. I had no idea why the stars should make her horny, but I wasn't about to ignore the opportunity. Soon, I had two fingers in her tight pussy, and she was moaning louder and faster. I briefly tried to kiss her breast, only to find that her fingers were very busy twirling her nipples.

So I focused on her genitals. The deeper I probed, the wider apart her thighs spread and the more her pelvis rolled and humped. Her moans were now quite audible, punctuated by mutterings, like, "...oh Jesus... so beautiful... I want... faster... yes, right there... don't stop... don't stop..."

As my poor fingers got tired, the rich and lovely aroma of her pussy wafted to my nostrils. I had never eaten pussy before, but that wasn't going to stop me. I blindly scrambled between her thighs (gracefully, I hope), raised her knees and eased forward in the utter pitch blackness until my nose encounter a damp and aromatic patch of wet silk. I licked experimentally, feeling my tongue part her lips and sweep over her clitoris. She spasmed and shook, moaning sharply.

So far, so good. I pressed my face tightly into her crotch and plunged my tongue into her pussy again and then dragged it slowly over her clit. One of her hands suddenly clamped against the back of my head, pressing my face even tighter against her sodden pussy. Her legs raised up higher and her feet rested on my shoulder blades. I figured I was doing something right, and proceed to lick, titillate, worry, caress, massage and suckle her swollen clitoris, until her whole body was humping up and down. Her moans became orgasmic grunts. She was cumming! Over and over.

At that point, my jaw was so tired I could not go on. She lowered her legs and grabbed my arm.

"Get on me! Please! Don't worry about anything, just get on me! Fuck me! Just don't block my view of the stars!"

I was on my way. She wrapped her legs around my waist. I fumbled around a bit, then something wet and furry spread asunder, and my turgid, tortured cock, slid smoothly into the sodden and seething interior of her silky sexual grotto. She humped upward impatiently as I made my second thrust, and I

bottomed out inside of her. She let out a loud gasp as I felt my cockhead slam into the far wall of her small vagina.

I made sure to lean to one side as not to block her view. I braced myself on my hands and began using Heather's soft lean body to assuage the throbbing lust of my hungry cock. God, she was so hot inside! So creamy and smooth and tight. Like a cream-filled suede glove! The walls of her vagina rippled so lovingly up and down the taut skin of my erect penis, sending wave after wave of celestial music through my brain, and swarms of plush red and purple circles pulsing through my tightly shut eyes. Pulsing with the same exquisite rhythm as my cock plunging in and out of Heather's wonderful wet womb. Ecstasy incarnate!

She was approaching her climax, as was I.

"Oh, Jesus!... Such beauty... such stars... oh yes!... oh yes!... it's opening... oh god... just a little faster... OHH!... YES!... it's... IT'S... FULL OF STARS!!... Aaaaahhhh!... ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh..."

My timing was lucky. Ten seconds after her 'grand mal' orgasm began in earnest, my cock erupted and I felt my semen gushing through my penis. The interior friction of her tight womb disappeared and I was able to take my last dozen strokes as fast as a trip-hammer. Which almost sent Heather into orbit.

I collapsed on top of her, still unable to see anything in the darkness. Our ragged and synchronized breathing slowed and settled. Then around me, in the pitch black night, I heard one... no, two... no, at least four other couples fucking like manic rabbits, their eager sweaty flesh slapping together like gunshots, their tongues moaning out words of love and lust and surrender. God damn! Did we trigger all that?

Heather and I lay there in the dark together, in each other's arms, trying to suppress our giggles, while letting our sweat dry in the warm night air.

When we had settled down somewhat, I used my modified flashlight like a pointer and taught her the southern constellations: Scorpio, Sagittarius, Libra, Ophiucus. I also pointed out some of the visible nebulae: the Trifid, the Lagoon and others. She was amazed, and easily memorized not only the constellations, but also the star names. She was in her own heaven, and I felt honored to be a part of it. We lay there communing with the stars and the heavens, totally out in the open, totally naked.

It was about an hour before sunrise, when I realized I could dimly see Heather's body beside me. She was asleep. I sat up and glanced around, hoping nobody else was around. We were alone on the baseball practice field. But I knew that would change fast. I gently shook her awake.

We went to my apartment and showered. As we dried off with my only clean towel, I suggested we go to the Union for breakfast. She nodded agreement, then came up to me and looked in my eyes. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me. Lightly at first, then more intimately, with tongue.

She stared deeply into my eyes, first one then the other. I didn't know what to say. She finally broke the sensuous silence.

"Before we go... will you make love to me again?"

"Now?"

She nodded.

"But Heather... why? I mean, I want to make love to you very much... with all my heart... but I need to understand... what's going on between us. I wasn't trying to get in your pants, honest, but... What happened last night? Why did you...?"

She smiled and flashed her green eyes at me for a moment. Her smile faded. She swayed from side to side slowly, choosing her words carefully.

"You... gave me something last night. Something no one has ever given me. You showed me something beautiful. Something lovely beyond words. A gift of intellect and revelation. You gave me something I didn't even know existed. The Universe. You gave the Universe to me last night, and I couldn't get over that. It affected me sexually. I need to give you something in return. I NEED to share something of equal value with you. And this is all I have. Please. Make love to me."

The last few words were delivered in a soft whisper. I held her in my arms. My stupid eyes insisted on taking that moment to fill up with stupid tears. I sighed. I was shaken. With trembling hands I led her to the bed. Silently. Words could not describe what I saw in her eyes. Or do justice to her sixteen year-old body.

She was golden, slim, taut. She had pale white skin covered with a fine rain of freckles to match those of her face. Her pubic hair was blazing red, sparse, but long and fine. Her breasts were hardly more than graceful swells on her chest, her nipples small and roseate. I just stood, inches away from her, naked, waiting, my penis slowly swelling to half-mast.

She sat down, took my penis in her hand and gently pulled me toward her. Unlike the night before, this time I spent an eternity placing warm kisses on her exquisite breasts. She responded quickly and

soon invited me to enter her. Missionary position. Slow intense thrusts, kisses, moaning, the slow, writhing accumulation of deep passion and need. I had no idea a girl could need so intensely. It was spiritual. It was an epiphany.

I whispered, "I need to cum. Shall I pull out?"

She whispered back, "No. Cum in me. Take all of me. Every bit."

It was almost noon when we entered the Union. Heather's brother, Bruce, spotted us quickly and gave me a dirty look. I tried not to look guilty. But the little pieces of grass on her rumpled tee shirt didn't help any. Heather hugged Bruce and in answer to his questions, informed him that she: was fine, had spent the night at the apartment of a female graduate student I knew, and had seen the Milky Way for the first time.

Bruce eased up. Heather said she had to go back to the girl's dorm and change. I went for fries. Heather was gone when I returned.

I didn't see her for two agonizing days. Then I was in the Union getting a Coke, when I felt a hand on my arm. I turned and my heart thrilled so hard, I was afraid that everyone in the building could hear it. Heather's face, the morning sun flashing in her red hair, her heart-breaking smile, her green eyes sparkling into mine.

I blurted, "Oh! Hi! I'm so glad to see you again! How have you been?"

"Fine. Bruce is taking good care of me, just like a big brother is supposed to. Keeping me away from you. Have you had lunch? I'm buying."

We chose to eat in the main cafeteria near the center of campus. The freaks never ate there, so we had some privacy. We chatted like magpies and laughed until we choked. Then our gaze locked and our smiles melted.

"Heather... I don't fully understand what happened, but I don't think it was just the brownies. I'd like to think that we... that is, what happened on the practice field... I think I love you..."

She took my hands in hers. I suddenly saw in her face that Heather was more mature than I was. There were thoughts floating behind those magic eyes that I did not want to hear.

"It's okay. We don't need to understand it all right now. It was real. For me too. Which is why I wanted to ask you... can we go out and see the stars again?"

I stammered, "Yes! YES! Tonight? And... no brownies?"

She grinned up at me and my heart went nova.

"Yes. Tonight. And I don't think I'll need brownies again. Not with you."

We went out that night to the same place on the practice field, and just held each other and watched in amazement as the glorious panorama of the Universe wheeled slowly over our heads. She remembered every constellation, every name. About 2 am, we went to my apartment, and made love again. Slowly, playfully, deeply, intensely. Every way we could think of. And we repeated this every night for the rest of that week.

Then she went home. The last time I saw her, she was with Bruce and her parents as they walked out the Union's front doors. She answered my first two letters. In her second response, she said she was too young for a relationship now, but she would never forget me. Maybe she might visit the college next summer... and if I was still there...

There was a picture inside, one of those Kodak instant camera shots. Heather. Her father. An expensive eight-inch telescope on an equatorial mount. On the back was scrawled, "this is what I 'm going to do with my life. thank you for everything. love. Heather."