

First Time Surprise - Part Three, The Conclusion

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I'm going to teach him what to do with a naked woman.

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It is silent except for the humming of the refrigerators, and the sound of Allen's slow and intermittent labored breaths. The pattern alternates between, quick intakes, whooshing exhales, and extended held-breaths altogether. I can't wait to make him moan. Allen's hands are kneading my breasts experimentally, while his eyes haven't left my chest since I gave him permission to explore. "Just be nice to them," I had told him. So far, so good. I sigh contently. Next lesson. "So what do you think about them?" I'm looking at Allen's eyes, locked on my breasts. "You are so beautiful," he says in a low, calm voice. Whoa. I did not expect that. "Thank you, Allen. That's so sweet of you to say. I'm glad you're enjoying the view." "Are you fucking kidding, me Des?" His head sweeps down then up, surveying me, sparing a couple seconds for my eyes, and goes back to admiring my breasts, which he doesn't let go of. "Look at you. You're perfect. Oh my god I can't believe you're letting me touch you. Oh my god this really fucking happening." I smile. I am genuinely turned on. "Would you like to do more than just touch me? "YES." "Yes?" "Please." "Tell me what you want." He meets my gaze for a flash. "I want to lick on them," he blushes, but is now moving his hands to my ribs just below my breasts. He stares at my breasts differently, as if they are meat and he, a starving dog. "Can I?" "Yes, Allen. It's time you tasted my tits. Go ahead." He needs no further coaxing. He is just about the same height as me, so he bows his head to face the twins at eye level. First he goes to work on my left titty, serving it to himself with his right hand, while kneading the other one with his left. He is licking circles around my hardening tip, over and over. He boldly closes his whole mouth over my nipple and begins to suck, a little first, and then a whole lot. My pussy lips swell as my body arcs towards him, forcing my breast further into his face. "Hmmm. Looks like you need no instruction on how to do this part. You sure you never sucked on tits before?" I stroke his ego with truth. He's loving this. Allen doesn't answer, just confidently continues, increasing suction around my tight hard crown. "Don't forget to give some love to the other one, Honey." Hardly breaking contact for a millisecond, his mouth is all over my right breast now, his left hand sliding around to support my back, his right hand finding my now moist left breast. I feel him start to pinch my left nipple and my breath catches. Alex halts immediately, lets go of me, and I am met with frightened eyes, pupils dilated with passion. "I didn't

mean to hurt you!" he rushes. His mouth is swollen from his recent activities. Good work. "You didn't hurt me, Allen," I smile coyly, eyeing him from beneath my lashes. "What you're doing feels good, Honey. Keep going. I will tell you when to stop." Instant relief washes over his skinny frame and I can practically see him slump from the scare. He is now gawking at me again. I must be a sight for sore eyes. To him, a beautiful older woman, standing in her birthday suit, complete with tight nipples and a smile, waiting for him to return to devouring my body. "Finish sucking my tits, Allen. You have more work to do." Instantly he is feasting on me again. I smile as he almost pushes me over with the force of his attack, but he now has both hands supporting my back, arching it so more of me is available to be shoved into his eager, young mouth. Good thing he got his braces off last week. His tongue probably never got worked so hard in his life. Hope he's ready, because this is just a warm up. The minutes tick by and little by little, Allen's hands are inching their way down my back to encircle my waist, to switch direction and sweep back upwards to frame and caress my tits alternately. His hands keep repeating this motion, a little faster each time, a little lower each time. breasts to back, the waist, to ribs, to breasts... "Desiree?" Allen's voice is such a turn on right now. Deeper, more throaty than usual. "Yes, Allen?" I purr. "Thank you." He swallows audibly and goes back to work. "Mmmm. You're welcome, Allen. Are you ready for more?" His groping ventures further down my back until I feel his fingertips brush the very base of my spine, where the cleft between my cheeks begins. "Yes, please." His hands begin to tremble. My fucking god, that's hot. "You can keep doing what you're doing, but now, kiss my neck, too." His lips are now trailing up my chest to the base of my throat. "Yes, just like that. That's nice. Now do you want to touch my ass?" He is nodding emphatically against my neck. "Why don't you show me what you want to do to me?" A muffled, rushed "Yes, Please!" is accompanied by his hands diving down to grope my tight, round, ass. He is kneading and lifting my ass cheeks, and without warning he thrusts his body against mine, pinning me to the wall next to the door. A thrill of excitement shoots through my veins, lighting me on fire. His mouth is hot on my neck, then my breasts, then my neck again. His hips are now grinding into me with slow deliberate movements and my hands are uncontrollable; on his flexed arms, encircling his narrow back, pulling his head closer. His hands suddenly leave my body as he smacks them against the wall on either side of my head. He is now grinding his whole body into me, squeezing me against the wall to the point that I can feel, through his jeans, his thick, rock-hard erection. God damn, it's like a fucking tree branch. Whoa. Unexpected. A geek with a nice schlong. Looks like my lucky day. But now he's grinding me too hard, I'm having trouble breathing. "Whoa, whoa, whoa, Wolverine," I gasp. "Ok, ok. I see you are ready for more." As if waking from a daze, Allen's movements soften and slow until I think he can understand English again. Earth to Allen, come in, Allen. Inward chuckle. This really is very flattering. "How about a kiss on my mouth." He stops moving all together and slowly matches his lips to mine. Aw, man. How is can it be, that someone who does such good work on my tits, could be such a horrible kisser. That's okay; next lesson. I let his attempts go on for another minute before I break contact, shoving him hard on his lean, flushed, chest, slick with perspiration. "Ok, now I'm going to teach you how I like to be kissed; do as I do, now." I start with a tentative, teasing peck, and throw in a couple nibbles for torture's sake. As I increase in the pressure of my lips, my tongue invading his

mouth, stabbing through his parted lips to wrestle roughly with his tongue. I stroke my hands up his back from his waist and entangle my fingers in his curly mop, molding my palms to his skull, holding him tight against my face. I drag my hands and nails roughly across his scalp, down his neck, over his chest, down his belly, and make a severe right turn to circle around to his ass. I grab hard, and am rewarded with a deep animalistic moan, against my open mouth. "You want me to touch your dick, don't you, Allen?" He grunts low and reflexively gouges his pelvis into me. I trail my right index finger back down his belly and then stop at the waistline of his jeans. I tug at the waistband gently, and grab his ass with my free hand. I trail my left hand around from his ass to his thigh, to just below his groin, making him whimper once, and gasp. I throw him a bone, so to speak, by moving my right hand to the fly of his jeans, and trace the bulge off to the right with my finger nails. I spread my fingers wide over the base, by his balls, and smooth my warm palm over his shaft. I grab him hard through his jeans and squeeze, moving my hand upward towards his surprisingly thick tip. "Well I'm not pulling it out just yet, you still have more to learn," I say as I begin to stroke my hand up and down his aching length, both quenching and inflaming his need at the same time. "I'll bet you're pre-coming, aren't you, Bad Boy?" Allen's moan is deep and muffled by my skin. "Ok, now. Were you paying attention to how I kissed you?" He nods emphatically, still kneading at my ass and breasts with both hands. I will be surprised if I finish this night with no bruises or hickeys. Hot. "Now everything you did to these lips," I point to my full, swollen mouth, "I want you to do to these ones." I say, trailing my hand down my chest, and stomach to my hot, ready pussy. "I'm teaching you to eat out a woman. Are you ready?" I ask wantonly. "If you are, get on your knees." His jaw drops, comically, as he fluidly sinks to his knees, at my feet. His hands are now on my hips, as he is looking up at me with eyes that say, 'Is this really happening to me? Is this real?' I spread my legs hip-distance apart, and place one hand on the back of Allen's head, and the other on my pussy, spreading my lips with my index and middle fingers. Fuck, I am soaking wet. Just as I'm about to nudge him closer to my waiting mound, he strikes like a python, licking, sucking and devouring my swollen cunt. Goddamn this boy catches on quick. He grabs my right thigh and suddenly his hand has flown to my right ankle. He grasps my slim ankle and brazenly swings my leg over his left shoulder, settling my thigh close to his ear, giving him full access to my practically dripping sex. He is smacking down on me like there is no tomorrow, his left hand grabbing my ass, his right, creeping up the inside of my left thigh, moving in for the kill. He's been such a good, attentive, respectful boy. He deserves another treat. "Touch me, Allen. I know you want to feel my slick little vagina all around those virgin fingers." With a groan, his right hand dives up into my crotch, and his middle finger is sliding into my hole so fast, I cry out in pleasure as I come instantly down his arm. "Yes, PLEASE." I shout. "Come on honey, I'll teach you. Now be a good boy, and put another finger inside me, and rub my clit with your thumb. FUCK YES. GOD DAMN." I am riding his hand now. "I can fit another one inside," he offers frantically. "Fuck, yes." He now has three fingers jamming in and out of my cunt. "Oh, Honey, you have strong fingers, don't you?" I all but squeal. "I play a lot of video games," he manages to get out. I laugh out loud. He circles my thick nub expertly, each time his hot hand thrusts in and out of my pussy. I come again, but this time all over his mouth. He continues through the shower, letting my juices run down his neck and chest. "Mmmm," a sound

of satisfaction comes from Allen as he sits back on his heels, and looks up at me with a pleased smile. "I think you liked that?" he says hopefully, his one hand still moving slowly, languidly, over my folds. "Mmmm, hmmm. Now I'm going to return the favor." His face goes blank. He is so easily stunned right now. Love it. "Come on, Allen. You've done really well. Have you ever had a blow job?" He briskly shakes his head. "Good, stand up." While he stands up, I pick up a clean apron and start drying myself off. I put it on the floor to soak up the rest of my mess, and provide cushion for my knees. "Unbutton your fly and take it out." His once again trembling fingers are flying over his buttons, and he fumbles twice. Once the buttons are undone, I can see the outline of some prime larger-than-average piece of flesh, straining against bright white boxer briefs. There is a huge darkened circle where the tip of his dick is. Fucking hot. I lean into him for a small kiss and his mouth ensnares mine as he is shoving his body into mine, pushing me back against the wall again. His now barely covered cock is even more sensitive to the feel of my body. Within moments he is ramming his bulge against my swollen pussy, making me come all over his underwear, soaking through to his cock, and down his thighs. After a few more minutes of wet humping against the wall, I drop to my knees in front of him, yank down his briefs and start going to town on his thick, heavy log. Much bigger than I expected, I smile to myself. I don't waste time. Working my way from circling his head with my quick little tongue, to deep throating almost his whole shaft, I quickly have Allen groaning, again. I work both my hands up and down his dick with changing pressures. I don't mean to brag, but I just must be the queen of sucking cock. Suddenly, Allen's hands are around my face, moving around my head, grabbing hold of my thick ponytail and tugging slightly to keep my head in place. Oh my god, he's going to fuck my throat. This boy has been doing his homework. He's living a porn fantasy. Hot. His hands hold me still as his lethally-hard cock fucks my face, the big blunt shaft stabbing at the back of my throat making me gag roughly. I feel his ass cheeks starting to clench and his breathing starts to stutter. Oh no, no, no...I'm not done with you yet, Sonney-boy. I'm not letting you come just yet. We're gonna do this right, Honey. I back off his dick, quickly and just stare at it, willing it not to explode. I grab his balls hard, for good measure. "No coming yet, Allen. Stop it, now," I say in a business voice. I look up and he is staring at his glistening cock. I slowly stand and his body starts to tremble again, but in rolling, twitching waves. It's now time for me to fuck his brains out. After a minute, when I'm sure he has his self control in check, I back up against the wall again and grab his left hand and put it on my right thigh. I lift my leg to circle his hip and he needs no further instruction. Instincts take over again and he immediately grabs hold of his dripping log and guides the tip downward. I stand on tip-toe and angle my pelvis towards him, while he halts at the opening of my sex. "I want to put it in, NOW!" he grunts urgently. "Do it, Allen. FUCK ME, NOW. HARD!" My hot cunt swallows his madly thrusting cock, juices flowing down my leg and onto the apron. In and out, harder and harder he fucks me, slamming into my body, plastering me to the wall again. Yeah this feels good. Pretty damn good. His young body full of boundless energy, is absolutely pummeling my pussy. "Holy, Jesus! Holy, FUCK! OH MY GOD." He practically barks. "OH MY FUCKING GOD, THANK YOU!" he praises. I laugh in delight. This is fucking fun. "I want to fuck you doggy style! Please, let me fuck you fucking doggy-style!" "YES." Now we're talking. Fuck, YES. With what sounds like a whimper, he dislodges

his dick, and takes my wrist, dragging me the few feet to the sink and turning me around. I bend over obligingly and spread my legs. Instantly, his solid member is plowing into me, his fingers and thumbs grabbing my hips and smacking them down on his with enough force to have me grunting each time my ass makes contact with his pelvis. A rhythm is established soon, and he is impaling me with each thrust. I feel the tell tale clenching of his muscles and he's starting to groan uncontrollably. I thrust myself backward forcing him off me. "Lay the fuck down, Allen. You've had your fun, and now I want even more of you juicy cock. Are you ready for the ride of your life?" In no time he is lying on his back reaching for my body. I step over his hips, and straddle his flesh dominantly. I sink onto his hungry flesh and begin to ride. My eyes rolling in the back of my head as I draw my knees up, so I am literally bouncing on his cock, bracing myself with my hands on his chest. His hands are spreading my ass cheeks, and sinking his fingers into them. My ass is now slapping down on his balls as back and forth, up and down I ride, loving the feeling of his thick cock stabbing at my g-spot just how I need it to. Allen is now moaning loudly, painfully. Poor boy, I should let him come, now. But just let me come once more... I start to rub my clit, and again, we are both drenched in my come. Ok, I'm done now. Time to finish him off with dirty talk. "Yes, Allen. Yes, Baby! OOH. OOOH, FUCK YES. You like my dirty little pussy don't you? Yes, you like being my fuck toy, don't you? I know you do." His hips are moving wildly, lifting us off the ground as he has a death-grip on my hips. "I know you've been thinking about fucking my dirty little cunt for months. I know you love this pussy, ALL HOT AND TIGHT OVER YOUR BIG, JUICY-" "OH-OOOOH, OOOOOOOOH, FUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK THAT DIRTY PUSSY! FUCK! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH." Hot loads of come rush into me, making me orgasm again. My pussy quivers and pulsates around his pole and massive load. Fuck yes. Fuck, YES. Amazing. * * * I'm now lying on him, our glistening bodies cooling after our erotic session in the back room of where we both work, almost every day. "Get up, Lover-boy. You still gotta take me home!" I smile, and peck him once on the lips. I push myself off his slackening, but far-from-flaccid member, cum trickling down the inside of my thigh. "I'm going to go to the bathroom to wash up. I suggest you do the same." I wink and give him a friendly pinch on the ass. He smiles and I'm sure, is blushing. * * * "Can we roll down a couple windows?" "Sure, no problem." The cool breeze revives me after our exertions less than fifteen minutes ago. When I had returned from the restroom, Allen had already dressed and he was mopping the floor. So we had locked up and left with minimal conversation, and just a few friendly smiles. He really was a little bit of a cutie, now. Now I am feeling a little more talkative; I don't want things to be weird when we go back to work. "Good call with the floor rinse, by the way," I say, wanting to address the elephant in the car. "Yeah, totally." He smirks, and laughs. He is distracted. Hmm... I try another tactic. "Thanks again, for the ride, Allen," I smile, "I really appreciate it." Oh and the fuck. That, too. "No, thank YOU, you know?" He steals a glance at me. "Why I'm not sure what you mean?" I bat my eyes, dramatically, wiggling a shoulder. This makes his face break into a genuine smile. "But seriously, thank you, Desiree. Today is the best day of my life." Aw, now THAT'S adorable. How sweet! "Well you are very welcome, Allen." I touch the back of his hand, on the stick-shift. "I can honestly say that it was my pleasure." We share a moment, and then spend the next five minutes in companionable silence. "This is my street down here, on the

right." I point through the darkness lined with sporadic street lights. "It's three blocks down from here." Another minute goes by and finally, Allen utters what has been on his mind. "Desiree?" he begins in a tentative voice. "Yes, Allen?" "Can I tell my friends?" Ha ha ha ha! How sweet, he's asking me if he can brag. Silly, boy. "Yes, Allen. You can tell your friends. I would appreciate you leaving my name out of it, though," I agree, knowing full well that he will brag about every single detail, including my name. Oh well, I'm leaving home for college in a few weeks, so I don't really give a shit anymore. I think of this as a good deed. A gift to nerd-kind everywhere. Hope that their porn star fantasies of fucking a hot chick in the back of an ice-cream shop CAN come true. Damn I'm nice. "I know I keep saying this, but, Thank you, Desiree. So. Fucking. Much." "I don't tire of hearing it, Honey. Sweet dreams, and thanks for the ride." I lean over and give him a gentle smooch on the cheek. "Night, see you Tuesday." I wave and exit the car. * * * Tuesday morning I open my locker to find a small rectangular gift bag filling the small cubic box to the brim. Inside the bag are four books; Inside the first book is a note. "Saw you reading one of these books, so I figured you would probably like the rest of the series. -Allen" How thoughtful. I smile to myself and put my apron on for work. What a nice boy.