

Love On The Hill

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He locks away his favorite pair of jeans, unwashed and stained.

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As I got out of the cockpit of the IAF transport plane that I had qualified to fly, I handed over my headset and gear to one of the airmen alongside and climbed into the station jeep that was sent to bring me and my crew back to the hangar to freshen up and write out my report. I was part of the first batch of women pilots inducted into a hitherto-male-only Indian Air Force, and I reveled in my pioneer status. I had been a keen cadet during my NCC days, and dreamed of flying for a living. My dreams were realized when the IAF called for applications from women for the 1st batch of women pilots, and I studied hard to clear the competitive exams and interviews that are a part of every recruitment for the Defence Forces in India. My hard work was rewarded when I won a seat at the prestigious Air Force Academy and due to my earlier work with NCC, I found it easy to stay among the top ten in my course. As I headed into the wash room after I'd finished my reports and signed back the aircraft to the ground crew, I looked at my reflection in the standard-issue mirror that was part of my quarters. Flt Lt Ayesha Narayan (I was the daughter of Muslim mother and a Hindu father) looked back at me. I saw a physically fit young lady, pretty and one of the more desired women on the station. My breasts weren't large but filled out my flight suit nicely. I changed out of the flight gear into my comfortable jeans and tee that gave me a respectable, stand-offish look. I was to meet my boyfriend of 6 years that evening. We were meeting after a gap of three months, while he was on a training course for the young hot shot fighter pilots of the IAF. We'd met during our days in the Cadet Corps, and because of our shared interests in flying we'd got together and stayed hooked to each other during our respective enrolment as commissioned officers. We were in love, and tonight we'd discuss our future. We had dinner at a crowded restaurant in town. Afterwards, we rode his bike to the local lake where they had pedal boats rented out by the hour. Daylight was fading as we got out into the middle of the lake. I held his hand as I put my head on his shoulder. He was as physically fit as I was, and we had no trouble with the boat. There was a slight breeze blowing, and with our knowledge of drift we had no trouble keeping the boat steady. The lake was shaped like a kidney, and we headed to the other side. Once there, we stopped pedaling and turned towards each other. I wanted him to kiss me, and I looked up at him from his shoulder. He guessed my desire and kissed me, fervently. When we broke for breath, I asked him about his course. He said he'd enjoyed it, and that he had improved his volleyball skills during the games that they played to keep fit. I told him that I was to visit my parents

the next week. He asked about them, and I said they were fine. He took the hint, and asked me if I thought we could make a life together. In his normal, understated way, he was asking me if I would marry him. I looked at him, and said he had to earn his promotion first – I wasn't going to marry a Flight Lieutenant. He dug into the pocket of his very white, crisp shirt and showed me an "official" looking letter. I couldn't read it in the fading light and asked him to tell me about it. In response, he switched on the battery-operated "headlight" on the boat and asked me to read it. I leaned forward, and in the light of the lamp I was told he was now Squadron Leader Arun Venkataraman on the successful completion of his course. I sat back, folded the letter and put it back into his pocket. All reservations gone, I asked him if we could take the day off tomorrow so that we could go out to the small hill station just outside the city. He agreed, and the next day we took off on his bike, riding the 50 kilometers to the base of the hill. It was a lush verdant green-space, and we parked his bike at one of the small shops there. We hired a climbing rope and gear from the shop, and set off, wanting to climb the hill cross-country and do some rock-climbing along the way. The narrow path meant we had to walk in single file, he carried the rope across his shoulder and chest and most of the gear in his backpack while I brought up the rear with the lighter gear in my backpack along with a bottle of water and another of fresh fruit juice. We'd done this route before, and headed up to a spot where a large rock stuck out of the hillside with a flat top. It would be nice to spend time on the flat top. We reached the base of the rock and while I belayed him he climbed up to the top so he could do the same for me. 15 strenuous minutes later, I joined him at the top and pulled up the backpacks on the rope. I dusted my hands and wiped them on my jeans (I know, very un-ladylike). I spread out my hands, inviting him into them, and he obliged. We hugged, and I felt so wanted and protected in his strong arms. I turned my face up to him, and we kissed, gently at first and then with increasing passion. I could feel my nipples harden and poke into his chest. Could he feel them too? He'd told me he loved the way my nipples got erect when I was horny. His right hand left the side of my face and searched for the left nipple – he always liked my left breast and nipple because he said it was closer to my heart! I arched my back so that he got more of my breast into his hand. His hand caressed me there, while his left hand held the back of my neck as he continued to kiss me. I kept my arms around his back, pulling him into me as we kissed with increasing passion. The trees surrounding this part of the hill ensured our complete privacy. After a while, wanting more, I pushed him away and pulled of my top. I folded it neatly and stuffed it into my backpack, and removed my bra to release my breasts. I had never let him see any part of my without clothes, and his eyes were round as he saw my nipples in the crisp air. I pulled him into my embrace again, and pressed my naked breasts into his chest again. I could feel his heart beating fast, as I lifted up the hem of his top and pulled it off him. We were both topless now, and this time he pulled me into his arms as we felt bare skin on our chests for the first time. My nipples were hard, and the sensation of his chest hair on them made them feel wonderful. My lover was a hairy ape while I was as devoid of hair as possible all over my body except on my head where I had a luxurious crown of black Indian hair. In my mind, he was a Mangani while I was his Tarmangani she, in the language of Tarzan the Ape Man. I pushed his head down toward his favorite nipple, and he opened his mouth to lick it. I pressed his head so he could take my breast into

his mouth, I wanted to feel it there. He resisted, then gave in. He sucked in the breast into his mouth almost whole, and I had a wonderful feeling of contentment wash over me. My pussy, always a traitor, was wet. I pressed it over the jeans, hoping to quell some of its wet fire with the pressure. He noticed this, and covered my hand with his, increasing the delicious pleasure. Not content with the pressure on my pussy, I moved my hand from the back of his head and groped for the junction of his legs, wanting to feel his hard penis over his jeans and stroke it. His pelvis rocked forward to increase my pressure on his organ, as I pushed my pussy into his hand. This was too much for me, and I had a massive orgasm that left me weak-kneed and unable to stand. I collapsed into his arms as he supported me and kissed my forehead. We both lay down, me in exhaustion. Once I recovered, I pulled his organ out of his jeans and masturbated him. He leaned back on his elbows, watching me excite him. But the feel of his organ in my hand excited me, and I rose up to remove the rest of my clothes. His organ lost its erection as he watched, and I displayed my nude body to him for the first time. My pussy hair is sparse, and he could see its wetness trailing down my thighs. I straddled him and excited his organ back to its hard state, and then proceeded to mount him and lose my virginity, staining his jeans with the blood of first love. He still keeps those jeans with their stain in his wardrobe, though we are together now, forever.