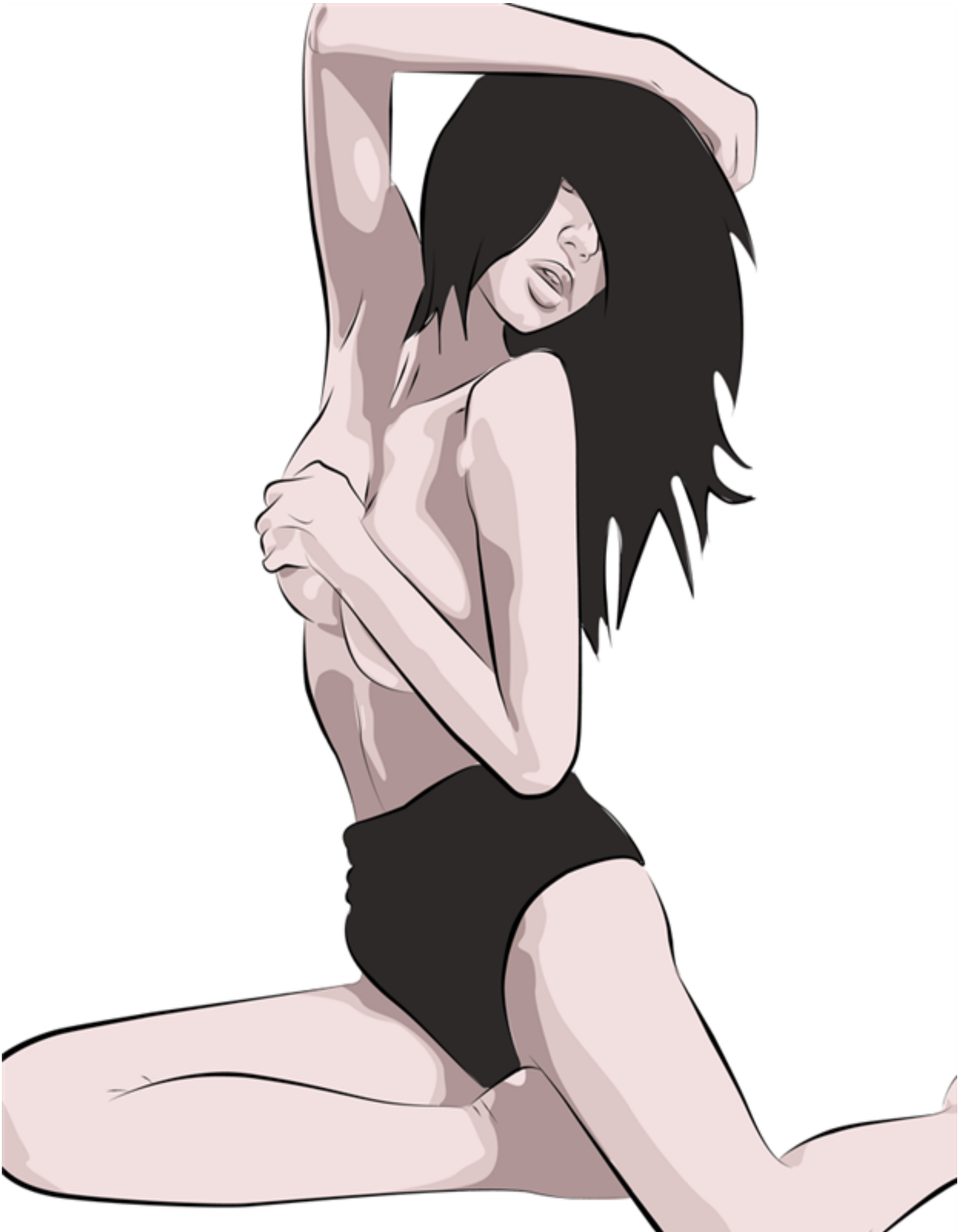

A Final Fuck

By VirginalViet

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My own personal equinox.....

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As I wrapped my gloss smudged velvety soft lips around his pulsing hardness, slipping his bulbous reddish head into my timid mouth, a small tear gathered in the corner of my eye. I felt empty, vacuous almost; an empty vessel with a beating heart, but I still wanted this final time together. I wanted to at least offer him this final gift for being so sweet to me for two years. I had been lucky to have such a wonderful man take my virginity and teach me things I needed to learn as I transitioned from being a “girl” into becoming a “woman”. He deserved a final memory, a final fuck.

Forces of nature I was still learning about were tearing at my young heart: the force of the closer cold moon was competing with the warm but distant sun. My world was tilting on its emotional axis. Where sun and warmth had reigned now cold and darkness had arrived with creeping unsettled new feelings of discontent finding their way into my soul. I loved him and yet I didn’t did I? How could I protect him from my new “self”? I couldn’t I didn’t think? This was my own personal equinox.

Tonight I had worn Steve’s favorite ensemble, the conservative blue Pokka dot dress that camouflaged my youth. The sophisticated dress was hiding the giggly teenage “girl” with the outfit of an older young woman. This more mature facade would ensure we got fewer odd looks at the restaurant than if I wore the ponytail and mini skirt I really wanted to wear. Asian girls are the victims of looking much younger than they really are. Even at twenty many people still thought I was in high school and mistook me for sixteen. Grrrrrr!!

I had added the elegant choker string of large pearls he had given me as a gift on our first “anniversary”. I always thought of them as a ritual offering given in return for my virginity. When I missed him (as I often did in the beginning) I would finger the smooth creamy white pearls, twisting them between my nervous fingers, to comfort myself that he was not far away. The pearls were again part of the costume of an “older” woman and ironically I was becoming her.

This day on the calendar was supposed to be the day of balance between night and day and yet I felt all off kilter and out of sorts. Steve had taken my virginity on this day two years ago. It was our

“anniversary” in the silly way couples mark their personal milestones. It was a day that marked a significant beginning; the day we became a real couple, the day I had begun my journey into “womanhood”. Now the very same date would mark an ending. The date would forever mark my own personal equinox: on the one side happiness and the dawn of light, youthful curious lust and new love, growth and intimate connection; now on the other side would lie separation, disconnection, heart ache and the darkness of personal loss, the warmth of the sun of first love forever now fading and becoming distant.

September 22nd the autumnal equinox, light and dark in equal measure, a passage from one phase to another. On this day two years ago Steve had pierced my hymen and thrust into me to begin my transition to womanhood. What had been previously empty for eighteen years had been filled that day by Steve’s hardness, his male horn had impaled my eighteen-year-old pussy and shown me the pleasures of being a woman. That day I had begun to learn that a man’s tongue could do so much more than speak and mumble; it could take a woman to heaven and back. This day was supposed to be a day of equality, a day of wonderful memories; and yet I felt as balanced as a teeter-totter. Every passage in life has its pain and heartache and I knew this would be no different. Steve had filled me, but now I felt empty again and something was wrong.

For Asians like myself ghosts of every variety were rumored to be loose on this day. In Vietnam on the roadsides my mom says they would be burning offerings to slake the desires of the restless spirits. I thought of making my own ritual offering, burning an effigy of a young virgin, to drive away the troublesome spirits, but perhaps tonight would be an offering enough. After all I was offering up the old “Crissy”, the naïve and curious girl all thirsty for life and so curious about sex. I was sacrificing her, thumping nervous heart and all, in return for a new more mature “Cristina”. I hoped it would be a good trade.

With the rise of tomorrow’s morning sun, spring and summer would officially be gone; the time of hope, of light, of renewal would have passed. I was plunging headlong into an abyss of darkness and loneliness. A winter of discontent and inner soul searching to look forward to as I sought to grow up and become a young woman. A very special relationship that had sprung up and grown for a time had now lost its glitter and attraction, had lost its force, and was to be cut down by the scythe of heartbreak. I felt terribly sorry for Steve, but this was something I needed to do for myself. I couldn’t save him if I also wanted to save myself.

I felt Steve’s fingers gripping onto my long hair grabbing black fistfuls as he struggled with his own desperate battle to control his impending orgasm. I knew his urgency to take me was building as it always did. Steve had wanted me for a long time. I had flirted and teased him mercilessly after turning sixteen. To be honest I had been a terrible teenage flirt. I had “crushed” on Steve for ages and those two years from sixteen to eighteen when I had wanted Steve so badly had seemed like an eternity. If

Steve’s wife had never left him then probably some other man would have been my first? Life is strange like that, tiny ripples turning into waves. As it was I cannot change what has passed and what we both did. Was it destiny? I don’t know if I believe in that, but for some reason it happened and I’m glad it did. When Steve looks back a few years from now I hope he’s glad it happened too.

Steve’s deep groan brought me back to this terribly sad and yet sweet moment. The silk of my polka dot dress rubbed smoothly against his hairy thighs. Poor Steve was oblivious to my inner turmoil as I led him towards his heaven. He adored me, he loved nothing more than to be inside me and he treated me like his princess, but for me this was not enough. He had no inkling that this would be his final time. A girl grows up and a girl needs to move on. I have spoken to my mother about this and luckily we are close and she understands.

I pull Steve’s hardness in deeper and suck with increased fervor. He wiggles his hips and his fingers dig into my scalp as he nears the edge of his control. Previously this moment, the power of complete control over your special man would thrill me. When I first learned the power of my budding nubile body this moment would have been a heady thrill. It is easy for an eighteen year old girl to be intoxicated by the sexual power she can wield over a man. Tonight I am a mere shell, a cracked bowl incapable of holding the sweet liquid joy of being a couple. All my happiness is flowing out of the cracks in my heart. I am alone inside, but outside I need to keep up the pretense, the façade, as to break his heart now would be to take from him his final moments with me. I couldn’t be that heartless.

As usual with Steve the evening had been “perfect”. After we had become intimate two years ago he had worked hard to make sure every date we had was “perfect”. Tonight we had dinner at our favorite restaurant in Los Gatos followed by yogurt on Santana Row. After a short walk holding hands we had joined friends for dancing at a club. Now having performed the mating rituals we were at that penultimate moment, the moment of intimacy, that moment of lace, silk, sexy scents and foreplay before the man takes the woman and completes her.

I have been feeling all frothy and willy-nilly for a while. Those inner demons have been lurking for months, stalking me, but I’ve been unwilling to confront them. It’s a conundrum I’m sure every woman has grappled with? You really, really, “like” him, you even “love him” (small “l”) but you don’t “LOVE” him (big caps). And then there is the connection you have to your “first”, those special bonds of intimacy. The man who has taken your virginity is always going to be special. How do you cut all those ties without casting yourself asunder?

I knew I would cry when it happened. When I let the guillotine fall on his happy heart I knew it would be nasty. He would beg and plead and ask for something I was incapable of giving? Probably I would cry rivers tomorrow, hugging my pillow in weakness. Tonight I would hold back the flood of tears and give him his final minutes. I would get a grip, hide that welling tear, wear a plastic smile and let him

have me one last time. I needed to let him pretend that I would still be his when the fall sun rose in the morning. Some people are oblivious to the equinox, even when it stares them in the face.

Why am I so here and there? Why am I tossing and turning and feeling all out of sorts? My mother says she suspects I'm a Gemini, equal parts of wanting thrills and wanting stability, a girl here and yet over there. A girl thirsty for love and yet wanting her total freedom; can she have both? Only with a very special man and I knew in my heart that Steve was not that man.

For a Gemini the day of the Equinox can be a terrible struggle of parts against the center. Good girl vs. bad girl; naughty girl vs. nice girl; sour vs. sweet; conservative vs. extreme; for the unsuspecting man in thrall of a Gemini girl on the day of the Equinox he should be prepared for storms of sadness and eruptions of emotions and giddy lustful wanton sex and giggling hysterical happiness. Basically he should be prepared for the good, the bad and the ugly.

I used the fingernails of my left hand to lightly trace the underside of Steve's balls. His body wiggled and he clenched his eyes closed and I felt his stomach muscles tense. I smiled having done this so many times. I knew exactly how to play with Steve's body now. I had learned so much in the last two years. I think every man I'm ever with will owe a debt of gratitude to Steve. I swirled my tongue on the underside of Steve's throbbing cockhead and took him about as far as I thought he could go. I almost gagged as I pulled him too deeply down my throat. I wanted him to be inside me for the last time and not to just shoot a last erratic shot into my mouth and go soft and limp. That would be a pathetic end to such a beautiful relationship. I moved my tongue slowly and was careful not to cause him to erupt by mistake.

I played with his cock as long as I thought he could take it and then carefully slid my trembling lips off his hard rod. It twitched and bounced up and down in the air as I released it from my lips. I hoped he didn't notice my tremors and my fumbling fingers? I stood and let Steve slide the zipper of my dress down to the curve of my young ass. His hand reached in and teased my bum playfully. He knew I liked to be stroked and I giggled the way he would expect me to. I let my dress fall in blue bunches all rumpled on the floor. I waited for his words and his compliments; it was always like this when we were together. I was wearing a delicate set of white lace lingerie to remind him of those first few times. I knew Steve loved me in white.

His eyes went wide just as I knew they would and his fingers traced the outline of my hips. I could see deep in his eyes how much he adored and wanted me. I smiled. He stroked my long black hair and looked deep into my eyes. I hoped my eyes did not show the lie? I tilted my head to avert my eyes. It was too hard as I'm not a practiced actress. He led me to the bed and I meekly followed not knowing any other choice.

Steve lay me down and his lips began to devour me, to explore my body in every crevice the way he loved to do. Previously this would have driven me insane with desire. I felt his lips suckle my left nipple and I mewed. I actually felt nothing and my pussy was refusing to wet, but I needed to pretend. I made all the sounds he would expect and I raked my fingernails through his hair. What else was I supposed to do? My moans and whimpers were what he would want to hear and I hoped they sounded genuine? I had never faked an orgasm before, but I was going to do my best.

Steve's lips and fingers probed and tweaked and played with my every erogenous zone. Finally after letting my brain think about some of my fantasies my pussy began to cream a bit. I was so distracted and disconnected I was even thinking about homework and phosphates? WTF? His mouth moved lower and he began to lick and lap at my sweet young pussy. I used to love Steve giving me oral and I could come again and again from his teasing tongue. Today I felt numb and black.

I closed my eyes tightly and thought about David, about his smile and how he laughed. I pretended it was Dave's tongue between my thighs and then the tingles began. I thrust my hips and pretended urgency, faking my non-existent desire. Steve responded to my fake need and moved his tongue faster. I groaned and moaned and made a pretense of responding to his more urgent efforts. I drove my pussy up against his mouth with even more false ardor. I needed this to end; the fakery was killing me inside. Steve lashed my clit with all his talent and I cried out letting my nails dig into his skin hoping it would seem sincere. I used my muscles to make my body buck and jump off the bed as it normally would. I cried out his name and pulled his head hard into my triangle of despair.

Steve seemed unaware of my acting skills as he pulled his body over mine. His hard cock was aflame with need and I intended to let him join with me this one last time. I felt his cockhead at my lips and I reached down between our bodies to guide him in. Normally this moment would be filled with excitement, but now I just wanted to get it over with. I felt him push in and I watched his face contort in pleasure as my wet pussy lips coated his rod and received him. I tried my best to smile and receive him with the love that he wanted, that he needed, but that I didn't really have to offer. What I was offering to him was a genuine imitation of the real thing, a fake LV bag that I hoped looked real.

Steve moved above me, driving into me and taking me, as a man should. At the moment he would expect I signaled with my thighs that I wanted him to roll. He held my body tight and we rolled so that I was on top, straddling my man. I rested my hands on his broad chest before resuming my act. My hips shifted and I toyed with him the way I normally did. I teased his nipples, licking my fingers and teasing them the way he loved. I brought him to the edge again and again and heard his unbridled groans deepen. He reached up and played with my tiny light-brown nipples and luckily they hardened on their own. At least I felt tingles from my nipples and my pussy got more and more wet.

How can I be so filled by his hardness and yet feel so empty I wondered? My brain drifted north and

south. Now I understood how prostitutes could be intimate with a client and yet feel nothing. Previously I could not comprehend such a thing since lying naked beside a man had seemed so intimate and soul bearing. And yet now here I was with Steve, my amber honey-colored Asian skin naked against his hard male white flesh and I felt nothing. It scared me to feel this way, to feel so disconnected, but I steeled myself and held my nerve.

My hips slowed as I sensed Steve was close to coming. I didn't want to end it before he had a chance to look in my eyes. I wanted to give him a final chance, to test him a final time. I let our eyes connect wanting him to see my pain, wanting him to understand. If he could see it, see my pain, then perhaps anything was possible; even "us"? Yet he was oblivious? Perhaps this is the nature of men when they are having sex, they don't see the woman's pain? I don't know? I was lost in my own obtuse thoughts. I knew it was time to let Steve go. I let my hips thrust and as he cried out for me to stop I speeded up. Steve cried out madly as his orgasm consumed him, his hand gripping wildly on my hips and pulling my hips down. I joined him with my own counterfeit cries. I bounced up and down on his cock as frantically as I dared. As his orgasm tapered down I let my own cries descend to plastic whimpers. It was, I hoped, as he would expect.

Steve stroked my hair and told me how "wonderful" it had been. I sighed a sigh of relief, which he mistook for contentment. He kissed me tenderly as he always did. I murmured as he expected and he finally kissed me adoringly on the tip of my nose. I used to love it when he did that. Soon enough Steve had drifted off into sleep, his arms wrapped possessively around me and I could feel his chest rising and falling in a deep slumber. I looked at his face, so calm in sleep and found it hard to do what I had to do. I used to love this man so much? Can you deliver this much pain to the person you used to love?

You don't have any choice, that's what I have learned growing up. You just don't have any choice.

I slipped out of his bed and rubbed his dripping cum off my pussy lips. I slipped into the bathroom and went pee. My brain was dizzy and confused, but yet it was certain. I knew what I needed to do. I pulled on my clothes quietly although I knew he would probably not wake up. After sex Steve was usually dead to the world. As I slipped out his front door I felt my heart skip a beat. As I drove home my mind thought about what had just happened. I had had sex with a man and yet had felt almost nothing? It was weird.

No longer do chiming church bells cleave before from after, today from tomorrow. We are left with silent prompts or irritating vibrations from our iPhone calendar to tell us the Equinox has arrived and spring and summer are about to transition into fall and winter. The rituals of our modern age are pretty pathetic and un-dramatic when you really get down to it. I look back on yesterday no longer a girl and now increasingly a woman.

The world had tilted. The world was a little colder now. The sky will never look the same; my heart will never be the same. The sun that had arisen on the day of the equinox had shined on “Crissy’s” face. The sun that rose in the morning would be shining on “Cristina’s” face. I had made the transition, I had made the trade; I hoped I would end up happy?