

For the Love of Another: Episode 2: Melisa

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After their first encounter together, Nate and Allison were naturally more wary of each other. They were still friendly enough, saying hello to one another on campus but they were awkward and did not speak of anything let alone what they had allowed to happen between them. Neither of them wished to pursue anything romantic, but Allison was more than dying for a second sexual experience. Of course, she didn't know how to introduce the subject and allowed him to slip away for a time. Nate was too immersed in his own troubles to even think of making a second rendezvous with her. The girl he loved was with another man. She plagued his dreams with vibrant encounters of intimate sexual experiences but drew no closer to him in his waking life. He was far too distracted by her to chase something real, let alone Allison whom he still considered off limits. Of course he still felt the need for feminine contact as much as any other and spent most of his time writing erotic fiction and masturbating. Though he wasn't fishing for women, he was on another's line. She came one day on a plane from the Western United States. She was the big breasted, self-proclaimed absentee from Minnesota Nate had met two years prior. She gave him no warning and no choice, only a call the night before she landed and an order for him to meet her at the airport. So he did. Melisa stepped out of security without a bag. She didn't bring one. She didn't need one. Instead, she brought only the most revealing clothes that she could find. Melisa knew of course that Nate would not accept her willingly, so she wouldn't let him resist. She was wearing a pair of too-small jeans that didn't quite make it all the way up her hips, revealing the pink straps of her thong and the beginnings of her hips. She had on a low cut tank top that showed her cleavage and made it clear that she didn't have a bra. Nate, seeing her, knew exactly what she wanted. She didn't even say a word to him. Nate pretended as if there had never been any awkwardness between them and kissed her. She kissed him back, also willing to forget anything that had happened. They made a beeline for the bathroom. Nate couldn't control himself. When it came down to it, he knew he wouldn't. They paraded to the nearest bathroom and, with the ladies' full, sidled into the men's room. They didn't care. Melisa removed her shirt herself, revealing her overlarge tits. And so, it was in the grimy men's bathroom of a second rate airport that she gave herself over to him. And he took her with pride. Nate edged his body closer to hers, cupping her breast in his hand. He kissed her again, tasting the well prepared mint on her breath. Melisa was excited. She could feel her pussy beginning to moisten in her pants. She gasped, breaking away from him and lifting off his shirt. She pushed him against a wall and felt her hands slide over his dick. Nate grasped the edges of her jeans and pulled them off, feeling the strained

seems split and rip as he tugged. He tossed them aside and tore off her flowery thong, breaking its g-string and leaving it in ruins. Nate's own pants were around his knees. He turned and threw Melisa into the wall, pushing his penis inside of her. She gasped as her virginity was threatened for the first time. But it would remain intact. Just then, a man stepped in through the unlocked door. The pair, Melisa naked, sprung apart. They dashed out of the room, without their clothes and sprinted across the airport. Melisa was furious. Her plans were ruined and now she was sprinting—naked—through a crowded airport. Now her breasts were bouncing. Now her ass was chafing on the sweat of her embarrassment. Now the sun was beating on her bare shoulders. Now she was, thankfully, in his car, covering her breasts and crossing her legs. They drove in silence for a while, too embarrassed or too shocked to speak. Melisa was perhaps moreso the former, but she could hardly hide from herself her own continuing horniness. There was something exciting about nearly getting caught—something arousing about showing her long-hidden flowers to the world. His AC was on, her nipples were growing hard and her vagina was growing wet. Almost uncontrollably, she felt her hand moving away from her lap. Her pink nipple was again exposed to the breeze. She didn't care—could not care. Her hand was pulling apart his unzipped pants. "Woah! Baby, I'm driving!" The name slipped out of his teeth and into the air. It couldn't be taken back. What was more damning of course was the hand now groping around in his pants. "I still want you," she said, dipping her head against his shoulder and letting her lips lightly brush his cheek. The hot air from her lungs whispered into his ear and through his nose. "I'm still driving!" "But, babe!" The word was out of her mouth now. It had been set and agreed upon. Her fingers found the head of his growing penis, stroking it gently. She kissed him, almost licked him and plunged the rest of her hand around his dick. Nate was incapable of holding out any longer. He swung the car off the road, hardly bothering to brake and narrowly missed a tree. Nate threw off the restraining belt and pulled her over the arm of the chair and onto his lap. Eager now to finally shed her virginity, Melisa skipped the usual preamble and scooped down his jeans. For a moment, her vagina hovered over his waiting penis and he thought she would never come down. But finally, she opened up to his and slid her warm self over the shaft of his dick. She gasped as he fell deeper and deeper inside of her. Melisa bounced on his dick, staring into his clear blue eyes. Her round ass gently knocked the steering wheel back and forth, and her feet tightened around the edge of his chair. It hurt more than she expected, but her screams were of pleasure and not pain. She loved every breath of ecstasy she inhaled while his heavy dog-like pants snorted into her screaming mouth. She kissed him, forcing her tongue down his throat. His dick pounded deeper inside of her. Nate threw her off of him and into the passenger seat. She reclined it and Nate jumped on top, placing his hands on her generous breasts and pressing his penis back inside of her. She moaned again, starting to laugh with pleasure. To any passing cars, it would have seemed as though a smoke machine had been activated in the tiny vehicle. It rocked back and forth, windows steaming up like a sauna. Inside, Melisa was splayed out on her back, a large penis in her mouth. She stroked it, shaking it back and forth, licking it with her tongue. Her brown eyes widened. The penis twitched. Nate groaned. A load of creamy white cum exploded over her face. She shut her eyes. It coated her lashes. She opened her mouth, it sprayed her lips and teeth. Melisa licked her lips, cleaning off the

cum and kissed her man. That was the end of her virginity and her good catholic beliefs about coitus interruptus. Rumors quickly circulated around the school about Nate and the unknown woman he had living in his house. No one had seen her, no one knew her. But they all seemed to understand that she lived in his bed. It was generally understood that she never left the house—or indeed the bedroom. Nate himself did not leave for the first few days of her “visit”. He was neither seen nor heard from for a week after making his run to the airport. This naturally led to the conclusion that the pair were having sex, and lots of it. Allison still felt those childish feelings for the man and was naturally hurt by this. When he became visible again, she took to avoiding him even more successfully than usual. He took no notice in his bliss of sexual fantasy. For the rumors were indeed true. Melisa had not left his bed nor donned clothes for the first three days of living with him. And she was content. When the pair had finished the remainder of the two hour drive home, they had again become aroused. Nate drove home without pants on and received a successful blowjob forty-five minutes from home. Melisa’s face, breasts, and hair had been blasted with cum and she was relatively coated in the stuff. Her first thought was to shower—with her lover of course—and get it all off but after they had sprinted inside, naked, again fueling her fetish for exposure, she was too horny to function. Nate, the would-be gentleman that he was, had already fetched her a towel and was preparing to show her the way, but she grabbed him around the waist and pulled him into an embrace. He kissed her, unabashedly and lifted her leg up to reveal her pussy. He was back inside her before she knew it. Night fell on them and they were still panting into each others’ ears. Nate had her bent over the couch, in full view of the window, pounding her harder than she could believe. She hung limp over the couch, her face turned to the window, almost hoping someone would see. Her breasts bounced. Her lips curled upwards in a shrill screech of joy. The sex was good. Nate’s dick slid through her tight vagina like a snake through its hole. He fit inside of her as if he belonged. The ecstasy was slowly building. He could feel the orgasm growing inside of him. Nate pulled out and let his third load of the day fall all over her backside. Melisa’s mouth opened in a sharp grin. She gasped out a small giggle and rolled over, letting Nate land a kiss on her forehead. For the next few days, Nate would repeat this encounter with his new lover in numerous and exciting ways. He railed her on the kitchen table, clutching her tits. He rammed her from behind in his bed. He let her bounce off his cock on the dining room floor. But always, even without his conscious knowledge, they were positioned near a window. Often she would stare out at the world, watching the cars drive slowly by, seeing the mailman stop to stare, smiling as the neighbors took notice. It was from these brief glimpses of the pairs’ exploits that the school kept up to date on Nate’s whereabouts and Allison fell deeper into the knowledge that he was lost to her. She knew that she could not compete with the D sized breasts the UPS man saw squeezed against the window or the loads of semen she choked down nightly, as seen by a neighbor to the North. So it was in her despair that she retreated to her room one night with a collection of his pictures and slowly removed her clothes. Her shirt came off first, revealing a stiff pink bra supporting her petite breasts. She set his picture down before her and laid across her soft bed. She looked into his eyes and her tears began to fall. She lifted up her legs and squeezed off her jeans, her camel toe showing through her turquoise panties. She imagined him, naked but for his boxers, lying in her bed

next to her and stroking her hair. She thought of him, in the picture, staring back at her with—yes—love. It was love in his eyes, and she loved him. A single finger snuck into her panties—but it was his finger. He placed a hand on her stomach and let his other brush aside her underwear. She gasped, smiling through her tears, as he touched her clitoris. With one hand on her breast, he lay behind her in a spooning position and rolled down her underwear. His now bare crotch was against her round butt, his penis growing harder. Then he slipped it inside of her. She reveled in its familiar arousing touch but was careful not to make a sound: her family was just downstairs. “Oh, Nate,” she crooned, rubbing herself profusely, imagining him inside of her. He retracted his penis, pulling it out and allowing it to slide back in, slapping against her thighs with a squelch of her vaginal juices. Allison moaned again, trying to stifle the noise that would surely carry down the stairs to her parents’ and sister. It was nights like this one that made her wish for a dorm—a single. In and out went the motion of his dick, raising her squeals of pleasure to a fever pitch. Surely her parents could hear. Nate rolled her onto her back and reached for Allison’s petite breasts. He squeezed them, feeling the soft feminine hairs quiver with pleasure. Allison moaned a great cry of pleasure as he slipped inside of her again. His lips were eating away at hers and his penis was tearing itself through her vagina. She could feel her orgasm rising. It came quickly with the thought of her lost lover around. She loosed one final gasp as he thrust himself inside of her and released his load. Allison rolled over in her bed, retracting her fingers from her vagina and crying slightly. She wanted him so badly—why didn’t he feel the same?