

Why do fools fall in love...Jack

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Two childhood friends are too close to see what they have

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Jack used to go to his best friend Jacie's house, every evening to pick her up before they went out with the rest of their friends. They were as close as brother and sister; innocent in their way, yet always together in whatever mischief would arise. Her parents were always working, so she would look after her two kid brothers. Simple enough, the youngest would always be at his friend's house next door, and the middle brother had his own life to lead. Jacie was your average tomboy; they had known each other for years. Meeting at age 5 and going through 11 years of school like peas in a pod. They got their first grazed knees together falling off their skateboards and BMXs, even their first snowball fight back in the winter of '86. They were often mistaken for brother and sister, not surprising given the fights they used to have. Fights between Jacie and Jack meant just that, punches, kicks and wrestling! She certainly gave as good as she got, but they always forgave and forgot. Childish arguments and 'wrestles' were never worth holding a grudge over. As they grew up, towards puberty, the relationship became more mature; less fighting and arguing and more enjoying themselves. Always cycling somewhere and doing something. Making rope swings in the wood, climbing trees, making fires, climbing on the school roofs. You name it, they did it all. Unconsciously, neither had a girlfriend or boyfriend; there was no need. In each other, they found companionship and unconditional, if unspoken, love. Everything changed, one ordinary autumnal night. Jack and Jacie both 16, their friends already talking about their sexual explorations, the two doing nothing more than smiling and nodding as if they knew what was going on. Jack's parents had gone out this particular night and left him with some cash to go to the chippy. Thinking to surprise Jacie, he got to her house a little earlier so they could both go get some takeaway. As he was about to knock on her front door, it opened. Her younger brother was standing there looking confused. "She's in her room, Jack," he muttered as he grabbed his coat and walked out into the darkness of the night. Jack knew the house so well, he didn't bother turning on the lights as he bounded up the stairs 2 at a time, following the sound of Jacie's music to her room. The door was open slightly, enough to see in, but with it being dark on the landing, she wouldn't be able to see out. He figured he would spy on her and wait for the opportune moment to burst in and scare her. That idea went out the window when he caught sight of her. At first, he did not recognise her. He thought it was her mum (a very beautiful lady). But as he stared, unable to drag his eyes from such a vision, he realised it was in fact Jacie. HIS Jacie. Her

normal garb would be ripped jeans and baggy T-shirt, much the same as himself. But here she was, dressed only in a white lacy bra that held her perfectly shaped breasts high, and white lacy stockings clad her amazingly toned legs. He was speechless, rooted to the spot. To that day, he had never seen a woman or girl more beautiful than Jacie did at that moment. As she lifted her hair up at the back of her head with both hands and turned this way and that in the full length mirror before her, Jack's eyes wandered up and down her perfect body, still not believing this could be Jacie. From his vantage point, Jacie could not see him. He shifted a little, avoiding the squeaky floorboards in front of her door, to get a better angle and closer to the gap between door and frame. Now he had the perfect view; her back towards him, and her full length reflection in the mirror. Everything else faded away, he had no concept of where he was or what he was doing, he was transfixed by this beauty that had been hiding under his nose for all these years. As she lifted her long wavy hair up at the back of her head, Jack's eyes travelled down the back of her neck, long and slender. Her shoulders perfectly toned from all of their adventures, framed perfectly by the white lace of her bra strap, contrasting the light caramel of her skin. His gaze traveling down her smooth back, a handful of freckles scattered across it like stars. His heart quickened its pace as his eyes took in the curves of her sublime buttocks atop her muscular thighs. Just the sight of the top of her thighs above the lacy tops of the stockings was enough to bring him out in a fine sweat. Her splendid legs clad in white lace stretched all the way down, hypnotic as she moved, twisting one way then the other as she looked in the mirror. His eyes now followed hers to her flawless reflection. Traveling back up her legs, his eyes were drawn to the most incredible sight of all. As if pointing in the direction of heaven, her bushy pussy, in the form of a perfect triangle, protruded from her pubic region as a vision of a goddess. He almost stumbled in the darkness, his movement breaking his reverie. He was lost, not knowing how to handle the situation; his legs seemed to take the lead and headed for the stairs. As he reached the bottom, the blood started to return to his brain, he hadn't noticed how hard his cock had become, he only saw Jacie. As rational thought started to return with the blood, Jack went back out the front door, out into the cool air to try and regain some control over his raging hard on, closing the door quietly behind him. Jacie found Jack sitting on the driveway with his back against the wall of the house. The cigarette hanging from his lips had about an inch of ash on it. "Hiya!" She said, startling him. The cigarette dropped onto his crotch making him jump up like a jack-in-the box. Jacie giggled. "What you doing out here? Forget how to knock?!?" "I, er, just, er, taking a minute," Jack mumbled. "Well c'mon, I bet everyone is already out! You'll have to get the beers tonight. The lads have invited them tarts from the other side of the village, they'll need some Dutch courage!" Jack spent most of the night avoiding Jacie. He drank and smoke steadily, forgetting that he hadn't eaten. The cheap alco-pops and strong weed made sure that everyone was having a great time. The lads had managed to pair up with some of the 'tarts', but they were out in force, four lads to eight girls and Jacie and Jack as the in-betweeners. The park, by daytime full of laughing children, was now full of drunken teenagers, enjoying the last summer-like evening of the autumn. Jack was in a bad way at this point, with nothing in his stomach to soak up the alcohol; he wasn't going to last much longer. He stumbled over to the bushes to relieve himself. As he stood, swaying, cock in hand, draining his bladder, he did not realise

he was being watched. He did not even realise the girl watching him was only feet away, squatting with her knickers and jeans round her ankles, relieving herself too. "What the hell is up with you tonight?" came Jacie's voice from behind him. "You've been avoiding me all night! What's going on, you were weird when you go to mine, didn't even knock on the door! Is everything ok?" "I'm trying to have a piss for fuck's sake," slurred Jack in response. "Oh, never mind, I'll talk to you tomorrow, you're out of it." As Jacie stormed off, Jack finished emptying his bladder. "Where've you been hiding, big-boy?!" Giggled the girl in the bushes, as inebriated as the rest of them. Jack did not know where to turn, he remained motionless with his cock in his hand, unable to find any words. "Have you got any tissues? I need something to wipe with!" she said, half standing as if to emphasize where she wanted to wipe, her dark pussy glistening in the moonlight. Jack's eyes were drawn between her legs, his mind racing back to the image of Jacie from her bedroom just hours earlier. His cock reacted immediately, pointed skywards as it hardened and grew. Although this girl's skin was pale in comparison to Jacie's, her young body was also perfect, but in a different way; natural curves and soft flesh. "Well, I'm happy to see you too!" She said as she shuffled over to Jack, jeans and knickers still round her ankles. "It seems we both have needs to be taken care of," she whispered, her mouth just centimeters from Jack's. "Huh?" was all Jack managed. "Well, I have no tissues and there's no way you are getting this back in your pants the way it is." As she said this, she grabbed Jack's hard cock, giving it a quick stroke. Jack shuddered at her touch; his first sexual encounter has his blood pumping furiously. "Crouch down," she breathed into his face. In his present state, Jack could do nothing but comply. He slowly crouched before her, now eye level with her glistening hairy pussy. She gently put her hand on the back of his head, pulling him into her. Guiding his mouth to her pussy lips, he instinctively parted his lips, tongue ready. She breathed out a long sigh as he tentatively licked at her bush. She leaned back slightly, angling her wet pussy lips to his mouth. He licked again, this time tasting the last drops of her pee. The salty taste spurred him on; he slid his hands up her thighs to her buttocks, pulling her pussy onto his face. His tongue dipping into every fold, nose pressed into her soft hair. She gasped a little and pulled his face away, a tiny orgasm bringing a smile to her face as she looked down at him. Lifting his chin, she guided him back to standing, kissing him instantly in the mouth, her tongue exploring his lips, tasting herself. Sliding her hands down the front of his body, she closed her fingers around his cock. As her lips left his she mouthed, "Wait here." Swinging her naked arse out to her left, she bent over, kissing the tip of Jack's cock. His breathing immediately became rapid and his cock twitched. She slowly and deliberately licked round the head of his circumcised shaft, licking up the pre-cum that had been seeping out. She grabbed his hand, placing it at the bottom of her back, sliding it down, she released it. He took the hint and slid his fingers down between her naked buttocks. As inexperienced and wasted as he was, he didn't really know what he was feeling for, groping blindly in the dark, his fingertips stopped when he reached her anus. "Mmmm, naughty," she giggled before taking his cock into her hot wet mouth. She slid as much as she could in, getting about half-way down before coming back up with a wet slurp. Jack panted loudly, very close to exploding. In his excitement, he pushed the tip of his index finger into her anus. She squealed with delight, shaking her buttocks a little as she sucked hard on Jack's cock. It proved

too much for him, he groaned loudly, shooting stream after stream of cum to the back of her throat. She clamped her lips round the tip of his cock, not letting a single drop escape, using her hands to gently massage his balls to get everything she could from them. As his cock began to soften between her lips, she allowed it to slip out, keeping it between her wet lips and closing them as the tip slid out. She swallowed his load loudly as she stood up, Jack's finger pulling out, his hand still on her buttocks. Kissing him wetly, she flicked her tongue against his, Jack tasting his own salty juice. "Hi Jack," She said finally, "I'm Laura. Thanks for helping me out, I think you can put this away now." She cupped his now soft cock again, then giggled, watching as he fumbled it back into his jeans. Smiling, she bent down to slide her French style knickers up over her soft thighs, Jack's eyes following the movement. "You like?" Laura half turned, showing off her incredibly round buttocks, highlighted perfectly with her choice of underwear. She smiled as Jack struggled to find words. "It's all for you baby," she whispered as she pulled up her jeans and fastened them. Jack, still speechless and motionless, seemed a little more sober now. He was no longer swaying. Laura threw her arms round his neck and kissed his mouth hard. "What the? I mean, how did we end up? Who are you?" Jack finally managed, pushing Laura away from him. "What's the matter Jack? You seemed to be enjoying yourself a minute ago!" Laura raised an eyebrow, hands on hips. "You're mine now baby, I'm gonna make you so happy!" She kissed him again, this time putting his hands on her arse. She broke the kiss and grabbed his hand, half dragging him back to where the others were sitting. The lads started whooping and clapping when they saw the two of them together, Jack looking nonplussed, Laura grinning like a Cheshire cat. Jacie stood up quickly, open-mouthed as if she was about to say something then twirled round and stormed out of the park. Jack made as if to go after her, but Laura pushed him onto a bench and sat herself on his lap, giving him a wet kiss, much to the appreciation of everyone there. Jack, now sobering up quite quickly, had no idea what had just happened.... This is the first part of a story, I have already started the next part, each one will follow a different character. Hope you enjoy