

Katey (The Moment)

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This moment started with a nostalgic walk... just like the last moment.

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Katey was my sister's best friend. She always seemed to have a smile for me when she came to our house and I guess I kinda just grew up knowing her. She was only two years older than me but always seemed much older, as girls do. Katey was always kind to me as I grew up; sympathizing with me when my sister didn't, throwing a ball with me when there was no one else around. I always thought it was because she didn't have a little brother of her own. It never crossed my mind that she could be lonely, or that she might like me. She certainly took me by surprise when we went for a walk that summer's evening along the river. My sister had stood her up for some guy and I was hanging out in the garden when she came around, obviously at a loose end. She suggested we walk a ways and enjoy the evening. When the rain started we sheltered under a huge oak tree that bent over and leaned towards the river. At some point while we laughed about the rain our eyes met and the laughter stopped. I instantly sensed that we were going to kiss and in that moment Katey changed – into the beautiful girl she was but I had never noticed. To this day I remember the surprise and delightful excitement as we kissed, hugged and giggled under that old tree. When the rain abated we continued our walk, now holding hands and talking a little less. I didn't ask where we were going when she led me away from the path and into a small wood. An hour later my hands knew more about a woman's body than they had, my body knew more about a woman's hands than it did, and I was no longer a virgin. When I kissed her goodnight at her door that night I was about to ask her when we could go out again but she guessed and put her finger to my lips. "It was a moment." She smiled softly. "A wonderful moment, beautiful. Let's leave it at that and not screw it up by getting involved." We shared some secret smiles over the next few years, before Katey left to work in Seattle, but the moment was never repeated. It was also never forgotten. **** When my sister decided to get married she hadn't seen Katey for years but she eventually tracked her old friends down through some family that still lived locally. When I was told by my excited sibling that her old friend was returning for the big day I couldn't help but smile to myself and remember "the moment". While the

whole of my family got wrapped up in the wedding I had my own little event to look forward to but when the day came I too was overtaken by the event and my anticipation at seeing Katey again was lost. As the day wore on I remembered about her more and more, but couldn't recall seeing her. I was standing at the edge of the dance floor looking out for her, my anticipation gradually dissolving to disappointment, when I felt some familiar arms wrap around me. "Don't turn around yet." She whispered in my ear. "Make a wish. Hey, you never know, I might've brought some luck with me." I made a wish. It wasn't hard to come up with one. Then I turned to see her. "Hi." The familiar smile beamed at me and we fell into a hug. "Wanna dance?" The years had been kind to Katey. As she moved gently in front of me, taking my hand and smiling, I saw a woman in the prime of her life and comfortable with herself. Her hair was a little shorter now and swept back from her face in waves of natural sheen. Dancing, her hair moved like a calm sea echoing a moonlit night. Her face was round and cheerful with a beautifully shaped sensual mouth that somehow managed to look even more enticing when she narrowed her eyes and grinned. She had the greenest eyes I ever saw. Katey's eyes whispered. Her eyebrows tilted slightly and gave her face an overall mixture of natural sex appeal and elfin mischief. Her whole body had its own divine arithmetic that was an absolute in femininity. Tonight she was wearing a short-sleeved cotton dress that featured bunches of fabric around the shoulders and hem line. It was predominantly white with seemingly random brush strokes of pastel shades merging into the cloth like a water-colour painting left out in the rain. I thought back to a moment when I was lucky to have her as my first lover, and couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to repeat the experience now. Back at the bar we small-talked about my sister and her new husband, Katey's job, my job, my lack of a date for the wedding, her lack of a date, our current lack of partners in general everything really, except "the moment". "I gotta go talk to a few people I haven't seen for a while, would be rude not to, but how 'bout you save me the last dance? Seeing as we don't have dates?" She laughed as she left me, not waiting for an answer. When the band announced they were about to play their last song I looked around for Katey but couldn't see her. Again, my disappointment started to rise and I hoped to feel those arms around me, saving me again. Then she was there, across the room from me, smiling. I walked towards her and we met in the center of the floor, coming together comfortably in each other's arms. "Nice to see you again." I whispered. Her head nodded as she laid her cheek against the top of my chest. Katey sighed against me and I could feel the contentment she was radiating. "It's so good to feel close to you again. It's been too long." Even when the music stopped we danced for a few seconds, not wanting to lose whatever connection we had rekindled. It was impossible though, so much of my family to say goodbye to, my sister to see off and all of the general "caught-up-ness" that happens when you least want it to. Somewhere in those minutes I lost track of Katey. I guess I went back to my parent's house because that's where most of the remainder of the crowd headed; the hard core, taking the event into the night. I was in the kitchen when I saw her, at the end of the yard, alone, walking around, looking like she was in a reverie, swinging gently on the swing that my father had never quite found the time to dismantle since we'd grown up. I never saw a more beautiful sight. I walked out into the warm evening with two glasses of wine and an unsteady step. Funny how sometimes even when you know

what's happening you aren't sure. "I knew you'd come." Katey smiled as she took her glass. "I didn't." I wanted to touch her, but couldn't, not yet. "I'm glad you're here though." "Me too." Her eyes touched me. "I'm hoping you'd like to go for a walk." I nodded, sipping at my wine and enjoying Katey's presence. Now certain of where we were headed, I willed myself to relax and enjoy the moment. As far as relaxing went though, I failed; my will wasn't strong enough for the tension that was webbing the space between us. "You remember the last time we walked along here together?" Katey asked wistfully as we meandered down the path to the river. "Not something I'm likely to forget." I hadn't been along that path in over a year, but it hadn't changed; in a year or all seven that separated me from my virginity. "I was lucky. Not everyone's first time was such a great experience. It was a very special moment." Katey stared straight ahead as she answered. "You weren't the only lucky one that day. I was having a tough time with things at home. I needed a comforting hand. You were wonderful. I wished that had been my first time. But you're right, it was very special. I've never forgotten what it meant to me." She sniffed a little laugh. "And you were good." She told me about her life in Seattle, how she enjoyed it but missed something about the small town that she grew up in, something that nagged at her more as the years went by. As we approached the oak tree I was kind of expecting the years to peel away and leave Katey and I back as we were that first time but nothing like that happened. It was just the two of us, in the present, both knowing and enjoying every minute of the tension. This time there was no rain when we got to the oak tree but as she got to the trunk and turned to face me I fell into her arms, feeling a familiar body wrap around me as our lips met in anger for the first time in too long. She tasted of wine, of my youth and just downright sensual. Her tongue was already looking for mine as my lips opened and my fingers spread amongst her luxurious hair. It was a kiss like a sigh as some of the tension between us abated. She smiled as our lips parted, her eyes shining and her hands holding on tight. I couldn't help but point out, "You said it was a moment and that we should leave it alone." "It was, and we are." She lifted her hand to my cheek and let her fingers run down around my chin. "This is a new moment." This time there was no surprise as she pulled on my hand and led me off the river path. "Have you wondered as many times as I have, what might've happened if I hadn't made that stupid comment about leaving the moment alone?" I nodded, smiling at the thought of how many times I had thought exactly that. "I don't know what I was thinking." She said wistfully as we ducked under some overhanging trees. "I guess I thought I was older than you, more mature, too old – which was ridiculous... maybe it was something to do with you being my friend's brother. I don't know. But hey," she squeezed my hand, "I sure regret that I didn't make more of it." "In some ways I couldn't believe you just let me go." She continued. "I so wanted you to ask me, take me somewhere, find out if we had something. But you were too good weren't you? You were the one boy who respected me back then. You never tried to go against me. And I'll bet you wanted to!" "Yes," I mused as she pulled on my hand, "I wanted to, a lot." As we wound our way through the trees I was astounded that she knew the exact steps we took last time. I had retraced those steps many times, but couldn't believe that Katey had. "It was here?" She asked when we reached the exact spot. I nodded and took her other hand so we were facing each other. "It's nice to be back." She smiled and came closer. All those years before I was the inexperienced partner,

anxious and fumbling with her body, getting on top and “doing it”. I knew she’d climaxed, but as time moved on I became aware that it was luck that she did, nothing to do with my skill as a lover. This time I felt mature, but the excitement was the same. However tense the moment was with our anticipation, there seemed no rush this time. I pulled her close and kissed her deeply, letting my hands wander over the cotton of her dress and down to hold her rounded bottom in my hands. She moved against me to feel my hardness against her thigh. I pushed back and rubbed a little against her so she was in no doubt about my excitement. As I felt her hands grasp me and pull me even harder into her I brought one of my own hands up to cup her breast through the tight fabric of her dress. I could feel that she was wearing a bra but as I pushed harder with the rhythm of our kisses I felt her nipple harden enough so I could concentrate on it alone for a few moments through the layers of material. As I pressed and pulled at her, she lifted her leg to clamp me with her thigh and ran her hands urgently over the sides of my chest. As we separated a little I pulled at the buttons on the front of her dress and eased my hand inside to cup her wonderful breast, still restrained by her bra. At the same time Katey let one of her own hands slide between us and begin massaging my hard on through my pants. As she rubbed and tugged hard I could already feel the sensation of pre-cum as it oozed from the end of my cock and created a wet patch on my underwear. Urged on by her massage, I slipped my fingers inside her bra and pulled out her breast, feeling it pushed up and out, the nipple red, erect and begging for my mouth to clamp over it. I stooped to lick her first, then, as she gasped with pleasure, I took the nipple between my lips and sucked gently. Her hand lost its way playing with my cock as she closed her eyes and enjoyed my tongue and lips as they sucked, licked and teased her. I brought my hand to direct her even more upwards for my mouth and squeezed her breast into my mouth again and again. “Oh God,” she breathed into my ear, “you have no idea who good that feels.” I came up to face her and smiled. As she restarted her attentions on my throbbing cock I said softly, “Yes I do.” Then I kissed her again, as deep and long as I’ve kissed anyone. As the urgency of our kisses subsided a little I started to pull her dress up and eased myself slowly downwards to kneel in front of her. As my eyes arrived at her waist level I pulled the hem of her dress over her hips to reveal a plain white g-string that was fighting hard to cover what was already an excited pussy. I paused to look at my prize as Kate stood, waiting for me and brushing my cheek with her fingertips. I thought about simply pulling the panties aside but when Katey reached down and took hold of her dress to stop it falling over my head I grasped the sides of her g-string and pulled them down the length of her legs and over her shoes. Once they were discarded I had a beautiful view of her neatly trimmed pussy, her lips peeking out, looking silky-wet, flushed and in need of some attention. I eased my head forward, extended my tongue so that its very tip could start to explore her swelling lips. As I lapped gently at her there was no doubting her arousal as her juice easily slid off her lips to coat my tongue. Enjoying my first taste of Katey’s pussy, I licked at her for several minutes and let my hand pull and caress on her ass cheeks as I nuzzled hard into her sex, enjoying the smell, flavor and sight of her. As her excitement started to grow again she lifted her left leg and leaned it against a tree, opening her lips and allowing me better access to that sweet pussy of hers. I brought my hand slowly up the inside of her thigh, not stopping as I got to her lips and pushed my index finger deep into her

silky warmth. Katey gasped loudly and brought her hand to hold my head in encouragement. As I slid my finger in and out of her, my palm easing along her thigh all the time, I continued to taste and tease her with my tongue. Every little while I brought my other hand up to take hold of her swollen clit and gently ease it further towards my tongue with a slight twisting motion of my thumb and forefinger. Each time I did that I felt her squirm and smiled to myself, knowing she was close to the edge already. When I added a second finger to penetrate her and started to concentrate my licking on the end of her pleasure bud, there was no holding her back. As I felt her leg stiffen against my hand and her breathing become a series of short pants I began delivering long, slow, licks up and down her pussy while my fingers slowly slid in and out, always ending with a flick at her clit with the tip of my tongue. She seemed to be tensing up and gasping, "Oh God" over and over for almost a minute before the moment took her. "Oh my God." She said louder as her thighs clamped around my head and she quivered. I pushed my tongue harder against her clit now, feeling her release in some extra wetness this time as she started to collapse. There was nothing more than a tiny squeak coming from her throat as she stretched herself up first and then literally fell down onto my fingers and face with her shattering orgasm, splattering all around me with her juices as she pressed onto my tongue and prolonged the climax. "Wow, she panted. Wish I'd known you could do that a few years ago!" I continued to lick all around her pussy as she regained some composure, bracing the thigh of the leg that was against the three with one hand and caressing the soft skin of her bottom with the other. When I felt she had her strength back, I stopped licking her, stood up and faced her. I was smiling broadly and she was still catching her breath. "Oh my," she breathed, "you have grown up! If you'd done that seven years ago, we might never have made it out of here!" As we kissed her hands split their assignments to hold my face close to hers and seek the bulge in my pants. It wasn't hard to find and once she had, it felt like she wasn't going to let go anytime soon. At the same time I managed to slip my hand down the back of her dress and unclasp her bra. As it fell away I held her breasts in turn, feeling her nipples as hard as any I'd ever handled. Breaking away from our kiss, she continued to hold me through my pants but got down on her knees in front of me. She made short work of my zipper and belt, springing me free into the fresh evening air. Next she hungrily pulled away my pants and underwear, before wrapping her hand around me and licking the head of my hard on with slow, long, strokes of her tongue. "I'd forgotten what a nice cock you had." She smiled up to me, continuing to hold me tight and lick me. I looked down as she started to run her tongue around the rim of my cock and pump me with her hand. There was no urgency in her movements, but I sure felt some extra blood heading to the scene as she worked me like an expert. Katey took care to make sure that all of my cock got plenty of attention from her tongue and lips as she licked and sucked on me. As she started to pop the head of my cock into her mouth, so her strokes lengthened as she pumped and twisted her hand around me and her saliva started to trail down the length of my shaft. By now my eyes had closed and I was breathing deeply, an involuntary reaction to the pleasure as I was enjoying the awesome sight of Katey's head and hands working me. As I opened my eyes to get another look at her, I felt her hand come up to my balls, wander around them and then take a nice tight hold as she continued to stroke me. She looked up at me now, smiling with her shining green eyes, knowing only

too well I was helpless in her mouth. She was lightly holding my erection and running her tongue up and down my length while she squeezed and pulled on my balls. Looking down at her now, I thought, "she's right, we have grown up." "How you doing baby?" She asked. "You like some more of this?" I could only nod. Some moments never leave you and so many times I'd thought of our last encounter and what it might have been like if we'd known a little more about what we were doing. Now I knew... There were no more words required as she went back to her task, agonizingly slow but wonderfully drawn-out. There was always something moving, her hands, her mouth, whenever one stopped to concentrate on one pleasure spot the other continued the mission of my pleasure. She massaged my balls deeply while she licked the rim of my cock. She ran her hand lightly up and down my shaft while she sucked at the base of my cock and she took a firm hold of me as she took most of my cock in her mouth and slowly drew her lips off me. It was while she was doing this that I knew there was no more holding back. I'd never felt quite as helpless in sex as I did at that moment. Katey had surprised me with her technique and in the incredible heat of the moment and I knew I was seconds from cumming fast and furious. She knew too, but it didn't deter her from keeping her mouth moving along me, pumping slowly with her hand and massaging my balls with her other hand. As her mouth closed over me again and started its slow journey along my shaft, I felt the orgasm start. She flicked at the side of my balls with her finger, sensing I was there and wanting only the best from me. As her lips slipped off the tip of my cock she got everything I had. My cock jumped in her light grip and spurted furiously at her, throwing three streams of hot white cum at her mouth before she moved forward again and took me back in her mouth. Katey sucked hard on the head of my cock and gently worked my shaft and I could only let her expertise wash over me in a huge wave of pleasure. Once inside again I continued to cum and the next few spasms of cum shot straight into her mouth. As she eased away from me, licking her lips, I let myself sit on the ground next to her, drained from the climax. "So, was that a moment too?" Katey smiled, leaning over to kiss me. "Yes, it was another wonderful moment." "Will this one be repeated?" I grinned, pants at my ankles and still hard and proud out there in the woods. "Probably not." She considered. "This was a moment in its own right. Doesn't mean there won't be another moment though. Or lots of them." As she leaned forward and took me into her hand again I wondered how far away it would be. When I felt her dig between my thighs and start to fondle my balls again I realized she didn't want to wait as long as last time. She kissed me urgently and then slipped over to sit next to me. As we sat there in the woods, on the exact spot I lost my virginity, Katey was idly playing with my cock as we talked, almost as though we were deliberately letting the tension rise a little again. It was almost ten minutes since I came and the world was starting to appear normal again after the kaleidoscopic sensations of our coupling. I had my arm around her and had managed to free her breasts from her dress so I could stoop to suck on her nipples every now and again while she looked down at my swelling head, pulled and stretched the skin hard over my cockhead. "I'd always wondered if you still stayed hard." She laughed. "I remember that first time; you didn't lose it, even after you'd cum. I've always been curious if that was just your youth." She pulled me to a full length. "Obviously not! Good." It was only a matter of seconds and we were in the classic "69" position, her working me again with hand and mouth and me licking her furiously and probing her

pussy with my thumb. As I ran my tongue all around her lips and clit over and over, I felt her pump hard at my cock, twisting her strokes as she held the head firmly in her mouth and sucked hard. I felt her lift away from me and without letting go of my cock, she came up so our faces were close enough for a swift kiss, just a prelude to her whispering, "Fuck me lover. Now." Katey stood up and turned away from me, hitched up her dress and leaned forward so she could rest her hands on the branch of a tree. This left her lovely round ass and still aroused pussy urging me to step forward and get inside her. I stood up, shook my pants from my ankles and smiled at the invitation in front of me. As I took her hips in my hands I let my cock slide up and down between her cheeks as it twitched and throbbed at the prospect to come. As I bent down to position myself to enter her I reached over and grabbed a handful of her breast again, feeling her excite even more and writhe to my touch. Then I took hold of my cock, pushed the head between her lips, let go and thrust deep into her searing hot pussy. With every thrust I held her hips tight and savored the silky wet pussy that was mine for the taking. Katey was tight, slick and hot, just the way I remembered and just how I've liked it ever since. Feeling the sweetness of her envelop me and begin to charge my whole body for the coming explosion, I ran my hand over the skin on her back and slowed my thrusting so it was as long and slow as my need would allow. Katey shuffled her feet as I pumped into her, unashamedly getting the best for both of us. Still holding onto the tree in front of her she swung her head around and said, "Fuck me hard now baby, give it to me, I need you now." Her words had a rising urgency, and my reaction was to thrust fast and deep into her, hammering the tops of my thigh against her exposed cheeks, feeling the hot walls of her pussy rub hard against me. I took a hand away from her hip and slipped it under her body, feeling for her clit and massaging while I continued to pound into her. I already had doubts about lasting too long and when Katey slipped a hand up to feel my cock as it slipped in and out of her, it was all over for me holding back. I tried to keep up my attentions on her pussy but was failing miserably as my own body tensed, I slowed my strokes and awaited the release that only she could bring now. The first shot of cum seemed to come from miles away; rushing up from my balls, down my cock and shooting out unbelievably fast. As the spurts continued I slid in and out, prolonging my pleasure, something Katey was also intent on as she rubbed my balls hard with the palm of her hand. "That's my baby." She said, looking around and up at me with a big smile. As I continued to thrust gently inside her, I eagerly rubbed at her clit as I tried to take her to orgasm as close to mine as I could. As my climax began to subside I felt the familiar sounds of her breath shortening and her hips wriggle on my cock and fingers. I reached out with my other hand, clamped a nipple between my thumb and forefinger and she came. Katey literally screamed as she climaxed for the second time, driving her ass back into me as she rode the best of her moment out on my cock. It was almost reluctantly that I withdrew from her and she stood to face me again, smiling, eager to kiss. "Now that, she whispered as we hugged, "was a moment!" This time we gathered ourselves up, held each other for a few minutes and then set about finding enough of our clothes to return to step out of our moment and back to the real world. As I zipped up I watched as Katey pulled up her panties and stuffed her breasts back into her bra and dress. Then we walked back along the river path almost silently but very content.