

# Sonya's Siren Song Part 2 - Educating Sonya

By Taverner



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*Leon finds Sonya to be a willing student in the art of lovemaking*

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This story continues on directly from my first story, Sonya's Siren Song. In the morning, I opened my eyes, and there was Sonya, in the bed beside me, still fast asleep. I realised that whatever happened last night had really happened, and there was no going back. I wasn't sure what would happen when she awoke, but just in case, I quietly slipped out of the side of my bed, and put my pyjama pants back on. I looked down at the still-sleeping Sonya, lying with her back to me, and I remembered that under the covers, she probably still had her silk nightdress pulled up, and would be naked from the waist down. It was an arousing thought, and of course, my body responded. I crept to the en-suite bathroom, closing the door to avoid disturbing her, and I cleaned my teeth and washed my face with cold water. I crept back to the bed, and slid carefully in beside Sonya, who stirred anyway, and then turned to look at me. She blinked, and her face brightened, and she said, "So, it wasn't just a sexy dream." I shook my head, not entirely sure what to say. "No, it wasn't a dream." Then, I added, "You okay?" Sonya stretched, and said, "Mmmmm, very much so," and then she rolled over and put her left arm around me in the bed, with her face close to mine. "I mean, are you okay with what happened last night?" I said. "I wouldn't change a thing," Sonya answered, looking me straight in the eyes, "What about you? Are you okay?" she asked, a little seriously. "I'm great," I said, smiling. "I know you're great," she said, smiling back playfully, "and I've still got the tingly feelings inside me to show for it." Sonya moved her face closer, and kissed me, and said, "Hey, you cheated! You've already brushed your teeth!" She pulled her face away, and said, put her hand over her mouth, and said, "I've probably got an advanced case of Dragon Mouth!" No," I said, "There's nothing wrong with your breath!" I kissed her again, to show her it was true. Sonya looked toward the door of the en-suite, and said, "All this kissing has given me an idea," looking back at me, "Leon, does your bathroom have room for two?" Her smile was mischievous again. "I don't know. I've never tried to find out," I answered. I had a feeling I was going to like where this was leading. "I always thought you were more adventurous than that," she said, obviously making plans in her head. She got out of the bed on her side, stood up, shaking her silk nightie back down, not that it covered much of her, and said, "We should get ourselves cleaned up, so you can give me some revision on some of that tutoring you gave me last night." She ran her fingers through her hair, to smooth it back out of her face, and said,

"If you're not in there in two minutes, I'll start without you." She headed towards the en-suite, and just before the door, she peeled her nightdress over her head, and the last thing I saw was the wiggle of her pert little bottom, as she walked in and turned left to get in the shower. I got out of bed again, as I heard Sonya turning on the shower, and I walked to the en-suite. Sonya was in the shower recess, already soaking wet under the shower. I took in the vision of her lovely body, with her slim, but curvy shape, and those modestly sized, but perfectly shaped breasts, their nipples a dark shade of pink, and her patch of pubic hair, now slightly darker than usual because it was wet. My cock hardened even more at the sight. Sonya smiled, and opened the glass door, and she stepped closer to me in the opening. She put her hands on my shoulders, and pulled me down to her, and kissed me on the mouth. It was a soft and sexy kiss. Then, holding my gaze, she started to unbutton my pyjama shirt, which was getting wetter as I stood there. "Take off your P.J.'s and come in with me," she smiled invitingly, speaking in a soft voice. I peeled off my now-wet pyjama top, and dropped it on the floor, and then I took off my pyjama shorts, dropping them with my shirt. My cock was hard, and inspired by the sight of Sonya, and the feel of her in my arms, I have to say it was pretty impressive for a guy my age. Sonya used the soap to lather up her hands, and with her right hand, she took hold of my cock, and began washing it in a slow wanking motion. The feeling was delightful, and I shuddered, and made an involuntary hiss through my teeth. "Don't come in my hand," Sonya said, looking up from her work, "I've got plans for this." Sonya reached up and detached the showerhead on its flexible hose, from the hook on the shower recess wall, and rinsed the lather off my cock. Then, only after she had replaced the showerhead, she took me in her arms again, and said, with a bright smile, "All fresh and clean and ready for action." She kissed me again, another slow, soft, sexy kiss, and said, "I've never been taken from behind, Leon. I think it's time for you to show me what it's like." This time, I bent down myself, and kissed her on the mouth, starting slow and soft, but then pressing her lips to mine, holding her there for a moment, and then breaking the kiss to say, "Well, I am responsible for your education." The look on her face showed she was ready to take instructions. I took hold of her shoulders, and gently turned her around to face the tiled wall of the shower recess behind her. "Just put your hands out and lean against the wall," I said, and she did so, and I knelt down, and gently moved her legs apart. I could have simply asked her to spread them, but it was a good reason for me to handle her lovely thighs. Before getting back up, I gave her a soft kiss on her left buttock, and stood up. She had her head turned back over her left shoulder, so on the way up, I kissed her again, soft and slow, on her mouth, and I said, "Just bend forward a little." She bent as I asked, presenting her beautiful bottom, and the entrance to her and pussy, to me. I put my left arm around her and across her belly, and I used my right hand to guide my hard cock to the opening of her pussy. The slick wetness of her pussy opening was in contrast to the warm water that was running onto us from the shower head, and she flinched a little as the head of my cock entered her. Knowing how deep a man goes into a girl's pussy from behind, I took about half a dozen gentle strokes before I was fully inside her, and I heard Sonya say, "I feel really full when you do it like that." I started a gentle fucking motion, holding Sonya steady with my left arm, and bracing myself against the wall with my right hand, taking it nice and steady. It was only a few moments before she arched her back, and bowed

her head, and said, "Every time you move, it feels so good I can hardly stand it!" I stopped my gentle thrusting to give her time to relax again, and adjusted my stance slightly, so I wasn't going in as deep. "I'll just try it like this," I said, as I began to move inside her again. She took a deep, shuddering breath, and said, rather breathlessly, "Oh, that feels so good!" I kept the movement just like that for a minute or two, with neither of us saying anything, but I could hear Sonya's breathing becoming faster and deeper. Her snug, wet little pussy was fitted perfectly to my hard cock, and I began to increase the pace a little, as Sonya turned her head over her left shoulder to kiss me deeply as we fucked in that position, under the warm water from the shower. Then, Sonya's whole body stiffened, and she made a little, constricted, squealing noise in her throat, and her whole body seemed to go a little limp. I took her weight in my arms and she turned her head back again to kiss me, and said, "That was so good, I can hardly stand up!" She was smiling, but breathing hard at the same time. I took my still-hard cock from her pussy, and I turned her to face me. "You better dry off and sit down," I said, but Sonya answered with, "But you haven't come yet." I was about to say that was okay, but she said, "Let me get down on all fours and you can keep going. I want you to come, too." How could I argue with an invitation like that? I let go of her shoulders, and she got a towel from the rack, and got down, putting the towel under her knees on the tiled floor, so her pussy and bottom were just inside the shower recess. Taking her cue, I knelt down and gently slid my rigid cock into her welcoming pussy, once again, taking a few strokes before I was right inside. I started to fuck her gently, from behind, and with every few strokes I could feel the sensitive head of my cock touching right up inside, probably moving against her cervix. "That feels," Sonya said, with a strain sounding in her voice, and pausing to swallow, "totally full." "I always goes in deeper this position," I said, as I gently fucked her, revelling in the feel of her snug little pussy around my cock. Sonya flinched, jerking her whole body, and said, "I think you're getting my G-spot," with a voice a little louder than I expected. I started to move the head of my cock right to the opening of her pussy with each out-stroke, watching the lips of her pussy closing around it, and then thrusting back inside gently, but as deeply as I felt I could without making her uncomfortable. Sonya bowed her head again, and stiffened her back, saying, "Again! I think I'm gonna come again!!" She took another ragged breath, and said, "Leon, I think I'm gonna come again! I can't believe it!" Her voice was already wavering. I was also getting closer to orgasm, and the sight of Sonya's body as she started to come, and the ecstatic sound of her voice, were making it more difficult for me to hold on, but I tried to last just that little longer. Sonya adjusted the position of her hands on the tiled floor, and tilted her little pelvis slightly, allowing me to go just that little deeper inside her. I was holding her by the hips, taking slow, but deep thrusts into her beautiful pussy, and with the change in the angle of entry, I felt I could speed up the pace. "That's it, Leon," she said, speaking rapidly, with urgency in her voice, "That's it! That's it! That's beautiful!" and her back arched, her hands clenched, and she made a long, "Ohhh- oh -ohhh!" My own orgasm burst again inside me, and for the second time, I came inside Sonya's precious pussy, feeling the waves of liquid pleasure course through me, thrusting harder, as my body lost control for those few seconds, conscious of little more than my cock plunging in and out of Sonya's body. After Sonya's orgasm passed, her whole body relaxed with a gasping sigh, and she put her head on her forearms on the

tiles. With my own breathing rapid and gasping, I took her by the left hand and said, "Here, I'll help you up," and I helped her to stand up. She turned as though she was a little giddy, her legs still shaky, holding onto me for support, and I bent to kiss her sweet mouth. After the kiss, she looked up at me, still breathing a little heavily, and said, "We're getting good at this, Leon, aren't we?" "Experts," I said, smiling, "We're getting to be experts at it," kissing her again. After that, when Sonya had got her breath back, and regained her balance, we took turns at washing each other under the warm shower. I paid particular attention to her breasts, pussy and buttocks, and Sonya did the same for me, paying special attention to my cock and balls. We took our time, making sure the job was done properly, and then we used fluffy towels to dry each other thoroughly, once again paying special attention to those same areas. After we'd finished, and wrapped towels around ourselves, Sonya looked up at me with a smile, as she dried her hair, and said, "It's Saturday. We've got the whole day to ourselves. No work for you, no school for me, just you and me together." "What have you got in mind?" I asked, although I had an idea. "Let's spend the day pleasuring each other," Sonya answered, still smiling. I loved the way she put it, not "making love," or "having sex," or even, "fucking," but, "pleasuring each other," but I had to say, "Sonya, I'm forty years old. I don't think I can keep up with you." She bit her lower lip in thought, but still kept the smile on her face, and looked at me, raising one eyebrow, and saying, "That's okay. Any time we're both horny, we can screw each other's brains out, but if I'm horny and you're not, I can take care of business on my own." She made eye contact, and continued on with, "And you can watch if you want to, and who knows? You might get inspired enough to join in and take over." Her smile was even wider. "I'll be happy to let you do that," she added. Sonya walked back into the bedroom from the en-suite, and said, "Let's get dressed and I'll fix us some breakfast. All this hot sex is giving me an appetite." She walked out of the room, and up the hall to her own room to get dressed. I put on some jeans and a sports shirt, went to the kitchen to join her. Sonya came back to the kitchen from her room, wearing a short, sleeveless cream coloured summer dress, with a neckline that showed off a little cleavage, but not too much. After all, she was still only sixteen. Even so, I could see she had a sexy pink lace bra on underneath. As usual on a Saturday, we collaborated over cooking breakfast, and it was just like any other weekend, as we sat and talked, taking our time as we ate. Sonya told me about goings-on at school, a movie she had seen with her friend last week, and I told her about things that had gone on with my work, as though nothing out of the ordinary had gone on last night. After breakfast, we did our usual Saturday morning household chores, and in the mid-morning, we had a coffee break. I sat on the couch in the living room, with some coffee, and Sonya sat next to me on the couch, sipping her lemon tea. We had been close since long before we lost her mother, so it was not unusual for her to sit right next to me like that, but as we sat and talked, I found myself looking at her pink bra. "Are you looking down my dress?" Sonya asked, with the hint of a smirk. "Actually, yes," I admitted. "Good," Sonya smiled, "I'd be a little disappointed if you weren't." Sonya leaned forward, and placed her cup on the coffee table. She sat back, with her head on my left shoulder, looking up at me, and said, "Got any plans for the next hour or so?" "No," I answered, "What about you?" Sonya swung around to kneel between my knees, so her face was close to mine, and I could smell her sexy, girly scent. "Last night, you went down on me," she said, meaningfully, "and it

was fantastic," she finished enthusiastically. "I'm glad you liked it," I answered, thinking this was only going to get better. I was expecting her to ask me to do it again, and I would have found that quite delightful, but she said, "How about we go into your room and you can let me try it on you?" "You don't have to do that," I said. "I'd love to try it," Sonya said, dropping her gaze to my crotch and then looking back up, "I've never done it before, but when I was washing you in the shower this morning, I thought 'I'd like to put that in my mouth.'" She smiled brightly, stood, and took my left hand in her right, and said, "Come on, lets go and have some fun." I stood up, and followed Sonya to my bedroom. I felt a cold wave of excitement as watched her sexy walk from behind. Inside my room, she turned to me and pressed herself against me, looking up and saying, "I've never done this but I think I can work it out," Her voice seemed slightly husky, or at least had an edge to it. She smiled a little hesitantly, and glanced at my bed, saying, "I guess it starts with you on the bed." Her smile widened. I got on my bed and lay down on top of the covers. Sonya kicked off her sandals, climbed on the bed, and got between my legs, on all fours. "Let me do this," she smiled, and she undid my belt, and zipper, and then gently removed my jeans and underwear. My cock was moderately hard already, and I looked at the position Sonya was in, head down, and her bottom up, for a moment I thought of what she would look like from behind in that short, cream summer dress. My cock felt a little harder at that thought alone. "If you want me to stop, or you start to feel uncomfortable, just tell me and I'll stop," Sonya said, smiling ironically, as she mimicked what I had said to her the first time I went down on her the night before. "I won't stop you , either," I said, as the excitement began to mount in me. Sonya stroked my cock a couple of times, very gently, with her right hand, and said, "I don't know what it'll be like if you come in my mouth, but just do it and I'll see what it's like. Okay?" I nodded. My mouth was feeling a little dry already. Sonya put her mouth close to my cock, and I could feel her warm breath on the head. She softly kissed the head, and then licked it gently a few times with her tongue. She licked it like an ice-cream cone, and the feeling was exquisite, almost unbearable. Then, she put her mouth over the head, and stroked her head up and down a few times, stimulating the most sensitive part with her lips, and the inside of her mouth. She hadn't even started with her tongue yet, but I flinched, as she attended to my hard cock with that pretty little mouth. It was so sexy watching this little novice, as she gently licked and sucked my cock, and now and again made eye contact with me, her lips working on the head of my tool. "You're doing really great," I said, reassuringly, with a slight waver in my voice, "but sometimes I have trouble coming in a girl's mouth," I said. "I don't know why, but sometimes I can't come when a girl goes down on me." Sonya took her mouth from my cock, and said, "That's okay. If I can't make you come in my mouth, we both know I've got somewhere else you can do it." Her smile was both sexy and mischievous, and her warm breath on my wet cock was delicious. "Satisfaction guaranteed," she added. She was about to put her mouth back on my cock, but she stopped and said, "It tastes kind of, I don't know, exciting . I can't explain it, but I can feel myself getting wet." "Most girls get wet when they do that," I said. I couldn't help smiling. "Well, you might have to help me out with that when I'm finished with you," Sonya answered, looking me in the eyes. She put her mouth back on my cock, first taking in the head only, but then moving her mouth down further. She used her lips to spread her saliva around it, and then started to use her tongue for

the first time, adding immeasurably to the pleasure I was feeling. Her tongue was rubbing against the sensitive area under the head, and all I could do was let the feelings course through me, but I could not feel an orgasm starting. Sonya took a little more of my cock on her mouth, and it looked as though she had as much in there as she could fit. She was gently moving her head up and down, and every few strokes she would move down quickly, just one quick stroke, and then back to the gentle motion. It felt incredible, but I was not even close to coming. She kept on for a little longer, occasionally moving her mouth back up so she had just the head inside, using her tongue to work on the sensitive parts, and then after a while, she gently released my still-hard cock from her mouth. She licked her lips, and said, "What do you think? Do you think you'll come if I keep going?" I didn't want to disappoint her, but I said, "I told you I sometimes have trouble coming in a girl's mouth, so it's not your fault. You were doing really well." Sonya got up from the bed, and stood next to it, on my right side, still smiling, and not discouraged at all. "Fortunately, I've got a place specially designed by nature, just to make you come. Time for plan B," she said, enthusiastically. From under her short dress, she took off a pair of sexy lace panties that matched the bra I had seen down the front of her dress, and she handed them to me, as I lay on the bed. I looked at them, and I noticed the cotton gusset was damp with her juices, and I gently inhaled the aroma, and looked up at her. "You like that, don't you?" she said, with that impish smile. "It's guy thing," I said, as I put them on the bed next to me. "Probably lesbians, too," she giggled. Sonya lifted her dress over her head and took it off, in one movement, and tossed it on the floor. "Bra on or off?" she said. "Leave it on," I answered, "It's kind of sexy," looking at the sheer pink lace bra, holding her pretty breasts in place, "Not that I don't want to look at your naked breasts, but there's something very sexy about that bra," I smiled. Sonya started to climb on the bed, but she stopped with one leg on it, with her sweet little pussy open, exposed, and glistening with moisture. It looked so inviting that I considered asking her if she'd like me to go down on her again, but she seemed to have her own plans in mind. She looked at me and said, "Can I get on top this time?" "Be my guest," I said. Sonya straddled my thighs, and my hard cock stood in front of her, looking big next to her petite body. I remember thinking it must go pretty deep inside her, and she said, "So far, Leon, you've given me four fantastic orgasms. This time, I want to give you one." "I've been coming too, you know," I answered, smiling back at her. "I know, but this time I want to give you one," Sonya continued. Sonya took my hard tool in her right hand, and with her left hand she opened her pussy lips and fed my cock into herself. She sank down on my cock, taking a deep breath and half-closing her eyes, as I entered her. Once again, I could feel the snug walls of her pussy hugging my cock, and she moved her pelvis up and down a couple of times, and then she lay forward on me, and began to fuck me from above. After only about two strokes, she flinched and buckled, as though someone had tickled her ribs. "Oh!" she said, laughing, "that gets me right on my clitty when I do it like this!" She settled down, and adjusted her pelvis slightly, and began that slow fucking motion once more. A moment or two later, she made that explosive giggling sound again, flinching, and saying, "I can't do it! It's too sensitive like that!" Sonya looked at me as though she expected me to be disappointed, or frustrated, but I said, "It's okay, just try and adjust your position a bit." I put the palm of my right hand on her buttocks, caressing them very gently, and said, "Sex is meant to be fun,

anyway.” “You sure you don’t want to get on top and finish the job?” she asked, a little more seriously. “No, keep going,” I said, “We’ll get there.” Sonya kissed my mouth again, and said, “You’re so patient.” She sat back up, still impaled on my cock, and said, “Just a minute, while I get my act together. I can do this.” She adjusted her legs a little, and then leaned back down to lie on my chest, and began to fuck me from above, while I tilted my pelvis to meet her with each stroke. It felt incredible, and we got into a nice, sexy rhythm. “This is great,” she said, looking at me, “I can feel you going right up inside.” Then, she gave me a deep kiss, with plenty of tongue, then drew back from the kiss, with her face close to mine, saying, “I’m gonna make you come, Leon.” She said it like it was a statement of fact. I was holding Sonya with my arms around her back, but only gently, so I wouldn’t restrict her movement. She wanted to make this happen her own way, and all I had to do was enjoy it. I could feel the pleasure building up, and seeing her closing her eyes, and just riding her own waves of ecstasy was making me even more excited. “You gonna come soon?” Sonya asked, a little breathlessly. “I think so,” I said, “You’re making it hard to hold on.” “Don’t,” Sonya replied, “Just do it. Just let yourself come. I want to make you come.” “It’ll be all over if I do,” I said, my voice becoming hoarse, as I matched her rhythm with my own thrusting. “That’s okay,” she said, speaking a little faster, “I’ll take care of myself afterwards. I want you to watch me.” She was speaking faster, and fucking me a little more vigorously, but she still gave me a mischievous smile, and added, “I want to put on a show for you.” “You’re amazing!” I said. “Do you want me to go faster?” Sonya asked, her voice getting more breathless. “Just keep going the way you are ” I said, “It’s perfect.” Sonya kept her beautiful fucking rhythm going, lying on top of me, riding my cock in full-length strokes, and I moved my hands down to rest them on her buttocks, feeling them clench with each thrust of her pelvis. I was getting to the point of no return, and I knew I was going to come soon. “Am I making you come, Leon?” Sonya asked, her voice rapid and urgent, “I think I can hear it in your breathing.” “I’m not far off,” I said, in a hoarse whisper. “You gonna go for it?” she asked. I only nodded; I could barely speak because the first twinges had started. I felt the orgasm start at the base of my cock, and then it burst and spread through me in a ripple of incredible pleasure, as the walls of her pussy hugged my cock, milking my orgasm from it. “You’re coming, aren’t you?” Sonya said, “I made you come!” “ Yes!” I cried, my voice strained, and louder than I expected. It was all I could say. My pelvis started to thrust back harder, pushing my hard cock deeper into Sonya, momentarily beyond my control, as I started to spurt into her. She had a look of triumph on her face, but suddenly, her eyes widened, her mouth opened, and she said, “Oh, Leon! I’m coming too!” Her arms gripped me tighter, and she started to thrust her own pelvis harder, faster, forcing my cock even deeper into her snug little pussy, testing it to its limits. We had been meeting each other’s thrusts perfectly, but lost in our own orgasms, we got out of sequence, thrusting and thrusting at each other, both gasping, both breathing hard, both of us giving and taking sexual gratification in equal measure. My orgasm was subsiding, but Sonya was still in full cry, thrusting her pelvis, her upper body shuddering, her breath ragged, her eyes focussed in the distance. All I could do was hold onto her, as she rode her orgasm to its finality. Sonya’s thrusting lost its even rhythm, and she started to thrust in random strokes, deep, shallow, fast, slow, all at once, as she immersed herself in sexual pleasure. Then, at the end, arched her back, and threw her head

backwards, her face looking almost as though she was in pain. She made a throaty, gasping, “Ahhhhh!” sound, and then relaxed, and lay on my chest, panting for breath. I could feel the film of sweat on her back, as I gently ran my right hand from her shoulders to her buttocks. My cock was still inside her, still half-hard, and in a breathless whisper, she said, “Just hold me here for a bit, Leon. Just hold me while I lie here.” I didn’t feel like moving, either, so we both lay there like that for a few minutes, with Sonya on top, and my spent cock still nestled inside her sticky pussy. Eventually, Sonya rolled over onto the bed on my left, and lay there on her right side, facing me. As if deep in thought, she placed her right arm under my neck, and took hold of my softening cock, in her left hand, looking at it intently, and saying, “Every time I get near this thing, I come all over the place.” She looked up from it to meet my gaze, and smiled. “You looked like you enjoyed that,” I said, also smiling. “Am I that transparent?” she smiled back, “I can’t hide anything from you, can I?” Sonya moved up to kiss me on the mouth, a long and sexy kiss that excited me, even though she had only just fucked me to an incredible level of satisfaction a few minutes ago. “Wanna see how I make myself come?” she said, with her impish smile, after breaking the kiss, “I told you I’d put on a show for you.” “Only if you want to show me,” I said, smiling back, “but I thought that was only if I came and you didn’t.” “Well, you did say sex was supposed to be fun,” she answered, “and I think it’d be fun to show you.” I turned over on my left side to watch her, and Sonya, still wearing nothing but her pink lace bra, began to wiggle her pelvis around as she lay on her back. “First off,” she started, looking at me, “I like to get comfortable. Normally, I’d have to take my pants off, but I’m not wearing any today.” The smile she gave me was almost ridiculously sweet, under the circumstances. After making herself comfortable on the bed, Sonya spread her legs, and she put the first finger of her right hand in her mouth, and wet it, then she put it between her legs, touching herself just below her clit. “I usually lick my finger to get it wet, and then I start to gently stroke my slit, like this,” she said, demonstrating for me. “That helps to get me nice and wet down there, but with all that come you just left inside me, I’m already on a bit of a roll,” she smiled. “Your come might not be any good for making babies, but it’s nice and slippery,” Sonya went on, as she gently parted her inner lips with her finger, pushing it in a little further, “and it’s giving me a head start.” She took a deep breath, and moved her finger down a little, and said, “Every now and again, I like to run my finger down to my opening, and spread a little of my juice up on my clit, to keep things going nice and smoothly.” She paused, but kept her fingers going, and said, “I’ve got this down to a fine art.” She then used her left hand to very gently part the outer lips on either side of her clitoris, and started to touch herself under the hood with the first finger of her right hand. I saw her swallow, and take a quick little breath, and she said, “I’ve got a confession to make.” She dropped her gaze, for a moment, as if she could be any more candid than she already was, and, still gently touching her own pussy with her right hand, she said, “Over the last couple of months, when I do this, I sometimes close my eyes and imagine it’s your hand down there.” She looked back up to see my reaction. Now I was the one who had to swallow, but I was a little lost for words. “You’ve got beautiful hands, Leon,” Sonya said, “strong, but beautiful and soft.” I looked at my own right hand without thinking. I’m not a big man, so my hands are not what you would call chunky, and I have long fingers, but I was surprised to hear Sonya complimenting me on them like that. “Made’ya look,” she said,

smiling, when she saw me looking at my hand. Her own hand was still gently working on her pussy. "I never thought of them like that," I said. "Seriously, Leon, they are beautiful," Sonya continued, "Sometimes, when you kiss me good night, you put them on my shoulders and kiss me on the top of my head, and I can feel the strength in them, but they're so lovely and soft. You've got loving hands," she said, still gently stroking her pretty little pussy in front of me on the bed. Her voice was taking on a dreamy quality. "In fact," Sonya started, "It'd be really nice if you touched me with your hands while I do this, Leon. I'm doing it for you, but if you touch me gently, it'll be even better for me." My throat felt a little dry, as I swallowed, and I said, "You seem to have things under control down there," looking at her hand between her legs, as her finger gently rubbed her clit in a circular motion, "so where would you like me to touch you?" Sonya still had that dreamy expression on her face, and she took a deep but gentle breath, and said, "Well, you could take off my bra and play with my boobs, you know. They've never been touched by a man," pausing to make eye contact, "although I like to play with them myself sometimes, when I do this." I moved over, so I could put my arms in an embrace under Sonya's back, to undo her bra as she lay on the bed. While our faces were close, she lifted her head from the pillow, and gave me a long and soft kiss on the mouth. "Got it?" she asked, as I undid the catch, and she relaxed back on the bed. I gently pulled her pink lace bra away, so she could take her left arm out of it, and then I slid it along her right arm, down to her pussy. She took her hand away from her pussy, so I could slide the bra off, and she put two fingers of her right hand into her mouth and licked the juices from them. "You and me mixed together," she whispered, smiling, as she went back to gently rubbing her pussy and clit. I kissed her mouth again, so I could taste what she was describing, and then I looked at her exposed breasts. Sonya was not a big sun-worshipper, so she only had very faint tan-lines on her breasts, but they were beautifully shaped, round and perky, with nipples a darkish-pink colour. I put my right hand on her left breast, and gently caressed the nipple between my thumb and forefinger. Her own tender ministrations of to her pussy had already made them slightly hard, but I felt the nipple harden even more at my touch. Sonya gently bit her lip, as she looked down at my hand on her breast, and she said, in a breathy voice, "Would you like to kiss my other one?" "I think you read my mind," I said, smiling as I moved down and gently kissed her just above her right nipple, while I still caressed her left breast. Then, I placed my lips over her right nipple, and gently sucked, feeling the nipple harden even further in my mouth. Sonya took another deep breath, and I turned my head slightly, still with her nipple in my mouth, and I watched her right hand moving between her legs, as she gently stroked and fingered her pussy. I felt her left hand on the back of my head, gently stroking my hair, and then she said, "Leon, I'm close." Her chest heaved twice, and took my mouth away, and looked at her pretty face, as she tilted her head back, and closed her eyes, and took another deep breath. I took my hand away from her left breast, and gave her right nipple one last gentle kiss, and then moved back, to let her come by her own hand, as she had wanted to show me. Even though it was only a short time since I had come inside her beautifully snug pussy, the same pussy that was now being stroked, fingered and gently massaged by her own hand, I felt my cock begin to harden again, at the sight of this lovely young girl, pleasuring herself in front of me. Sonya's right hand began to move a little faster, and she took a deep breath, and began

to make that whimpering sound she made sometimes, when she was close to orgasm, “Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh,” and she started to move her hand up and down between her clit and the opening of her pussy. Then, she put her left hand between her legs, and began to finger-fuck herself with the first finger, while her right hand worked her clit and slit. She shut her eyes, and bent her legs at the knees, drawing her legs up, and continued with the whimpering sound. Even though I had only just come a short time before, I could feel my own desire uncoiling inside me at the site of Sonya, as she brought herself closer to a shuddering climax, but I remained as I was, letting her finish what she had started. My own throat was dry, and I had to swallow, as Sonya bent her head back, with her eyes shut, and made an, “Uh, uh, uhh!! ” sound, her belly contracting sharply with each groan, and she started to thrust her own pelvis, as she fingered herself to ecstasy. “ Leon! I’m coming! I’m coming!” she cried, “ Ohhhh, Leon! Ohhhh, Leon! That feels so good! ” Then, with a groan from deep in her throat, she relaxed on the bed, and exhaled with a long sigh. I waited a moment, to make sure she was really finished, and I took her right hand from her pussy, and licked her juices from her fingers, while she looked at me with a dreamy smile. Sonya then reached over and took my right hand with her left hand, and pulled me, so I took the hint and rolled toward her. She hugged me to her, but my now-hard cock poked her thigh, and she looked down at it, and said, in a slightly breathless voice, “What happened to the forty-year old guy who didn’t think he could keep up with me?” She gently took hold of my cock in her left hand and said, “Let me help you with that,” and moved her pelvis towards it. My cock was by no means the mythical “eight inches of pink steel” you read about in porn magazines, but even so soon after coming, it was hard enough for me to make good use of it. I got onto my knees between Sonya’s legs, to enter her and I looked at her ravaged pussy. Her pubic hair was matted with a mixture of my come and her own juices, and the inner lips were swollen and purple, but the entrance was a welcoming pout. I slid my cock into Sonya, feeling the now-familiar sensation as the walls of her pussy hugged my hard cock. After a few gentle strokes to get the motion going, I began to thrust a little harder, and Sonya hugged me to her, and said, “Fuck me deep, Leon, do it like I’m a woman, not a girl.” I responded by fucking her a little deeper, but I was conscious of not pounding her little pussy unmercifully. I just couldn’t bring myself to do that. Sonya took a deep breath and said, “Satisfy yourself, Leon, just let yourself come. I’m here for you, just like you’re always there for me. Just do it.” My own orgasm came faster than I expected, probably because I had been so aroused by Sonya’s solo performance, and I felt the first twinges beginning, as Sonya’s exquisite pussy worked its magic on my cock. Sonya hugged me to herself, and kissed me, and said, “This one’s for you.” She wrapped her legs around me, and said, “I’m not letting you go until you’re finished.” “It won’t take long,” I said, with my voice straining. I felt myself starting to come, and Sonya hugged me even closer, as I began to thrust harder into her. It was so soon after I had come the first time, that my second orgasm was so good, it was almost painful, as I spurted a second measure of seed into Sonya’s welcoming pussy. For those few seconds, all I knew was the feeling of my climax, and the sensation of Sonya’s pussy, working my cock, extracting every ounce of pleasure that our coupling was capable of giving. Then, totally spent, I relaxed, supported only by my elbows, so I did not let my whole weight rest on Sonya’s petite body. After a couple of moments of silence, as we both got our

breath back, Sonya said, "This could be habit-forming." I rolled over onto the bed, on her left, and then she rolled over to lay her head on my chest. We lay there for a while, hardly speaking, until we dropped off to sleep, our arms wrapped around each other, in my bed. I was now enthralled by Sonya, the beautiful siren, and I would never be the same