

Sexnovella's Teenage Love

Chapter 1

I had decided that I should fly from Los Angeles to India. First I went to a Buddhist massage parlor, or at least that was what I thought it was. They offered a revolutionary treatment only for women and as it turned out, only with male masseurs. Everything seemed fine at first. I got a small room with only a very hard bench and a stool in one corner. I was told to take off all my clothes except my panties and lie down on the wooden bench and try to relax and clear my mind from all my thoughts. It was pretty hot so it was nice to take off my dark blue clothes. I lay face down and rested. The room was soundproofed but I heard some sounds that sounded like deep groans, deeper and more prolonged than anyone would expect in a massage parlor.

"Well, I'm in India," I thought.

After a while, a man came into the room. I tried to turn so I could see his face but he stopped me with his hand.

"The idea is that you won't see me," he said in broken English.

I accepted his comment and relaxed again. He wore a large kaftan which he removed and hung up on a hook close to me. He stood near my feet and started to massage me. His touch felt nice and I relaxed completely. His movements weren't violent, but rather passionate and even sensual. He worked his way up along my entire body, calves, thighs, inner thighs, buttocks, and back. It was a special treat as he even touched the sides of each of my breasts. Then he continued up to my neck, head, along the arms, all the way to the fingers and back again.

I noticed that my breathing had changed and that a glow started within me. At first I didn't understand what it was and then I understood. I had felt a spark of excitement that the masseur had given to my body. He continued and built up a tingling feeling inside my body, a growing desire for this man was welling up inside of me. It was a strange feeling to desire a man I had never seen before. Then suddenly and taking me a bit by surprise, the way he massaged me changed and became as long caresses rather than the small rubbing motions.

He suddenly stopped massaging me and asked, "Is it good?"

"Yeah," was all I could answer with a long sigh.

He continued to massage my body for a long time. The fire within my body became stronger. When he was massaging my neck again, I experienced a touch on my lower back where he definitely didn't have any hands. It took a moment before I realized what it was. When I did, I panicked. I raised myself with my arms and looked behind me.

My masseur had pulled back from my calves and said, "Excuse me. I'm sorry. It certainly wasn't my intention."

It didn't matter to me what he said as I stared hungrily at my masseur. He was completely naked and between his legs hung the largest, most beautiful and shapely penis I had ever seen. I almost lost my breath. At first, I was shocked but then that warm glow within me returned and I relaxed and smiled. He looked guilty and ashamed. I looked at his well-shaped and slim body. The glow within me became stronger.

"What do you want to do with me?" I asked.

"Whatever you wish Madame," he replied.

I gathered all my courage and said, "Rub my belly."

"Turn over please," he quickly replied.

I turned and lay on my back, as I knew how I would react to his body. He was young, well built, and very beautiful. He looked very serious while his sensitive, strong hands caressed my whole body from toes to forehead. First, he avoided the more intimate places but soon his hands slid up my inner thighs; his thumbs touched my pussy lips through my panties.

His hands moved higher and began to circle around my breasts but he didn't touch the raised nipples. My excitement grew and my body tingled. My nipples were hard and my pussy was pulsing. I noticed that my divine masseur's penis twitched. All of a sudden it grew longer.

"It can't get any bigger," I thought.

Another thought went through my head, "This is madness and it's dangerous. Stop immediately, he could do anything he wanted to me, like beat me or kill me!"

It felt unreal and the rapidly growing lust pushed away that idea.

The masseur felt the tension in my body, stopped moving his hands and said, "I won't hurt you. I will only do what you want. Would you like me to continue?"

I thought to myself, "I'm an idiot if I do not continue; as this may lead to a wonderful release. It's surreal but wonderful."

I replied with a simple, "Yes."

The handsome young man continued his caresses and his penis grew. I noticed how I got wet between my legs.

"Touch my breasts," I said.

He leaned forward and moved a finger in a spiral around each breast until it reached the nipple. When he reached my nipples, a shock of pleasure went through my body causing my pussy to become even wetter and I moaned. He looked at me and saw how horny I

was. He leaned back, stopped stroking me and allowed me to witness the completion of his erection. His sex grew until it became hard and was pulsing with every heartbeat. I was shocked and couldn't take my eyes off it. I had a desperate need to touch, hold, suck and have it inside me but he wouldn't let me do that. He looked serious and went down to pull off my panties. I didn't resist and let this strange man remove my panties.

Now he had a full view of my most secret place. His fingers moved in a spiral toward the hole, passing through my trimmed pubic hair, over the mound and down along my dripping pussy lips. I started shaking when the lust overtook me. He put his finger on my clitoris and rubbed it. The feeling was so great that I thought I would reach a climax. The feeling disappeared when he moved his hands away. He spread my thighs wide and positioned himself between them. His huge limb pointed straight up toward the ceiling.

Our eyes met; it was like he was asking for my permission to take the final step. I answered with a nod. He took hold of his cock and brought it to my pussy and rubbed it up and down my pussy lips. I was nervous about how it would feel with such a large shaft inside me. He pushed himself into my tight hole and I cried out loud with intense pleasure. He stopped halfway and waited a few moments so that I got used to him inside my vagina. I had to have all of it, so I squeezed his cock using my vaginal muscles and asked him to continue.

When he reached all the way in, he pressed against my cervix, and the feeling of being totally filled was amazing. His seriousness and shyness had disappeared. He fucked me with deep hard thrusts that moved all of my body. I was raised onto a new level of ecstasy when I felt how his huge cock filled and banged my vagina. I floated around in a world of pleasure and ecstasy for what seemed like an eternity until a new sensation gripped me. I came in a burst of multiple orgasms that shook my whole body repeatedly.

He fucked my vagina more violently until he pulled out his cock and streams of sperm squirted all over me. I lifted my head, opened my eyes and saw how my lover sat between my thighs, exactly as he had done before the invasion of my pussy. He held the cock with his hands and pushed back his head. His body trembled with tension. His hands moved back and forth across his cock when the orgasmic climax was over. His pace slowed as the last drops of semen reached his glans. They dripped down on my thighs and into my pubic hair.

His body shook while he pulled and squeezed a few times along the entire length of his cock before he released it. He raised his head and opened his eyes. We looked into each other's eyes. His eyes showed he was exhausted, but my eyes must have been filled with admiration and enthusiasm. I freed myself from his gaze and looked back at his penis. It had shrunk and pointed down between his thighs. I raised myself up with my arms to get closer to him, and I felt the how his seed set off on a journey inside my womb. He had recovered and picked up a towel. He carefully and sensitively wiped away his liquid from my body.

He leaned forward and gave me a deep and long kiss. I was surprised and his kiss made my pussy wet again. I needed more. A wave of wild lust and desire went through my body, and I knew I would do whatever that was needed to get my womb filled by him again.

Somehow I knew it wouldn't happen but I wanted to try. He stopped kissing and moved so that he stood in front of me. I pulled him to me and put my hand around his now rather small member. He didn't protest and let me do whatever I wanted. I stroked the cock's smooth and silky surface all the way from the hairy roots to the purple colored glans.

I caressed his balls with the other hand. I caressed my face with his cock and moved it to my mouth and kissed it. I opened my mouth and sucked on his cock. I swallowed as much as I could of the small manhood and massaged it with my tongue. I tasted his salty semen. I tried to revive his penis and get it to grow again but I failed. He had given everything he had. I pulled back his smooth glans and sucked it with my lips. I lay down on the bench and waited for something to happen. I was so excited that I barely noticed where I was. After a moment, the masseur put on his kaftan.

He turned to me and said, "Good bye."

I lay there and smiled at him as he left, closing the door behind him. I lay there and thought about what had happened. I went through the event itself bit by bit and enjoyed every second. When I was done, my breathing was short and I realized that I was completely naked. The fire in my womb which the masseur had ignited started again. I acted immediately and automatically. I caressed my breasts, long and hard until I screamed with pleasure. My nipples were hard and stood out. I moved my hands down my body, through my pubic hair until I reached my pussy lips. I parted them with one hand and inserted one then two and three fingers inside. I thrust them in and out, quicker and quicker. My mind was messed up and I moaned. My orgasm was close but I couldn't reach it.

My other hand found the top of my unhooded clit and I rubbed it furiously. I came immediately, as my pussy throbbed and squeezed my fingers when they were flooded by my juice. I screamed out loudly for what seemed like an eternity until the moment passed. I was exhausted and fell backward. I remembered that I should get dressed and leave. I found my clothes and put them on. I opened the door and stepped out into the big bright hall outside. The first person I saw was standing with his back toward me and wore a kaftan. He turned around and looked straight into my eyes. We recognized each other and I walked toward him, but he turned away and disappeared behind a huge orange curtain.

Chapter 2

The forest was very dark and my steps were silent when I sneaked through the silent night. How did I end up here? The last thing I remembered was that I was home in my bed reading my fantasy book. Suddenly, I saw a light between two trees. I ran towards it and gasped at the sight. A large castle appeared. It was completely dark except for the light in one of the windows. I went closer. The huge fence surrounded the castle but the gate was open.

I crept up to the castle and looked in through the window. A man sat at a large table. It was like a scene from a movie from the 20th century. Old, large paintings covered the

walls, there were candelabras on the tables and silver statues. There was a lot of food on the long table but he ate nothing. He sat and read an old book. As if he knew I was there, he looked up and stared straight at me. I panicked and froze. He stood up and I heard how he opened the large door to the right.

"Welcome Emma. I've been waiting for you."

There was something about him that felt very comforting so I walked slowly to the door.

"How do you know my name?"

"Are you hungry?" he asked and smiled at me.

His voice was the most beautiful I've ever heard. I nodded in reply and went after him through the door.

"This way," he said and showed his hand.

I started walking and he followed behind me. I could feel his presence. I entered the room I had seen through the window and I gasped. It was so beautiful! I turned around and looked at him. He smiled.

"What do you think?"

"It's absolutely amazing. So much nice stuff, the table and you. It's wonderful."

I looked around again. A huge painting of him hung above the fireplace. It looked very old but it must have been freshly painted. The man didn't look a day over 20. I turned around and smiled.

"Eh... Who are you and why..."

"There is time for questions later. But eat now. I can see that you are hungry."

I sat down and looked at all the food that was there. I took and ate a little grilled chicken. He sat on the other side and looked at me with his hot black eyes. I knew how excited he was by the way he looked at me. I ate and he watched me all the time with his eyes.

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes but... I'll wait till later."

"Are you finished?"

"Yes and I'm really satisfied."

I walked away from the chair and suddenly he was in front of me.

"How did you get here so fast?"

He kissed me hard on the mouth and I kissed him back. It was like a hunger inside of me that just wanted more. My fingers were in his hair, on his neck and I began to tear his shirt. He stopped and I looked at him. His eyes were completely black and he looked dangerous. I flinched. He looked at me searchingly and then he opened his mouth. I saw something I hadn't seen before, his sharp fangs. I just looked at him and then I started to kiss him again. He kissed me back and started to rip off all my black clothes. My shirt and bra were thrown on the floor. I tried to rip his shirt. He stopped kissing me and tore off his shirt. His chest was very soft and he groaned when I kissed him on the neck, chest and downwards his stomach.

He grabbed my arm to pull me up and carry me in his arms. A few seconds later I lay in a large bed upstairs. He was all over me and kissed me everywhere. I groaned and he helped me to pull down my jeans. He started kissing my breasts and sucked my right nipple into his mouth. I could feel how his fangs brushed against it. It felt like a shock went through my whole body and I moaned. He continued to fondle my breasts while he worked his way downwards. He kissed my stomach and pulled his teeth over it.

Suddenly he went between my legs. His tongue was deep inside me. I cried out when it began to vibrate in my whole body.

"Don't stop! Please... Oh... I'll come soon!"

The orgasm hit my body like a wave and it was so nice. Never has anything been so enjoyable before. I lay there panting for a few minutes. He kissed me on the mouth and on the neck.

"Make love to me," I begged.

He lay down on top of me. I spread my legs and stretched down my hands to help him to get inside me. Now our bodies were connected and became one. He stuffed me with his stiff cock and began to move slowly.

"It's so nice!" I groaned when he moved faster and faster.

He fucked my pussy harder and I closed my eyes.

"No. Look at me," he gasped.

I looked straight into his eyes. They were even blacker than before and filled with lust. He moved more intense now and panted while I groaned. He opened his mouth and I saw his fangs. I turned my head to the left and exposed my neck.

"Bite me!"

I felt how the orgasm wave went through my body and I felt his teeth go through the thin skin on my neck. I screamed with pleasure. I felt the blood running down my neck and his mouth was there to suck it up. His lips were all over me and I saw my blood on his teeth. He fucked me furiously and soon we exploded in a simultaneous orgasm. When I came back to reality a few minutes later he lay next to me and grinned.

"Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yeah actually, I didn't think I could get a woman to scream again after all these years. It has been a long time ago now."

I thought a long time about what he said.

"Are you a vampire?"

I looked at him when he opened his mouth and saw how the fangs appeared. "I'll take that as a yes," I said and he kissed me.

"I'm your vampire and for as long as you want me, I'll stay close to you..." I

woke up at home in my bed with the fantasy book in my hands.

Chapter 3

Emma stood for a moment in front of her full-length bedroom mirror, admiring the definition of her muscles. Though she was always in good shape for a 19 year old, the end of the basketball season plus the big race that she was training for had her looking especially cut, and she felt strong and sexy despite the residual ache in her back from the tough workout she'd just returned from. She gazed at her naked reflection in the mirror, her eyes moving from her sculpted abs to her perky, round breasts with their pink nipples. The sound of the doorbell surprised her and brought her swiftly back to the moment. She looked at the clock on her desk. 6:30 pm that meant Jacob was here!

"Shit!" she hissed.

She'd completely lost track of time, and here she was completely naked with her longtime crush waiting at her door. She ran to her dresser and grabbed black clothes from it, socks, a lacy bra, stringy panties, a tight t-shirt and a pair of dark blue jeans. Wanting to appear modest, she threw on a gray hoodie too before she ran downstairs. Jacob who was 18 years old was waiting nervously at her door.

He couldn't believe he was going to hang out with the hottest girl he knew. He still couldn't get over the fact that she seemed to like him, but things were going well. They'd been hanging out for a couple of weeks now and he'd already gotten farther with her than with any other girl before. He knew that she was much more experienced, but seemed to enjoy his shy, yet eager innocence, or maybe just the way he so obviously worshipped her body.

But what was taking her so long? Doubts began to creep into his mind. Had she forgotten they were supposed to hang out today? She had specifically told him to come at 6:30 and not be late. They only had two hours before her mom would come home, and he didn't want to waste a minute of it.

He looked at his watch. It was now 6:35, so he'd been waiting for five minutes already. He'd finally worked up the nerve to ring the bell again, but just as he reached out to press it, the door swung open quickly and there she was in front of him. Before he could even react, she grabbed him, pulled him inside and kissed him hard. Emma didn't want to waste any time. From the moment she saw Jacob, she wanted him. She'd already decided that today was the day. Although he hadn't said it, she had a sneaking suspicion that he was a virgin, but the thought excited her.

Still, she had no patience for his tentative, shy ways, and she loved taking control when she was with him. From the awestruck look he always got in his eyes when she made a move, she could tell how much he desired her and that turned her on. He was a really good kisser, not like a lot of boys who would just jam their tongue down her throat while they pawed at her. He kissed like a man who knew how to take his time and appreciate the moment. She let the kiss draw out for a moment, their tongues sliding against each other sensually. Finally she broke the kiss and stepped back, giving him a sly smile.

"Hi Jacob," she said.

"Hi Emma," he answered with a lopsided grin of his own. He touched his hair to straighten out his tousled reddish-brown locks, which she had identified as a nervous gesture. His gorgeous turquoise eyes met hers briefly, but a blush spread quickly across his pale skin and he looked away.

"Come upstairs with me," she said as she grabbed his hand.

Jacob followed her up the stairs. He'd been over to her house once or twice, but never to her bedroom yet. A thrill tingled in his stomach as he wondered about the place where she slept, where she hung out, where she undressed, maybe even where she masturbated. As he followed her up the stairs, his gaze followed her ass, clearly defined through her tight jeans. God, he couldn't wait to grab it.

His dick had already gotten half hard from her passionate greeting kiss, and it gave a quick throb as if to let him know that this erection wasn't going away anytime soon. She let him up the staircase, down the hall and into her bedroom. He looked around, taking in her bed with its smoothly folded blankets, her desk with smiling pictures of her and her friends, her bookshelf with many of her sport trophies. She sat down on the bed and smiled up at him, then patted the cover next to her. Taking the cue, he joined her.

"Man, my back is killing me," she complained.

"I think I overdid it a little bit at the gym today."

She leaned over and touched a spot on her lower back.

"Maybe you could massage me a little bit?"

"Yeah, sure," Jacob responded.

"I'm actually really good at giving massages."

This at least was an area he had a little bit of experience. He slid up next to her and put his hands on her hips, gently digging his thumbs into her muscled back around the area she'd indicated.

"Mm, that feels really good," she murmured softly.

The sound of pleasure in her voice was exciting, although he could barely feel her warm body through the thick hoodie she was wearing.

"Can I take your hoodie off?" he asked.

She nodded and helped him slip the sweatshirt off. Below she was wearing just a tight black shirt, and as she turned toward him briefly, he could see that it barely contained her breasts. The soft mounds of her cleavage quivered just above the top of her shirt, and he was aching to fill his hands with her tits.

She laid down on the bed face first.

"Is this better?"

"Yeah, much better," he responded, his voice unexpectedly hoarse.

He returned to massaging her, but now the sight of so much of her bare flesh was proving to be a distraction. He was so incredibly horny just from being this close to her and his dick was throbbing painfully, begging to be stroked. Hoping she wouldn't notice, he reached down and touched himself with one hand as he continued to massage her back with the other. She sighed in delight as he worked his knuckles into her sore muscles, and he barely stifled a groan as he rubbed his hard cock through the fabric of his jeans. He began to move his hand slowly down her back, massaging gently as he went. His fingers reached the waistband of her jeans, and then he could resist no longer. With both hands he stroked her firm, tight ass, cupping her buttocks in his hands.

She laughed.

"That's not my back, but I like it," she said.

"Yeah, me too," he replied eagerly.

Emma could tell that he loved her ass. She'd noticed before they even started hanging out, the way his eyes would follow her when she walked by him in the hallways at school. She

lay there for a moment and let him feel it, noticing the slightly quicker and shallower pace of his breathing. He shifted position and moved his body closer to her, and she could feel his erection pressing up against her through his pants. She couldn't believe how hard he seemed already. She rolled over lightly, until she lay staring up at him, observing the naked desire on his face. He didn't seem to know what to do next, but she didn't mind taking charge. She reached out and took his hands, then placed them on her breasts.

"I want you to touch me everywhere," she instructed him.

He was eager to please. He slid his hands over her tits, filling his palms and giving them a tentative squeeze. Losing his shyness quickly, it didn't take long for him to slide his fingers under the fabric of her shirt, under her lace bra. Her nipples hardened immediately in response as his tender fingers grazed them and she moaned softly.

"Now here."

She took his hand again, and this time led it down between her legs. Again he quickly obeyed, rubbing hard at her crotch. He clearly didn't know what he was doing, but she was horny and it felt good. She laid her head back for a moment and exhaled in pleasure. Jacob stroked his index finger up and down along the crotch of her jeans, desperate to get beneath them. As Emma seemed to be enjoying herself, he was emboldened and leaned down, pushing his face against her breast.

While he kept stroking with one hand, he used the other to pull her shirt down, exposing a bright pink nipple. The contrast against her tanned, chocolaty skin was striking and incredibly arousing. He took the nipple between his lips and sucked at it, gently at first and then hard. She moaned again. He must be doing something right, he thought, but he knew for sure when he felt her hand suddenly at his own crotch. A jolt of pleasure sparked through his dick as her fingers grazed against it through the denim and then found their way to the zipper.

"Did you do what I asked you to?" she asked, her voice low and naughty.

He blushed.

"Yeah, see for yourself," he said.

The last time they'd been together, Emma had told him she liked men with trimmed pubes. The last thing he'd wanted was to disappoint her in any way, so this morning he had done some careful landscaping with a pair of scissors. He'd never trimmed his pubic hair before, but he had to admit he could see why it was a turn on for her. With an expert touch, she undid his belt and unzipped the fly of his jeans. Within an instant, both his jeans and his gray boxers were around his ankles. He shook them off quickly.

"Oh," Emma said right away.

"It looks so sexy. I love the way your dick looks right now."

"Really?" he said, the compliment filling him with pride.

"Yeah," she said, looking him right in the eye with a mischievous smile, and right away she grabbed him and felt him.

He could feel a warm drop of pre-cum drip onto her fingers as she slid them across the head of his penis. The sensitive flesh was tuned to every tiny sensation from the movement of her hand. She didn't stop looking into his eyes, but this time he didn't get nervous and look away. He stared right back into her dark, alluring brown eyes, even as she began sliding her fist up and down his shaft in a jerking motion. Damn, she was good at this. He groaned involuntarily. Emma loved the smooth feel of his cock in her hand, and the way he throbbed with each jerk of her hand. She couldn't stop thinking of what it would feel like, swollen and hard inside her mouth.

Never one to hide her feelings, she said bluntly, "I want to suck your dick."

His eyes widened and he seemed at a loss for words, so she sat up and pushed him back onto the bed, straddling him. She was still clothed and she could feel her jeans getting damp as she became more and more aroused. Giving head always made her even hotter, as she got equal pleasure from the taste and sensation of the hard cock in her mouth and the way her partner reacted to her expert mouth. This time was no exception.

She went slowly at first, licking the length of his shaft from his close-cropped hair all the way up to his swollen head. Then she opened her jaw and wrapped her lips around his member, gently lowering her head until she had his entire penis in her mouth. She suckled it and let saliva slide from her tongue down the length of his cock, getting it soaking wet, before she began to move her head rhythmically up and down. He shook and gasped in utter bliss and awe. She was just hitting her stride when he interrupted her.

"Emma!" he moaned.

"I can't hold it any longer..."

Right away she stopped. She would take care of him, but she wanted something out of this too.

"Then you'd better lick my pussy," she said.

"You can't cum yet."

She hopped off the bed and stood in front of him.

"Take my clothes off," she demanded.

He stood up, his erect penis standing stiffly in front of him and glistening with her saliva. Quickly he grabbed her top and pulled it off, then undid her bra. He fumbled with the buttons of her jeans, so she undid them for him and slid them off. She took him by the hand again and brought him to her desk, sitting down with her bare ass spread against its cool surface and her legs spread wide.

"Emma, I want to do this for you, but I've never..." he trailed off nervously.

"Just help me please you. I want to make you feel good."

"It's okay, Jacob. I'll tell you what to do."

Jacob found that he didn't need much instruction, for once. As soon as his lips touched her wet and waiting vagina, he felt an animal instinct overtake him. He pushed his tongue out through her damp and fragrant folds, getting an intoxicating rush as he tasted her sweet and tangy juices. He plunged his tongue into her again and again, loving the feeling of her thighs squeezing against his face, her fingers gripping his hair.

"Yeah, Jacob, like that. That feels amazing," she groaned, grinding her pussy harder into his face with the motion of his tongue.

He could barely catch a breath, her wet sex covered so much of his face, but he didn't care. He just wanted more of her. She breathed hard and fast, her lithe body tensing and relaxing as he worked.

"Oh!"

She exhaled hard.

"Now suck my clit. I'm going to come."

He quickly moved his attention to her swollen clitoris, taking it between his lips and sucking, then probing it with his tongue. Within moments she was crying out in pleasure, gripping his hair so tightly that his scalp ached, pressing his face hard against her. Her back arched and she let out a final cry of ecstasy, then relaxed, panting hard.

"Was that okay?" he murmured, smiling at her.

"It was amazing, Jacob. But I'm not done. Now I want you inside me," she said, smiling back.

She took both his hands and guided him to the bed, laying down and pulling him atop her in one smooth motion. He paused, hovering above her with his penis resting against the entrance to her sex. She was incredibly wet and ready, and he wanted nothing more than to be inside of her. But he hesitated.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes! Fuck me, Jacob. I want to feel all of you."

The sound of those words from her husky, sensual voice was enough to cast away all doubts. He thrust downward and gasped as her tight, wet pussy completely enveloped his virgin cock. Nothing had ever felt so good in his life. It was all he could do not to shoot his load immediately. He struggled to clear his mind and hold his orgasm at bay, beginning to rock in his pelvis in a slow and steady rhythm.

"How do you want it?" he whispered, his eyes scrunched tightly shut so that the sight of her gorgeous body wouldn't send him over the edge.

"Harder!" she moaned.

He pulled back and gave another hard thrust, amazed at how deep he was inside her, how he could feel every inch of her vagina wrapped tightly around his cock.

"Emma, I'm coming!" he cried out suddenly, relinquishing all control as he felt his balls tighten and semen shoot out of him and into her, load after load erupting through his shaft as his entire body convulsed in pleasure so intense it was almost agonizing.

Finally spent, he slumped down next to her, wrapping his arms tightly around her.

"Oh no... I'm so sorry..."

He felt embarrassed.

"And shit, I didn't even think to put on a condom!"

She laughed.

"Don't worry, it was great. And it's okay. I always take my birth control pills."

All shame washed away, he opened his eyes and stared into hers, in awe of the gorgeous naked woman in his arms. He kissed her softly, and they made out for a few sweet moments. He was exhausted and felt himself beginning to fall asleep. He was so perfectly relaxed with her body pressed against his.

Just as he was drifting off, he heard her whisper, "I love you, Jacob."

Chapter 4

I stand naked half inside the closet searching for the skirt that should be in here. When I finally find it I get it out and hold it up.

I smile for myself and say aloud, "This will be fine!"

I feel all warm and nervous but mostly horny! The idea that I'd been thinking and fantasizing about a long time now makes me even hornier. I stand up and run one finger down to my pussy which is all wet. I caress it to please myself but I have to stop touching and teasing because I'm in a hurry to get dressed in time. I'm not wearing bra and have put on a nice tight black top that makes my erect pink nipples point out. This skirt completes my outfit. It's a pretty tough dark blue denim skirt that ends above the knees, it shows my ass when I bend down.

I must try how it feels like. I sit on the sofa and place my hand on the crotch, I pull up my skirt to notice that I can easily fondle myself. The feeling I get when I start breathing heavily is pretty awesome. Damn, I'm horny! I get up, put on my shoes, grab my purse and take one last look in the mirror before I go. I'm not only horny but I look really horny too! I run to the bus stop and take the bus toward Greenville. Today I decided that I'll get one of those beautiful, really lovely orgasms somewhere where there are other people around and risk detection.

I've picked a bus where I can sit for a long time, since it has a long route and I have to change bus in the city. When the bus comes and I get on it, I've to push myself to have my breathing under control because I know how soaking wet I am. I've no panties and it feels like my juices start to pour out from my pussy downward the legs. I sit very far back but there are a lot of people on the bus so I've to wait. After a few stops, it's empty behind me and I begin to part my legs and put my hand down on my pussy. I start parting the labia to feel how wet I am and begin to fondle my clit.

When the tension rises I've to keep track of everyone in front and behind me while I caress and fondle the more sensitive parts of my pussy. With horniness comes boldness so I pull up my skirt and feel how the orgasm is approaching. I hesitate and stare out the window trying to look very bored. The sound of my own breathing almost makes me forget about the people who are getting on the bus. I must suddenly stop but I'm lucky because nobody sits behind me. The bus stops at one of the numerous places on the route and a man gets on. He sits down right in front of me.

The bus starts moving again and I quickly part my legs and start stroking myself, fantasizing that the man in front of me knows what I'm doing. Maybe he sits there and gets so horny that he unbuttons his jeans to sit there with his big hard cock in his hand. Perhaps he dreams of me going up next to him to bend over, take his cock in my mouth to lick and suck on it or feel his cock inside my pussy. Does he want to have his fingers in my wet pussy here on the bus, wanting to caress me, run his fingers far up into my pussy? I love the idea that he is eager to suck on my nipples and clitoris or lick my shaved pussy.

I feel that I'm very close to come and explode into an orgasm. When my ecstasy reaches climax I try to hold back the shake. I bend forward slightly and hold my breath so I don't moan too loud. It feels like the orgasm would never stop and it keeps coming multiple times. Finally it relaxes and stops. I lean back and breathe so quiet I can with my mouth open.

I push very hard and fast on the stop button. The bus slows down and I walk to the front door. When the bus stops at the next bus stop I look back to face the man's gaze before I get off. He smiles at me. Maybe he noticed what I did!

Chapter 5

I drove moving van after moving van back and forth for her stuff. It seemed like she had a lot of stuff everywhere. But she was in great spirits and had been flirting with me and gave inviting glances and comments to me the whole day. It bode well. When the last load was almost unloaded she asked if I could come back and help her with assembling some things.

"I'm not handy at all," she said and smiled.

"No problem! I'll have to leave the trailer first. Please make some coffee," I said.

I hurried home and took a quick shower. With my head full of fantasies about what could happen and especially what had happened. I felt it started to twitch a little in my dick. I took the opportunity to shave the scrotum and around the cock. I stood, a little nervous outside her door and rang the bell. It felt a little strange to visit her new home for the first time. She opened with a smile and gave me a hug and a light kiss on the cheek.

"Welcome! Come inside!" she said.

The apartment was full of boxes. The couch and the bed weren't assembled.

"You can start anywhere you want," she said, and bounced into the kitchen and proceeded to unpack the porcelain.

After a while, when she had gathered the most of the kitchen stuff, she came back to me.

"Don't you get very hot and sweaty when you assemble all those furniture's? I'm going to take a shower and was wondering if you would like to join me?"

I wasn't slow to follow her to the bathroom. She was wearing a thin black and gray striped long sweater that ended just below the buttocks. When she bent down to pick up a paper from the floor, it slid up and bared her round buttocks which were divided by a thin black string. I caught a glimpse of her labia and I wanted to taste her. Slowly, she pulled off her shirt, turned away from me, leaned forward and teasingly pulled off the minimal panties.

"Come now," she said and stepped into the shower to turn on the water.

"Ah! It's freezing cold. Warm me," she screamed and pressed herself against me. I

hugged her and said with a smile, "Take it easy."

The hot water started coming now, and the bathroom got filled with a thin curtain of steam. I could not help staring at her. The water ran down her forehead, rounded chin, beautiful firm breasts, flat stomach and over her shaved vagina. The water droplets continued along her legs and disappeared under her feet on the floor. I wished that I could be one of those thousands of droplets that caressed her body.

"Come on coward!" she told me.

I awakened from my thoughts on water drops. I let my pants and underwear fall to the floor. She bit her lower lip when she saw my cock swinging out. I stepped forward to her and felt the warm water and her body against mine.

"Here," she said and gave me a bottle of shower gel.

Gently and thoroughly I massaged the lathering cream over her body. I felt how my hands slid easily over her firm breasts, nipped her stiffening nipples lightly and kissed her tenderly. She moaned lightly as I approached her ass with my soapy hands. I gently massaged her buttocks, I let a finger stroke between them.

"I love that," she whispered when my finger brushed against her anus.

Her eyes had become brighter because she got really horny of my treatment.

"I've to make sure that you are properly cleaned," I said and got on my knees behind her.

She bended down sharply and leaned forward against the tiled wall. I continued to caress her with my soapy hands, pressed lightly to separate the buttocks and let the water run down between them and rinse off the suds. I kissed her in the lower back and let my tongue continue down towards her waiting ass. Slowly, I let my tongue circulate around her anus and kneaded the small buttocks that fit perfectly in my hands.

"Mm!" she moaned.

I let my hand slip down her legs and up against the inside of her thighs. I almost touched her pussy but skipped it and caressed her other thigh instead.

"Don't tease me," she said and pressed her buttocks against my face.

I took a new grip on her buttocks and pulled them apart while I let my tongue massage her ass with a little more pressure than before. I felt that her ass ring became more slippery and softer.

"Yes, just like that!" she groaned.

I tongue fucked her and she pushed against my tongue with an accelerating rate. I started stroking her belly and let my hands wander down to her newly shaved womb. When I reached the clitoris she snatched and pressed herself harder against my face that was still buried in her sweet ass.

"Faster!" she commanded and increased the speed of her movements against my face. "I'm coming!" she bursted out with a loud moan before her body shook as she squirted all over my hands and her legs.

"Ops. That was supposed to happen but your tongue was so nice that I couldn't hold back my feelings any longer. But look at you then. Can I do something with this?" she smiled and caressed my rock hard cock.

I wanted nothing more than fuck her with my dick where my tongue had been, but I wanted her to be patient.

"Today I have other plans for us. Let's go to the cinema or something? You'll get my cock later so please have patience. The evening has barely begun. Besides you promised to give me some coffee," I said and stepped out of the shower.

Chapter 6

I asked if you wanted a present and you nodded. I poured a dash of cream in a heavy saucepan with medium heat. The chopped dark chocolate pieces melted in the hot cream. I cracked an egg and whipped the yolks into the chocolate. I whipped the cream and stirred down the cooled chocolate mixture with airy whips. I spooned the chocolate mousse in a line from your chest down towards your shaved area above your dick. I looked deep into your eyes while I started licking the mousse from your chest. If I've done everything right then I can enjoy a soft and smooth chocolate mousse from a soft and smooth man, who has a stiff penis right now.

I'm the perfect hostess and command you to taste the luscious mousse. I spoon up a little, one teaspoon is about right, on each nipple and ask if you want to taste. I bend forward when you say yes and let you lick my nipples clean. I expect you to be a gentleman and give me further pleasure by massaging my breasts after the mousse is gone. I would love to receive a little sucking and maybe even some light bites, a treatment you really want to give me before you sit back with gratitude.

I place some airy chocolate mousse on top of your hard cock. I let myself enjoy the dessert and your excited moans. I lick away all of the chocolate from the glans and I continue to suck you. It tastes so good. I take a spoon and put chocolate on your scrotum, just below the root of the dick. I hold the penis so it stands straight up because we don't want to have a mess anywhere. I admire the perfect airy chocolate mousse which is located under your hard erect cock before I bend down and lick lightly on your right ball. I suck it carefully into the mouth so that the ball of chocolate can't slide away. Then the left ball gets the same treatment. I finish by gently lick the mousse from your scrotum.

I keep your hard cock in my hand and I feel how it twitches slightly. I enclose the dick with slightly parted lips and let my tongue play over the small slit in the top of the glans. I hear your moans and it's a signal to begin my sucking treatment of your penis. I let another of

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