

# The Healing of Lust.

Book one: No Going Back.

By Danielle W Batts.

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## **Introduction.**

No going back is the first book in the series: The Healing of Lust by Danielle W Batts.

It comprises of a selection of short, erotic, sexually explicit scenes, coupled with intrigue and wit.

Nick is a hot-blooded young man, born in the early sixties. There was no going back when at the age of just eighteen he experienced his first sexual encounter with Wendy, a well-endowed girl with a shared passion for sex. Thanks to Wendy's guidance Nick soon learns the wrong and the right way to bring a girl to her happy place.

Equipped with these new seductive skills follow Nick's exploits through some compromising situations as he leaves his adolescent years behind him and fucks his way to adulthood.

## Cuming of age

I was just eighteen when I had my first sexual experience with a girl. It started off as a prank gift from my older siblings Jonny and sister, Lousy. And it was the best fucking present I ever had.

Wait, stop! I haven't even introduced myself. My birth name is Nicholas, but friends call me Nicky. Some even call me Teddy. You will learn why later. I'm not the tallest chap in the world or even the best looking. But I do have big hands if you know what I mean. More importantly, I learnt very quickly how to please a girl. Not right now obviously. First, I needed to learn the art of seduction.

"it's time Teddy" Lousy said, as the three of us sat in the beer garden of our local pub, sucking cola through a straw, from a refundable glass bottle and scoffing salt and vinegar flavoured crisps, while our parents were inside knocking back the real stuff, "to introduce you to pussy!"

"what the fuck," I believe, was my first response.

"Shut-up you shit and listen" growled my brother Johnny. Lousy then explained that her friend Wendy had agreed, for a fee, to show me around a woman's body. To be frank I was shitting myself when she first told me. I knew Wendy as we all went to the same school together, but she was three years older than me, and that's a massive difference when your only just eighteen. Don't be scared, Lousy reassured, she knows you're a virgin.

"Yeah, thanks' Lou," I said, feeling like a little kid attempting to ride his first bike after the stabiliser had been removed and everyone watching.

I was in for a big shock when Wendy arrived carrying a large shopping bag. Wendy had left school now and had gone on to further her education at the local college, as a result, I hadn't seen her for quite some time and boy had she changed. She was always an all right looking girl, but suddenly she had huge tits. She never had them at school, I thought to myself, I would have remembered. Upon reflection, I think that's where I got my love of big tits and huge arses, from.

Wendy was a real scream of a girl. She loved having a joke and was generally up for anything. She wasn't the tallest of girls. I liked that about her. It was less intimidating. Oddly, I had never really looked upon her before, as girlfriend potential, maybe it was because of the age difference? But actually, she was really attractive, I now saw her from this new perspective. Her shoulder-length, mousy coloured hair was tinged with blond highlights and had a natural wave towards the ends. Constantly she would brush it behind one ear, and it made her look really sexy. Her perfume, she wore sparingly, and it complimented her natural body scent perfectly. Without realising, I just wanted to breathe her in.

I admit, at first, I tried to wriggle out of going with Wendy, but she soon reassured me and besides, Jonny said he would kick the shit out of me if I didn't get his monies worth. Lousy handed Wendy a key to our uncle's static caravan that he had on a nearby holiday park. My mother's brother lived and worked in Epping, but often he would come to our

seaside town to stay in it, over the summer holidays or on family occasions. He said all the while he wasn't there, we were more than welcome to use it. I don't think he would have been so casual about it if he knew of Lousy and Jonny's plan.

"What's in the bag," I asked Wendy as she fiddled to unlock the caravan door. I had to say something, her ample arse was staring me right in the face as she stood on the steps at the front door. I had this sudden urge to bite it as it wobbled just inches from my face. Through that figure-hugging dress, I saw the outline of her panties. I followed the knicker-line as they cupped her cheeks and then dived between her crotch.

"This is my tool bag," Wendy laughed, oblivious to my ogling. "Be patient and you will find out." When we got inside Wendy went straight to the cupboards and found two glasses. From her bag, she pulled out a large bottle of aviation-grade cider.

"First," she instructed, "we will have a little drink, to calm your nerves." We sat on a bench outside, shaded by a neatly kept hedge that enclosed my uncle's plot. While we chatted, she replenished our glasses, several times and soon, due to the alcohol, we were both giggling and flirting with each other. We were having a great time.

"Oh, I nearly forgot, I have something for us to try." Wendy jumped up from the bench too quickly, the alcohol had made her head spin and she lost her balance. I'm not sure whether she intended to thrust her tits into my face, but I wasn't complaining. When Wendy returned, she was puffing on a joint. I couldn't believe my eyes, that Wendy of all the girls from our school would smoke weed. Seconds later she revealed to me the truth. She was a novice junky and began to cough quite aggressively.

"Here, have a drag," She choked, steadying herself on the bench as she experienced the headrush effect. Of course, I obeyed, it was the grownup thing to do. It was expected when you reached eighteen.

Not everything in the caravan garden was rosy that day. I'm embarrassed to say that after a couple of pulls on that joint my head too, began to spin. Briefly, we enjoyed our narcotic state, blundering around like a pair of idiots and dancing without music. A moment later and without warning, the entire contents of my stomach erupted violently. Sadly, Wendy stood in the line of fire wearing that pristine white dress. If there was a bright side, at least it was the hottest day of the summer. I apologised repeatedly and suggested, if she was to take it off I would wash it for her.

"it's better to go home with a wet dress," I said, "than smelling of puke." It seemed the right thing to say at the time.

We went inside and Wendy took off that little white dress. No longer did I have to imagine those arse clenching panties. But how she managed to squeeze those giant titties into that little bra is still a mystery to me. I followed Wendy's lead and removed my tee-shirt. I thought she would laugh when she saw my naked flesh, but instead, she smiled and said,

"nice." She then looked down at my crotch. "Go on then," she winked. I knew what she meant, so I dropped my shorts. The sight of Wendy in her undies had already invoked a near full erection. She saw clearly the outline of my cock bulging in my pants. Wendy watched intently as I removed my shorts, the glint in her eyes said it all. "How old are you?" she joked

The next thing I knew we are lying on the bed and Wendy said she would show me the proper way to kiss. I thought she was winding me up when she said, with tongues... I never knew people kissed like that.

"with their tongues! that's just for licking ice-cream, surely." I confess I was a little alarmed when she instructed me to open my mouth.

"Not that much!" she laughed, as I did my goldfish impression. She then demonstrated by opening her own mouth. Following her lead the next thing I knew she had stuck her tongue inside and was probing the inside of my mouth. The feeling was electric and sent shocks-waves right to my balls. We spent ages, taking it in turns, exploring each other's mouths with our tongues. We then paused to sup on cider. All that snogging had made us quite thirsty. Wendy spotted the wet patch on my bulging pants and my full arousal was plain to see. She came over to me whilst I was finishing my last drop of the cider.

"Let me feel your dick? I want to know if it's as big as it looks." Before I had a chance to speak Wendy had her hand on my pants squeezing the hell out of my cock. It felt good at first but as she tightened her grip it quickly began to hurt. Seeing my unease, she loosened her grip and began to rub up and down on my erection. I think Wendy was letting me know she was in charge, she could pleasure me or inflict pain, at her will. The best ever feeling returned and within seconds I had a terrific throbbing sensation within my erection.

"You've made me wet, big boy" Wendy whispered to my ear. "See." She released my cock and taking my hand she held it against her pussy. Oh my god, I could feel her soft pussy lips through her knickers. My cock ached with delight. With her hand placed over mine, she showed me where she liked to be touched. After a few soft strokes, she pressed against my two fingers until I could feel them part her lips. My fingertips became wet as the juices from her love hole seeped through her panties.

I felt my fingers sink further into her honeypot as she forced them deeper inside. Now I had learnt the lesson of touch so she could return her attention to my cock. Her hand felt even hotter this time as she slipped it inside my pants and felt for the first time the raw flesh of my meat. My cock had never felt this much pleasure before, the feeling of being stoked by another's hand, Wendy's hand. With one hand she pulled my pants down as far as she could, refusing to release my manhood. With her foot, she finished the job of removing my pants completely.

Like steam in a boiler, I could feel the pressure building within my cock, my balls tighten. Wendy couldn't have realised just how excited I was, she was about to find out. She pulled on my shaft and I felt my foreskin withdraw exposing my knob. She gently traced her finger over my knob feeling the shape, softness and texture, as slippery as melted butter. I shuddered with excitement.

"stop!" I begged, retracting my cock from her grasp, trying to prevent the worst disaster, the one of early ejaculation, the one thing all men would love to master but seldom achieve, especially when you're only just eighteen. Wendy did not listen. She looked me in the eyes and grinned. Feeling for my dick again she held it tighter, rubbed me harder. At that moment I reached the point of no return. Wendy felt my cock as it swelled to its max and throbbed again and again.

At the moment of my ejaculation I cupped Wendy's pussy tightly and drove my fingers in, deep, until her panties blocked them, and she squealed with delight. My first orgasm at Wendy's hand is one I would never forget, despite the embarrassment of ejaculating

prematurely, despite the fact I had just cum all over her hand and despite the fact I was unable to fuck her this time. Wendy was very understanding.

“It happens,” she said.

## A troubled Child

Wendy and I laid on the bed in our state of undress and we talked and laughed for ages.

“So, come on then,” Wendy said, let's share a secret. You tell me something no one else knows and I will tell you a secret of mine.”

“Just one!” I joked, “you only have one... Ok then. Would you like to know why they call me Teddy?”

“Go on then, why?” My face flushed with embarrassment and already I wondered if I should have kept my mouth shut.

“If I tell you, you must promise me never to say a word, to anyone, and especially not Lou.” Wendy gave her solemn oath.

“I must have been about fourteen when I first learnt it was fun to play with myself. And I don't mean sticking tiny pieces of plastic together to make a model aeroplane that was never going to fly anyway. Once I had a taste for it, I found it quite addictive. Perhaps that's why as I got older, I spent more time in the shower and taking long baths!” Wendy smiled and listened intently.

“Lousy loved to wind me up so I tried my hardest to get one over on her. On this occasion, I was alone in the house. As usual, if I got bored, I started to think about sex. In particular some of the girls from school. I imagined them running around the pitch, with braless tee-shirts and wearing tiny red hockey skirts with skin-tight hot pants beneath.” Wendy interrupted,

“I used to have to wear them, I think I even saw you once, perverting at me,” I smirked at her joke. She wasn't making my story any easier to tell.

“I was searching Lousy's room to see how I could piss her off... Sitting on her bed she had this great big teddy bear. It would have stood about three foot tall if it could have stood. I had already rifled through her underwear drawer and pulled out a pair of silky panties. The same colour as I imagined the hockey girls wearing. I thought it would be a good idea to dress teddy in them, for Lousy to find when she came home. The fact was, they felt very soft and smooth. I had already rubbed them across my cheeks, before trying to stuff teddy's fat furry legs into them.”

Wendy was beginning to crumble. I could see how hard it was for her to keep a straight face.

“I know it sounds a bit pervy, but I wondered what those panties would feel like against my cock.”

“No!” Wendy cried, with tears in her eyes. “please don't tell me you did!” Now I really wished I hadn't shared my secret. Wendy was in fits, but she begged me to continue.

“Fuck it, I'm in the house, alone, no one's going to know. I took off my trousers and pants. I already had a hard-on thinking of those hot girls. I did it. I took teddy by his arms and rubbed his pantie covered crotch up and down my shaft. I not going to lie, it felt good. I laid teddy on the bed and climbed on top. Before I knew it I had slid my dick inside the leg hole.



I'm sure teddy never minded me fucking him on Lou's bed. He did growl at me a couple of times, he had one of those things inside that make a sound when rocked."

"Go on, go on, what next" Wendy pleaded.

"To finish my experiment, I grasped my cock through those knickers and imagined it was one of the hockey girl's wearing them. The next thing I knew I had shot my load all over teddy and Lou's knickers." Wendy was now crying.

"They say a standing cock bears not conscious." We both laughed before I finished my story.

"I suddenly grasped the full horror of how I had violated poor teddy. I rushed to the bathroom to clean him up. The face flannel was all I could find, in my panic. I didn't think who might use it next.

Just then I heard a key go in the front door. I panicked. The lock on the bathroom door had broken months ago and dad had never fixed it. Before I could finish cleaning up mother came rushing up the stairs needing the loo. As the door opened, she caught me standing there naked from the waist down, cum was dripping from the end of my knob and teddy was half-submerged in the sink still wearing Lou's red knickers.

Much to my amazement, she didn't say much. I think, after that, she believed I was a little troubled. "You best get that teddy cleaned up," she said, "and make sure you put that flannel out to be washed."

For a long while, I thought mum had kept my little secret, but when dad started calling me Teddy, I knew she had told him. After Dad called me, Teddy, everyone else followed."

When it came to Wendy telling me her secret, she just grinned and looked out of the window. It was almost dark.

"It will have to wait until next time. I promise I will tell you then."

"Will there be a next time then?"

"Maybe," Wendy said.

## **Double cream and blue tits**

For the last few months before I left school, I had a part-time job with my uncle, Roger. Roger by nature I used to call him, not to his face obviously. He was my uncle on my father's side, and he was a right character. If ever you wanted anything, then uncle Roger would somehow manage to get hold of it. I wouldn't consider him as a criminal, more of a loveable rogue. Come Christmas we never had to buy a tree because my uncle would always suddenly appear with one, along with the biggest turkey you have ever seen, saying, with a cheesy grin on his face, "they just fell off the back of a lorry."

Uncle Roger used to have a milk round. Back when milk was delivered to your doorstep in glass bottles at stupid o'clock in the morning. And when the Blue tits would peck holes in the foil bottle caps to get their beaks into the layer of cream at the top of the bottles. Three mornings a week I would have to drag myself from my warm bed at four-thirty in the morning, my blurry eyes stinging. At five o'clock we would arrive at the dairy to collect our milk order.

Aside from the money, there was another good reason for getting up so early. The lovely Tess worked in the dairy. She was a bit older than me and had finished her education. If I hadn't been working for my uncle then I probably would never have met her, as she had gone to an all girl's school, in the neighbouring town. By her looks alone I felt she was well out of my league. Tess had long dark hair, tied in a ponytail and her brown eyes left me spellbound. To top it all, she had the most amazing arse that wiggled delightfully as she walked. I would always make sure I was behind her when she sometimes helped us load the crates onto the milk-float.

I spent many happy moments with Tess, in the shower. In my dreams of course, while I was gently washing my cock. I imagined feeling her camel toe through her tight trousers. Her naked tits as she took off her bra. Me, lathering her naked body with my soapy hands. I imagined slipping my fingers into her sweet pussy hole and sliding them in and out. Me standing behind her, my hard-on wedged between the cheeks of her arse with hot water cascading over us and while I wrapped my arms around her. Tess would ride my fingers, bucking her hips back and forth, until she jolted with orgasm. At this point, I had generally shot my load, all over the tiles and watched as my sticky cream slide down the wall. Next time, I will fuck her, before I cum.

Enough of that... Laden with crates of milk, we trundled off down the road in our three-wheeled electric milk-float with the sound of glass bottles clanking together.

Uncle Roger was a well-built chap. He also had an infectious laugh and the swagger that women loved. One of my duties was to enter each customer's order into his pocketbook, to make it easier for him, come collection day. I soon noticed that one or two customers had different collection days to the rest. Nothing strange with that I hear you say. But these customers also received a free bottle of double cream after each visit and I was always told to

wait in on the milk-float while he collected his dues. When I asked my uncle why these customers got free milk, he just laughed.

“I have to look after my regulars, Lad,” he winked.

The following morning was one of those special collection days. When Uncle Roger went to the door, I followed him. Like a deranged stalker, I lurked in the shadows. I heard the knock on the front door and shortly after a woman’s voice greeting my uncle by his first name. The door clanked shut and all fell silent. I peered through the hedge and there was no sign of him. He must have gone inside. A second or two later I saw an upstairs light turn on behind drawn curtains. A few seconds more and the light turned off. I waited and I waited. I went back to the milk-float. At length he returned, whistling as he walked.

“Double cream?” I quizzed.

“Double cream, Lad” he replied, grinning from ear to ear.

The following week was the half-term break. For the whole week, I would go to work with uncle Roger, I also got to see Tess every day, and her cute arse, even if it was only for a short while. And even if she barely even noticed me, I felt side-lined, as every other milkman collecting their order flirted with her, attracted to her like moths to a porch light.

There were three special collection days on the round that week. That meant I also had a busy week stalking my uncle watching him deliver his gold top to the ladies. Mrs Woolard was quite tall and had long fiery red hair. She had been widowed, about a year ago and lived by herself in a big house just outside of the village. When uncle Roger knocked at her door I was already peeping through a gap in the fence.

“Mrs Woolard,” I uttered to myself, as she opened the front door and greeted my uncle wearing just her flimsy see-through nighty. She must have been in her forties, but she still had a lovely figure and boy did she have a pair of tits. Despite me being several feet away I could clearly see her saucer-shaped nipples grinning through that nightie. I was gutted when my uncle went inside and closed the door behind him, I hardly got to see her pussy properly, bulging through those skimpy knickers. I waited, jealously, for the upstairs light to come on. When it stayed dark, I thought, maybe her bedroom was at the back of the house, so I went to investigate.

I was pleasantly surprised to see, as I crept around the corner, that they were in the kitchen. The light was on and the curtains were partway open. Mrs Woolard had a round kitchen table, and there she was, bent over it, resting on her elbows. Her nighty had come adrift and her huge tits, splayed onto the table. It was a moment to savour as Uncle Roger lifted the hem of Mrs Woolard's nightdress while she leant over the edge of the table. With both hands he pulled down her lacey knickers, fully exposing her enormous, pale white, arse.

He continued pulling those panties until they were at her feet and she had stepped out. The filthy bastard even pressed them to his face before he put them in his uniform, coat pocket. I could tell he was in a rush to sink his cock into Mrs Woolard's fanny as he frantically fumbled to unfasten his trousers with one hand, while with the other, he stroked her warm, soft flesh. I couldn't really miss his huge erect cock as it stuck out proudly, after dropping his trousers and pants.

Without warning, he slapped Mrs Woolard square across the arse. Fuck, I thought, feeling a little stunned. I watched her jerk forward sending a ripple right through to her tits as

they quivered like jelly. He did it again, repeatedly. I saw the expression on Mrs Woolard's faces, it was a mix of pain and ecstasy. She was enjoying every second. The suspense, the shock and then the sting. I couldn't hear her moaning, but her delight I could read by her mouth and her eyes. Through my own eyes, my cock had also read her pleasure, and now it began to stir. I so wished I was the one standing there with my pants down, erect with anticipation. I imagined the feeling of her pussy lips kissing the head of my dick and then her pussy consuming my whole erection.

Uncle Roger was acting my thoughts. I watched as he grasped his cock and pulled back his foreskin exposing his knob, it was surely wet from arousal. He nudged the tipped between the crack of her arse and slid it down, towards her honey pot. But Mrs Woolard was not yet ready for my uncle to plunge his fat cock into her. Instead, she stood up, turned around and presented her pussy by perching her arse on the edge of the table and splaying her legs. She then lent backwards, resting her hands on the table behind her.

I saw now the glory of her womanly secret. The tight curls of her neatly trimmed pussy that matched the vibrant colour of her hair. Without prompting uncle Roger knelt between her legs and sunk his head into her mound. Within moments Mrs Woolard arched her hips forward and I watched as she bit her bottom lip and closed her eyes. I imagined my uncle licking up and down and inside her pussy lips. Her bucking must surely be confirmation that he had found her sweet spot. She removed the milk-mans cap, he was still wearing and placed it on her own head. She clasped her hands around the back of his neck and quite roughly she pushed and pulled his face into her aching pussy. I read her lips as she said:

“faster, faster.” Mrs Woolard was about to cum. She became incensed as orgasm gripped her. She spread her legs wider and gripped my uncles head, hard. As every limb of her body stiffened, I imagined my uncle's whole mouth covering her pussy, his hot tongue plunging as deep as it would go into her love hole.

My uncle Roger finally had his way with Mrs Woolard. She released her grip and pulled him up by his ears. She then laid back on the table and I saw the juices of her orgasm wetting her pussy. She was ready for his fat cock and my uncle Roger could be true to his name. He positioned the raw head of his cock between her lips and with the combined juices of his pre-cum and her orgasm he inched his way into her secret place. I saw the pleasure on both their faces and imagined her love hole gently flexing as she swallowed him whole.

I thought it was the right moment to leave them to their table antics. The thought of watching my uncle shoot his load would certainly have left me with lifelong scars.

## Lessons of Love

Wendy often spent time with my sister, drinking in the town or she'd pop round to our house for an impromptu visit. I liked to think it was an excuse to see me. Thankfully, she never told anyone of my embarrassing moment in my uncle's caravan.

"I've got something for you," she told me when we were out of earshot from everyone else. She handed me a tiny package wrapped in brown paper. "Open it when you're alone," she whispered. Intrigue gripped me, I slid off to my room. I opened the package to find a pair of panties and a note: Please find enclosed the undies I wore on your birthday. Thank you for a lovely time. P.S, they are just as they were when I took them off. Some birthday gifts are so precious!

The next time I saw Wendy she offered to give me my second lesson on how to please a woman. Of course, I agreed and took my uncle's caravan keys in anticipation. Later in the week, we met at a pub for dinner and a few drinks. Wendy looked as lovely as ever and was wearing a saucy pair of red shorts with a white vest top and high heels. When we got to the caravan, I joked that she had forgotten her bag, the one she referred to as her tool bag.

"We won't be needing that, tonight, I have other plans for this lesson." My cock twinge at the very thought.

Wendy closed the curtains and looked around the rooms. She returned with the drawcord from my uncle's bathrobe and an eye mask. She threw them down on the bed and stood directly in front of me. Looking into my eyes she began unbuttoning my shirt.

"Men believe that they are the ones in control. That's because women let them think that," she spoke slowly and seductively. "But when it comes to lust, women are the masters, as you will soon learn." After Wendy removed my shirt, she started to remove her own. I went to touch her, but she stopped me, returning my hands to my sides as I attempted to fondle her tits.

"No," she ordered, "Don't touch. Take off your clothes." I did as she ordered and stood there, naked. Already my cock was hard with anticipation. Wendy finished removing her top then took off her shorts. She stood before me in her underwear and high heels. I gazed lustfully at her body. Her nipples protruding beneath her bra and I could see her camel toe as her pussy bit into her panties. I so wanted to put my cock into her, and ride her, hard. To my dismay, Wendy took the blindfold from the bed and put it over my eyes.

"Your arousal is instigated by what you see. But it is only one of your senses." She walked around me. I listened to her footsteps. I was at her mercy, in total darkness. She stopped, her head was close to my face, I could feel her warm breath as she spoke. "Should you lose your sight then your other senses will prevail. Use them. Let them speak to your mind. Let them paint a picture of what is, and what may happen later." I felt a little unnerved at not being able to see what was going on, and she sensed my nervousness. "Trust me," she reassured, "let your mind relax, enjoy the moment." Wendy must have been looking at my cock, as it had started to deflate. "I have you under my control. Your arousal is my arousal." I felt a hand cup my balls and a fingertip run up the length of my cock. My erection returned.

Taking my hand, she tied one end of the bathrobe cord to my wrist. "Lay on your back, on the bed." I obeyed. Wendy tied my other hand. I guessed she had tied me to the head of the bed as I was unable to lower my arms. I was aware of the softness of the duvet beneath me, the coolness of the cotton at first touch.

"listen. Paint a picture of me in your mind. What am I doing, what will I do next?" At first, there was silence and my uneasiness returned. I could hear material sliding against skin. My mind raced. I heard the almost inaudible sound of a tiny garment land on the bed. I pictured her removing her panties.

I imagined her sliding them down her legs and stepping out of them before bending over to retrieve them from the floor. Her wonderful round arse and the tip of her pussy protrude between her legs. I knew Wendy was still standing, I heard her sigh, softly. What was she doing, I wondered? I listened intently for further clues. For a moment It was silent, but then her sighing returned, it became louder, quicker. I heard the slapping of something wet. I was almost certain she was playing with herself.

My knob twitched against my belly as I saw in my mind the image of her gliding her hand between her legs, fingering her most intimate parts. The rhythmic slapping reinforced my vision, that she had entered her pussy and was joyfully masturbating.

"Are you fingering yourself? I quizzed.

"Quiet," she snapped, "do not speak unless I tell you to." Now I was certain. The picture in my mind matched perfectly to the sounds of her wetness, of her fingers sliding in and out of her pussy hole. I desperately wanted her to feel and rub my cock. It ached with desire. I sensed she was eying it again and it twitched longingly. "Don't you cum yet," she ordered, pausing her self-gratification. I heard her walk away. I didn't want her to leave, I wanted to hear her orgasm.

I listened as she turned on a tap to fill a glass. I felt the sudden shock of cold water over my cock and balls. The desired effect to stem my flow was instant and my cock refrained from pulsating. Wendy was working me like a puppet, just as she intended, keeping on the edge until the very last. She turned her attention to my lips and kissed me with a passion. She then kissed all the way down my body to my crotch. At last, she kissed my cock and again my arousal rocketed. Knowing this, Wendy stopped until I had calmed down.

In silence, she climbed on to the bed and straddled my chest. I felt her legs at my sides. I felt the warmth of her skin against mine. She had her pussy close to my face. I smelt for the first time the sweet aroma of a woman's Vagina. She must have known I wanted to taste her, for she obliged me, lowering herself slowly until I felt her mound press my lips. The taste of a woman can be infectious, like a drug, like eating olives, you are either unsure of the taste or you love them straight away, either way, you become addicted.

Wendy gave me my first taste and instantly I was hooked. That was the night I became a love-juice junky and there was no cure. My tongue touched her velvet soft lips and she began to rock herself with overwhelming pleasure. I pushed my tongue out further. Wendy moved herself to the tender places she liked to be licked.

"Just there," she moaned, "just there." I felt every part of her raw inner lips and the opening to her honey pot. I consumed her juices as they glossed my lips, trickled into my mouth and seeped down my chin. She bared down on me harder, I dipped my tongue inside,

my nose all but rubbed her clitoris. The early stages of her orgasm sent ripples of pleasure through her body.

Wendy reached behind and felt for my cock. It felt like she was rubbing me wearing silk gloves as she pulled back my foreskin releasing the slipperiness of my pre-cum onto her hand. I was aware our bodies were burning, the heat of our passion making our skin, clammy. Wendy was close to orgasm, her intention, to cum with my stiff cock inside her. I offered my virginity willingly. Suddenly it was too late. The touching, the images and her womanly scent had aroused me to the brink.

Try as I might I was unable to stop the rush of orgasm that welled up through my shaft and the jism that erupted from my knob onto my chest and even into the crack of her bum. Once-again our lovemaking ended prematurely through my inexperience. I was mortified with embarrassment and guilt. Worst of all, I was still a virgin. Again, Wendy was kind.

"Third time lucky?" she smiled, removing the blindfold and pecking me on the lips. It was not all for nothing. Wendy's face was flushed with arousal and we both had trembled with excitement exploring the lessons of love.

## Burning desire

It had only been a few days when Wendy next visited our house. The weather was hot that summer. I was sitting watching TV when Wendy arrived to see my sister. She stayed for coffee and a chat and Just when she was leaving, she slipped a folded piece of paper into my hand. The moment she was out of the door I went to my room to read it, to avoid prying eyes.

Meet me at the caravan in one hour for your next lesson. Suggest you have a wank beforehand. Yes! I thought I may even have a bath. In fact, I may even have a wank while taking a bath.

Wendy was already there when I arrived at my uncle's caravan. Within moments we were stripped to our underwear and underneath the duvet, kissing. Wendy loved kissing, proper kissing. We took it in turns to prob inside each other's mouths. We and even attempted the skilful art of double tongues, delving into each other's mouths simultaneously, but that required a lot more practice.

Now groping, and kissing is where things really start to warm up. I was already engorged when Wendy explored my cock through my pants. She could feel its gentle curve, my knob restrained from going any further by the waistband. Wendy squeezed my balls and then wrapped her fingers around my shaft.

It was only polite that should return her affections. Her cotton panties cut tight to her pussy. I ran my fingertip up and down her crack. I imagined her camel toe as I fingered the fabric into her engorged lips. In moments she was wet. I was wet. I pressed her wet patch and I could feel her entrance, I forced her panties to mould into her. I so wanted to push those knickers all the way into her, but Wendy intervened.

"Take my knickers off, you naughty boy." She raised her hips to assist me while hurriedly pulling at mine. We were naked both shaking with excitement. My cock was fully erect and oozing with pre-cum as she laid beneath me, her legs splayed.

For the first time, my penis touched her soft pussy lips. I was rampant with arousal as I stabbed aimlessly with my cock trying to find her entrance. She giggled,

"lower. It's lower down." Wendy was also hungry for sex and did not want to wait any longer. She knew I would soon peak and she wanted me to be inside her for that moment. Wendy took my shaft and guided me into her secret chamber. Our sex together was short, but it was electric. I would have dearly loved to have fucked all night, but that was never an option for my first time. My cock throbbed inside her and all too soon I shot my hot cream. I couldn't be certain, but I think she came too. Afterwards, we laid together until my erection turned limp.

I was elated. My time with Wendy as she took my virginity was the best feeling in the world and a moment I would cherish for years. Our sex high finally waned, and rational thinking returned. Shit, I thought, I never wore a Jonny, even though I had bought a packet with me. Wendy smiled as if she could read my mind, "Don't worry, I'm on the pill."



The evening was young. We decided to have a drink at the holiday-park clubhouse.

"It will be a chance for you to recharge your batteries, cos I haven't finished with you yet." I grinned with delight at the thought of a second chance to fuck Wendy. While she went to the bar, and just in case the staff questioned my age, I stayed outside and found us a table in a quiet corner of the garden. Soon Wendy returned, carrying two pints of cider. She had also bought a packet of cigarettes and a box of matches. We drank, we smoked, and we laughed.

I was halfway through my second pint when Wendy asked me,

"are you ready yet?"

"I've still got half a pint left!" I replied. Wendy placed her hand on my crotch.

"I didn't mean have you finished your drink." She squeezed my cock to see if there were any signs.

"Oh, well, let's find out." Concealed by the table I placed my hand on Wendy's leg and slid it up beneath her skirt until the tips of my fingers touched her love mound. I felt her softness again, her panties were still damp. My cock started to swell. Wendy looked into my eyes.

"You're ready."

We hurried back to the caravan. As we arrived, I was shocked to see a car parked outside.

"Fuck. That's my uncle's car. I forgot, mum said he was coming down this weekend." I looked at Wendy with sorrowful puppy-dog eyes.

"Don't worry," she said, come with me, I have an idea." She took my hand and we left the caravan park.

The path we followed led us through the woods until we reached a hay meadow on the other side. Ready for the machine to lift them onto the trailer, bales of hay were stacked together, ten high, looking like a town of the three little pigs. The meadow was quiet, the farmer had finished his work for the day. We pushed over a haystack and made our own little camp, four walls, two bales high and with a small gap as an entrance.

In seconds we were both naked again. This time when we made love, I found my way without guidance. Halfway through, Wendy felt the makings of her orgasm. "Let me go on top," she pleaded. She wanted to act out the thoughts in her mind, the fantasy chats she had had with her friends when, from an early age, they talked about boys and having sex. Wendy wanted to ride my erection, to pleasure herself as she wanted, to drive my cock deep into her pussy as she wanted. And I had no problem experiencing this new position. To feel my cock inside her, to watch her tits as they bounced up and down bought me closer to orgasm with each joyful thrust. We both reached our climax, and this time Wendy confirmed she had had a massive orgasm.

Wendy lit a single fag and we shared the calming pleasure as we breathed in the cigarette smoke. Still straddling me, Wendy gyrated her hips, checking she had milked every drop from me, vein-fully hoping I could manage a replay. Sadly, she was unable to win a second orgasm as my cock slowly deflated inside her and the juice of our love trickled down over my balls.

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