

“Connie”

by Dirty Dawg

Along with the bright, rational sunlight of a new day dawning on the city came yet another decision of what to wear. Well, not what to wear, exactly, but what to wear under what I wear. The clothes that I must show to the world are predefined by my career choices and my desire to succeed as a corporate attorney. Severely cut, unflattering business suits are basically the required uniform for the day. However, no one at my firm can control what I wear underneath those horrid clothes, and so that's where I let my true self be expressed. That's where I let the identity I keep so well concealed has the ability to express itself. And how do I express my true nature? My inner self?

By wearing the sexiest, silkiest lingerie I can find. The specially constructed walk-in closet next to my bedroom might be filled with suits and dresses in another woman's life. Mine contains those items that allow me to be free on the inside, even when the stupid societal constraints force me to wear unflattering and concealing, constricting attire. It also contains all my shoes, and my toys. Other women collect silly porcelain figures or stupid painted plates or velvet pictures of Elvis. Me? I collect sex toys to use on my sometimes-unsuspecting but always-willing partners. There hasn't been a man in my bed who hasn't gone along exactly with what I wanted, when I wanted, and how I wanted. And for those times when there wasn't a regular visitor between my sheets, the toys came in very, very handy.

Like this morning, for instance. After getting out of the shower, I felt that annoying tingle between my legs. Normally, I would welcome it and encourage it, allowing it to grow and spread until it covered my entire body, only giving into the ultimate release of pleasure and joy when it became unbearable. But this morning, there was no one to share it with, no one to inform about it, no lover waiting in my bed to surprise with my always-eager sexuality. All I had was myself, my hands and fingers...and my toys.

Pulling open one of the black lacquered drawers, I located a nice seven-inch vibrator and a hand mirror. I took them back to my bed and lay back against the pillow, spreading my legs and lightly stroking the silky, soft skin of my inner thighs as I remembered an intimate experience I'd had a few weeks ago with a man I'd met at the Knicks game. He'd been hungry for me, that I could see in his eyes. He'd taken me back to his loft near midtown, and we'd spent the night testing the limits of each other's endurance and stamina. In the end, I'd won, as I always do, and he'd begged for the chance to sleep and recharge his batteries. I remembered what we'd done to each other as I felt myself moistening between my legs, the thick, engorged lips of my pussy getting slick and hungry for stimulation.

I enjoyed a leisurely session of masturbation as I remembered my recent lover's successful attempts to bring me to orgasm over and over again. The vibrator, although wonderful between my legs, was no replacement for a real, live blood-filled cock, and I ached for a man to share this moment with. Glancing at the clock, I saw that I was running a little late, so I quickly cleaned myself up and prepared for work.

I chose some sheer stockings (no seam, after all, I did have to go to work...) a nice red and black satin garterbelt, black crotchless panties and a matching sheer demicup bra. Had I been dressing to go out, (or even stay in, with the right partner,) I would have gone with nippleless bra and higher heels, but since today was a work day and not a play day, I settled for the demibra and mid-sized heels. The conservative business suit I draped over my sexy, alluring body hid all my delicious curves and made me look like a spinster schoolmarm. Ah, the price one has to pay for corporate success.

Sighing, anticipating the moment when I could tear these clothes from my body, I went to work.

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Of all the forms of law I could have chosen to practice, corporate law has the smallest percentage of actual in-court time. (Aside from patent law, which is basically a subset of corporate law, in my opinion.) Most of my days are spent in my office, going over merger agreements and leveraged buy outs. My specialty is fending off attempted hostile takeovers. In the 80's, it was an explosive way to practice law. In the merger-happy 90's, with corporate downsizing and cost-cutting across the boards, the financial rewards are smaller, but there is still money to be made out there, and I'm one of the best.

On this particular day, I was working on fending off the hostile takeover of a large cookie manufacturer by an international conglomerate. It was boring, repetitious work, but I tried to make the best of it as I kept one eye on the clock. I had a meeting with a new client scheduled in twenty minutes, and I'd rather be doing that than this. Finally, the time rolled around for me to meet this new person, and I buzzed my secretary to see if he had arrived yet. He had, and Janice, my secretary, showed him in. My appointment book listed him as "D. Wagner, Wagner Importing," and that was it. He was a referral from another client.

As I rose from behind my expansive, glass-topped desk to greet him my thoughts were on other subjects. A rather boring looking man entered my office and took my offered hand, then sat in the chair across from my desk. He introduced himself as David Wagner, and quickly explained that he owned an importing business and that he was being pressured to sell out. He wanted to know what his legal options were.

As I explained David's options to him, I noticed that his eyes were crawling all over my body. Not in an annoying, cloying way, but more in an appreciative way. It had been a long time since a man had looked at me that way when I was wearing one of my corporate monkey suits. I found myself oddly flattered and getting a little turned on.

We concluded our business quickly. As David stood to leave, he hesitated, then turned back to me and said, "Uh... I'm not very good at this, and I hope I'm doing the right thing. I don't suppose you'd be interested in having dinner with me tonight, would you?" The look on his face was a combination of hope and something else, something I couldn't describe. It looked almost as though he was already sure I would tell him no, thank you. But the look of eager hopefulness shone through any other emotion, and on the spur of the moment I decided to accept. We agreed to meet at a midtown restaurant after work, and he smiled and left.

David Wagner. I sat, slowly twirling in my chair as I thought about the man I'd just met. There was something about him, something a little distant and sad, that interested me. Most of the men that I dated were aggressive and confident. They were masculine examples of all that was wonderful about men. David was different. He was unsure of himself, nervous that I would say no, that I would turn him down. He was an interesting man.

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The restaurant was doing brisk business when I arrived, shortly after seven. The headwaiter showed me to David's table, and he rose to greet me this time. We shook hands and sat across from each other in the intimate booth. He'd ordered a carafe of wine for the both of us, and we enjoyed a

few glasses as we unwound from the stress of the day and talked about our respective jobs. When the waiter came to take our dinner order, David offered to order for the both of us, and I allowed him to. Dinner was delicious, and I found David to be a funny, intelligent conversationalist who had opinions on everything, and more importantly, wanted to hear my opinions as well. He flattered me a few times, telling me how deep and blue my eyes were, how much he liked my legs, things like that. The compliments were delivered in a way that told me David almost expected a rebuke from me.

Slowly, over dessert, it came out that David didn't have very much experience with women. He admitted that he hadn't been out on a date in almost a year, and that he hadn't dated very much at all, for that matter. It was obvious that he felt alone and unattractive. Make no mistake, David was in no danger of channeling Fabio for the most handsome man title, but he wasn't a slouch either. He was just a little...withdrawn is all. Very unsure of himself. He needed his confidence lifted a little. He needed an overwhelming success with a woman.

That's when I decided to give him one. We were having after dinner drinks when I slid a little closer to him and started turning the charm on. I laughed prettily at all his jokes and made it a point to touch his hands and arms as much as I could. He turned to look at me, a question in his eyes. He wasn't sure if it was happening, but I saw the naked hope on his face that it was indeed happening, finally happening to him.

He paid the check and we stood in front of the restaurant. He offered to pay for a cab back to my apartment, and I told him that he was welcome to...but only if he joined me in the cab. He blinked a few times, and then nodded once, quickly. The cab ride was a little strange. I'd slid over to David's side of the cab and was softly stroking his thigh as the cab slid through traffic.

Once we got back to my apartment, I started to feel much more comfortable. I installed David on the couch and went to change into something much more comfortable. I got out of the strangling suit and put a silk dressing robe on over my lingerie.

Re-entering the living room I found David still on the couch.

David was sitting exactly where I'd left him, in the same precise position. He hadn't moved an inch. I made us drinks and brought them over to him, sitting down next to him, but not too close. We clinked glasses softly and sipped once. Taking David's glass from his hand, I set it down on the coffee table (screw the coasters! I thought) and turned to face him.

The room was very, very quiet. The sound of the traffic outside the window was the only break in the silence. David's soft, brown eyes locked with mine, and I moved my face a fraction of an inch towards his. He moved too, a fraction closer. Slowly, with the inevitability of the sun rising, we approached each other. I could smell him, his masculine scent, feel his hot breath on my face...and I started getting seriously excited.

We kissed each other for the first time. His lips were soft and warm. My head twisted for another angle, kissing him again, just as softly. I could feel him leaning towards me, into me, and I opened my mouth to moan with arousal.

David pulled back as if he'd been shocked.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked, worry all over his face. I had to struggle not to laugh. I wasn't laughing at him... but it was funny and touching in a...well, sad kind of way.

"You've never...necked?" I asked, and I saw the shame and embarrassment flood across his face.

"No. There weren't any girls who...wanted....." And at that moment, I realized how lonely this man must be. I remembered how he'd looked at me in my office, with that

mixture of hope and sadness on his face. I knew that he had thought, then at least, that regardless of his feelings for me, that I would never want him.

That no woman would ever want him. That he was somehow...not enough. Not handsome enough. Not sexy enough. Not successful enough. Whatever the woman of the moment was looking for, he would just not...be enough.

I took his face in my hands and turned him back to me, urgently, hungrily kissing his mouth, letting my tongue play across his lips. "So," I said, pulling away, still stroking his strong jaw with one finger, "you are...?"

"A virgin," he confirmed. "In every sense of the word."

"You've never...anything?"

He giggled suddenly. "This," he said, taking a deep breath, "is the furthest I've ever been with a girl. I mean. ..I've read, and I've thought about it a lot. But...no real experience."

He lay back, resting his head on the back of the couch. I lay against him, my head once again on his chest, my hand rubbing his pecs through the blue oxford he wore. Jesus! I thought. A completely unspoiled virgin. Unsullied. Mine to do with as I please. To teach and instruct on the ways of adult physical love. This was going to be *great!*

"David," I whispered. "I don't know quite how to say this." I paused, and he waited for me to continue. "I'm very attracted to you, and I want to be with you."

There was a very long pause. Finally he said, "You'll have to show me. I'm...not sure what to do... exactly. I mean, I'm familiar with the theory and all that...it's just that you'll have to tell me when I'm doing something wrong, or too fast or whatever." I smiled, not only at his words, but because the anticipation of being with me had started a rather interesting effect in his pants, an effect that I was now witnessing.

David nodded and kissed me, softly. We pulled apart, foreheads touching. "We don't have to do this tonight, I know that. I want you to be comfor--"

"David," I said. "Shut up!" Standing, I held my hand out, and he took it, standing to follow me into my bedroom. I closed the door to the outside world and turned to face my new lover. He was staring at me, this hilarious dreamy expression on his face.

I stepped up next to him and slung my arms around his neck. We kissed, his hands at the small of my back. I opened my mouth and slowly let my tongue ease its way into his mouth, finding his tongue and touching it, teasing it with my own. I pulled my tongue back, and he followed it with his own, understanding what was happening. We did that for a few minutes, letting the hunger and the passion grow and feed upon itself. I reached behind me and took one of his hands, placing it on my buttock. David's hand closed around my cheek, and he gasped into my mouth, feeling my soft, resilient flesh under his touch. The silk dressing gown outlined and highlighted all my curves.

David's other hand dropped, of its own volition, to my other cheek, and he drew me against him, pressing my body to his, letting his chest flatten and press against my breasts.

The kiss gained heat, and my hands came to his face, holding his cheeks in my own palms, guiding him. His lips worked hungrily against mine, and I felt and heard him moan into my throat, once...twice. Reaching behind me again, I grabbed one of David's hands and lifted it to my left breast, placing his fingers around it. He felt and tested the heft and weight of my tit, his fingers slowly tightening his grip. His touch was so...hungry, I decided. Desperate for human contact, for connection. I had no doubt that tonight was going to be the most passionate and romantic night of my life.

Stepping back, I smiled my secret little smile and turned around. I slid the gown off my shoulders and let it fall in a black silk puddle at my feet. I was reminded of Christmas morning, of finding brightly wrapped presents under a lighted tree, of the joy of opening new boxes, finding new toys and playing with them. David's warm, soft hands caressed my back, from my neck to the top of my buttocks, tracing the edge of my garter belt.

"My God," he whispered, as he saw the sexy undergarments I wore.

I felt his breath on my skin, and he kissed my spine. I shivered and turned around again, losing myself in another passionate kiss. David returned to the one-hand-on-the-breast-and-one-hand-on-my-ass thing, and I knew that I really had to tell him what to do, to show him how to make love to me.

"Undress me," I said softly. "Make me naked for you. Explore my body. Find its secrets!" David looked at me for a second, his smile wide and boyish. David saw my bra-covered breasts, my aroused, itchy nipples pushing two hot points through the cups. Like most men, David was fascinated by my breasts, and dropped his head for a closer look.

He kissed one, his hot breath almost stinging me through the silk of my bra. "Use your tongue," I said. "Lick my nipple." He did as I told him and softly, gently licked at me through my bra. My fingers were in his hair, pulling his head to me as I arched my neck and shivered. His patience and understanding were so arousing!

Moving to the other breast, David repeated his actions from the first, blowing and kissing and then gently licking my nipple.

I straightened up and basked in David's glow. His eyes were wide with wonderment as he took in my scantily-clad form. I could feel the arousal building in me; David looked at me like I was the most beautiful girl in the entire world. And at that moment, that's exactly what I felt like. The definition of female perfection.

"Now you," I whispered. David was wearing a shirt, tie and slacks. I stepped in close to him and worked the knot on his tie, kissing his chin as I worked. The tie came loose and I slid it out from under his collar, loving the slick, silky 'hsss' sound it made. I tossed the tie over my shoulder and bent to his buttons, working them quickly. I parted the shirt and gasped. David had a wonderful body! His muscles were clearly defined, a light sprinkling of dark brown hair, hair that matched the curly mop on his head, covering his pecs and leading down to his navel.

I parted the shirt even more, sliding it off his arms. I kissed his chest, right between his nipples, using an opened-mouth kiss that let me taste his hot skin. He smelled wonderful...manly. My hand came up and grasped his breast the same way he had mine, and I thumbed his nipple. He gasped.

I giggled. "Didn't know your own were as sensitive as mine, didya?" He just moaned as I continued to work his breast. My hands dropped to his belt as I continued to kiss and lick his chest. The belt came open under my fingers, and I slid it out from the loops, tossing it over my shoulder to join David's tie in a crumpled heap in the corner. The snap of his pants was next, and then my fingers worked his zipper. It was...hard...going for a second as the zipper had to climb this little...mountain. David's pants fell, and he stepped out of them, having kicked off his shoes moments ago.

David and I stood, kissing each other, he in socks and boxers, I in my underwear. We just stood and enjoyed each other's bodies for a few moments, David's hairy chest, scratching against my sensitive breasts and abdomen. He was so warm against me that I never wanted this to stop.

Finally, I whispered, "Take off my bra..." David's hands ascended to the back of my bra, and he fumbled with the catch. I smiled into his chest and let him work; like all young men encountering this problem, he would have to learn how to do it. I turned, so he could see what he was doing, and

felt the sudden release of the elastic. David's fingers crept up to my shoulders, sliding the straps down my arms. I felt the bra fall away, my heavy, full breasts settling against my chest.

David's eyes were as big as saucers. I tried not to laugh, but couldn't help it. "You look like someone who just found religion!" I teased.

"Well then," he said back, "let me kneel and worship!" And his mouth closed around my naked breast for the first time. The pleasure shot straight to my brain, and to my crotch. I felt myself moistening even more, getting ready for his penetration. That was going to be special, wonderful.

But as I was going to teach David, getting there was half the fun. Yes, he would discover that there were times when hunger and passion overtook you, that there were times when it was more fun and more desirable to just loose your clothes as fast as you could and start humping like lust-crazed weasels. But this first time, this most important time, it was going to be slow and romantic and special.

David worked my breasts slowly, gently, lovingly. He kissed and licked and sucked. "Bite my nipples gently, David. Just use your teeth a little, honey." His sharp, white teeth closed around one nipple, tugging at it, and I gasped. It felt so good to have someone's hands on me, touching me, making me feel loved and wanted and desired.

David buried his face between my breasts, his arms around my back. He sat down on my bed and drew me to him, softly kissing and licking the sides of both breasts as his hands found my buttocks again and grasped them through my panties.

David's cock was poking at his boxers. I reached down and found it, moving my hand around inside his shorts. I brought it out into the air and slowly fisted it. David shook and held me tighter.

"Don't....if you don't want me to..."

I stopped, instead kneeling before him. "David... there's something you need to know. Certain women like to do certain things more than other women. Part of the fun of being with a new lover for the first time is discovering all those things about each other. I like to...give head. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes, Connie," he laughed. "I know what that means."

"How do you feel about that?"

"Connie, if you put my cock in your mouth, you're going to get a huge surprise!"

"Goody!" I giggled, clapping my hands together. David stood, reaching down and losing his socks, then yanking his shorts down and kicking them away. His cock bobbed in my face and I licked my lips, already anticipating his hot meat in my mouth.

Now...it was David's turn to enjoy the benefits of that labor. This first one was going to be fast, I knew, but that would make it all the more interesting, and have the added benefit of making other, more pleasurable actions last longer.

David sat back on the bed and spread his hairy thighs, his cock wiggling in anticipation. I moved slowly, wanting it to last for him, wanting him to enjoy it as much as I knew I was going to. From several inches away I began to blow on his cock, the hot air from between my pursed lips tickling his throbbing meat. David just grinned at me, and I swear I could see his cock getting harder before my very eyes.

"You know, " I whispered, moving my mouth ever closer to his meat, "some people think that it's very sexy to cum in a woman's mouth. Do you agree with that, David?" He grunted and hunched his hips at me face, apparently eager to experience that little treat. Opening my mouth, I used my pink, moist tongue to lightly lick his cockhead with a circular swipe. Slurp! Moving my face in closer, I blew on his balls and cock again, taking the chance and licking his balls, too. Then

I had a sudden inspiration. I would finish him, quickly this first time, and then give him the blowjob of his life to get him ready to fuck my leaking, needy pussy.

"Hold on, lover," I growled, taking his cock with my hand. Opening my mouth, I swallowed his cock with a single lurch of my head, bathing the hot, hard meat with my tongue, sucking with my cheeks and throat.

"Oh my God!" David cried, his legs and stomach muscles contracting, making him do a sit-up with my mouth in his crotch. "Connie! My God!" His hands were in my hair. My hand was around his scrotum, and I jiggled, once.

That was all it took. David grunted, screamed, and then erupted, shooting what seriously felt like half a pint of warm, creamy cum into my sucking mouth. I greedily sucked and swallowed, not wanting a drop to escape. His load was warm and creamy and delicious, and I wanted every goddamn bit of it in my stomach.

As David slowly ebbed in my mouth, I renewed my attack, eager to keep him hard and throbbing. My slick, moist mouth moved smoothly up and down David's cock, lubricating it with my glistening saliva. My hands worked at his balls, pulling and tugging at them. More than once I popped David's cock out of my mouth and worked my way down, sucking first one, then the other, warm, hairy testicle into my mouth to lick and suck. As I licked and mouthed his balls, I continually jacked David's cock, feeling my own saliva oozing through my fingers. David's hands were by his sides, and I took one of his hands in mine and put it on my breast. Closing his fingers around my tit, David started stroking and playing with my nipple as I sucked his dick.

David finally pulled me off his cock and into his arms. We kissed, my cum-slick mouth meshing with his. I found it highly erotic that David didn't try and wipe my mouth or make me brush my teeth or something juvenile and stupid like others had. David not only didn't mind the taste of himself on my lips and in my mouth, but seemed eager to find more of his own taste inside me.

Falling back against the bed, I pulled David on top of me. We kissed and gently stroked for a long time, and I could feel his hot hardness pressed against my belly between us. He was drooling precum onto my stomach, and I wanted very badly to feel him inside of me.

"Now you," David said, slowly moving his way down. "But you'll have to tell me what to do!"

"I thought you watched movies!" I kidded. He nodded, his face suddenly serious. "Tell you what," he said, "I'll do what I think is right, and you just...correct me if I go astray. How about that?"

Breathing heavily with arousal, I just nodded silently. David spread my legs and took a long few seconds just staring at my molten center. The hair was matted and slick with my juices, and I suddenly worried that David was one of those men that found the sight of a moist, open vagina distasteful. I needn't have worried. He was just getting his bearings.

Leaning in, David kissed my pubic mound, and then burrowed lower. His nose tickling my clit a little, his tongue reaching out and tasting me softly.

"Well...what do you think?"

"Jasmine," he whispered, trying another small, tentative taste.

"Do you know where my clit is?" I asked. A second later I felt his lips close around it, sending sparks of pleasure up and down my spine.

"That it?" he teased.

"Smart ass," I said, hunching my hips into his face. Slowly at first, and then faster as he gained confidence, David began to eat my pussy. He wasn't the best slit-licker in the business, but he showed promise, and more important than that, he showed determination and enthusiasm. With

time, and patience, and lots of experience (which I knew I was going to be more than happy to provide,) he would turn out great.

He worked me slowly, and then steadily faster as I coached him, wriggling his tongue inside me, teasing the walls of my slit with his tongue, drinking more and more of my juices with every second.

At my request, he inserted first one, and then another finger inside me.

"You're so hot...and wet." He said, and then added, "...and *tight*!" He looked down at his own cock, and I knew what he was thinking, and tried hard to stifle the laugh. "Are you sure...it's going to fit?" he asked, the expression on his face priceless.

"Don't forget," I said, choking back my laughter, "a baby comes out of there, too! If he can fit, I'm sure you can to! Now...lick my clitty a little more...oh, yeah. That's it. Now, David, darling...start with your...that's right, use your fingers...ahh....now, take it all together and just...." I dissolved into orgasm as David finished me off that first time, his fingers and mouth and tongue working in concert to send me to the heights of pleasure. My thighs clamped around his face, and then fell apart, spreading myself lewdly for him as I shamelessly ground my overflowing slot into his face. David licked and sucked like a trooper, making sure he got as much of me as was possible.

Finally, I shuddered and started sliding back down into normal time and space. David was still kneeling between my wantonly-spread thighs, licking at his lips, smiling at me, those huge brown eyes locking with mine as I sat up on my elbows.

"Ready for the main event, tiger?" I asked, waggling my eyebrows at him. He just nodded shyly and got up between my legs. I grabbed a couple of pillows and jammed them under my ass, lifting my sex to give him a better angle.

"Slow and easy, pal. At first." David searched for my hole with the head of his cock, and I put my hand down, grasping him, guiding his throbbing length to the entrance of my soul. He gasped as his cockhead rubbed against my moist lips, and I set him in place. "Give me some," I grunted, eager to feel him inside me.

David moved forward slightly, and the first inch popped inside. His face screwed up in mask of intense concentration, and then I felt another inch. And then another. Slowly, agonizing us both, David filled me with his cock. He was sweating and gasping, fighting not to cum as my cunt collapsed around him, squeezing and milking him.

"This...is....incredible!" he gasped, supporting his weight on his hands as he peered down to where our bodies were joined.

"David," I said, "Please fuck me. Move inside me, David. Give me your dick! Fuck me!" He withdrew and then entered me again, a little faster this time. I grabbed his ass with my hands, feeling his tight, hairy buns under my fingers, and started pulling to me. David got the idea and began speeding up, feeding me his cock in faster and faster strokes. Within thirty seconds he was fucking like an old pro, slamming his dick into me as I wailed and cried with pleasure. His cock was so hot and so hard, and it thrilled me to know that I was his first woman, his first lover...his first fuck.

David collapsed on top of me, one mouth covering a breast as his hips continued to pound me. He started a low keening wail, and I knew he was close. Grabbing his head, I lifted it off my breast and brought his mouth to mine. We were locked in passionate, tongue-twisting kiss when he shouted into my mouth and blew, the spunk erupting from the tip of his dick, splattering cum against the walls of my twat. I felt every spurt hitting me, coating me, covering the inside of my body with his precious pearly load. My legs closed around his waist, drawing him deeper, wanting every single drop of him inside me.

David still hunched against me, rubbing my clit with his pubic hair. I groaned into his mouth this time, the sensations finally overloading my already passion-addled brain, and I came along with him, my pussy spasming around his cock, milking him with my satiny walls.

Gasping, we parted, David still inside me but shrinking. He kissed my face and my ears and my mouth and my neck, still breathing heavily.

“Well?” I managed to ask. “What did you think?”

“I...love it!” he said. “I...want to do it again!” David looked a question at me, and I just smiled and nodded. “Just wait, David my love. Just wait until I teach you all about love.”

David and I dozed for a while, our bodies comfortably intertwined. I had my head on his chest, and was lazily running my fingers through his chest hair, idly stroking his nipples. David was stroking the hair on my head, and kissing the top of my head from time to time. We slept until early the next morning, and woke just as the sun was coming up. I disengaged myself from David, who was still drifting in and out, and donned a robe, heading towards the kitchen.

I was making coffee when David entered the kitchen, wearing a pair of track shorts that some other lover had left behind. His hair was a mess, but his lazy smile was in place, as were his glasses. He gave me a sleepy grin and kissed me softly on the mouth.

“Good morning,” he said softly. I smiled and kissed him back. “Good morning.”

We sat at the table and silently drank our coffee. David's eyes were all over me, quietly undressing me with his gaze. Flustered, I stood and walked to the sink, looking through the window at the early morning sunshine. I sensed, rather than felt, David behind me. His hands came down on my shoulders, and I had to fight not to turn and rape the poor boy right there. I needn't have worried, though, because David had the same thing on his mind that I did on mine.

His mouth found my neck, and he kissed me gently there. I purred and moved back against him, feeling his arms encircle my waist. One of his warm hands insuated itself inside my robe, and moved up to cup one heavy breast in his fingers.

“You are so beautiful,” he whispered in my ear. I could feel myself moistening again, and wanted him desperately. I decided to wait a little longer.

“David,” I said turning in his arms, “I'm going to go take a bath now.” Seeing the crestfallen expression on his face, I added, “Stick around. We've got the whole weekend together...if you want to.” He nodded like an eager puppy, and I left him at the sink as I went to take my bath. A long, hot bath always made me feel sexy, and having my young lover in the house only added to that feeling. I ran the water and added some bubble-bath, and then shed my robe and climbed in, letting the warm, soothing water envelope my body in its slick embrace.

I was lying back, just enjoying the feel of the bath, when David entered the bathroom and sat on the toilet. He'd added a sweatshirt to his clothing, and was just sitting and quietly watching me. The silence grew and stretched.

“What?” I finally asked.

“Nothing,” he said. “I just...like watching you. Your body.” I smiled at him, wondering if he knew what effect his words were having. It was thrilling to know that David found me attractive. I sat up in the tub, David's eyes zeroing in my soapy, bouncing tits. I reached under the surface of the water and found my washcloth. Handing it to David with a bar of soap, I asked, “Wash me?”

Nodding eagerly, David got down on his knees beside the tub. I turned sideways and presented him with my back. “I've never done this before,” he said.

“You've never taken a bath?” I asked.

Laughing, he responded, "No. Of course I have taken a bath. I've just never *given* one, that's all."

"David," I said patiently. "I'm not made of china. Wash me like you'd wash yourself. Just...do it a little more slowly, and pay attention to detail, that's all." David didn't say anything, and then I felt the damp cloth against my neck. He worked slowly, methodically, washing my shoulders and upper back. Then my neck and throat, always using lots of soap and water, moving slowly and sensuously. When he came to my breasts, I shivered at his touch. His hands were gentle and soft and soothing. He covered each breast with soapy water, bringing my nipples to hot, hard points as he cleaned them.

Leaning back, I pressed my wet head against David's crotch, and felt his erection pressing against the shorts. I stood in the tub, taking David with me, and turned to face him. His expression was priceless. I looked at my body, and then at him, and had to smile.

The water was running off me in rivulets. My legs and crotch were soapy with bubble bath, and my slick, soapy tits looked very inviting indeed. I pulled David against me by his shirt, using an open-mouthed kiss to convey my excitement. Reaching out and grabbing the hem of his sweatshirt, I lifted it up and off his body, tossing it into the corner. David took his cue from me, hooking his thumbs into his shorts and peeling them off his hips and down his legs. He was erect, his hard cock bobbing with his motions.

Stepping into the tub with me, David resumed washing me, concentrating on my legs. He worked his way up past my knees, heading for my crotch. His head moved as if to kiss me there, and I stopped him.

"No. Not yet. Just enjoy the tease, David. Enjoy the anticipation. When we're done in here...we'll go back to bed. I want you to explore my body. Get to know it. Every inch of it." He just nodded, and returned to his washing. Turning me around, David applied the washcloth to my buttocks, getting them soapy and then clean, using handfuls of water to wash the soap away. His hand, covered by the washcloth, glided between the cheeks of my ass, and I shivered at the intimate touch.

"Now you," I said, taking the washcloth from his hands. I started at his ankles and worked slowly upwards, letting David look at my body as I worked. My round, soft breasts bounced and swayed as I worked, and I couldn't help but rub my nipples against his hairy thighs. His cock was throbbing hard now, leaking precum, and I used the washcloth to clean his rod, stroking gently. His balls were next, and I made sure they were squeaky clean before moving to his chest. David's eyes were heavy and drooping with passion, and he was breathing heavily.

"I'm not sure I can wait," he said.

"You're going to have to. We're almost done." We finished up, and then stepped out of the tub. I grabbed a towel and tossed it to him, grabbing one for myself and heading back into my bedroom. David followed, wrapping the towel around his waist.

He moved to intercept me, and I pushed him away.

"Sit on the bed and watch me," I said. He did as I asked, the towel still around his waist, as I sat at my vanity and dried my hair with the towel. I loved being naked in front of him, loved the way David's eyes crawled all over my body, taking in every detail.

"You are so gorgeous," he said in a strained voice, and I turned to see that he had loosened the towel, and was now slowly fisting his cock. I had always wanted to watch a man masturbate, and now I had my chance.

“Do it for me, David. Jerk yourself off. I want to watch.” He just grunted and sped his hand up, his mouth open, tongue peeking out. His cock was leaking steadily now, as he watched me watch him. I spread my legs and showed him my pussy.

“Just think about what it'll be like when you are inside me again, David. Think about how wonderful my pussy felt.” David grunted and sped up again, his hand almost flying up and down his cock.

“I bet you jerked off a lot, didn't you David?” He just grunted and nodded. I lifted one of my breasts in my hand, teasing the nipple with my fingers. “Did you ever think about someone like me? Ever think about kissing someone like me, about sucking me, about making love to me when you did it?”

“Yeah,” David groaned, throwing his head back. “Wasn't it better when it was real, David? Wasn't sticking your virgin cock inside me better than imagining it?”

“Yes!” David screamed. “Oh Yes!”

“David!” I said. “Look at me!” I was frigging myself gently, and I wanted him to see me do it. My hands were in my twat, one finger in my hole, my thumb working my clit. David's eyes zoomed in on my pussy.

“I didn't think women...did that!” he grunted, standing to move closer to me.

“Oh, yes, David, we do. We think about sex just as much as men do. Maybe even more. Do you know what I'm thinking about right now?” He shook his head. “I'm thinking about how wonderful your cock feels inside me!” That was all it took. David grunted one final time and began spraying. Even from six feet away, I could see his spray arcing from his cockhead, falling in a pearly white shower to the carpet. He convulsed, jerking his cock off, watching me bring myself to climax with him.

David fell back on the bed, gasping for breath. I joined him, lying on top of his hard body. His maleness felt so good against my softness.

“Tell me something, David. Tell me something you've always wanted to do. Something you've always dreamed about.” He looked at me and then kissed me softly. His smile was wide and genuine.

“I want to make love to your breasts with my dick. I want to titty-fuck you!” The words coming out of his mouth seemed so odd, but with the new sexual freedom David was discovering with my help, I knew that he was going to tell me the most intimate details of his sexual fantasies. And I wanted to help him act them all out.

Rolling onto my back, I grabbed my breasts. “These tits?” I asked, thumbing the nipples. “You want to fuck these titties? These here?”

“God, yes,” David growled, rolling over on top of me. He put his still hard cock between my tits, and I pressed them together, trapping his cock in my satiny valley.

He started slowly stroking, his hands on my shoulders.

“Does it feel as good as you thought it would?” I teased.

“God, yes! Better!” I turned my head and sucked his thumb into my mouth, working it with my tongue. David gasped and his hands replaced mine on my tits, pressing them even tighter against his rod. This was a first for me, too.

My hands were free now, and I placed them on David's butt, feeling the tight muscles flex every time he slid his cock between my breasts. At the top of the stroke, if I leaned down I could just lick the head as it popped out from between my tits.

“Oh God...” David said, thrusting harder, “This is so great, Connie. I love this...I love you!” That brought me up a little short. In the heat of passion, I was sure that I would feel the same way.

But in the bright rational sunlight of morning, I knew it was too soon to be talking about love. I opened the nightstand and retrieved a handy dildo. It was about six inches long, and not very thick, and I wanted to watch David's reaction when I slid it up his ass.

I reached down as best I could with one hand and scooped some of my own lubrication out of my pussy, slicking the vibrator. David's eyes were closed as he titty-fucked me, and it didn't take much effort to separate the hairy, sweaty cleft of his butt and find his clenching asshole. Gently, I slid the vibrator past his sphincter. David groaned and started pumping my tits harder.

"That feels so incredible!" he moaned.

David's pumping speeded up, and then he was cumming, showering my neck and chin with his goo. He shot four good streams, covering my skin with his creamy warmth. I took his cock into my saliva-filled mouth, wetly gliding his cock in and out of my face. I loved the taste of his meat in my mouth, and hoped that he would let me suck his cock often. I twisted the vibrator in his ass, and felt David lurch again in my mouth, giving me another bolt of his creamy warmth to drink.

Just then I began to understand the level of power and control I had over my young lover. David had learned a lot since last night, but he was far from an accomplished lover, and I was sure that his confidence level was still lagging. I wasn't sure how to correct this, and I also wasn't sure that I wanted to. His body felt so good, so.. right, against mine that I knew I wasn't ready to have him go off and start chasing girls closer to his own age. I wanted David for myself, and my selfish feelings brought a blush of shame to my features. I popped David' cock out of my mouth, and he laid against me, burying his face into my neck. I reached behind him and retrieved the vibrator from his ass. I had a momentary desire to lick it clean, but realized that action might shatter my young lover's mind. Too much too soon, you know.

David started kissing me, softly at first, and then with growing hunger and passion. I was secretly thrilled that he was still aroused and hungry, and languidly stretched, letting him do what he wanted to me. I wanted to see David discover my body and all the secrets and treasures it held. David kissed my neck and throat, working closer to my breasts. He licked all around my chest, between my tits, then went to work on my tits, playing like a little boy with a new toy. His fingers were eager and a little rough, and I cautioned him to take it easy.

Chastised, David's hands became gentle again, working my breasts softly. The fire in my loins was starting again, and I sighed, letting the passion grow inside me. David moved to my torso, lightly kissing and sucking my skin, tickling me with his tongue. He was straddling one of my legs, and I lifted it a little, feeling his amazingly- still-hard cock throbbing against my skin.

"Give it to me, David. Give me your cock..." I moaned, eager to feel him inside of me. David grabbed my waist and turned me over onto my stomach, lifting me as he did so. I ended up on my hands and knees, and smiled. Being someone's first and only sexual partner did have its advantages; I knew David had never done it this way, rear- entry, and I wondered if this was another one of his fantasies.

"C'mon, tiger, let me have it," I whined, wiggling my ass at him. David just grunted again, settling between my legs. His cock bounced off me a few times; he didn't know yet how to get himself seated. I reached between my legs and grabbed him, lining him up with my hole. David pushed, groaning as each fraction of an inch sank into my wet crevice. I groaned with him, moving back against him, enveloping him with my satiny walls.

"Slowly, lover. Slowly at first. Let me get used to you in there!" I said, starting to pump slowly with my hips. David put his hands on my hips and let me set the pace, eager just to feel me around him, sucking and milking at his meat.

"Talk to me, David. Tell me what you're feeling!"

"This is...incredible!" he gasped. "I never thought it would be like this. So many nights...spent wondering what it would be like to...oh God!...be with a wo....oh God!.... with a woman. OOP!" he said, burying the last inch of his meat inside me. His hands clutched at my hips, and I found it funny that each time I clasped my vaginal walls around David's penetrating member, his hands tightened on my hips in response. We set up a slow, passionate pace, David's thighs bouncing into my ass on each stroke, his scrotum slapping against my vagina. His hands found their way up to my hanging, swaying breasts, and he covered them, gently squeezing and stroking.

I was biting my bottom lip in pleasure, starting to climb the mountain. David speeded his actions up, and I knew that if we timed it right, we could come together.

"I need you to..." I moaned.

"What? What?" he gasped.

"Touch my clit. Help me cum with you!" One hand left a breast and wondered down to my slot. He fumbled around for a minute. I grabbed his wrist and directed him, and he found it, stroking it in soft circles with the pad of one finger. I clamped tight around him, and felt David bury himself again.

"Oh...oh..." he moaned. His face was at my neck, his mouth licking and sucking my skin. "Oh...oh....oh!" he said again, trying to hold back. "Let...me...know...when..." he moaned, trying his best.

"Almost...almost....now!" I screamed, and David convulsed, rearing back and grabbing my hips, spraying my insides with his sauce. I fell into a shattering orgasm, the room going gray around me, as David fell on top of me, crushing me against the bed. I groaned, all the breath out of me, and tried to push him off. The waves of climax were still spreading throughout my body, but I couldn't breath. David was passed out on top of me. I turned my head to the side and sucked in a pain-filled lungful of air. We were going to have to work on that, I thought. Can't have the poor boy killing me every time he does me like a dog! I smiled at my own little joke and managed to get into a barely comfortable position.

David and I slept, and sometime during the nap, I felt his cock slide out of me to slap wetly against my thigh.

David and I awoke around noon. He kissed me awake, and I knew that he was raring to go again. I opened my thighs, and he slid into me, both of us still lubricated from our early morning bout. He stared deeply into my eyes as we screwed.

"Tell me your fantasies," I whispered. "Tell me one that you've always wanted to live out."

He stroked me once, twice. "Twist your hips at the bottom of a stroke, David. Use your groin to stimulate my clit." He nodded and did it the next time, and I gasped, my legs closing around his lower back, hunching myself at him.

"Your fantasies," I reminded him.

"Later..." he gasped. "After...can't think now..." I grinned and let myself go, eager to have another climax in David's arms. I promised myself that I would fulfill one fantasy of his today, and one tomorrow. No matter what it was. No matter how depraved...well, I promised myself I'd think about it, at least. If it wasn't too kinky, I'd let him do it. Whatever it was.

David speeded up, and I decided that we were also going to have to work on endurance. It was nice that he could cum five and six times a day, but I liked longer, deeper lovemaking. Not the rapid-fire sex that David was capable of. But that was ok. I knew how to make it last. This last time, for him, I'd let him bang away to his hearts content.

Without having to be told this time, David's hand found its way to my crotch and began working my button. The feelings were incredible as I looked up at him.

We screwed on and on for about another ten minutes, and then I came, and shortly after, David did also, giving me another load of his delicious cream.

"Now then," I said, after he'd had a chance to catch his breath. "First things first. You," I said, poking him in the chest, "have to learn to last a little longer. We'll work on that. I understand that this is all new and wonderful for you, but I like it a little longer, kay?" He nodded, pleased that he would be 'able to work on it' with me.

"Second things second. Your fantasies, David. Tell me about them. Don't hold back." He looked sheepish. "I really don't have anything out of the ordinary. I mean nothing kinky or anything like that."

"When you fantasized about having a girlfriend or a lover, what did you see yourself doing with them?" He was silent this time, thinking.

"Well...promise not to laugh?" I swore that I wouldn't. "Well," he started, "you may think this is a little juvenile, but whenever I think about being with a woman, it's usually romantic stuff. Having dinner, going to a movie, walking down the beach, stuff like that. Part of what makes the fantasy so good is that I know we're going to make love that night; there's no question. No worrying about weather or not I have to seduce her. That's my fantasy, having a regular lover and doing romantic things with her."

"What's the most romantic thing you can think of?" I asked. David looked deep into my eyes, and then smiled. "Wait here," he said, and got out of bed. I snuggled under the sheets, feeling the warm imprint of David's body on the bed and shivered. I had no idea what he was going to do, but I wanted him to do it, and do it with me.

Ten minutes later David came back, carrying a tray. I saw what was on it, and smiled. A man denied sex this long certainly had enough time to fantasize, and apparently David had put the time to good use. On the tray were: A bowl of fresh strawberries (from my icebox,) a bowl of ice-cream, a small bowl of chocolate sauce, and another bowl of honey.

"See," David said, putting it on the bed between us. "I thought about this one day after I read about tactile stimulation. The chocolate is warm, the honey is room-temperature, and the ice-cream is cold. Three different sensations, three different tastes."

With that, David took a strawberry and dipped it in the honey. He lifted it above my head and let the honey drizzle off and onto my face before lowering the strawberry to my mouth. I sucked it in and bit down on it, slicing half of it off. David bent to my face and slowly, lovingly, cleaned the honey off of my nose and cheek. We kissed, gently, and he shared the honey with me as I sucked as his tongue. His hand vanished off to the side, and then he was back, this time with two strawberries. One had chocolate on it, the other, ice-cream.

David moved down and used the tips of the strawberries to circle my nipples. My right one got the ice-cream, the left the chocolate. The dichotomy of sensation, one nipple hot, the other cold, drove me insane with pleasure, and I arched my back, driving my tits towards the strawberries. David licked and sucked at my nipples, cleaning the gooey substances from my body.

"Forget the strawberries," I said. "Just use the gooey stuff. It feels so sexy on my body..."

"Why?" he asked. "I mean, I really want to know." He'd dipped his finger in the chocolate and was tracing warm brown lines on my shoulder and neck. As he bent down to lick it up, I thought about it. "Because it just feels sexy. Warm and wet and cold and moist...feels like cum, a little, and like my own sauce. Feels...slightly nasty, David, and sometimes the best sex feels that way...slightly naughty and nasty. You know you shouldn't do certain things, that society doesn't

think it's right. But it feels good, and so you want to....oh, right there!....do it. Just do it, as the ad says!"

David took a small spoon full of honey and held it over my face, slowly turning it over so that it drizzled across the bridge of my nose and down each cheek. It felt like someone was cumming on my face. No one had ever done that to me before, cum on my face, and I wondered if this was what it felt like.

David lowered his face to mine, and we kissed, our gooey faces sticking together. Slowly, with the patience of Job, he worked my face over, trying to get all the honey. Our kisses were sticky and gooey and it was driving me insane; all these sensations on my skin, hot and cold, and David's warm, slightly rough tongue cleaning me up. I wondered what other devilish fantasies he had in store for me...ones that we could discover together.

After my face was reasonably clear, David reached over and grabbed a warm washcloth he'd brought from the kitchen, finishing the job of cleaning my face. I smiled at his thoughtfulness, and watched in growing anticipation as he grabbed the bowl of ice-cream, and the bowl of warm chocolate sauce and scooted down my body.

My legs fell open of their own volition, and I bit my bottom lip in anticipation. David used his fingers first, lightly coating the inside of my thighs with the chocolate sauce. The heat was warm and wonderful, adding to the heat I already felt in that region. And then David thumbed a dollop of ice-cream into my pussy, and I convulsed in pleasure. It was so incredible, feeling that little ball of ice-cold cream in my slot. David's mouth covered my hole and he gently prodded the small ball of ice cream with his tongue, and then he sucked it out again, pushing it in once more. He repeated this, while a chocolate-covered finger worked over my clit.

I started leaking heavily, and David kept adding ice-cream to my hole until the entire area was a gooey mess. I came three times under his tutelage, grinding my chocolate-and-ice-cream-sloppy slot all over his face.

We ran to the shower to clean each other off, and then back to the bed. It was my turn, and I wanted to make David feel as special as he had made me. The chocolate was my favorite, and I liberally covered his cock and balls with it. It had cooled since we'd started, but that didn't matter. David lay on his back with his legs spread as I crouched between them, working my hot, slavering mouth up and down the length of his chocolate log.

"Is this what you fantasized about?" I asked. "Someone doing this to you?" He nodded. "How is it?"

"Better than I ever imagined, Connie....oh my God... don't stop!" I'd moved my mouth to his scrotum and was cleaning the wrinkly sack of the chocolate, and I knew that David was going to shoot. So I backed off, letting him cool down.

"Tonight," I said, "We're going to go to dinner down by the bay. I'll wear my prettiest dress, just for you, David. We'll take a walk on the beach, then go have dinner. And when we go to your place after dinner, we will make love again. Nothing will stop me from doing that, David. Nothing. We're going to live out that fantasy tonight, David. Just you and me!"

David just grinned and gently guided my head back to his cock. It tasted so wonderful that I decided not to push the issue and to finish him off. David hunched several times against my face and emptied himself inside me, coating my mouth and throat with a beautiful mixture of chocolate and cum.

We arrived at Finnegan's just after seven. I had on a tight red dress that someone in my past had made me buy. Underneath, I'd worn another satin garterbelt, this one red to match my dress, and tiny G-string panties. The small cord running between the cheeks of my ass tickled, and I liked the sensation. The bra I wore was scalloped with fine lace patterns, and I knew when David undressed me later that night he'd love it. The stockings and heels I wore only complimented the outfit, and I knew I looked hot and tasty. I liked looking that way for David, for my new lover, for this man who had come into my life.

The waiter seated us at the best table in the house, and I knew that David had called ahead to reserve this just for us. I felt a tug inside my heart, and warned myself not to fall in love with this beautiful man-child.

Fairly a battalion of waiters fawned over us, and I knew David had set this up too. We enjoyed a wonderful meal, with sparkling conversation. David was well-read on a variety of subjects, and he was so interesting to talk to. I found myself getting drunk on the sound of his voice, and decided to have a little fun with him.

Kicking off one heel, I ran my instep up and down the back of David's calf. He was in the middle of some discourse about the Middle East, and stammered in mid-sentence as he felt my foot slowly ascend his leg. I rested it in his crotch and began teasing him through his slacks.

His face got very, very red, and I giggled into my wineglass.

"I never thought anyone could be so sexy..." he whispered to me across the table.

"Sexy? Or sex-crazy?" I teased back. David reached over and took my hand in his. "Sexy," he whispered. "Unbelievably, absolutely sexy. I never thought it would be this...great."

I just smiled and continued to tease him. Dessert came, and I took the opportunity to remove my leg and replace my heel. David paid the bill with his credit card, and we walked out of the restaurant and down to the beach. I took my heels off and we walked down the sand, hand in hand, looking at the moon on the water and hearing the soft sound of the waves lapping against the shore.

"Penny for your thoughts...?" I ventured. David had been silent for the last ten minutes.

"I'm not sure you want to hear them," he said. "I'm not sure that I want to say them." I let it drop, but it only took two minutes. "I was wondering...when this is going to end."

"Does it have to?" I asked, immediately regretting it. I didn't want to be vulnerable again. As soon as I said that, I knew I was opening a door that might be better left closed.

"I don't know, Connie. I know how I feel about you.. .But, as much as we've...been through, together, as much as we've...done, together, I just don't get a sense that the feelings are mutual. That's ok...I guess. I just wish..."

"What?"

"I just wish....." he sighed. "Let me tell you a story. When I was in High School, I knew this girl named Becky. Every guy has a Becky in his past, somewhere. That first love. I loved her more than I ever had anybody else in my life. She didn't even know I was alive, though, and it hurt. I would have done anything for her, and she knew that, and took advantage of it. I did her chemistry and physics homework, usually when she was out on a date with another guy. I didn't care...I figured that eventually she'd wise up and realize that I was the only guy for her. That didn't happen, and she's gone now...but I always wanted...I always wished...that the person I loved would love me just as much. That's what I was thinking, that I wished you loved me as much as I love you."

I stopped and took David into my arms. Stepping back, I took his face in my hands. "I can't say that I love you, David. I have very strong feelings for you. Stronger than I've ever had for any man. But I'm not Becky, and you're not the kid you were back then. This is an adult relationship. I want to continue it, and see where it leads. But I'm not making any promises, David. Do you

understand?" He nodded, a little sadly I thought, and then kissed me. We turned and made our way back up the beach, towards David's truck and his apartment.

"If you could change one thing about me, what would it be?" he suddenly asked. I was taken a little aback, but decided to answer him anyway.

"Your confidence and aggressiveness. I'd give you more of both." He smiled at me and kissed me softly.

"You're doing wonders for my confidence," he laughed.