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Michelle and Josh

By Megan

Michelle couldn't sleep. The first kisses with Josh were still so fresh in her mind and she kept replaying the scene over and over again. Each time it began just a bit more passionate and she could feel herself getting wetter with excitement. She wondered what Josh was thinking. Could he sleep? Was he replaying the scene over in his mind and getting as hard as she was wet?

The clock said one in the morning. Michelle sat up in bed and decided that she needed to find out for herself. Slipping on her flip-flops she tiptoed down the stairs and out the back door which was open to let the air in.

The moon lit the path between the houses and after a few minutes her eyes became used to the dark and she could see easily. Turning the corner under the large oak tree, Michelle stopped short of the house. Josh's bedroom was on the first floor and Michelle was surprised to see his light was still on. Stepping slowly and quietly, she moved close to the house. The shade was nearly down but she could see easily into the room through a small gap at the bottom. The breeze blew the shade in and out gently.

Josh was sitting on his bed with his back to Michelle. She could just make out there was another boy in the room too, but he was standing and she couldn't see his face. Perhaps it was his cousin, or maybe one of his friends from across the way. She was getting butterflies being so close to the house, peeking in on Josh. Just as she got to the side she could begin to hear what they were saying. Her eyes widened.

"So did you get a feel?", the other boy asked Josh.

"No we just kissed."

"Tongues?"

"Yeah, we did that."

"I still think you should have felt her up."

"I still can, I'm sure she'd let me."

"Do you think she felt your hardon?"

"It would have been hard to miss, I was almost out of my pants!"

Michelle started to feel a bit aroused hearing the boys talk about her sexually. She'd never heard anyone talk about her that way and it felt good.

"Think she'd let you finger her?"

"No."

"Chicken to ask?"

"We just started kissing. I've been thinking about kissing her for years now. I don't want to go to fast."

"Well try for a feel the next time, maybe she'll let you go under her shirt. Bet you'd shoot just from that."

"Would not."

"Well we'll see, I know if I was feeling anyone as hot as Michelle, I'd come if I got a feel of her tits or saw them."

"Well you won't see hers, their mine."

"I gotta go home, its pretty late", the standing boy said. "Bet you still have aching balls from that make out session."

"Yeah they do hurt."

"Well good jacking."

"You're gross. I will not jack off thinking about her."

"Hah, ten dollars says you do."

"Go home."

Michelle was feeling very excited and having to squat low on the group to not be seen she could feel the breeze in between her legs chill across the wetness. She saw the other boy leave and Josh closed his door. On one hand she wanted to tap on the window and get him to come outside, but now she was curious about what he would do next. Would he undress she could see his body? Would he masturbate like his friend said he would? The thoughts stirred

Michelle's vagina even more, making it slightly puffy and warm and so very wet.

Josh lay back on his bed and Michelle could just barely see the outline of his body above the windowsill. He lay still for what seemed like an eternity. Come on; do something, Michelle thought to herself. And a few moments later, Josh slid down his pants and underwear and released his stiffend penis. Michelle gasped. He was so much bigger than anything she imagined. And while she had seen what a boy looked like before, seeing the penis of someone she desired so much was overwhelming.

Josh began to stroke himself slowly. She couldn't see his face, just his hand and his penis. She strained to hear what he was saying.

"Michelle, you're so hot. You have no idea how hard you made me with your kisses tonight."

He paused and rubbed the tip of his penis with his palm.

Michelle was mesmerized by the scene. Almost without thinking she felt her own hand slipping between her legs, feeling the dampness of her panties. It felt exquisitely good. If Josh could be getting off thinking about her, then it was only right that she do the same.

Sliding her panties aside she began to finger her clit and the wetness oozing from inside her. She began to breathe shallowly, and pressed her ear to the window to hear more.

Josh was stroking harder now and he was mostly groaning gently. But every once in a while he spoke.

"Michelle, I so want to make you come. We don't have to do stuff you don't want to; I just want to make you feel as good as I do now. I wish it was your hand doing this now. Oh my god yes that feels so good."

Michelle wiggled her finger inside herself, rubbing her clit back and forth, almost making her lose her balance. She had never done this before and she felt both excited and even a little guilty of the pleasure that the masturbation and the peeping in on Josh was giving her. But she didn't stop, she wanted to see how good it could be.

Just then, Josh sat up and began to stroke faster.

"I'm cumming, Michelle I'm cumming for you."

He placed his other hand in front of his penis and began to ejaculate strings of white semen into it. Michelle couldn't see it all that well, but she knew what was happening and could see it overflow from his hand and down his fingers.

Having shot all he could Josh stood up and wiped his hand off on a towel. He was still very stiff and Michelle could see both his penis and balls and pubic hair clearly. A small drop of white semen remained at the tip.

The thought of someone masturbating over her sent shivers of delight and nervousness thought out her. But it was soon overcome by the stirring of what would be her first orgasm welling up inside. Staring at Josh's naked body and knowing how he had cum with her name on his lips, she started to shake gently. A burst of wetness bubbled up from deep inside and an electrifying glow radiated out from the center of her vagina and bounced off the very corners of her body.

She began panting as the warm waves of pleasure washed over her. She stopped rubbing and wiped her slippery hand on her nightgown.

Just as she finished, Josh's light went out, and she could hear the rustle of sheets and he slipped into bed.

Michelle got up and moved quietly away from the house and back to her own room. Sliding into her own room she began to doze off as well. Images of Josh and his orgasm rushed through her head, sending a new tickle in between her own legs. The faint smell of dampness and mustiness on her hand was sexy and new. But for all that, she was soon asleep. In the morning there would

be new adventures to have. Perhaps a bike ride to the nearby pond, and maybe some kissing in the bushes. And maybe she'd let Josh have that feel.

...To be continued