

# *Kelly 's Diary*

## *August 2, 1999 Losing My Virginity* (mf, f-solo, oral, first)

EVERY girl remembers losing her virginity. After all, not only is it your first time, it's your ONLY time. I can still remember that day like it just happened yesterday. I was fourteen and horny, what more do I need to say? In the past month I'd gone from my first real kiss to sucking my boyfriend's cock. Having rounded third base, I was heading for home!

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**PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT**

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## **Chapter 1 – Getting to Know Steve**

It all started about a month ago when I spent a weekend camping with Sharon and few girlfriends along with her mom and brother Steve. I'd never really spoken to him much as he would be a high school junior and I was just entering high school as a freshman. At sixteen, he seemed so much older and mature than the boys our age, not to mention he was quite a hunk as well, and all of us flirted shamelessly with him. He pretended to protest, saying we were too young and immature, but that only caused us to be even more outgoing towards him. Personally, I couldn't help but feel a little jealous when his eyes would lock onto one of my friend's cute bubble asses or growing boobs, feeling a little embarrassed that I seemed to be the one getting the least attention from him thanks to the cruelty of Mother Nature. Steve seemed especially interested in my best friend Beth, who was already ready for a C cup and had a figure I would've killed for. Looking down at my tiny boobs, barely qualifying for a training bra, I would wonder why my couldn't look like more like hers. It wasn't fair!

Considering Steve hadn't given me so much as the time of day over the weekend, I was almost speechless when he called about a week later and asked me if I would like to go out with him. Thank god we were on the phone so he couldn't see my face flush with excitement. Of course I accepted his invitation without hesitation. I'd been out with groups of friends and gone to parties with some guys in my class but nothing that really constituted a "date", especially with a boy as old, not to mention smoking hot, as Steve.

Steve was old enough to drive so he picked me up and took me to a Fourth of July carnival where we had all sorts of fun on the rides and playing games. Later that night, as we laid huddled under a blanket watching the fireworks, I felt his hands on my chest. My heart was racing as he reached into my halter top and played with my boobs – the first person ever to do that to me. It was even more exciting considering we were doing it in the middle of a crowded field, packed with families and others there to watch the firework. Well, they had no idea of the fireworks going off inside of me!

I don't know if was because he liked my bubbly personality or I that let him play with my boobs all he wanted, but whatever the motivation he asked me out a few times after that. Although I let him touch my breasts, that was as far as I would let him go. Of course I knew he wanted in my pants and I could tell he was getting frustrated more and more each time when I would push his hand away from my jeans or shorts. From the look on his face and the tone of his voice when he dropped me off at home, I began to worry that maybe he wouldn't call me again if I didn't start putting out more.

Although I was responsible for keeping him at bay, to be honest I wanted to go further around the bases just as much, if not more, as he did. Here I was, fourteen and my hormones were raging. I'd started masturbating a few years ago and my mother often commented about how often I was doing it, but it was nothing like what I was doing after I started dating Steve. God, I was fingering myself every night and usually a couple of times during the day as I would dream about his hands exploring me, touching me all over. My attention was especially drawn to a large bulge in his pants that magically appeared whenever we were making out. There were times when it took every ounce of willpower for me not to reach over and unzip his jeans, freeing what I was sure was the most marvelous cock in the world. The problem was simple, I was hot and horny but at the same time a bit scared. Like every girl in school, including his sister, I knew Steve was no virgin. In fact, he had quite the reputation for putting the moves on every girl he dated. It was well known that if a girl didn't put out, he didn't date her for long. I'd never even so much as touched a boy down there (well, actually I had once a long time before but that was a totally different thing) and I was deathly afraid I would embarrass myself by not being as good as the older girls he had been having sex with.

Of course, in my dreams as I masturbated I was giving Steve head and riding his cock as good as those whores in the porn movies my dad loved to watch. I would lay in bed at night and finger myself while squeezing what boobs I had, dreaming of how Steve's swollen dick would feel in my mouth. What would it be like to feel him in my pussy? I would push my finger deep inside of me, then two and even three, wondering if a cock would feel the same way. My eyes would close and my hips would raise up off the bed as I came, dreaming that it was Steve's dick inside of me, filling me with his hot sperm until my pussy overflowed and it drained down my ass and wet my sheets under me.

What was sort of funny was that I think my mom got more of a kick out of my "problem" than anything. She seemed quite amused by the fact that since I had started dating Steve my masturbation time had gone off the

chart. Sometimes she would come in my room after I was done and we would talk about Steve. We had some long talks about what my first time would be like and what I could do to be better prepared. While she never openly encouraged me to have sex with him, I got the feeling sometimes she wondered what was holding me back. She certainly never discouraged me!

Finally after laying in bed completely exhausted after yet another entire morning spent in bed masturbating, I decided that I'd held out long enough. Next time I was determined to learn more about what was creating that bulge under those pants – a LOT more! Somehow I didn't think Steve would mind.

On our next date Steve took me to a movie theater and to make a long story short, by the time it was over I'd not only touched my first cock, I'd sucked it and swallowed my first load of cum as well. The swallowing part was more by accident than design. I had him in my mouth when he came without warning and so I ended up with a mouthful whether I really wanted it or not. Well, I think I loved it even more than he did! Some of my girlfriends had already blown their boyfriends and some of them had told me how disgusting the cum tasted. Well, maybe it was just Steve's particular flavor but all I knew was I was addicted to cum from day one. My only regret was I had waited so long before finding out how great it was.

After that I took advantage of every opportunity to suck Steve's magical cock. We often did it in my bedroom, sometimes even with my parents home. It wasn't liked they cared, but Steve didn't realize that they knew what we were doing – because I would tell them about it afterwards. He seemed to really get off knowing that my parents were right below us while he was stroking his dick in and out of my mouth. The more I sucked his dick, the more I found myself dreaming about what it would be like to have him fuck me with it. One thing I knew for sure – there wouldn't be any problems getting Steve to do it. He had made it clear many times that he wanted to fuck me sooner than later. Again, I was starting to get the feeling that I might lose him if I didn't put out more.

## **Chapter 2 – The Great Debate**

Under the circumstances, it was just a matter of time before we did IT but it WAS a big step for me to take and I didn't want to rush into it until I was sure. I mean, when you come down to it, sucking cock is no big thing really. Heck, if anything I was probably one of the last in my circle of friends to do it. Unlike a BJ, though, letting Steve fuck me would mean I was having SEX, something that most of my friends were NOT doing.

Another thing I had to take into consideration was that while most people didn't take blowjobs seriously; once a girl my age gets a reputation for REALLY putting out she's immediately tagged with the title "slut". Based on his reputation, I had to assume that if I let Steve fuck me that he would promptly go out and do what he did after being with the other girls he'd done – tell all his friends about it. In addition, I knew how the girls at school talked about other girls who were 'easy' and I wasn't so sure I wanted them talking about ME that way. Then again, I had to admit that it sort of turned me on to think that they would talking about me, probably jealous that it wasn't them getting laid by a hunk like Steve.

Actually, getting a "reputation" wasn't really a big concern for me. Judging from what people wrote in my mom's high school yearbook, she obviously wasn't the class virgin and she certainly turned out great. No, what bothered me the most was that I knew Steve was just looking for another notch on his belt. Would he dump me once he bagged my fourteen year-old virgin pussy? Once I started dating her brother, Sharon had filled me in with all the details about the older girls he'd dated, some of them even college girls, so I wasn't waiting for him to proclaim his undying love for me or anything silly like that before we had sex. Simply put, I didn't want to be used, at least not my first time. Like any girl, I wanted my first time to be special, hopefully even a little romantic, not just some back seat fuck in the dark.

Although I had several friends with whom I felt comfortable discussing most things, my best friend Beth being my favorite and most confidential, my ultimate confidante was my mom. I never kept ANY secrets from her and whenever I had a problem or question that I couldn't tell anyone else, I knew my mom was always there for me. Like I said, she and I were already discussing sex in general with several coy references to Steve, so after I'd been sucking Steve's dick for some time I decided to ask my mom directly what she thought I should do so far as letting him fuck me.

The next morning, after my dad had left for work, I slipped under the covers with my mom in bed. We were both nude, as that was how we always slept, but with the covers over us we couldn't see other anyway. Even without them, it wasn't like we would have been flaunting ourselves or being kinky. My mom never hid anything from me anyway so there was nothing for me to be ashamed of or shy about. She even helped me learn to masturbate better! Now don't get any perverted ideas – she demonstrated everything on herself, not me (which would have been a bit weird to say the least).

“Hey baby, what's the problem?” she asked, trying to rub the sleep from her eyes. My mom worked shifts at the hospital but she'd gotten a good night's sleep and was just being lazy so I didn't mind waking her up.

“Mom, I don't know what to do,” I started out. No sense beating around the bush so I just asked her straight out saying, “Steve wants to fuck me and I don't know if I should let him.”

My mom just chuckled and then she asked, “Well Kelly, EVERY boy wants to fuck his girlfriend so what makes this so special?”

She had me there. My mom had a knack for drilling straight to the core of an issue and in this case she asked the exact question that was nagging me.

“Nothing really” I said lamely, “I guess want it too.”

My mom leaned up on her elbow at that and smiled at me knowingly. “Ahhhhhhh, I see what's going on here. It's not really about Steve, is it? I think someone's just horny, eh.”

My eyes involuntarily glanced downward, betraying me and she knew she had me cornered so she continued, “You know, there are two ways to give up your virginity – to someone who loves you and respects you or you can give it away just for the sex. Somehow I think you just want to get laid – am I right?”

“Well...,” I stammered. I hadn't planned on putting it quite THAT way but essentially she was right. How do mother's read minds anyway? Still, it wasn't quite that bad. I DID want to be respected after all.

“Oh don't deny it,” she said, putting her hand on my arm, “It's only natural. Let me guess... since you've been blowing him the desire has gotten worse, right?”

I nodded, biting my lower lip nervously, and she continued, “Well, what did you expect Kelly? Actually, I'd be a lot more concerned if you came in here and said you did NOT want to have sex. It's perfectly natural to want it, especially with the changes you're going through now. The only question I DO have is, do you really want Steve to be your first?”

I looked at her quizzically, wondering where she was going with this.

“What I'm trying to say Kelly, is do you want to give away your virginity to some high school boy who just wants to add to his list of scores? Have you ever considered that maybe there might be someone else out there who wants your virginity? Someone who might be more concerned about YOU than just getting laid, maybe even someone who loves you?”

I shook my head in confusion. Sometimes my mom could be a little too philosophical for me and this was one of those times when I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about. Like, who did I know that loved me who would want to fuck me? I may have been fourteen and horny, but I wasn't so naïve as to think for one minute that Steve loved me. I mean, we enjoyed each other and had some good times, but I was pretty sure that if I stopped putting out for him that he would drop me like a hot potato. I looked at my mom with a questioning face but she just dropped that line of discussion. I guess she realized I hadn't a clue what she was talking about. Steve was the only boy I had ever dated so who else did she think loved me that would want my virginity? Sure, I know lots of boys would screw any girl they could get their hands on, but there wasn't anyone that I was as close to as I was with Steve.

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As a side note, it wasn't until a couple of years later that I recalled this conversation and the light bulb went off over my head. To this day I wish she had explained it to me but at the same time I understand that she felt she was protecting me at the time by not revealing anything. Now I know that she was talking about my own father! She knew he loved me and wanted to be my first but they had a pact that if anything like that ever happened, it would only be because I initiated on my own, without any encouragement from either of them. Had she told me, it would have been a shock for sure, as I had no clue he felt that way about me. At the same time, I loved my dad and adored him as my father so I would have gladly given myself to him if that's what he wanted. As it was, it would be two more years before I learned the truth – I guess better late than never.

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In the meantime, my mind was focused on Steve so her cryptic suggestions went in one ear and out the other. (I'm a brunette so no blonde jokes about it being a direct path from one to the other!)

"Well, if your all set on it being Steve, then all I can say then is that I hope you have enough sense to use protection. I'll be happy to take you to my doctor next week if you're really serious about this," my mom said, shaking her head slightly, "I guess I should have seen this coming and had you in there with her already.

Pardon me if I explain the obvious... she meant that I should go on the pill BEFORE I started having sex. My heart sank at that as even if I got started immediately, it would be at least a couple of months before it was effective. She probably thought that since I'd waited over fourteen years for this, what was another two months? Well, SIXTY days, that's what and I didn't want to wait sixty days. At the same time, I knew better than to argue with her. Well, there were some things we just didn't agree on and I guess this was going to be one of them.

We hugged after that and I felt secure in her embrace. The warm touch of my mom's nude body against mine always made me feel close to her in a way nothing else did. At times like this I really appreciated that we could be so open with one another. I remembered how as little girl I would crawl in bed with my mom, seeking her love and attention like a little puppy. She would stroke the backs of her fingertips over me and run her fingers through my hair, soothing and relaxing me while at the same time goose bumps all over. There was just something about being with her that way that felt so natural, like it was meant to be.

"Well, then I don't know what else to tell you baby," my mom said, rolling over on her back, stretching her arms out as she tried to stifle a yawn. "We've talked about this a lot before so you know what to do unless, of course, you have any more questions."

As horny as I was right then thinking about being with Steve, I didn't really want to get into a generic discussion on technique at the moment so I shook my head. My mom had already told me a lot about what it would be like my first time. She even used a dildo on herself once to help me understand what would happen and how to best do it the first time. I figured most of it was instinctive anyway but some motherly advice never hurt.

Well, laying in bed naked against my mom, thinking about Steve fucking me, had me so horny I had to touch myself. God I was so wet! My mom looked over at me, realizing what I was doing, and just rolled her eyes and sighed.

"Sheesh Kelly, why don't you go to your room if you're going to do that? Last night was a rough shift and I really need some extra sleep."

Back in my room, I laid on my own bed and toyed with my pussy, imagining it was Steve, imagining his fingers on me, maybe even his mouth. God, what would it feel like to have his tongue on me? I couldn't even imagine how it would feel to have Steve suck on my clit the same way he did on my nipples – but I gave it a good try!

### **Chapter 3 –Steve Gets Impatient**

Steve and I dated a few more times after that. I could tell he was getting more and more impatient with me. Sure, he didn't complain about the blowjobs I gave him, but each time I pushed his hand away from my crotch I

could see the frustration growing in his face. One night we were up in my room fooling around and as I was sucking his cock he tried to pull my pants down – again. I firmly took his hand in mine and pulled it away but this time it must have been the straw that broke the camel's back and Steve expressed his anger with me.

"God dammit Kelly, what's your fuckin' problem anyway?" he said with a loud huff, "That's it... are you gonna let me fuck you or not? I'm tired of playing your silly games. You need to grow up!"

Well I was shocked to say the least. Games? Silly games at that. Was he implying I was some little immature girl? I knew he'd wanted to screw me since our first date but as my mom observed, what boy doesn't? I was only fourteen so it wasn't like I was holding out for marriage or anything. For crying out loud, I wanted it just as much as he did! But for me, it was my first time, my virginity, and it meant something to me and I didn't want him to just take it and run, leaving me behind like a stupid girl he'd used and abused. Unfortunately, rather than telling him all this, my courage failed me and I shrank back from him, tears starting to form in my eyes.

"I want to, I'm just... afraid," I said in a low voice that he probably could barely hear. Steve looked at me and it finally must have dawned on what was going on, the internal struggle that was tearing me apart.

"Oh Kelly, Kelly," he said, wrapping his arms around me and pulling me in close to him. I was just wearing some jeans – my top had long since been removed, while he was wearing just a short sleeved shirt, his pants and underwear also long since history. My bare boobs rubbed against the soft fabric of his shirt. Even with all that was being said, I was still holding onto his stiff cock – I wasn't letting go of that if I could help it!

"Don't worry Kelly... I know what I'm doing... you've got nothing to be afraid of," he assured me.

What I wanted to say was, "YOU IDIOT!" but I knew better. He didn't have a clue about how I was feeling and I guess it wasn't his fault that he was a guy. Instead, I just nestled up to him and said softly, "That's not what I meant... I'm afraid you won't want me afterwards."

Steve let out a long breath and a sigh. I knew what he was probably thinking, that I was some silly emotional little girl and the things he had to put up with to get a piece of pussy! But I had to give him credit, he at least TRIED to be a gentleman.

"Oh Kelly, how could you think that? You know I care a lot about you. I don't date you just for the sex."

Yeah right! I wasn't THAT stupid! Yet there WAS something in his voice that sounded sincere. Maybe he DID care about me just a little bit. In the past few weeks I found myself growing fond of him as well and it wasn't just my infatuation with what was between his legs. Steve was actually a pretty good guy once you got to know him. Maybe he WAS taking me out for more than just sex. After all, it wasn't like all he was always the one pushing me to suck his cock – usually it was me that was unzipping him before we got out of the driveway!

"Would you still take me out if I didn't suck your cock every time?" I asked him in a low voice.

"Of course!" Steve replied, "Now don't get the impression that I don't LIKE you blowing me but that's not the only reason we go out you know."

Well, it may have been 90% bullshit but even if it was only 10% true it was music to my ears. I looked at him with big red eyes and stroked his cock slowly as I whispered to him, "Just give me some more time... please?"

Steve smiled at me and then joked (or at least I think he was joking). "OK, but I expect one hell of a blowjob tonight then instead!"

How could I resist? He got what he wanted since it was the same thing I'd been wanting so we were both happy that night. He came in my mouth and I greedily swallowed it, hungry for his cum. After he left I washed up and brushed my teeth before heading down to the basement where I told my mom what had happened. Even though she thought I was being a bit generous in my feelings about what he meant, I was willing to rationalize if need be. After all, Steve wasn't the only one getting frustrated over not having sex!

### **Chapter 3 – Sucking Steve’s Cock**

As luck would have it, an opportunity arose sooner than expected when my parents decided to go away for the next weekend on some sort of “date” of their own. Just as they were about to walk out the door my mom turned back and whispered to me, “Promise me you’ll be careful if you decide to fool around this weekend, you hear me?”

Mothers! I just rolled my eyes and as soon as they were out of sight I was on the phone with Steve saying, “Hey guy! My parents just left for the weekend. Wanna come over?”

It was a silly question – he agreed instantly. As I eagerly waited for him to drive over I checked myself in the mirror and couldn’t help but put my hand between my legs, thinking of whose hand I knew would be there before too much longer. I was so excited! For the past month I’d been playing with myself imagining Steve running his hands all over me, thinking what it would be like for him to take me in his strong arms. I imagined feeling his nude body tight against mine, then the feel of him entering me for the first time.

Sharon and I both talked about it almost every day. One day she confided in me that she wished that he would fuck her. I couldn’t believe it, she wanted her own brother to fuck her! But then, I guess if I had a brother like Steve, I might think the same way. Still, to do someone in your own family was way out there for me. Steve evidently ignored all of the hints she had given him so she was stuck living vicariously through me, insisting that I tell her every detail after a date with Steve. Well, if things went as planned she was REALLY going to be horny when I told her about what we did today. A naughty idea came to me then and I picked up my cell phone while I watched for Steve to arrive. I dialed a familiar number and Sharon answered.

“Do you know where Steve is?” I asked her in a teasing tone.

“Noooooo,” she replied, “Ummmmm... something I should know about?”

I giggled like a schoolgirl and teased her again. “He’s on his way over to my house right now and guess what I’m gonna let him do to me?”

I heard a gasp on the other end of the line. “No! You’re not gonna let him... are you?”

All I could do was giggle some more and Sharon got the message loud and clear. “Damn you Kelly, that’s not fair!”

Just then Steve drove up and so I said, “Sorry girl, he’s here. I’ll call you after he leaves – AFTER he fucks me!”

Before she could answer I hung up the phone, feeling positively naughty inside after teasing his sister so badly. I could imagine her masturbating now at home as she thought about what me and her brother would be doing soon. She must have been so jealous! I loved it!

Steve walked up to the door just then, looking sexier than ever in his denim cutoffs and tight ribbed tank top. He was sporting a great tan and was muscular from working on a farm during the summer – oh my god I would always get so wet and horny every time I saw him! I had nothing on but a t-shirt, and not a very long one at that. It showed off my tanned legs as well as all of my ass, not to mention an unobstructed view of my fuzzy pussy from the front! If he had any doubt what was on my mind it was erased the instant he stepped in and I greeted him.

“Hi Steve,” I said, trying to act the part of the shy schoolgirl even though I dressed like the slut I was hoping to become. “I’ve been waiting for you.”

Steve looked me up and down and smiled a lecherous grin. “Wow Kelly, that is one hot outfit!” He reached out and palmed my bare butt. “Mmmmmmm, god I love your tight little ass!”

I grinned at the compliment and turned to walk away, making sure I wiggled that ass he admired so much. Then

I turned back and took him by the hand, leading him to the family room couch. We kissed for a long time, each of us anxious to do more but both of us too nervous to make the next move. It was like for all his bravado, now that he knew he could have me it was a different story. Was he actually a little intimidated by me? Sharon told me once that I was the youngest girl he'd ever dated. Did that have anything to do with it?

His lips pressed against mine, our tongues meeting and toying with the other's. His arms around me were so strong, reaching completely around me and pulling me tightly into his chest. His hands ran through my hair, just the way he knew I loved it. It was warm in the house yet I was shivering with excitement. As tightly as he was holding me, surely he must feel the beating of my heart as it raced with anticipation. God I wanted him so bad! At that moment I felt a hunger for him, almost an animal-like lust, like I was a female in heat begging to have my urges met in the only way they could be truly satisfied. Even in my wildest masturbation fantasies I'd never felt so horny. It was like if he didn't fuck me, and fuck me soon, I was going to explode!

Steve seemed just as anxious and restless as me. I could see his crotch bulging with the surging of his dick as it hardened with his lust for me. Neither of us uttered a word, instead letting our hands and lips do the talking. Steve put his arms around me and began to rub my back, working his way under my t-shirt onto my bare back as our kissing became even more passionate and unrestrained. Then he gradually worked his hand around until finally he was holding me just under my boobs. My desire overwhelmed me and I couldn't take his slow pace anymore so I held his hand and moved it up onto my right breast.

"Touch me Steve," I whispered fervently, "I want you to touch me all over my body. You can touch me anywhere... anywhere Steve."

Steve didn't answer verbally but instead began to massage my boob slowly as my heart raced even faster. Finally, he grew frustrated with the t-shirt so he raised my arms and then pulled it up and over my head, tossing it to the floor in a heap, leaving me now totally in the process. We had been nude before so it wasn't like it was the first time he had seen my naked body, yet there was something different this time, something more sensual... more erotic. Maybe because we each knew that this time there were no bounds, no limits, no saying "no". Steve sat there, smiling widely as he took a good long look at my little breasts with their rock hard nipples poking out at attention. Despite myself, as always I was shy at first and started to pull away, worried that he would think my breasts were too small. Steve had been through this with me before, though, and knew what was wrong.

"Don't worry Kelly, they're beautiful," he assured me, "Besides, look at how they fit perfectly in my hand. Now stop worrying about them! They're perfect... perfect."

"Oh Steve, it feels so good when you touch them like that!" I sighed, head leaning back as I closed my eyes and concentrated on nothing but his hands on my sensitive boobs. I loved to play with my boobs when I was alone, sometimes even when I'm not, but somehow whenever Steve touched them it just felt so much better, like a completely different experience. Steve leaned over and gently laid me back on the couch, kissing my neck and then working his way down until he reached the rising of my breasts, and then even lower until he was sucking on my nipples. It made me tingle from head to toe as I closed my eyes again and thought of nothing but how good he was making me feel.

"That's it Steve, suck them... bite them... that's it... pull on my nipples with your teeth." It felt so good that my back arched involuntarily and a moan escaped from my lips. "Now do the same to my other breast... give it some attention too."

His tongue swirled around my nipples as he sucked on my breasts. He grabbed the nipples between his teeth and pulled out on them, stretching them out and then releasing them to snap back, making me groan out loud each time. His hands squeezed them together, pushing them out and making them look bigger than they really were as his mouth went back and forth between them.

"Oh god Steve! Don't stop!"

I could feel his dick pushing into me through his jeans, driving into my thigh as he leaned over me and used his wonderful mouth on my boobs. It was like a hard piece of wood, pressing into me and driving into my flesh. God he was so hard! He wanted me. Yes, Steve wanted to fuck me, I knew it more certainly than I could

possible know anything else.

And I wanted him to.

"Fuck me Steve," I said breathlessly, "Please fuck me... Oh god Steve, I want you to fuck me so bad!"

There, I'd said it! The words spilled from my mouth like I was channeling for some spiritual prostitute. Even though I heard them, I couldn't believe I'd actually said them. It was like a dam had been broken inside of me, releasing the pent up lust in flood of emotions stirred by hours of masturbation and fantasy that had been building up inside of me as I had waited for this moment to arrive. Suddenly I didn't care anymore what I said, it was like I'd been replaced by some whore in heat.

"I want your dick in my pussy... fuck me Steve, fuck me with your hard dick... fuck me... fuck me... oh dammit fuck me Steve!"

Steve's face lit up. I could only imagine what must have been going through his mind as this little fourteen year-old suddenly developed the filthy mouth of a street prostitute, a virgin begging to be deflowered, a young girl completely lost, drowning in the floodwaters of erotic emotions that were overwhelming her, begging for him to rescue her.

Needless to say he didn't wait for me to tell him again. He undoubtedly had known from the start when I greeted him at the door in nothing but a tight short t-shirt that I was extra horny today but I don't think he realized until that moment just HOW horny I was! Steve reacted with the same abandon as a male dog when it senses a bitch in heat. I felt him fumbling to loosen his jeans but it was hard with the limited room on the couch. Somewhere in the back recesses of my mind, a voice called out to me. No, this wasn't the way it was suppose to be. This wasn't how I had envisaged my first time, squeezed together like sardines as we tried to get into position. Suddenly I panicked. I wasn't about to get laid for the first time like this.

"I want you to do me on my bed," I whispered hoarsely, almost unable to speak.

As much as I knew he wanted to take me then and there, Steve reacted wonderfully. He reached under my warm nude body, picking me up in his arms and carried me upstairs to my bedroom like a bride on her wedding day. I could feel his strong hands under my bare ass and I wrapped my arm around his neck, snuggling up close to him as he took me to my room.

When we got to my bedroom he set me down gently on my bed and as I laid back I watched as he stripped off his clothes. At first he had to catch his breath after carrying me up all those stairs, his strong chest heaving slightly. What held more interest for me was the sight of his beautifully erect cock as it poked out from his crotch like a thick sausage emerging from a forest of dark, dense, black pubic hair. His handsome chest was glistening and as he stood there over me with his hands on his thin waist I couldn't help but sigh as I unabashedly stared at him – he looked so handsome and wonderful. In a strange way, he looked so striking and manly that it was hard for me to believe what he intended to do to me – and that I wanted him to do it!

"Remember that night at the fireworks, when I told you someday you would know every inch of me," I whispered to him softly. I slowly spread my legs apart, baring my pussy to him for the first time like a slut, "Well, today you can do anything you want to me... anything."

Steve had the look of a little boy entering a candy store for the first time. It was like he didn't know where to begin! I would have loved to have been able to read the thoughts that were rushing through his mind at that moment. What was he thinking as he looked down on me? This was no eighteen year-old senior, no college girl all grown up and mature. No, before him now laid a small fourteen year-old virgin who had just handed him the keys to her immature body, offering herself to him as she only could do once in her life. Then again, at the time that is how I imagined he was thinking, all wonderful and romantic. Looking back with more jaded eyes after having sex with a lot more boys his age or close to it, odds were that as a sixteen year-old horny boy, the only thoughts in his head were about how his dick was going to feel in my pussy when he broke through my intact hymen.

Steve knelt on the bed next to me and started to run his hands all over me. It was like he was exploring me, wanting to see and feel every square inch of me. His hands moved over my breasts, over my stomach, my waist, pussy and then my thighs and legs and then back up again. He ran his fingers through my hair, making me tingle and shiver. Maybe it was being in my bed that made it all the more erotic but all I knew was that I never wanted him to stop!

I looked down and saw his stiff cock standing out from his hairy crotch. When he leaned over me it would push forward and I could feel the head of it pushing against my bare skin. This wasn't the first time I'd been totally nude for him, but it was far more erotic and sensual than ever before. Before I'd let him see me nude but not touch me and I certainly hadn't spread my legs open for him. Actually, Steve was only the second man to ever see me nude, my father being the other but that didn't really count – he was my dad after all, not my boyfriend.

Steve looked at me, seeing me no longer as his cute little girlfriend but now as a mere sexual object, a girl who was turning him on and making him horny, a pussy waiting to bring him to orgasm. God, his cock was so stiff! I'd seen my dad's when he was masturbating but Steve's seemed to be even harder and bigger than my dad's. My mouth watered as I realized that unlike my dad, who was probably getting off to thoughts of Amanda Tapping on StarGate, Steve was hard because of ME. All I could think about was what I wanted to do with his cock, how badly I wanted to suck it and then let him push it in me for the first time. I could feel his stiff dick pressing against me again as he looked me in the eyes, only this time it was flesh against flesh, no jeans separating him from me. He moved up until he was kneeling next to my head with his cock pressing against my cheek.

"Suck it Kelly," he whispered, "I want to watch you suck my dick."

He moved back a bit to make room for my hand as it reached out and grasped his huge cock. With all the practice I'd had sucking him lately, I knew just what to do to make him feel good. I moved my fingers around him and caressed his cock up and down the shaft. I lifted my head up and pulled the pillow under it to support me as I started by licking it softly with my tongue. He was rock hard and the slightest touch caused his cock to jump. Then I took just the tip into my mouth, barely covering it with my lips. Slowly I started to go down on him, taking it in a bit and then pulling back, each time going a bit farther. He tasted so good! Finally I had his whole cock in my mouth and was stroking him as fast as I could move my head.

"Oh god Kelly!" he groaned, "Damn that feels so good!"

It wasn't surprising that my technique suited him perfectly. After all, my only cocksucking experience was with his cock. I'd never asked Steve how I compared to other girls that had sucked his cock before but he seemed to enjoy what I did. Every time I sucked his cock, when I was finished I felt like I learned a little something to make it better the next time. How to interpret his reactions, where to touch him with my tongue, when to suck and when to stroke, it was all part of the learning process. I knew I had a LOT to learn yet but my goal was that someday I would have a reputation for being the BEST cocksucker around.

I loved running my fingers through his dark curly pubic hair and gently massaging his balls. His crotch wasn't nearly as bushy as my dad's was but then I only got to SEE my dad's cock whereas I was SUCKING Steve's so there really was nothing to compare. Not only that, but I had never felt someone else's pubic hair before. My own pussy was covered with little more than fuzz rather than the coarser hair my mom had. Even so, I suspected that before next summer I would be trimming or shaving, especially when it was bikini time again.

I enjoyed the feel of his pubic hair against my face; the coarseness of it tickled my cheeks. Then there was the smell. Steve's crotch odor was much stronger than mine but it wasn't bad like underarm odor or bad hygiene. The hornier he was the stronger it got so in a way, it was like an indicator of how turned-on I was making him. With his cock all the way in my mouth my nose would be buried right in the thickest part of it and I loved to took in long deep breathes as I sucked him, enjoying the rich scent of his sexuality.

One thing I DID learn with experience was how to better tell when Steve was about to cum. There were a few times when he would still surprise me but in general I was developing like a sixth sense for it. It was similar to watching my dad masturbate. After all these years I could almost predict exactly when he would cum – something that became a sort of running joke between and my mom to see who could predict it the best. I could

tell now as I sucked him that Steve was about to cum. It wasn't like a siren went off or lights flashed, but more a combination of subtle hints. The way he would thrust himself, the pulsing of his dick, the straining of his cock head, even his breathing were all part of the preparation process for him to cum. Of course, it never hurt for him to announce it either as he liked to do sometimes! Realizing he was about to cum, I almost stopped out of fear that if he did he might not be able to fuck me right away afterwards. Then I remembered talking to his sister Sharon about just this very thing a few days earlier. Sharon couldn't help but laugh when I asked her what I should do if this were to happen.

"Enjoy it Kelly!" she had said, shaking her head at me, "Sometimes I really have to wonder about you. Trust me, I've seen him stay hard after masturbating three times in a row and he has a hell of a reputation with his older girlfriends for his ability to keep on going forever. Don't worry, my horny brother is a fucking machine. You're SOOOO lucky! God I wish I knew how to convince him to fuck me!"

With this tidbit of knowledge on my side, I held his balls gently in my hand as I sucked his cock and felt him swelling even larger in my mouth. Steve started to groan – a sure sign of an impending explosion.

"Oh yeah, I'm cumming!" he grunted, voicing his impending orgasm.

Steve used both hands to hold my head firmly on his cock as his hips suddenly bucked forward, driving his cock as deeply into my mouth as he could. The first load of cum emerged from his cannon of a cock, splashing against the back of my throat. This was the moment I loved best when I sucked him, feeling him release himself into my mouth, discharging his manhood down my throat. I kept sucking and sucking him as he released the last of it, drawing every drop from him that I could not to mention ensuring he maintained his erection. I wasn't through with this beautiful cock today, not by a long shot! I let his cock slip from my mouth and ran my tongue around my lips and gums, savoring the flavor of his salty cum.

#### **Chapter 4 – Masturbating For Steve**

Steve moved from my head down to my waist where he reached between my tanned smooth thighs, pressing them wide apart. My brown fuzzy pussy hair was barely long enough for him to pass his fingers through and I lifted my head to watch him play with me. This was the first time anyone else but me had played with my pussy this way. I had let Steve press against my cunt with my shorts or jeans on but never directly on me like he was doing now. I giggled as he tickled me.

"Sit back... watch me do it," I said as I closed my eyes, spread my legs even further apart and began to rub my pussy slowly for him. I couldn't believe what I was about to, masturbate in front of him like some sex show. It wasn't that I had never been seen masturbating before. My parents must have seen me do myself a hundred times but this was totally different. This time I wasn't just doing with Steve in the same room. No... this time I was doing it FOR Steve! I felt like a stripper on stage displaying myself shamelessly for a horny customer. On the one hand I felt like a slut but on the other, there was something about the way he was staring at me that made feel better about myself than I ever had before. I wasn't worried about my little boobs, my thin ass, or pony legs. Steve was literally staring at my pussy, as if it was the most fascinating sight he had ever seen.

I watched him as I rubbed my clit for him. My fingers began to circle around my clit, softly massaging it as my movements grew faster. My breathing quickened and my hips began to buck and then arch into the air. I slid a single finger into my warm wet pussy, slowly stroking it in and out like a tiny cock. Steve was watching my every move. He gasped slightly when I pushing my finger inside of me. From the way his cock was sticking out like a tree trunk from his crotch, he was thoroughly enjoying the show I was putting on for him.

The idea of masturbating FOR Steve continued to dominate my thoughts. As I just mentioned, I'd masturbated with my parents around for years so it wasn't the first time anyone had SEEN me masturbate. However, it WAS the first time anyone had WATCHED me masturbate, an important distinction. It was like me seeing my dad masturbating. I knew he was doing it but I never had really WATCHED him doing it and he was never interested in me that way either when I did it with him around. After all, why would he be interested in watching his own daughter playing with herself? I was raised that masturbation was a normal release and nothing to be ashamed of. Why should anyone have to skulk to their bedroom or bathroom just to do it?

For me, it was incredibly erotic to have Steve actually staring at my pussy as my fingers touched my clit and pushed into my pussy for him to see. I don't know what was turning me on more, the touch of my hands or the feeling of his eyes boring holes into my pussy. Actually, this was one of my mom's suggestion for me when I was about to have sex for the first time. She had told me that the wetter and hornier I was before he fucked me, the easier it would be when he first penetrated me. Well, I was soaking wet and as horny as I'd ever felt so I guess that meant one thing – I was primed and ready to be fucked for the first time!

I looked at Steve and gave him a seductive smile. I gently rubbed my pussy and said, "Did you know Steve that when I do this in bed I'm thinking of you? I love to dream of you touching me like this."

I continued to touch myself slowly and deliberately. Steve's eyes were fixed on my pussy and I don't think he was even blinking at this point. He was stroking his cock with one hand and I knew he was as ready as I was. As much as I wanted him in me though, I couldn't bear the thought of taking my hand off me... not just yet at least. I was soooooo close!

"Ohhhhhhhhh Steve!" I moaned, closing my eyes as I felt my pussy begin to surge under my fingers. It was like a bomb had been set off inside my pussy, exploding inside of me and releasing a flood of pleasure unlike anything else in the world as it quickly spread throughout my entire body. I squeezed my eyes shut, flashes of light lit up in the dark as my orgasm wracked my body from head to toe.

"I'm cumming... Oh god!"

My leg pulled up to my chest as I rocked back and placed my palm over my throbbing pussy, pulling myself back as my palm pressed on my lightning hot pussy. My chest felt like it was on fire, reddening like a beach sunburn as I felt my face and upper chest flush. I put one hand over the other, gripping on my crotch like I was protecting it from invasion, pulling back on it and driving me into an ever deeper orgasm.

Slowly I returned to earth from whatever plan of existence I went to when I experienced a good orgasm. Opening my eyes, Steve was staring at me with his mouth hanging open, practically drooling at the sight on front of him. My pussy was practically screaming as I eyed his hard dick, almost pointing directly at my pussy like some heat-seeking missile waiting to be launched. I pulled my hand from my pussy curled my finger to indicate I wanted him to come closer to me

"Enough of dreaming about your dick... now I want you for real."

## **Chapter 5 –Steve Finally takes My Virginity**

Steve didn't hesitate another second. He'd already been with enough girls so there wasn't any worry on his part over what he needed to do. I didn't know if he'd ever fucked a virgin before but I didn't think it really mattered one way or the other. He reached out between my still spread legs, sliding one of his fingers deep into my soaking wet pussy and immediately began to move it in and out like he was fucking me with his finger. I instinctively moaned at the touch of his hand on me. Suddenly I knew what I wanted... something that had never been done to me before.

"Lick me Steve. Eat my pussy."

It was probably moot for me to say that as Steve was already moving between my widespread legs. I used both hands to pull his face down into my fuzzy brown bush. As he reached out with his tongue he easily found my swollen clit and then he stuck his tongue as deep into my pussy as he could reach. When he again took my clit in his mouth he gently bit on it making my entire body suddenly go went rigid with pleasure and I gasped loudly.

"OH my god Steve... that feels SO good!"

Nobody had ever licked my pussy before and the sensation was incredible! My juices were all over his face as he moved up and down me with his mouth and tongue. He forced his hands under me, each holding an ass

cheek as he lifted my hips up to force my pussy firmly into his face like he was eating a naughty watermelon. As he ate me, I used my hands to massage my boobs, tugging on my hardened nipples, tracing my fingers in circles around them.

After what seemed a lifetime of this unbelievable pleasure I pulled him up to me and I kissed him with my pussy juices still on his mouth and cheeks. I loved the taste and smell of myself on his mouth as we kissed. He slowly worked his way down back to my crotch, stopping to pay respect to my boobs, kissing my flat stomach and tickling me, and then finally he was back to my starving pussy.

I could feel my second orgasm beginning to build, first the tingling sensation in my pussy, then the goose bumps as my body shivered with pleasure, and then suddenly the explosion of pleasure once again from my pussy that quickly spread throughout my entire body like an earthquake. Surges of incredible pleasure pulsed from my pussy, coursing through my body like waves smashing on the beach. I could feel my cum gushing out of me, covering his face with my juices as he eagerly licked up as much as he could.

Simply put, I was in heaven. I was now so horny that any inhibitions that may still have been within me simply disappeared. My pussy was as wet and ready as it would ever be. Out poured the words again that I knew he loved to hear.

I looked Steve square in the eyes and in a firm voice I said to him, "Fuck me Steve... fuck me NOW!"

Sure I had said that to him before downstairs on the couch but this time it was different. Down there it was just something I wanted him to do eventually. This time it was something I wanted him to do to me NOW. No more games. No more teasing or flirting. No more masturbating. No more oral sex. I wanted him to fuck me and I wanted him to know that in no uncertain terms.

Steve looked up at me from between my thighs. Wow! I will always remember how he appeared to me at that moment, an image that is forever seared into my mind. He looked so damn sexy as he laid there with my bare my legs on either side of him, his face all wet with my pussy juices. My pussy just under his chin as he looked upwards at me.

"Are you sure Kelly? Is that what you really want?"

Good grief, what the hell did he think I wanted? A massage? Here I was lying on my back in my own bed, stark naked after having just sucked his cock and swallowed his cum. I'd masturbated until I came right in front of him and now, after eating my pussy and having orgasm again, I was asking him to fuck me. After all that, NOW he wanted to know if I really meant what I said? All I knew was that if he didn't do it soon I was going to explode from the unbridled lust that was building up in me more every second, like a ticking time bomb about to explode.

Whatever he might be thinking, as far as I was concerned there was absolutely no turning back now. I may have been only fourteen but I was old enough to know at that moment I wanted nothing more in the world than to be fucked! I wanted to scream as I couldn't hold back anymore, I HAD to have him in me.

"Will you quit with the stupid questions and fuck me!" I finally blurted out, "Dammit fuck me Steve... PLEASE oh PLEASE fuck me now!"

Well, I guess he got the message as Steve moved up until his hard naked body was hovering over mine. I felt so small under his large body, like he would crush me if he should slip and fall on me. Reaching down with my hand to grab his fat cock, I used my other hand to spread my wet swollen pussy lips apart, just like my mom had shown me to do on herself using her own hands and a dildo. I could feel the head of his dick pressing against the wet opening of my pussy, just one hard push was all that kept it from entering me. I instinctively lifted my hips upwards to try to push him into me and he responded by pressing back against me.

Suddenly I felt myself spreading apart for his cock, not the little push I feel when I insert a tampon or drive a finger up into myself. No, this was like the difference between taking a small candy cane into your mouth and trying to push a large cucumber in whole, except in this case it was Steve's cock pressing into my pussy, forcing it to open up wider than it ever stretched before. It was like my legs were being split apart as my pussy widened

to accept him. The best part was that while it hurt, somehow or another it also felt so damn good! I was glad that I had gotten myself so wet beforehand like my mom had told me to as it made it so much easier for him to violate me. Just his thick head was in me now as I looked down and marveled at the sight of the first cock to ever enter the most private part of my body. He wiggled it in and out, never going in any further but driving me crazy as his head stimulated the nerve endings that seemed to abound just inside my pussy hole. I gasped as he started to press inward again.

"Ready?" Steve whispered. I nodded, afraid to trust my voice and he continued, "OK, let me know if it hurts too much."

Academically, I knew what was coming, but you may as well say you know how it feels to jump out of a plane by reading a book on skydiving. His cock pressed inward until I could feel it pressing up against my hymen, my virginity's last stand against this invader who threatened it as never before. In the end, it was all bluff and bluster as it wasn't even a close call. His cock ripped through my cherry like a German panzer division! I bit my lip hard, fighting back the tears as I felt a sudden sharp pang of pain. There was a little blood on his cock as he began to stroke in and out of me. I wanted it to feel good but I couldn't ignore the searing pain as his cock rubbed against what was essentially an open wound inside of me.

As painful as it was to give up my virginity, at the same time there was a sensation of pleasure that served to counter the pain. I had to admit, at the beginning pain was winning out by a wide margin. Then as he continued to thrust inside of me, stimulating me as only a real cock in you pussy can, Pleasure began to gain in Pain and finally took the lead. Even so, it wasn't like the pain disappeared, just masked by the incredible sensations his dick was producing inside of me. Finally, it was like I just had to stop and let my mind catch up to my body.

"Just hold it still in me Steve. Let me just feel your cock in me," I whispered.

"Are you OK Kelly?" Steve asked with a look of concern on his face.

He was so worked up it was impossible for him to be completely still as he lay on top of me, holding most of his weight off of me as he leaned on his elbows, grinding his hips slowly into me. I nodded, my lips pressed together as I squeezed down on his dick with my pussy to hold him tight. I tried to concentrate on nothing but him fucking me, trying to sear an image of this moment in my mind so I would always remember this moment as clearly as I could. For the first time in my life I was joined together with a man – literally. As he gently rocked inside of me, the pain began to slowly subside. It never went completely away but at least died down until it turned into a dull throbbing sensation. His cock was literally throbbing in me, pulsing with the blood that was engorging it.

For a moment I was able to gather my senses and started to contemplate about how we were actually physically coupled together, joined at the waist with a part of him imbedded deeply inside of me! In a way it was surreal, almost unbelievable. I tried to imagine how we would have looked to anyone coming in my room right now, seeing my legs spread apart with him in between, his hairy crotch pressed against my little pussy with his cock nowhere to be seen. I wished my parents could see their little girl now. I would have loved for them to watch as their only daughter officially became a woman. Then I thought of Sharon and how turned on she would be to see her older brother fucking me like this. I knew she would be jealous of me as she would be wishing it were her in my place. It's amazing how many thoughts can run through your mind in just a short few seconds!

"OK, it's better now," I whispered softly to him, "I'm ready."

Steve lifted himself up and started to stroke himself again in and out of me. I raised my head again so I could look down and watch myself being fucked. It was fascinating to witness his cock appearing and then disappearing as he thrust himself into me harder and harder, faster and faster. It amazed me to realize that as his dick disappeared from sight, I could feel myself filling with him at the same time. God, he really WAS inside of me! I could feel him growing even bigger in me, then he swelled even more. I knew from blowing him what that meant and in a way I was happy he was cumming so soon. My poor pussy simply wasn't going to be able to take much more abuse today!

"Almost there!" he gasped.

My eyes widened as suddenly I remembered that despite my mom's warnings and lectures, I wasn't using any birth control yet and he wasn't wearing a condom. Oh my god, he was about to cum in me! I had to stop him! At the same time, I didn't want him to stop. I didn't want his dick to leave me. I wanted him to stay in me and never pull out. I didn't care about anything at that moment but having him fuck me. Thoughts of condoms and birth control disappeared as I felt yet another orgasm surging in me. The hell if he was going to pull out of me now, with a massive orgasm about to take me to the moon this time!

"Cum in me Steve," I moaned to him, "Stay in me... cum inside of my pussy!"

A less experienced boy would probably have done just that, allowing our sexual lust to substitute for prudence and responsibility. I'm sure had it been his first time, Steve would have done just as I begged him to and unleash his load deep inside of me, resulting in god only knows what results. Fortunately for both of us, this wasn't his first rodeo and he knew how to ride. Even so, whether it was the thrill of banging a girl so young or the feeling of my super-tight virginal (almost) pussy surrounding his dick, Steve still wasn't 100% successful.

"Fuck I'm cumming!"

Suddenly I felt a sort of warmth inside me and my own orgasm took off as I realized what he was doing. Steve pulled out of me after the first couple of loads as then released the rest of his remaining warm cum like water from a firehouse all across my stomach and breasts – a bit even reached my face. I was amazed that he could produce so much so soon after the huge load he had dumped in my mouth earlier but then that was one of the things I loved about his cock. Steve's dick was like the Energizer Bunny of cocks – he just kept cumming and cumming. I took my finger and wiped some into my mouth. I scooped up the rest from my body and slurped it down as well.

Steve lay down next to me, completely drained. I rolled over and put my head on his heaving chest, draping my arm and one leg over him as I tried to be as close to him as I could. My pussy was pressed against his leg as I felt a mixture of pleasure and still quite a bit of stinging inside. Even with the pain I was already looking forward to the next time. If it felt this good the first time, even with the sharp pain of my virginity being ripped, I could only imagine how it was going to feel later! I craned my neck to look up at him.

"Well, you know what this means now don't you?" I said seductively.

"Ummmmm, what is that Kelly?" he responded, as if he had no idea what I was about to say.

I smiled at him and said, "Well, since you're the one responsible for getting me started, you're going to have to fuck me whenever and anywhere I ask."

Steve just laughed and then grinned. Needless to say he wasn't arguing! Before we finished there was one thing left I wanted to do. Steve was resting so I moved myself down his body until my head was on his stomach and his cock was only a few inches from my mouth. I licked my lips in anticipation as I gazed at it. I tried to imagine it inside of me, penetrating me and violating my pussy.

Steve's dick was still glistening from my pussy wetness so I bent down to taste it. I usually tasted my fingers whenever I masturbated since I love the taste of my pussy. This was different though, a mixture of feminine pussy and male cum served on a warm smooth cock. It really tasted pretty good and I sucked him gently for several minutes. He may have been tired but his cock had a mind of its own as it quickly returned to its erected state. Finally I let him out of my mouth and just held his cock in my hand with my head still on his stomach, tracing my fingers lightly up and down his body.

We must have stayed that way for almost an hour, kissing and rubbing up against each other. Eventually we got up and he got dressed. I gave him a passionate goodbye kiss and he left to return home. Looking in the mirror, I looked a total wreck! My hair was a disaster and my face was still so flushed it looked like I had a fever. After I took a shower, I threw my bedding into the wash machine as some blood and semen had stained it.

## **Chapter 6 – Telling My Parents**

That night, lying in bed unable to sleep, I relived the experience over and over in my mind. My pussy was feeling much better now and so I masturbated thinking of Steve's wonderful cock and the things he had done to me with it. I finally fell asleep, lying on my side with my hand planted firmly on my pussy, dreaming of Steve's dick inside of me.

My parents returned early the next day while I was still in bed in virtually the same position I had fallen asleep. My dad slapped my bare bottom and when I rolled over to see who it was he said, "Wake up Kelly, you lazy bones. Time to get up!"

My father leaned over me and I gave him a big hug. I couldn't wait to tell them what had happened the day before. I sat up in bed and crossed my legs Indian style under me. I had been sleeping nude since I was twelve and my family never wore anything in the hot tub so neither of us was embarrassed or turned-on by the fact that I wasn't wearing anything.

"Hey dad, glad you're home. You'll never guess what I did yesterday!"

"Well, it has to be good to get you this excited. So what's the big story?"

I straightened up my posture, brushed my hair back, and with a big smile said, "Well, your daughter's now officially a woman!" I giggled and waited for his reaction.

I was surprised a little by his initial reaction. He seemed upset for just a moment, maybe disappointed perhaps, but then he quickly smiled and gave me another big hug. He looked at me and said just one word, "Steve?"

I nodded and he smiled. "Well, sounds like you had a good time. I'm really happy for you baby! Maybe later you can tell me about it but I have a feeling you really want to tell mom first, don't you?"

I nodded vigorously and he held up one finger to tell me to just hang on for a second. He went downstairs to fetch my mom. She soon came up to my room and I was practically giddy with excitement.

"Your dad said to hurry up here and you're not even dressed!" my mom laughed, "Goodness sakes Kelly, what's gotten into you?"

I burst into laughing when she said that. It was the perfect question to respond to!

"Steve," I answered simply.

"What do you mean?" my mom replied. Then it was like the light bulb went off and she reached forward to hug me.

"Oh Kelly! That's wonderful! So our little girl is all grown up now." She sat down next to me and put her arm around me.

"Mmmmmmm, tell me everything that happened... and I want details girl."

I told her the whole story and she listened without interrupting me, not even once. After her reaction to my telling her about my first blow job, it didn't surprise me when she started getting turned-on as I described what happened. Her face flushed and she subconsciously started to rub her breasts, especially when I got to the part when he first entered me.

She didn't say anything though and after I finished we discussed birth control. She wasn't exactly thrilled that Steve had cum in me, even if it was just one burst. My mom promised to get me to the doctor the next day for birth control pills. Then she gave me another hug and started to leave the room with a smile on her face. I hadn't seen my mother this happy in quite a while.

When she reached the door she turned to me and said, "Oh Kelly, I can't tell you how proud I am of you. Your dad and I were just talking about you last night, wondering when you would do it. After all, you can't rely on masturbation forever!"

With that she left and I reached for my phone to call Sharon. I couldn't wait to tell her what her brother had done to me! Then I put the phone back down. Nope, this was one time I wanted to see her reaction. I could only imagine after what I had told her before her brother came over. Hopefully Steve didn't tell her first!

### **Postscript**

Although I've been with literally dozens of guys and girls since my first time, it was a day that I will remember for the rest of my life. Steve and I stayed together until his family moved away later in the school year and we lost touch shortly afterwards.

Wherever Steve is today, I wonder if he remembers the first time we fucked as fondly as I do? I would love to meet him again so we could relive this day (literally), maybe just a one-time fling for old times' sake!