

James

A Novel by MikeC

Chapters 1-10

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Part 1. The Essay.

Chapter 1

I knew I was in trouble when Mrs Cipola looked pointedly at me and picked up my assignment like it had come out the wrong end of a dog.

"James, I have always encouraged you to express yourself through your writing, and while the prose is excellent, do you not feel that writing about the sexual congress of a teenager and his girlfriend is entirely unsuitable for classwork?" The whole class was snickering, even the girls.

Well, perhaps it did push the envelope a little but I was writing about a couple's first love affair, a poignant moment which required a bit of "skin", so to speak. I'm sure even Harlequin Romances had much, much worse.

Mrs. Cipola obviously did not read Harlequins much and she went on to berate my lack of good taste and nonexistent social graces. I wisely said nothing and fidgeted until she ran out of adjectives.

"Now, James, I know this will NEVER happen again, and I will overlook this gross infraction provided you submit a revised version by this Saturday. Understood?" I nodded sagely as she ceremoniously tore my missive into tiny pieces before dumping it into the wastepaper basket.

Thank god I kept a backup on my computer. That still left me only two days to rewrite it, which would be alright if I skipped wrestling practice tonight. A week from Friday would be the State finals and Coach Wilson would not tolerate any more missed practices.

I was mobbed after classes by requests for reprints. Sammy had emptied the trash bin and was trying to scotch tape the pieces back together.

"Were they fucking?" Joey wanted to know.

"Who's the girl you were writing about?"

"How 'bout blowjobs?" My friend Joey again.

"Is it your own experience?" Alan said with eyebrows raised and a bit of respect. He was the only one I knew in my class who'd 'done it' - with his older cousin who was visiting and he'd been able to more-or-less substantiate it by caressing her ass as they walked by us.

"Yeah, as if..." Brenda and her friend Sara said together.

"Yeah, how'd you learn about it!" They ALL wanted to know.

I was big for a 15 year old, and, although I did have a little reputation with the ladies, I didn't have a current "steady" and, even when I did, a little above-waist petting was all the actual experience I had. I had written the piece as a love story and "borrowed" the sex from old copies of Penthouse Forum my Dad still kept in the basement. But I would be damned if I was going to admit it. I put on my "still water" face and stayed silent.

I waded through the crowd, my size coming in handy for a change. I got on the bus and sat in the back and tried to ignore the stares as they buzzed about my run-in with Mrs Cipola.

"Get lost, Joey," I growled when he tried to sit next to me. He sat across the aisle and tried to catch my eye, which at the time was fixed on JulieAnn stomping down the bus. She crashed down beside me.

"You didn't write about US, did you? I swear, if you told about us, I'll... I'll get someone to beat you up!" She may have been mad but she still looked great. Or maybe it should be the other way around.

"Hey, you told me 'no strings' when you broke up to go with Mark, remember? I KNOW you told Brenda and her friends EVERYTHING we did. So..."

"No - I didn't... I didn't tell them much... They just guessed, is all. You didn't really write about us, did you?" She turned her charm on and I started melting.

"Of course not. I will never betray your trust..."

"Oh, that's so great. I knew you wouldn't do anything like that! It's just that I had to be sure!" She hugged my arm to her little breasts. Her warm, soft, perfect breasts that now had someone else's paw prints all over them.

"So where's Mark? How come he's not driving you home today?" Mark was the Senior twerp who broke us up. It didn't help my cause at all that his Dad the congressman bought him the meanest S2000 in the State and gave him an allowance that had a comma in it.

"Oh, they're playing a game out of town and won't be back till Monday." Mark was also the star quarterback and lusted after by all the girls. So philosophically, it was understandable how a sophomore like Jules would eschew all good sense and jump when he asked her out. And dump me in the process.

"I'm sorry, James. I like you, I like you a lot, but Mark is different, he's exciting and you know, like, how all the girls are jealous of me? That's exciting too!" Her warm body was still pressed against me and, much as I hated the idea, my cock was hard and throbbing. JulieAnn did not miss the fact.

"You're turned on aren't you? Do you remember the last time we went out by the bluff? Ooooh!" She sighed in my neck. I had managed to get her bra open and my lips on one sweet nipple that night. But then she had to be home by eleven and as usual, I had wasted all the time talking. She'd even hinted at touching me 'there' too.

Then, two days later, she broke our Friday date and told me she had been invited to the football party - as Mark's date. I was devastated and furious for a little while but managed to pour all my frustrations into my wrestling practice and matches. So, instead of making a fuss and getting beat up by Mark's cronies, I ended up winning a berth in the State finals, the youngest ever in my weight class. Perhaps not having to jerk off all night after a session with JulieAnn helped too.

We got off and, out of habit, I started walking Jules home. Joey tagged along but wisely stayed his distance.

"Wanna come in and do homework?" She asked.

"No... some other time. I'd better head home and start rewriting the essay for English." I didn't want her to see how much I missed her. Joey rejoined me and we headed home.

"Shit, that chick still has the hots for you!"

"Oh, grow up, Joey pimplehead!"

"Hey, listen. Can you get me ten or twelve copies of your essay? I could get fifty bucks easy!"

I reached out to smack him but he had already crossed the street to his house.

"Jerk! See you tomorrow!" I called after him.

I was in no mood to work so I just ran off a copy so I could edit it later and laid in bed thinking about JulieAnn. One thing's for sure, I definitely still had the hots for her. I was just going to head into the shower for some quick relief when the phone rang.

"James? This is Mme Petitcoeur - I taught you French last term, remember?"

Of course I remembered. Mme Petitcoeur caused a riot the day she showed up. She had a face that made grown men swoon and women spit with envy. She was a strawberry blond in her twenties and had the tall, willowy figure that said model immediately. Except she was the coldest person I'd ever known - she hardly smiled and, even when she did, it looked forced. Every one of my friends lusted after her, then wisely kept a respectable distance. Still she was a good teacher and I enjoyed learning from her.

"Ah... oh yes... French... last term," I mumbled in a daze.

"Remember I asked you to help me with some moving? Are you still willing?"

"Of course. When?"

"Now, if it's possible. I have a few pieces of furniture I need help with."

"Sure..."

She asked for my address so she could pick me up. I left a note for Mom, telling her I'd be late.

Ten minutes later, Mme Petitcoeur came by in a shiny white BMW. She was wearing a white leather jacket over sweats and her hair was done up in a bun. She looked gorgeous but I was afraid just to look. She seemed ill at ease, nodded at me with a faint smile and took off as soon as I got in. Not one word was said.

Her house was up in the hills and had a beautifully manicured lawn. She drove up to a 2-car garage and inside was a Mercedes, also white, also late model.

"Do you live with your family?"

"No I live alone." Wow, stacked, and loaded too.

She shook off her coat, and took mine. I took turns goggling at her body and at the marble hallway we had just entered. It was easily 60 feet high and had a sweeping staircase going both up and down and a huge chandelier hanging from a rafter in the ceiling. The rest was covered in glass and marble.

"Come with me."

She showed me the room, a study, where she'd bought the new furniture. A desk the size of a pool table, a gigantic sofa set, an easy chair plus miscellaneous lamps and side tables. The walls were ceiling-high in bookcases but only part of the lower levels were filled. There must have been 500 books there already.

"Help me move this around." She grabbed one end of the desk and I took the other. She was impressively strong, but the monster was easily 300lbs and we had to take care not to scratch the floor. We were both sweating freely before we were through. She took her sweatshirt off and all she had on was a white sports bra. I was gaping again.

She looked at me with a strange expression on her face which I realized was amusement - but it only registered in her eyes. Then she pointed at the desk and we got back to work.

Beneath her smooth and unblemished skin, her muscles rippled and flowed. I had never seen power so well packaged before. She moved like a ballerina - making everything look graceful and elegant. She didn't sweat, she glowed.

We finally got the desk in place and we sat for a breather. She offered me a drink as I stripped off my shirt, leaving me naked from the waist up. She stood and appraised at me for a second before leaving.

Mme Petitcoeur returned with my drink and a towel which I used to wipe myself. We decided to tackle the sofa next while we were still fresh. It was heavier and more clumsy than the desk and it was a half-hour before it was in place. Her bra was plastered to her skin and I could clearly see her dark nipples through it. She seem unconcerned and even tolerated my frequent longing gazes.

The rest went much easier, although it was close to 8 when we finished. She took me to the kitchen and told me I was eating dinner there and showed me a phone to call home. So I called Mom telling her I was helping my teacher move furniture and I would get a ride back later.

We had spaghetti and salad which seemed completely out of place in her palatial kitchen with the professional fixtures and gleaming pots. There were even two refrigerators there. She offered me soda and poured herself a glass of red wine. The meal, however simple, was delicious and the company more so. She asked me about my goals and seemed genuinely interested when I told her I wanted to be a writer.

"Do you have anything you've done for me to read?"

I remembered the printout of my essay in my pocket and fished it out. She reached for it.

"Er, it's still a rough copy. Can I read it to you?" I figured I could skip over the racy parts if it looked like she was going to be offended. She sat back and said, "Begin, then."

I started reading and found myself enjoying my own prose. I got to the part when they shared their first open mouth kiss.

"...her lips are soft and yielding and he brushes them with his own. He pauses to look into the deep velvet warmth of her eyes. Again, his lips descend, like petals testing the ripples on a pond; he wishes to share with her his trust, his dedication, and his love. Her hands reach around his head and draw him in, needing to give her all to him."

I stopped to take a drink and Mme Petitcoeur was sitting there with tears in her eyes.

"Mme Petitcoeur, are you OK?"

"Yes, it's beautiful. Keep reading," she whispered. Two large teardrops began rolling down her face. I leaned over and dabbed them with my towel. And for the first time since I'd known her, she smiled, really smiled, her eyes gleamed and shone. It was mystical, like the Northern Lights, magical and fascinating. I could not speak, I could not move, I was transfixed by the magnificence of her beauty.

"Please, read some more... And call me Nicole." I had never heard her speak like this either. It was warm, sultry and intoxicating. "But I think we'd be more comfortable in the living room. Follow me."

"Can I have some wine?" I asked, emboldened by her sudden warmth. She fetched another goblet and poured a healthy portion for me, refilling her glass at the same time. Then she led me to a room with white carpeting and white leather furniture. She leaned back against a sofa and indicated I should sit at the other end, under the lamp. She curled up with her feet under her. I had a hard time tearing my eyes away from her. I could clearly see the outline of her breasts and nipples. I sipped my wine slowly, prolonging the moment.

"...All his being is focused on the junction of their kiss. He hears nothing beyond the pounding of his heart and he knows she is feeling the same. Tentatively, he touches her with his tongue and is surprised to feel her reciprocate. Her soft moans are urging him to take possession of her being." Mme Petitcoeur moved and I could feel the warmth of her shoulder next to mine.

"They kiss again, more comfortable with each other now, warming to each other's need. He feels a oneness with her, he knows he will make her happy, for now and for ever." I paused before the censored part that followed. Nicole was crying again. Impulsively, I put my arms around her and she leaned her head against me. My heart was pounding, giddy from her nearness. For a long time I looked at her long sleek body curled against me and savored the lavender scent of her hair. If this was a dream, please god don't let me wake!

"Please, continue... James," she said quietly.

"...She takes his hand and places it on her chest. 'Feel', she says, 'My heart beats for you.' And the thunder blankets his brain. He feels the rhythm of her pulse, and also the heat and her yielding softness. Its core crying out for his attention." I got hell for that line this morning but Mme Petitcoeur said nothing.

As I waited for a response, she shifted again, this time to take my hand and press it against her breast. It was soft, and filled my hand much better than JulieAnn's. She held it there and squeezed my leg, telling me to go on. I took a few deep shuddering breaths before I could continue.

"...With this simple act, he realizes that she is offering her very physical being. He touches her face, her eyes..." As I spoke, my teacher took my hand and moved it as the story dictated. I tried a test.

"...her nose, her lips..." This was not in the essay but Mme Petitcoeur ran my hand along her nose to her lips.

"...down her slender neck... and again, to her breast..." I was no longer reading from the essay as I murmured instructions. The nipple had hardened to tent her bra, I knew what I had to do next.

"She places his hand under her shirt so that he can feel her hot skin..." I ad libbed. Without hesitation Nicole helped me slide my trembling fingers under her bra, up the side of her soft full breast, until I reached their engorged tips. Mme Petitcoeur was shaking too, with fear or lust I could not tell. Meanwhile, my narration took on a life of its own and words stumbled and fought to be uttered.

"He knows that she will not refuse him anything now, that she is his to do with as he pleases..." Nicole moaned and arched her back, forcing my hand into her flesh.

"...In a fit of daring based on the need to please her lover, she pulls her blouse over her head..."

I watched in silent wonder as my teacher/lover slipped her garment over her head. Her breasts were ever bit as lovely as I had envisioned them to be. Smooth flesh formed a rounded slope that peaked in dark, almost angry nipples. I gently traced their pale white surface, testing the resilient flesh. The woman beneath me writhed as I toyed around her nipples, grazing but never making full contact.

I don't know how long I did that but suddenly she was moaning, a long plaintive sound from her throat. I closed my hands on her tender flesh, roughly pinching her blood filled tips. She arched her back to drive her flesh into my hands as I buried my face in their fevered softness, kissing and licking whatever part of her torso I could reach. She bucked wildly under me and gasped incoherently as I nursed on an distended nipple.

The feeling of control was tantalizing, as I pushed my hand downward, past her ribs, her taut stomach and her navel. She sucked her breath in so that I could slip my hand under her waistband. I dove past some flimsy underthing and felt soft fuzz. She held my head to her breasts and moaned in my ear.

My hand now covered her mound, my middle finger contacting her hot womanhood. There was a stillness that was tangible as I poised on the unknown. Gently I pushed my way into her burning core. I wasn't too sure what I was doing but she seemed to enjoy it, so I experimented with a little back and forth action.

"Please... James, don't wait. I want you. Touch me!" Her increased shaking told me I was doing it right as I pushed a finger deeply into her. Her body humped and I followed her rhythm.

Suddenly with frantic need my lovely teacher pushed her remaining garments down to her socks and kicked them off. She reached down and slipped a finger under my pumping hand and started touching herself, her clitoris, I figured, with small circular motions that moved in syncopation to my pumping fingers. Her groans became more intense and her stomach muscles rippled, then tensed. She pulled her hand off her clitoris and held mine firm against her pussy, rubbing herself along my fingers as her shudders gradually dissipated.

"Oh, so good, so good..." she murmured as she turned to hug me. My hand was soaked in her moisture and I wiped it on my pants before returning her embrace.

"Thank you - you were marvelous." She hugged me tightly. I said nothing, afraid of breaking her mood.

Finally she turned her face up to me, "I want to make you happy now. What do you want me to do?" She asked with a warm purr. I responded with the obvious, "I want to... Can I LOOK at you?"

She chuckled deep in her throat and unwound from our embrace. Her movements were graceful and effortless, like drifting mist on the grass, but they coalesced into the most gorgeous vision I could ever have imagined. She stood as if I was Michelangelo and she was Venus de Milo and I just stared, totally unabashed.

She was sleek softness, her body long and elegant with breasts that filled dreams and fueled fantasies. And a face which now radiated love and desire. I fell on my knees, somehow the most appropriate position I could imagine. Holding her warm hips I leaned forward and kissed her dark golden triangle, tasting the fluid that dripped for me. My tongue sought to taste more. She moaned but pulled me to my feet. Her eyes looked into mine.

"Let me LOOK at you too, my Adonis..." She ran her hands across my naked chest, teasing my nipples until they stood up. She rained little kisses from my throat to my navel. Then she backed me to the leather coach. I sat and she started pulling off my pants, struggling to clear my erection. When I was completely naked, she knelt at my feet.

"I'll try and make it good for you - but you have to tell me what you want, alright?" Without waiting for an answer, she leaned down and kissed the tip of my penis. A sigh choked at my throat. It was like nothing I had felt before, it was tender, it was electrifying, it was everything I had dreamt about and more, a million times more. I started shaking and almost came. She chuckled and kissed it again, her mouth covering the top. I dug my nails into my palm to prevent myself from losing it too soon. She seemed to sense my dilemma and released me. She bent her head and kissed along the sides of my throbbing shaft, her hand bending me this way and that as she caressed my turgid stalk. Then I saw her tongue extend and she took a long swipe just as her nails tickled my balls.

I yelled "Aaaah, I-I'm coming!" and blasted a shot across her forehead and her hair. She barely had time to place her mouth over me before I cut loose with my second blast. And my third....

She waited till my shuddering spasms quieted and then she stood and went to the bathroom, where I heard water running. I was just catching my breath when she returned, the light from the hallway illuminating her head in a golden halo, I could not do anything but stare. She was breathtaking. She knelt on the carpet and began cleaning me with a warm cloth.

"I'm sorry James. I didn't expect it to be this strong, I've never done this before."

"It was amazing - I didn't think it could be so strong either." I was grinning like an idiot.

"Then I was good?" She giggled like a teenager.

"Without a doubt."

I pulled her against me and we kissed. Our very first kiss. She tasted of woman and sperm. I made a face.

"Do I really taste this bad?"

"Worse - it's like mouthwash with bleach." Her face screwed up with the remembered taste, and I couldn't help but stare at her. She looked so young and her beautiful face made me weak with desire. Yet she was more than just a delightful vision, I realized that I was seeing, for the first time, the warm and LOVING person that was hidden under her daily persona. I kissed her again and she returned it enthusiastically.

She put her hand on my flagging cock and squeezed it. It twitched but I was sated for now. Nicole seemed to have taken an interest in my cock so I laid back, content to let her explore me with her fingers, while I ran my hands over her perfect curves.

I was moving a finger lazily in her warm moist hole when she again took my cock into her mouth. I shuddered and started growing. She gave me a gentle suck and looked up at me.

"You know, it's strange how the taste grows on you. Intellectually, I know it's bad tasting but knowing that it's you makes me want more. Weird." And she returned to her tasting.

After a minute, she looked up from my now quivering spit-covered erection and said, "I want the next part to be in my bed." She tried to get up but I stopped her by scooping her up in my arms. Slowly she relaxed, her arms around me and face in my neck.

"No one has ever done that for me... It's nice. Warm, protected... and owned?"

"Like a kept woman?" I had to laugh.

"No, it's like having someone there to take care of you, and I don't have to worry about anything at all. Sheltered, in a way."

"Yeah, I'd like to be able to do that for you. A knight in shining armor, on a white stallion, defending his princess."

"And I can laze around all day and do my hair or something..." She raised her arm and patted her hair. Then suddenly she flexed and stretched to her full length in my arms. I could see

the muscles and tendons bunch on her body, pulling her breasts into long teardrops. I gulped and staggered as my cock quivered for attention.

"Oh god, I've never seen anything as amazing and sexy as this!" I said after I got control of my senses.

"You like?" She was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"I love!" I said with the utmost sincerity.

She stroked my face and her eyes started to mist up again. "You're so sweet..." She pulled my face down for a kiss that said everything.

We finally made it to her bedroom, white, of course, with a canopied king size bed. It even had its own TV and couch.

She laid in the bed, naked but without any self-consciousness. I could do nothing but stand there and drink in her heady loveliness. She slowly opened her arms and I let myself sink in them. With one hand, she reached between us and found my cock, which had never lost its hardness, and pulled me into her.

I was immersed in a sea of molten lava, which enveloped me and caressed me with its pulsating bands of scorching ecstasy. I could not help myself - I started pounding into her. I was wild, uncontrolled, and Nicole clung on with arms and legs. Every stroke brought blinding bolts of pleasure, as I strove to delve deeper into her core. All my senses were centered on the flow and ebb of our union. Finally, in a bone shaking thrust, my penis exploded and I poured my essence into her. Our pleasure and our cries mingled until we were both shaking and spent.

An eternity later, she rolled over to lie on top of me. Her face was flushed and her perfect hair in disarray, the look of raw sex was all over her. I started to say "I love you", but she stopped me with a finger. Her smile said she understood as she hugged me tightly.

"I want to tell you about myself so that you can understand why this night is so special for me...", she whispered in my ear. For a long time she did not speak.

"I married very young, not much older than you are now, and my husband was much older. No - it's not what you might think. What I did, I did of my own free will and, if I could, I would do it again.

"You see, Gaston and his wife were very kind to me and took me in after my parents died. When his wife died, from cancer, Gaston was devastated. So, out of a sense of gratitude and a sense of duty, I made him marry me, hoping to give him a child to carry on his name.

"He treated me very well - pampered me in fact, I think partly to make up for the childhood I'd given up for him. He added a gym in the basement so that I could work out, and the library and books when I took my teaching degree through correspondence school. He built a little paradise here for us, for me.

"I never did conceive, he was already quite weak then. And two years ago, Gaston died. So suddenly, I was on my own. I realized I did not know how to cope with the world outside. It was scary and so I kept it out by locking the real me inside.

"As you can tell, I have no financial worries - I was his legal heir and he'd left me very well taken care of, so it was too easy to hide here and not have to face the world.

"When you read me your story, it was as if a door opened in my heart. I had dreamed of the kind of love Jen and her boyfriend shared, it echoed my idea of a perfect romance. So I knew you were the right person for me, to help me face the world again.

"I'm not trying to coerce you into staying with me. What we shared is given of my own accord. You do not owe me anything and you can stay, or leave, as you wish. I think there's a lot we can experience together but again, no strings.

"Next week, I'll be resigning my job at school. It's not fair, but it's the easiest way to avoid a scandal. I don't need the money and I have a few things I want to try out anyways. IF you are still interested, you can come here a couple of days a week, after school, and we can... do things," she ended, smiling wickedly.

I held her and tried to sort things out in my head. The evening was like a dream. Losing my cherry with somebody like Nicole WAS a dream come true, and I could not think of anything I'd rather do. And I told her.

We decided on Tuesdays and Wednesdays because it did not conflict with my schedule and still left me time to maintain contact with my school friends.

Then she drove me home because it was already past 11 and it was a school day tomorrow. I slept as soon as my head hit the pillow.

Part 1. The Essay.

Chapter 2

I became dizzy every time I thought about my night with Nicole and I wandered around school in a dream. I was totally unperturbed even when grilled for details about my essay and my sex life, including requests for verification about the rumors which claimed I had sex with pretty much every girl in school, if not the State. Which of course left all the ones that I had not bopped wondering why I skipped them. I was looking forward to a glimpse of Nicole but her Bimmer wasn't in the parking lot at lunchtime.

Just knowing that I had sex with the most beautiful creature that ever graced this earth was enough to keep an enigmatic smile on my face all day. That fueled even more speculation and I wandered the halls to whispers and outrageous suggestions.

After school, JulieAnn was waiting for me at the bus stop and we sat together in the back, depriving Joey of another chance to wheedle an uncensored copy of "The Lovers".

For some reason, Jules was really talkative, and I let her jabber away, tuning her out and simply enjoying the warm companionship that we used to share.

"Come home with me, I need to talk with you," she said as she got off the bus. When he tried to tag along, JulieAnn gave Joey a look that sent him scurrying in the opposite direction.

"Mom, Dad... Celeste. Anybody home?" She yelled as she closed the door behind us. When there was no reply, Jules bolted the door and made sure the back door was secure. It was getting weird, but with Jules, I've learned not to ask questions.

She dragged me up to her room, locked her door and clinched me in a fierce hug. Then I realized she was crying. I held her and stroked her hair until she calmed down.

"Oh, James, I'm SO sorry! I wished we'd never broken up!" And she started crying again.

Gradually I got the story out of her. Apparently, she had been limiting Mark to some above-waist, outside-clothing action on their last two dates and he'd given her an ultimatum: put out, or take a hike. He was coming back late Sunday and she would have to come up with something by Monday.

"Why don't you just tell him to shove it. He's no right to tell you that!"

"I can't. Then he'll tell everyone that I've... we've... I mean, that, like, I'm still a virgin!"

"So why is that so bad?"

"Cos I told Brenda that Mark and I did it last Saturday..." I was floored, this girl wouldn't even kiss me until our fourth date and suddenly she's bragging about being screwed on her SECOND date? On one hand I wanted to slap her silly. On the other hand... Hell, Mark hadn't even seen her tits. Hah! All of a sudden, I didn't feel so bad.

"Well, you'll just have to screw him and get it over with, won't you?"

"I can't - I want my first time to be special. And... and... he's not the guy I want to do it with..."

"You have somebody else in mind?"

"Well, I was thinking, that maybe that person could be you..." She trailed off.

"But what about Mark?"

"He can go screw himself!" She brightened at her own joke.

"What'll you tell your friends?"

"That we've been doing it all this time and I dated Mark just to make you jealous."

"But don't I have a say in this?"

"Isn't getting my cherry good enough?"

"Well, assuming I agree. When are we doing it?"

"I spoke to your sister yesterday and she said they were going out of town to a wedding until Sunday but you had to stay to finish your essay. And Brenda will cover for me till midnight or so..."

Talk about conniving. She'd been planning this since yesterday! But I had to admit she had most of the angles covered.

"That's so sneaky! I'm ashamed of you."

"That means you'll do it? We could tell them you were writing about us, then they'd know it's true!"

The next thing I knew, we were in my bedroom and she'd just locked the door. Trapped!

"OK - what do you want to do now?" She sat on my computer chair and avoided my eyes.

"Getting cold feet?"

"Yeah, kinda. It's scary!"

"Why don't we do this, let's pretend we're at the bluff that Saturday and pick up where we left off?"

"Oh, okay, that's a good idea, I guess."

I stacked my pillows up on the bed and we sat side-by-side.

"Wow, look at the moon!" I said, pointing at my ceiling light.

"You never said anything like that last time!"

"Well, if you don't like the view, maybe I should take you home. I'm getting kinda bushed."

"OK, OK. Don't be such a dork. Yes, the moon is lovely, OK?" I could smell her shampoo and some unidentified flowery fragrance. I realized my heart was beating fast.

"So you wouldn't let Mark touch you hey?"

"No - he just likes to paw me. I didn't like it and I'm not sure it did anything for him. It's like he just wants to put his mark on me."

She put her head on my shoulder. "Can we just look at the moon and not talk about unpleasant things?" I put my arms around her shoulders - it felt really good.

"Jules, do you trust me?"

"Of course I trust you. What kind of a question is that?"

"If you trust me, will you do everything I ask?"

"OK.... You're not into kinky sex, are you?"

"That's for me to know and..."

"Me to find out, I suppose. Are you sure you know what you're doing? I mean, I thought you were, like, like me... a virgin?"

"That's for me to know and..."

"Me to find out, yeah, yeah. But you talk too much. If you hadn't spent all the time yakking, we'd already... Mmmm-mmmm." I laid into her with one of my better kisses. I started slowly, just lips, brushing lightly, then as she softened, applied more pressure, until she had relaxed completely, surrendering. I held her, lightly flicking my tongue along her lips. She was moaning and running her hand through my hair.

"Wow, that was heavy! How come you never kissed me like this before?" Her eyes were bright.

"I was too busy yakking," I said ruefully. She turned my face and kissed me back. I felt her tongue jab at my lips and we fenced for a long time. I slid us further down on the bed as I kissed her chin, her neck. I started undoing the buttons of her blouse, kissing the flesh as it was uncovered. I pulled the shirt off her. She had a white satin bra with a pink ribbon in the center. I kissed the exposed globes of her breasts as I felt around for a catch.

Suddenly she started giggling. "I'm sorry, I was thinking about the last time and it took you half an hour to undo it! It's in the back..." She turned and kissed me, allowing me to reach

around for the hook. Fortunately for my ego, I was a bit more successful this time and I worked the bra off her. She crossed her arms across her chest.

"Oh god, I'm scared, James..."

"It's OK - there's nothing to worry about..." I kissed her nose, her eyes, her mouth until she was moaning softly before moving downwards. I lifted her right arm, exposing her pretty little breast. I kissed it until the nipple stood up, then I did the same on the other side. I squeezed one as I nursed on the other. She was squirming now, squeezing and rubbing her legs together. I held a breast in each hand and took turns worrying her hard nipples with my tongue. Her eyes were closed tightly and she was tossing her head on the bed.

Her legs were clinched tightly together as I started removing her jeans. I had to use both hands to shimmy them off her, taking her pink panties along. She laid there, exposed. Her light blond hair was sprayed across my bed and her grapefruit sized breasts glistened, topped by dark pink nipples. Mark had no idea what he was missing!

"You're beautiful, Jules."

She glanced at me through the arm she'd thrown over her face. "You're not saying that just to get in my pants, are you?" She snickered at her own joke. "And can you stop staring at me?"

"I mean it, you are so beautiful. Here..." I kissed her cheeks, "Here...", her neck. "Here...", her sternum. Working my way down to her sparse light brown bush. She opened her legs as I kissed my way to her misty folds. She yelped when I slid my tongue on her clitoris and her legs spread as I diddled it before tasting her little hole. She was so responsive and sweet.

"Oh... oh, ohmygod ohmygod..." she repeated. I gently split her folds with my fingers and attacked her hard little clit.

"Arrghhh, ohmygod ohmygod. Good, so good. Ahhhh", she was moaning over and over again, her hands caressing my head. Suddenly she jammed my face against her and came with a drawn out, high pitched squeal.

I held her while she shook and murmured to herself and crushed my face to her soaking crotch.

"Wow, that was fantastic! I had never felt that way before..." I stood and took a bow.

Suddenly, in a spate of modesty, Jules scurried under the blankets and pulled them up to her chin. She looked at me with her soft eyes, "Now what, Mr. Know-it-all?"

"I was hoping you'd help me take my clothes off."

"Why can't you do it yourself?"

"Trust me, it's better this way," I said levelly.

She waved me closer to the bed and gingerly stuck a hand out to unbutton my shirt. She groaned in frustration because her hand could not reach.

"Dammit, James, are you gonna help?" I stood there, smiling, not moving.

She mouthed an expletive and sat up, the covers falling away from her, her little breasts shimmering sexily, and started undoing my buttons.

"I hope you're happy, treating me like your servant." I was too busy admiring her boobs to comment. She had knelt up in bed to remove my shirt and I folded her in my arms. She sighed happily against me as her nipples hardened against my bare chest. I ran my hand down her smooth back and cupped her tight ass. Soon she was doing the same thing to me.

"It's better if you take my jeans off first," I whispered.

She started undoing my jeans and realized I was staring at her naked body as she knelt on my bed. She blushed prettily but did not try to cover herself up.

"You know, I could pull this zip the wrong way and permanently maim you."

"Then we'll have to get Mark to finish the job!"

She looked daggers at me but finished stripping my pants off. My cock was throbbing inside my underwear.

"Can we do this in bed?" she said weakly.

We stared at each other and I shook my head.

She murmured something that sounded like "Pig" and gingerly worked my shorts down. She sat back to look at her handiwork.

"Oh my god, it's so big! Oh god! It's... HUGE!" I blushed at her inadvertent compliment as she timidly poked it with a finger. Then she touched it some more. I wrapped her hand around and showed her how to move the skin up and down. Slowly at first but increasing in confidence with every stroke she toyed with my affections.

Her eyes glittered with lust as she watched my reaction.

"James, do it now... Do me before I lose my nerve..." Jules scuttled over so I could lie down next to her. With a look of finality, she held me. She was shaking like a leaf.

I leaned and kissed her, moving my hand down to her groin. She was soaking wet but tight with tension. I caressed her responsive clitoris until she started moaning. Then I inserted a finger in her. She hissed in a breath and let it out in a loud shuddering moan.

"Put it in me now, do it. I want it in me now!" She clutched me fiercely as I frantically rolled a condom on.

She shook all over as my tip entered her hot wet cunt. Her pelvis started undulating as I pushed a tiny ways inside. I expected to encounter a maidenhead but except for a most delicious tightening of her hot moist channel, there was no blockage. Jules was actively trying to work more of me inside her with jerks of her hips and nails on my back. She was so tight and hot I wanted to prolong the experience, but she wrapped her legs about my waist and forced me all the way into the boiling cauldron of her sex.

"Ohhhh, owwww, hurts..., hurt... so good. So good..." she murmured over and over. I moved in and out using full strokes, watching her face. She shivered and moaned under me and I kept a slow pace until suddenly my orgasm started coming on.

I slipped a hand under her ass and fucked into her. Her eyes opened wide with the new sensations and gasped into my mouth. We fucked with short hard strokes that slammed our groins together and she yelped with every stroke. I grunted in response, my sweat dripping on her. She screamed her release and clenched her vaginal muscles down.

It was too much, I ground my hips against her and came in a torrent, my cock threatening to melt, it felt so good. I shuddered and pumped, her hot sheath coddling me and milking my seed out. I was sure the condom had burst from my explosion. We shook with the release and we held each other desperately until I slipped out.

I rolled off her and extracted the limp rubber with its disappointingly meager load, dumping it in the trash. I rolled over and she nestled on my shoulder, her pussy clenched around my thigh. Her hand rested on my stomach.

"Mmmm, I feel so full, so FUCKED," she murmured and shifted, "Oww, oh, but it hurts when I move." I was content to lie there and count her vertebrae, not trusting myself to speak until the fireworks stopped going off in my brain. I got to the end of her tailbone and my hand wandered to explore her tight little derriere. She moaned and scrunched tighter against me.

I managed to drag the blanket over us and we cuddled in the coziness of relaxed sexuality. After a long while, she said, "What time is it?"

It was getting close to midnight so we reluctantly unwound ourselves. As we got out of bed she hugged me again and said, "Thank you. I knew you were the right person. I will never forget this." I held her hands and took a step back and we looked at each other. She was glorious, golden tresses down to her shoulders, her eyes sparkling with life and love. Her attention dropped to my satisfied penis and she reached for it, giggling, "It doesn't look so scary anymore!"

"No, it was never scary, just lonely." She tilted her head as she digested that, then slowly she bent down and kissed it. I grunted and she kissed it again.

"I'll take care of you, sweet thing, you'll never be lonely again..." With that she slipped half of it in her mouth. I hissed in pleasure, "Stop - if you keep this up, we'll miss curfew."

She looked up, her eyes saying, "So what?" but I pulled her up and herded her to her pile of clothes.

"You are so infuriating, James. I give you my cherry and in the middle of a blowjob, you're worried about a lousy curfew?!" She started pulling on her panties, slowly. Then she said quietly, "I love you..."

"I love you too, Jules." Her eyes got moist and we held each other for a long time.

"Ahem, the time...?"

"Spoilsport!" But she did finish dressing and in the process showed me some amazing contortions as she popped her bra on. She was brushing her hair in the car as I took a long way around to her house so that it could look she was returning from Brenda's.

"Wait, let me do this..." she said as we got close to her street. She skimmed off her panties. "This is my other present for you, just hide it somewhere safe." With that and a quick kiss, she rounded the corner and went into her house.

Part 1. The Essay.

Chapter 3

Saturday dawned to an empty house but I was well sated. I thought about the two delectable young ladies who had bestowed their charms and their favors on me. I stretched and smiled. Life was good.

Jules called about ten to say she missed me and she was going to Brenda's "to do homework" - of the gossiping kind, no doubt. And, she added, so I'd time to do my essay.

My Essay! In my sexual stupor I had totally forgotten about the deadline. I hung up, promising to call later and fired up the computer.

Fortunately I already had some idea of what I needed to do to cut out the more explicit parts and still maintain a smooth flow, but my mind kept drifting so, instead of cleaning it up, I found myself dreaming about my escapades with Nicole and JulieAnn and pretty soon I had messed up the story pretty bad.

I went down to fix a sandwich and ate that before I tackled the assignment again. By noon I had finished the rewrite and it did not seem to have lost too much in the process.

I looked up Mrs Cipola's address and drove over.

A girl of 12 or so opened the door. "Hi, is this the Cipola residence?"

"Yes, how may I help you?"

"My name is James Mitchell, I've come to drop something off for Mrs Cipola."

Recognition dawned on her face, "James Mitchell, as in English, as in 'The Lovers?'" she smirked, showing white even teeth. I blushed even as I nodded.

"Come in. Mom and Dad's out for the day." She backed inside without taking her eyes off me, no doubt wondering what a sex-maniac looked like up close. She let me by and closed the door.

"Hi, I'm Amanda." And stuck out her hand. I rushed to shake it and dropped the assignment on the floor. She gravely gave me a shake and bent to pick up the essay. And started reading it.

She could not be more than 5 feet tall and 80lbs soaking wet but somehow she was making me fidget like a lost schoolboy.

"Which school do you go to?" I ask, hoping to distract her.

"St Mary's. It's a private school." She replied without taking her eyes off the page.

"Oh, I thought you might know my sister Erin. She goes to public school though."

"Hmmm, is this the piece that almost made my mother faint?"

"Mrs Cipola fainted?"

"Almost. It was more like choking and sputtering. She told my Dad that you wrote as if you had experienced it first-hand and she got really worked up over that." She looked slyly up at me, appraisal in her eyes. "Then she admitted that she really liked reading it, the smut and all." She smiled, and even her eyes crinkled up.

"Well, the way she told me off in front of the class, you'd think I was lower than shit." She looked at me and raised her eyebrows and again I felt like a kid in front of her.

"Ahem, and you know you shouldn't let strangers in the door. You never know..." I let the words hang, hoping to get some of my own back.

"Oh, oh dear. I guess I'm at your mercy then. Do what you will... but be assured I will never betray the secrets in these pages. It will go with me to my grave!" She made a dramatic flourish and turned her back on me. Then I heard a tearing sound.

"No, no - you can't rip it, your Mom will crucify me!" I rushed around and she was hunched over, giggling breathlessly. She brought one edge of the sheets to her lips, and blew across it, making the tearing noise. I felt like the biggest dweeb ever. Thank god she didn't go to school with Erin!

I stood up straight. "Now, you've done it! Do you know what you have done, Missy?"

"N-no, what have I done?" She managed to squeak out between giggles, trying to look helpless. She had dark blue eyes and, I swear, they twinkled at me.

"You have incurred my WRATH, little girl, that's what. When I wrought my wrath, even gods tremble!"

"Oh no, I am doomed. Please good sir, oh pray tell me to whom I am addressing?"

I drew myself to my full height and took a deep breath.

"Behold all who shudder at his name, all who scamper like mice from his might, all who cower in fear at his voice. Behold, it is he! Dweebus the Ravisher!" I struck a heroic pose and flourished my rolled up essay like a sword above my head. Amanda had dissolved in laughter again, doubling over as she cackled inanely.

"Now, little girl, be prepared to be ravished! Do not cry for help - for no one can save you now!"

"Help, help!" She cried weakly, voice muffled by her own laughter. She waved her hands in the air, pantomiming a damsel in distress. She had tears running down her face and was having difficulty catching her breath. I stuck my "sword" in my sweatpants and advanced on her slowly. Quite menacingly, I thought.

She was choking from laughing so hard and she knelt on the floor, holding her stomach with one hand and pointing at my crotch with the other. My rolled up assignment was lodged next to my erection and it looked like I was hiding a sawn off shotgun in my pants.

I cracked up then and we rolled around the floor laughing. I managed not to piss in my pants but my stomach was cramping up like crazy. We laid on our backs gasping.

Amanda rolled over on to her stomach, "Well, Mr Dweebus the Ravisher, what happened to the ravishing?"

"Er, well, I'm currently indisposed. Will have to take a rain check." I was too, busy wiping my tears and blowing my nose and trying not to hiccup. She gingerly extracted the manuscript from its hiding place and put it on the side table.

"I would hate to see what Mom will do if she knew where it had been..." And we wheezed a bit more again.

"Actually, I've already read the Story. It's very good. Sexy and romantic." At my questioning look, she continued, "I looked when Mom was recovering from her shock. I'm a quick reader." She scrunched up until she was resting her head on my chest.

"And you might say I'm a BIG fan of yours."

"I wouldn't say that, you're at most an 80lb fan."

"Oh my god, do I LOOK that fat? I'm a svelte 72lbs, if you don't mind." She took the opportunity to drape herself further over my chest. My arm ended up on her back, rubbing it. Her little breasts were poking me in the stomach, not at all unpleasantly.

"I'm all out of ravishes today, cuddling is all I have," I temporized, not wishing to push things too much. Without a word, she adjusted herself fully on top of my body and kissed me.

It was a sweet, soft kiss - but what was so wonderful was that Amanda put her whole being in it. As if nothing else in the world mattered at all. And pretty soon, nothing did - I was completely drawn into this simple act of intimacy. Finally we came up for air.

"Hmmm, that's nice, but I'm VERY new at this and I'm sure you can do better."

"Don't shortchange yourself. If that was your first non-brotherly kiss, then you're a natural. You're better than many others with way more experience." I brushed a brown curl out of her face and looked into her blue eyes. "You're doing fine, I love what you're doing - just be

yourself and open yourself to your feelings." Her eyes shone and she kissed me again. This time she took her time, turning my face until our lips fit together tightly.

"You have an erection..." she whispered against my cheek. She must have felt it down by her ankles.

"I told you I'm enjoying your kisses." She rubbed her leg against me and giggled when I twitched.

"Do I kiss like the girl Jen in your story? I had tried to imagine what they were doing and how it must have felt," as she gave me a light, lingering kiss. My cock patted her leg again and she shivered.

"But I could never have imagined that it would be this intense and sexy. It makes me horny..." Her voice got very quiet at the end. "I'm so WET down there..." she amended.

"Can I make a suggestion?" She looked up, I could see the want in her eyes, waiting for me to make the move.

"Can we go to the couch? Making out on the cold floor, right here at your front door, is one of my major turn-ons, but my back is killing me."

She choked on the laughter boiling out of her and punched me in the chest. "You are SO insensitive, you ruined the mood!" I carried her in my arms and took us over to the sofa in the living room. I sat and she stayed in my lap, arms clinched around my neck.

"Listen Amanda, I like you a lot and I think I know how you feel about me. But what you need is an experience you can cherish for a long time, and you'll have to take my word a quickie is not the best way to start one."

We rocked silently for a while and then she grabbed my head and kissed me again, hard. Her little tongue bathed my teeth and challenged me to a duel. Finally we pulled back.

She looked at me, "You know that was the most sensitive thing I've ever heard from a guy... I will forever remember this as the moment I fell in love with you." She smiled impishly and stuck her tongue out and licked my lips. My hard-on attacked her ass with a vengeance.

"Oooh", she batted her long lashes at me. "You're not changing your mind are you? Is that what you guys do? Sweet talk a girl, use her and then throw her away like yesterday's newspaper, or kleenexes, or something?" She twisted her butt in a very delightful way. "But I don't mind, I want you to enjoy me and teach me how to enjoy you."

"I'm already enjoying myself immensely." I paused for effect and got punched for my efforts. "I am sitting here with a smart, beautiful and sexy girl who trusts me and wants to make love to me. It's my dream come true!" She nestled deeper in my neck. "But what we need is more time and the right place. We will wait for the right moment before we do anything."

"Oh you are such a romantic. Listen, Friday's a school holiday and, if you're free, we can go somewhere... and I have babysitting tomorrow at 8... and, so why don't you come by at say, 9?" This little girl had taken charge and I let her make plans for us.

"And we still have over two hours before my parents come back... Can we DO something?" I was quite amazed at the changes this diminutive 12 year old can go through, from a giggly kid, to a sophisticated lady to a sex-starved nympho.

"OK - but first you have to promise that you'll tell me if you're uncomfortable, and you MUST tell me what makes you feel good? Agree?" Solemnly she shook my hand and we kissed on it.

"We have to stay here because my bed's too small for the both of us," she confided.

I arranged her along the couch and knelt on the floor. I kissed her face, along her jaw line and down her neck, nestling in the warm pit of her throat. I followed the curve of her breast and lightly touched her nipple through her clothing.

"Oh, that's soooo nice.... Can I say something?" She said dreamily, "I'm scared you'll laugh at my boobs..."

"No - I won't, as long as you don't laugh at mine." It took her a second but she burst out laughing again.

"You are the world's most UNromantic man! You keep ruining the mood... Just when I'm ready to debauch myself and let you put your filthy hands all over my body too!"

Then she jumped up and started taking off her clothes, "And you talk too much - remember who's the virgin here!" Finally she stood there, fists on hips, daring me to look at her. And I did.

Her breasts were just becoming nice handfuls and her pink nipples stood high and proud, hinting at great things to come. A bit of baby fat on her lower belly and hips but otherwise she was as svelte and sleek as they came. Her mound was covered only with a light down. I could see her glistening pussy lips and hints of the pink secrets they hid.

Except for a small birthmark at the top of her thighs, she was smooth and blemish-free. And as perfectly sexy as anybody I'd come across.

"James, can I stop now? I'm getting REAL embarrassed..."

"No, stand there and I'll undress for you." I stood and took off my clothes, carefully working my sweats over my hard-on.

Her breath caught as it waved and jumped in front of her. "My god, that is so big! It's monstrous! You sure it will fit in me?"

"Don't worry, you're designed for even bigger things," At her arched brows, I added, "Babies, sweetheart... you have a dirty mind. And we'll take things slow, we've got plenty of time."

Dreamily, Amanda reached out and touched it. I moaned as she smiled warmly and put her hand around it. "Tell me what to do - your story did not cover this part."

"Just rub up and down, ahh, that's good. A bit more... Oh yeah, higher." I showed her the sensitive crown and the skin fold on the underside. Amanda happily experimented on me and soon I had to rest my hands on her shoulders to stay upright.

"I have to... to sit now." I staggered back to the sofa and she knelt between my legs, her hand still sliding up and down.

"Wet it in your mouth," I moaned. Without a word, she leaned down and wrapped her mouth on my cock. My hips surged off the sofa trying to fit more inside her hot, wet mouth. I could feel her tongue wagging around the sensitive bulb and I could see her swallowing and sucking. I pushed her head back.

"Too good - don't want to come yet. Rub it on your breasts." I watched, mesmerized as she switched my purple glans across her breasts and tweaked her nipples with it. Then she held my shaft against her fleshy cones and rubbed her body up and down against it. Her eyes were closed and she started moaning.

"Touch yourself." She settled lower and slowly moved a finger on her clit. Her moans became breathy sighs and she shook delicately, still jabbing my cock into her breasts. I waited till her tremors stopped. My cock had not softened the slightest.

"I want to come in your mouth, OK?" She looked up and smiled. Amanda pulled her finger off her pussy and rubbed it on my erection before slipping it inside her mouth. She took almost 3 inches of me inside her tight hot mouth and started rubbing the rest with her hand. Her lips slipped up and down, forming a tight ring that made me moan with sensation. I watched her work on me, her eyes closed in concentration, lips stretched wide to accommodate me. Then she started sucking and I could not hold back. I cried out and pumped into her mouth. I could see her throat working to swallow my sperm but a steady stream ran past her lips and down her hands. I screamed silently as my body shook and arched for another 6 or 7 spurts. I was practically wheezing as I slowly came back to earth. Could this girl give head or what!

She had not released her grip on me and was watching me jerk around. Then she bent down to lick up the sticky stuff she had missed the first time around. I closed my eyes and fell back on the couch, quietly relishing the soft touch of her fingers, her lips and her tongue. Finally she decided I was clean enough.

"I think swallowing semen is definitely an acquired taste." And she coughed delicately to illustrate the point. "It's tart and tastes like chlorine."

"Yeah, so I've been told."

"But watching you flop and squirm like that makes it worth the trouble. And now I have a part of you inside me." She smiled and rubbed her tummy.

I reached for her and we rolled back on the sofa. I kissed her brow, her eyes, and worked my way to her lips. She hugged me fiercely and her tongue lunged into my mouth.

"Oww, I got chapped lips." She pulled away. I planted a soft kiss on them.

"You were really great, I cannot remember ever enjoying it quite so much. If I weren't such a gentleman, I'd say you're a natural born cocksucker." Her face reddened and she nearly floored me with a punch. Then she smiled, stuck her tongue out and wagged it obscenely in the air. I kissed that too.

I moved my lips down to her collar bone and back to her wicked breasts, trying to fit an entire one in my mouth. I licked a nipple as I teased the other with my thumb and forefinger. I took some small bites around the sensitive tip and soon she was humping herself against me and urging me down lower. I took my time, lingering at her belly button and top of her mound, worrying the thin wisps of hair down there. She had wound her hand in my hair to try and improve my aim.

"Get your mouth on me, you are bloody killing me! Ahhhhh-hhhhhh" I softly kissed her tight little folds. She smelled like grass after a rain, fresh and sweet. I extended my tongue and her grip tightened on my head. I slipped further in and I could feel the fleshy ring of her hymen. Amanda was tearing my hair trying to get my tongue everywhere at once, but after the blowjob she gave me, what's a bloody scalp?

Her thighs locked my head tightly when I started licking her clit. She had both arms wrapped around my hair as well. She shook and rasped out her delight as I slipped a hand up to her breasts. Then I sucked the little fleshy nubbin in my mouth and worried it with my teeth and my tongue as she yelled hoarsely and shook for almost a minute. We were soaked in her juices and sweat and utterly sated.

I kissed my way back to her mouth and shared her nectar with her.

"A somewhat naughty, saucy bouquet, with great promise, wouldn't you say?" She giggled weakly in my ear.

"And you sir, is a delightful cunnilinguist. I cannot recommend your services highly enough." We held each other while we caught our breaths and our bodies tried to recover.

"Do we have time for a shower or would I run the risk of being castrated by your parents?" It was almost 5. We had spent the last 4 hours making delicious love.

"Yes, shower, but my legs are still rubbery." I collected our clothes and carried her upstairs to the bathroom, pausing only to flip the cushions over to hide a few rather large stains.

"Upstairs, second door on the left... I love it when you hold me like this," she breathed into my ear as I trudged up the stairs with my various loads. She nestled in my arms, stuck a tongue on my nipple and draped her hand down to fondle me. Rather expertly too as my knees threatened to give way.

"Hey, I'm going to drop you if you keep doing that!" She giggled but did not release me. I let her rub my erection, not seeing the need to deprive her of all her pleasures.

We started the shower and I walked in with her still clinging on to various parts of my anatomy. Finally, she let me put her on the shower floor but her hands stayed attached to me. I had the most pleasurable job of washing her body as she hung on to my neck. I soaped her back, lingering at her ass and her pussy crack. Then I did her breasts and front. Then we used her body to apply soap to my body, causing my prick to rear itself again. She had enough energy to do my back and spent an inordinate amount of time soaping my cock and my balls, then she did a taste test while soaping up my ass. My cock surged again under her delicate attention.

She settled on her knees and wrapped her tiny hands around me, kissed the tip, then around the rim, gently moving her hands up and down the stalk. She held it against her little breasts and rubbed my juices on them, watching my face. With a small smile, she kissed it again and I watched as her little tongue came out and lapped the sides and into the crevice between the skin. Then she placed her mouth over the angry red bulb and slipped it in. She did not take me very deep, just past the fat crown, tightening her lips to caress the sensitized surface. I moaned and she hmm'd back, rolling her tongue across the engorged surface of my cock. In time with her hand, she bobbed her head, slowly gaining speed as my hips jerked to try and force myself deeper. Suddenly, my balls roiled and discharged everything they had in several gut-tearing convulsions. She swallowed and continued jacking until I had surrendered all my cum into her mouth.

We were completely spent after that and so I hugged her wet slippery body to me, as I tried to dry the both of us. Finally I wrapped her up in a towel and carried her to her room, which was done up all pink and frilly with about a thousand stuffed animals. I tucked her in and kissed her face as her eyes closed.

Part 1. The Essay.

Chapter 4

I called Jules as promised and we arranged for her to drop by later that evening. I made a big sandwich and ate that in front of the TV as I tried to sort out this incredible week - and the lovely ladies who played such a major role in it. I could not conceive of a way that could resolve the situation without hurting one or more of them - and frankly, I did not want to lose what I shared with each one of them.

I was plagued with guilt feelings but I was too selfish to do the right thing, whatever that might be. So I did the next best thing - I ignored the problem and went to sleep, setting my watch alarm for 8 o'clock.

I felt more refreshed after my nap, even though my body ached with the unaccustomed exercises I had been demanding from it. I desperately needed to get back into shape. I went through a 10 minute limbering up process and took another shower.

The car went with Mom and Dad so I drove the minivan to pick Jules up. She had a jean jacket over a matching skirt, which only reached halfway down her thighs. I stared and she dimpled at my reaction as she pecked me on the lips.

"James, do you mind if we don't, you know... screw tonight? I'm kinda sore down there." She bit her lip and blushed. "I would if you want to, but we could do other... things."

"Don't worry, Jules. I'm happy with whatever you want. How 'bout something to eat and we can pick up a video?" She leaned over and kissed me again, letting her hand drop on my thigh. She squeezed and my cock received a sudden flow of blood.

"Careful, don't start anything you can't finish!" She giggled but behaved herself all the way to the mall. Over burgers I asked her about her "homework" with Brenda.

"I told her that we were back together and then I had to tell her a bit about last night..."

"Why?"

"Well she said I was walking bowlegged..." She giggled delightedly. "I told her you were really big and I could barely take you. And then I'd hurt for days afterwards."

"Stop, I don't think my ego can take much more!"

"Well anyways, Brenda sort of filled in the rest. She said, 'And you dated Mark because of that?' So I just nodded. And she tried to get more details but I said I couldn't talk about it because it got me too horny." She stuck her tongue out at me and smiled, "And I was too, every time I start thinking about you I get all hot and bothered and my boobs and my pussy start throbbing."

"Are they now?" She nodded her head firmly.

I tried to wipe the grin off my face. "But first, we got a couple of stops to make..."

I took her to a drugstore.

"Are you ready for this?" I asked.

"For what?"

I picked up a 12-pack of Trojans and handed it to her, along with a ten. "You pay for it."

She turned beet red when she realized what it was.

I waited until she shuffled off. I stayed well back and watched her squirm under the calculating eye of the matronly cashier.

"My god, that was the most embarrassing moment of my life... It was hell!" She was gasping and shaking against me as I rejoined her outside, "Next time I'll just shoplift!"

"Wait, I forgot the change!" Sure enough the lady at the cash register was waving her back, I could see them talk but I couldn't make out any words.

"She said you look like a nice boy and hopes you'll treat me nice my first time!" She blushed. "But she said next time, you should get them yourself," she giggled.

Then she looked at me and said, "But it's a wicked feeling knowing I'm doing it FOR you, sort of grown up and sophisticated." She rubbed herself against me in a most unsophisticated way as we wandered arm-in-arm in search of a video place, mindlessly enjoying our closeness and new-found intimacy.

She started looking at videos and I stood up close behind her and hugged her, my arms across her midriff. The shelves provided some cover so I slid my hand under her jacket and up. To my surprise she did not have a bra on and her nipples were already hard and pulsing. I started teasing them and she ground her butt against my cock.

"Fuck the video, let's get out of here!" She hissed.

I grabbed her hand and rushed us out of the mall. We jumped in the van, breathless from exertion and need and locked in a hot wet kiss. Then she pulled back.

"James..." She slouched low against the passenger door and slowly eased opened her leg and lifted it up. In the gloom I could see a widening damp spot on her white panties. Thank god there were no people around.

"Just touch me... gently..." She moaned dreamily as I rubbed my thumb over her panty-covered wetness. I found her hard clit and rolled small circles on it. She was moaning and twitching her thighs around my hand. She pressed her cunt against me and shook as she climaxed. It took her five minutes before she opened her eyes.

"Oh, that was good. You got me so hot! Hmmm..." Then an evil smile came to her face. "Well, thank you for a lovely evening. You can take me home now..." I looked at her incredulously and she burst out laughing.

Still giggling, she plonked herself on my lap, adjusting to avoid crushing my erection and wound her arms around my neck. "You shoulda seen your face, my poor baby," and kissed me tenderly. "Mama will look after you, don't worry!"

I lisped out, "Oh, you women, you just take and take, then discard us like a kleenex. I... I feel so USED!" She buried her head in my shoulder and laughed and chortled and laughed some more. Then she kissed my neck and bit me.

She swung around to straddle me. A dreamy look came over her as she rubbed her pussy on my straining cock, locking my mouth in a hot kiss full of tongue and promises. I slipped my hands under her jacket until I had command of both her little titties, fingering them in time to her moans.

She reached down and unzipped me and carefully took me out. After a bit of fumbling and swearing, she slipped my cock around her panties and a bit into her steaming vagina. She hissed in pain and frustration.

"It hurts..." With a grunt she drove down on me. The heat and friction was incredible, I wanted to ram her down but she was sobbing in pain as she gingerly lifted herself off me.

"Oh god, I'm sorry, I can't do it. I want to so much but you're so bloody big..." She collapsed back on her seat shaking in her frustration.. I struggled to replace my pounding hard-on and she stopped me. "Give me a minute, OK?"

"You don't have to do this..." I couldn't believe I said that.

"I want to, OK? Just let me rest a bit..." So like a dweeb I sat there, my flagpole waving in the breeze, waiting for security to rush in and arrest me with cameras flashing. I knew she was fine when Jules pointed at it and started giggling.

"You're hurting his feelings!" She burst out in a fresh giggling fit but with an effort she stopped. She slithered over to my dejected cock.

"Hi my pet, lonesome tonight?" She bent it towards her face and planted a big sloppy kiss on it. She started lathering it up with her tongue.

"You know I went to sleep tasting you all night. And when I woke up all I wanted to do was this..." Followed by another wet kiss that covered the entire top. I was amazed that there was

still life in the old soldier, what with all the fucking and sucking it had been through lately. But like a trooper it perked up and aimed straight for JulieAnn's lips. She happily mouthed it and hummed around it.

I placed my hand on her neck and she obediently struggled another inch in her mouth. Just over halfway in I bumped into her throat and she pulled off, eagerly jacking it up and down with her hand. She took a deep breath and sank down once more on my cock.

"Oh my god," I moaned as I felt her throat accept me. Like a little cunt, it stroked me and surrounded me with a velvety heat. Encouraged, she immersed herself at her task, each stroke taking more of my shaft into her hot mouth. I started shaking, not sure how much more I could take.

Suddenly strange noises alerted me to my surroundings. Someone was trying to get into the car next to us. Jules froze with half my cock stuck in her mouth.

"P-people, car" I grunted out, feebly gesturing at the mother and two children who were opening doors and putting their shopping away. Thankfully from their angle they could not see Jules hunched over my lap.

Jules slowly slid her mouth off me, licking me softly. Then suddenly she plunged back down, forcing me into the heated furnace of her throat, swallowing wildly until her chin dug into my leg and her rasping breath was in my pubic hair.

"A-arrggggr," I moaned. My entire cock was drawn deep into the wet vacuum of her throat. She pulled back and dove down again, not stopping until she hit bottom. In two blood draining strokes Jules brought my load boiling up from my balls.

I could barely strangle my scream as I came. The mother was peering curiously at me, and I pretended to be asleep while trying to make my grunts of lustful delight sound like snores. She must have thought it was a horrible nightmare the way I was jerking about.

The family took off in a squeal of tires and I got back to the serious business of pumping into Jules' little throat. I cried out, trying to force more blood into my cock, so that it could burrow deeper into the soft caressing tissues of her throat. I shivered and shot, then shivered and shot some more.

Suddenly I realized that I had my hand in a death grip on JulieAnn's neck and quickly let go, she pulled up gasping for breath and coughing. She looked accusingly at me, wiping away tears and blowing her nose with the tissue I sheepishly handed her.

"Jeez, sorry Jules, I'm really sorry, I got carried away. I don't know what came over me but when you did that..." I sighed.

She ignored me, looked at my now deflated cock and bent down to give it a kiss. "I'm not talking to that brute," pointing up at me, "but we had a wonderful time, didn't we?" And sucked my cock back into her mouth. The damned traitor stood up and gave her a feeble salute before drooping again.

"Oh, my poor baby's tired. Go to sleep now..." She tucked my penis back in my pants and patted it before resting her head on my chest.

I did not say anything, luxuriating in the tingly interlude after an unbelievable orgasm with a gorgeously hot woman.

"It was wild!" Jules finally said, breathlessly, "It was so NASTY, I've never felt closer to you than right now. I could FEEL every part of your thing inside my mouth and then, like, those people not five feet away! What a trip!" She shivered with forbidden delight, "I'm soaked again..." She slipped her panties off and handed them to me, "Dammit James, you better buy me some new panties!"

She turned and perched her little ass on my leg and grabbed my hand, thrusting it in her crotch, "Feel!" she ordered before she started kissing me. Her hole was running with fluids and she started shaking as soon as I inserted my finger. I was afraid of hurting her so I gently frigged her, but she had other ideas.

"Harder, god, harder! Fill me up! Fuck me, you bastard." She screamed as she opened her legs and jammed my hand against her, "Ohmygodohmygod, so good. Fuck me! Oh fuck me..."

I pulled her face to me and stifled her screams with my mouth as I forced two fingers in her tight hole. She went wild, riding my hand and screaming her pleasure out. The whole car shook and I just prayed we weren't attracting too big a crowd.

Finally Jules slowed down and sank on my chest. I used her panties to wipe some of the moisture from her abused hole. It was red and puffy.

"Owww, it hurts!" She was silent for a bit, "I kinda went crazy back there didn't I? Man, but what a trip!"

I could not agree with her more as I disengaged us and got the car started. The cinema was emptying and the parking lot was filling up with people.

Jules ducked down, trying to make herself more presentable. Her position had hitched her skirt high and I could see right up her legs, her thin blond thatch and the most tantalizing view of her little pussy.

"Hubba hubba!" I grinned at her. When she realized what I was leering at, she mouthed an obscenity and stuck her middle finger out at me from between her legs. I burst out laughing and collapsed on the wheel giggling and wheezing. Tears poured from my eyes and I had difficulty catching my breath. I had to go to the bathroom bad.

She straightened up and fixed her lipstick in the mirror, ignoring my plight. I was just getting some composure back when she announced, quite officiously, "Home, James!" I almost died right there from laughing so hard.

But I really had to take her home, it was almost curfew. I went to bed totally exhausted and added a second pair of Jules' panties to my collection.

Part II. In Training.

Chapter 5

I woke up Sunday morning knowing what I should do. I got dressed and dialed the phone.

"Hello, Nicole..., er, Mme Petitcoeur..." I suddenly got this cold hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach and my bright idea was no longer that brilliant. My anxiety got worse as the silence dragged on.

"Hi... lover..." she said with a sexy chuckle. My insides had turned to jello, but the sun shone, birds sang and the world was fine again. I let my pent up breath out in a whoosh.

"Can I ask you a favor? Can I come by and use your gym?" It came out all jumbled together, but to her credit, she did not hesitate and promptly agreed.

I hung up after assuring her I could find my way there.

I drove past the gate and pulled up in the circular drive of her big white house. It was even more impressive in the daylight. She stood by the door and I handed her the white roses that I had picked up on the way over. She looked at them and her hands shook.

She threw herself at me in a fearsome clinch and gave me a long soft tearful smile before pulling me inside and closing the door.

She looked at the floor. "Thank you, James. It is very sweet and thoughtful.... I'm overwhelmed..."

I leaned forward and kissed her cheek.

"I only want to make you happy, my princess." She smiled again, to a chorus of angels. She stood there in a white halter top and chinos, looking so incredibly young and vulnerable, and so amazingly sexy. My heart was pounding, bells were ringing in my head and I couldn't breathe. I was afraid I was drooling.

Suddenly we were kissing, her breasts pressing into me, my hands mauling the firm flesh inside her pants. We stripped our clothes off and I lifted her, wrapping her legs around my waist as my surging cock found her moistness. She sank down on me with a moan and started bouncing on my raging penis. All around us, lewd images of our coupling danced on the glass and mirrored surfaces.

She tightened her grip on me, driving my cock into her womanhood. We ground our sex together, trying to milk the last bit of pleasure from our fucking. Time stopped and nothing mattered except for the supreme bliss we were sharing.

"Wow!" we echoed each other as the last delightful tremor went through our body and we regained some awareness.

I carried her over to the living room where I laid her down. She looked dreamily up at me and stroked my leg. She laid there, allowing me to drown in her breathtaking beauty.

"I will never tire of looking at you..." I said, "I only wish I could show and return the joy you have given me. My princess." I knelt at her side and buried my face in her soft belly. She stroked my hair and cried some happy tears as she pulled my face up to hers.

"I am yours, forever. You can look or do with me as you wish. My Knight." I kissed her, gently, our lips barely touching, and it spoke volumes of what our furious lovemaking could not.

I knelt at her side, our arms entwined and rested my head on her soft breasts and we savored the gentle afterglow of our climax, until a numbness in my legs told me I'd cut off the circulation to them for too long.

"Nicole, I need to use your gym. I need to get back in shape."

"Your shape is fine", she murmured, putting my hand on her sex. I did some cursory exploration and she started getting wet again.

"I have an important competition soon and I'll be up against the best 63-kilos around. I have to be in the best shape I can be!"

"Will it improve our sex?" She snickered a little, then a pause, "My god, that's perverse. For ten years I did not even think about sex and now... now I'm obsessed with it! After you leave, all I do is dream about making mad passionate love with you. Nonstop." She sighed but let me drag her up and she took me down the long sweeping stairs.

I was busy ogling her delicious backside when suddenly she stopped. I looked up and drooled some more. She had easily the best equipped gym west of the Mississippi, with four different Nautilus machines, power joggers, rowers, bicycles, steps and dead weight benches. They all looked new but well used. An AV system, sauna and a whirlpool completed the setup.

"Wow," I said, after taking it in, "I think I'm gonna come."

She chuckled and cupped my cock, "Not on the carpet, dear."

Once started, she was all business, putting me on her own regimen but doubling the load and the duration. She kept me company on the machines and I had an eyeful watching her lithe body work itself up a sheen.

I pushed myself for an extra 15 minutes to make up for the evil I'd done to my body. Finally, I staggered to the whirlpool where my lovely siren had been soaking. I plopped down beside her and let my temperature equalize. I put my head on her shoulders and she opened herself so I could lean back in her embrace.

She caressed my chest and then she said, "You have a girlfriend, don't you?"

"Ah, yes. Well, we had sort of broken up before but we made up again." She tightened her arms about me to stop me from turning around.

"James, I think I already knew you had a girlfriend when I let what happened last Thursday happen. I'm very sorry if I caused you any problems." Her tears dropped on my back. I dreaded where this conversation might be leading.

I broke free of her arms and turned to face her. Her big eyes were brimming with tears and it tore at my soul.

"Listen, Nicole" I grabbed her hands and said fiercely, "I wanted it to happen as much as you did, if not more. What I did, I did of my own free will. What I GIVE, I give of my own free will. I want to be with you, you are kind and sweet and I cannot have a better teacher than you - in every respect. We are RIGHT for each other." She held me tightly and I did not let her go.

We blubbered a bit more into each other, then we went for a shower. I told her a little about Jules, how we were enjoying discovering and experimenting, "Nicole, I like Jules, even love her, but with her it is a very close, very intimate friendship, but not the head-over-heels, earth-shattering type of love I feel for you." She turned to me and held me.

I ran my hands down her soft smooth back and without warning, my cock sprang up between us. She took a step back, eyes glittering at my unexpected erection.

"I see what you mean..." She held it in her hands, then let go. I was afraid she was mad at me. "We cannot let you come now - you have to eat first, otherwise, you can't replace the muscle loss," she said matter-of-factly. As difficult as it was, I had to defer to her expertise, considering what a marvelous job she had done with her own musculature.

As a consolation, she let me finger her to a languid orgasm, since her fluids were so much easier to replace.

She wanted to go out for food so I got back into my sweats and jeans. She put on a white dress and decided a bra was unnecessary. The hint of her dark nipples was incredibly exciting and I was afraid she was going to be attacked. By me.

She offered the Bimmer but I chickened out, not having driven standard before. So we "settled" for the Mercedes S-class, now THAT I could handle.

We went down the other side of the hill to the town there. It was a blast, driving with the sunroof back and the best looking woman anywhere sitting next to me. I swear everyone looked admiringly at us - at one of us, at least.

We parked at the restaurant and Anton the maitre d' called her "Madame Petitcoeur". She introduced me as "My dear friend Mr Mitchell", with a slight emphasis on the "dear". That earned me a "Monsieur". It was all terribly impressive and I resolved not to disappoint her.

I was happy to let her order for us and I ended up with a bloody-rare 18oz rib steak while she had a slab of pink salmon almost as thick, with salad greens and baked potato. And red wine. There was just a little small talk as we wolfed down the delicious meal. I would have been happy with fries and a pop with the company she offered.

At the end of the meal, she just told the waiter, "Put it on our tab," and that was that, saving me the awkwardness of trying to pay for a clearly exorbitant meal with the \$5 and change I had. We were extremely satisfied and a bit giddy when we left the restaurant. I had never had a more enjoyable time.

"James, would you let me get you some clothes? For when you are at the house, of course." Which was fine by me, since I knew I didn't have the kind of wardrobe that I needed to accompany her.

The gentleman at the haberdashery took about a hundred measurements, pausing only to hmmm meaningfully at my biceps and inseam, and then we were done. Apparently it would be sent to her house whenever. It was all a daze to me.

Outside the store, I looked at Nicole to thank her and saw in her eyes the same need I felt, so we raced, quite inelegantly, to the car and back to her house.

Our clothing littered the stairs as we ran to her bedroom. I tackled her on her bed and latched my mouth on her hungry sex. She was moaning and begging me to let her touch me but I stayed out of reach until I had lapped her to a shaking and groaning orgasm. The shape I was in, it would not have taken much for me to lose it, and I wasn't sure how much I had left, even after the sumptuous meal we shared.

She was still gasping from her orgasm when I climbed on her and drove into her in one smooth stroke. She smiled dreamily as she welcomed me in her arms. This time the edge was off and we made languorous love, deliberately holding back and delaying our pleasure as it peaked and peaked. Finally, with a shuddering yell, I came in her, and she cried as she opened up to receive it.

I rolled us onto our sides and we laid like that for a long while.

"I have to go", I whispered, "My family is coming back this afternoon and..." She kissed me to silence and held me.

"I'll look forward to Tuesday, my love," she whispered.

I had just had my shower when the phone rang and Jules invited herself over, in another short skirt, plaid this time. Then Mom and Dad drove in with Erin. They looked around suspiciously, clearly expecting to see the house trashed.

"Have you been here long, JulieAnn?" Mom wanted to know.

"No, I just got here, Mrs Mitchell."

"C'mon Mom, do you think Jules is gonna admit to you that she's been staying here the last two days?" Erin, I love her dearly but sometimes I think I would enjoy slowly strangling her.

"Actually, we HAVE been here two days," My lover batted her lashes, "Looking over stuff in your room". Erin yelped and ran upstairs.

Mom made some tea and decided to go for a rest until dinnertime. Dad had gone to gas and wash the car. Nobody said I couldn't, so I took Jules to my bedroom.

Jules sat on the bed and I moved next to her.

"Wow, look at the moon," she breathed.

"Hmmm, so much has happened since then." She put her head on my shoulders and sighed.

"Do you ever regret having sex with me?"

She looked up and said, "No, never. It was right and good and I would do it again. And again..." she added in a whisper. I put my arms around her and she hugged me back.

"That's good, because I want you very much..."

She nestled her head deeper and whispered, "I just wish I didn't hurt so much. It's all puffy and raw today." She looked at me, "You wanna see?" I choked on my answer and she started laughing.

"God, James, you're such a wuss."

"And you Jules, are such a nympho!"

She giggled delightedly, "Thanks, I think... I'm beginning to understand what is meant by an 'Enlightening Experience', which is what this is to me. To think that it took me all this time to learn enough to get over my inhibitions and learn to enjoy the freedom. I was so damned smug about being pure and all that shit... And making it so tough on you..." she trailed off.

"You know what I want to do now?" She leaned over and nibbled my ear, rubbing her boob on my arm, "I want to lick your big fat cock until you are begging for mercy. Then I want you to stick it inside my mouth as far as it will go... I want you to hold my head down,... like the last time..." Her eyes got all misty and glazed, "You hold me tight... I have to take you deep... all the way down... and I couldn't breathe... and you just hold me down... down there... you get bigger and bigger... and then you get real hot and you shoot and shoot... and you MAKE me swallow your stuff..." She shuddered against me. I was panting something fierce myself. I hugged her tightly.

"You know what I'd be doing if we were alone?"

Jules kissed and licked my neck excitedly, "You mean AFTER you brutally abuse my mouth with your big fat cock?"

"Yeah, you'd be on your hands and knees and I'll tongue you until you BEG me to fuck you. Then I'll rub your little clit some more but I won't let you get off. I'll stop and you'll scream for me to fuck you." She was squeezing and rubbing her legs together.

"James, do you think you could touch me a little if I turn the other way?" She faced towards the end of the bed and lifted her crotch over my hand. I must admit it only looked partially indecent, her skirt effectively hiding my hand.

"OK, remember you're on your hand and knees, all quivering like and..."

"Dammit. I AM quivering, like. Will you touch me before I scream?"

I placed my finger over her wet spot and found her clit. She rested her head on her arms and sighed contentedly.

"So there you are on your hands and knees, putty in my capable hands..."

I made some abstract strokes and she moaned, "Yes, yes, putty... Your hands..."

"Unbeknownst to you..."

She raised her head and blinked her eyes, "Unbeknownst? Your command of the English Language is truly astounding. Ahh-ahhh-mmmm." Her head dropped down.

"And my command of the female anatomy is equally impressive..." I rubbed her some more as her legs started flexing on my hand.

"Hmmm... Harder..." Tiny shivers were rocking her.

"Anyways, unbeknownst to our squirming heroine, I have applied a liberal coating of Vaseline to my truly monstrous member." She started shaking.

"Oh god, not Mr Monstrous Member! Oh no, oh...!" She started humping on my digit.

"With supreme mastery, and diabolic forethought, I impale you to the hilt. The lubrication allows me to slip in, without the slightest discomfort, until our burning bodies are joined." She was moaning into my bed and wriggling her butt most attractively.

"I pull back, until I'm almost out, just the fat tip nuzzling your cunt..."

"Aa-aah, nuzzling my cunt... yes, fat tip... nuzzling my cunt, ohmygod. I'm coming..." And come she did, as she jerked about in her sexual frenzy, stuffing her screams with my blanket.

"Oh lord. That was good," she said after an extended bout of moaning and shaking. "I think I would have gotten off even if you didn't touch me... nuzzling my cunt..." Jules rolled her tongue around her new vocabulary gleefully.

After that, arm in arm, I walked Jules home - her family liked to have Sunday dinner together.

"James, I'm sorry I couldn't get you off. You know I want to, right?"

"Jules, I'm happy just to be with you, honest. The sex thing can wait a bit until you stop hurting."

She hugged me to her body and said, "And I'll get the Vaseline for next time. I think it will work."

She gave me a warm kiss and ran up her drive. I could see a flash of her tight buns - she'd left me her panties again.

Part II. In Training.

Chapter 6

Erin confronted me at the door, "You guys didn't really go through my room, did you?"

"No, Peanut, we didn't touch any of your stuff." I ruffled her hair fondly.

"You know, you two were making an awful racket in your room just now - I had to turn up the radio so Mom couldn't hear."

"Uh, thanks. Jules got a little carried away..."

"So you guys are back together, huh? What happened this weekend? She's totally different, kinda... wild!"

"No, she's discovered something new about herself, that's all."

"...and you're different too, more confident."

"Whatever..."

Dinner was early so everyone could get rested for the week ahead. I told Mom I had to finish some homework over at Mrs Cipola's and took off, getting out of washing dishes because Mom was pleased I'd kept the place so tidy.

I parked around the corner from the address Amanda gave me. There was only a dim light in the front room. I tapped on the door and she rushed me in. She looked so sweet, hair tied up, wearing a white blouse and a tight denim skirt. She stood there, fidgeting uncertainly.

"Come here," I opened my arms and she jumped up on me. Her lips found mine and she gave me another soul-wrenching kiss. She clung on to me as I walked to the living room. Her school books were lying there but not opened.

"I was so scared you wouldn't come. I missed you," she said, clenching me tight.

"I told you I'd come. And I mean everything I said." She squirmed until she was all curled up on my lap.

"What time are they coming back?" I said, running my hand through her fragrant hair.

"No later than eleven, maybe 10:30." I held her as she fidgeted.

"I'm sorry we don't have much time. What do you want to do?" She said from somewhere in my chest.

"I thought I'd sit here and talk and cuddle with you."

"James, please, I'll do ANYTHING you want me to, but we have to be quick!"

"Hey, this is exactly what I want to do. Aren't you happy?"

"Yes, but it's just... just that I don't know when I can see you again, and, I'm afraid..."

"Mandie, there's nothing to be afraid about. I told you, we can wait until the time and everything is right!"

"No," She looked up, "I'm afraid after tonight I'll never see you again - so we have to do it tonight, right now."

I held her as she tried to squirm off my lap.

"Amanda, listen to me." I waited until her struggles stilled.

"You are an incredibly beautiful girl. I would not want to leave you even if you tell me to. What we share is already so amazing, there is no need to rush into things unless we know it's something both of us will enjoy." She was quiet for a long time, then she put her face and arms on my chest.

"James, I'm so scared of disappointing you. I know guys need to have sex all the time and, and you must need it a lot." I felt my face flush with embarrassment.

"Some people use sex as a replacement for love and affection - but right now, I'm getting all the love and affection I can ever need. I'm happy, even without sex," I murmured against her hair. "Let me ask you, what do YOU want to do?"

"I want to curl up like this and have your big arms around me, but I don't know, I haven't done anything else, except... except the other thing."

"What other thing would that be?"

"You know... make you shoot in my mouth..." In a barely audible whisper, "Cocksucking."

"At which you are undoubtedly a rare natural-born talent."

She giggled, "Really?"

"Absolutely really. It's like when you kiss, you apply every part of your being behind it. You are only conscious of what the other person's needs are."

"I don't know how to do it any other way."

"That's why you are a natural, an absolutely fantastic natural!"

She beamed radiantly, then leaned up and applied her art of kissing on me, and I immersed myself in the warmth, the tenderness and the love in that simple contact.

Suddenly I realized she had somehow unzipped me and was trying to wrestle my boner out.

"I told you you don't have to do this!"

"But you also wanted to know what I wanted to do! I want to do this!" So I resigned myself to the whims of the little 12 year old. She shimmied out of her panties and she was already soaked.

And way too small.

She rubbed her vagina on me deliciously but she could barely get around the tip. I stopped her.

"I can do this, James, just help me. I can take it!" I picked her off my cock and sat her down, with her cunt lips nestled along my penis. She rubbed herself on me happily.

"Isn't this a whole lot more fun than trying to fit that big ugly thing inside?"

"Mmm-hmmm. It's nice. But it isn't real sex until I get your big ugly thing inside." She slid her bottom along me enthusiastically. I lifted her top and played with her hard nipples and breasts. I traced the flesh as they pulled away from her chest and up the gentle slope to her swollen points. I wet my fingers and flicked their rubbery hardness.

"Oh, oh, James. Oh, I'm close!"

I bent and kissed her, our tongue lashing in their own lusty dance. She moaned and shook along my cock for long minutes. She curled up and hummed happily in my embrace.

After a while she shifted around and blood surged anew in my cock as she wrapped both her hands on me, pumping me in our mingled liquids. Then she turned to take me in her mouth.

"Mandie, you don't have to do this for me. I'm happy enough as it is."

"Listen James Mitchell, I want to do this. For once in my life, I can do something special with my mouth besides get cavities. And it's important for me to know you enjoy it... that you enjoy me... Besides, it's got proteins and will make by boobies grow," she stated. I was aghast at what they teach at her school.

She sat up and carefully removed her clothes as I tore mine off. Despite my noble speech, I was as horny as I'd ever been, from being close to her and touching her lovely smooth body, her down fringed pussy and her tight breasts that quivered with her every movement. Just her presence inflamed me.

"Hurry, it's almost ten!" I urged as she leisurely folded her skirt and waved her tush around.

"Jeez, don't get in a tizzy. All we need is ten minutes." Her confidence was most assuring.

In the faint glow she knelt down and took my cock, covering the tip with soft open mouth kisses, then she licked it, slowly pulling the skin down and licking the uncovered area, lightly at

first but applying more pressure as my cock grew. When I was fully erect she put both her hands on the shaft and slipped her soft lips over the tip, moving them in harmony. I gripped the sofa as waves of unbelievably agonizing sweetness washed over me. In three minutes I was grunting and humping my hips wildly. And in five minutes she was sucking a burning load of sperm from me as I gasped for my life. She didn't spill a drop.

She smacked her lips and climbed back on me. "Pooh, not even close to ten minutes. James, you're slipping." I uncrossed my eyes and took deep shuddering breaths.

"It wasn't fair, I wouldn't have come if you weren't flashing your body at me all the time and teasing me with lewd suggestions."

"Oh really? Next time I'll bet you can't last ten either!" I knew a losing proposition when I heard one, so I said nothing.

"James, there WILL be a next time, won't there?"

"Yes, my lovely Amanda..." I clutched her to me, "My sweet Mandie Chip, there will be many more next times, even if I lose our bet each and every time." She sighed happily.

We arranged to communicate using email so we could meet when we had time off. We got dressed and I had to go. The last thing I saw was her elfin face smiling sadly at me from the darkened window.

Part II. In Training.

Chapter 7

I could see Jules was excited, she was literally jumping up and down as I went to collect her for school.

"You won't believe this. You know Brenda and Sara were over last night, right? So I was telling them how you almost split me in two with Mr Monstrous Member..." We both blushed.

"Don't you guys ever talk about anything BUT sex?"

"Sure! Normally we just diss people. However, right now the hottest topic in school is you, my love. Naturally we have to talk about you, and Mr Monstrous Member of course, since I have first hand knowledge," she said smugly, "So, I'm telling them, one incredible fuck with you leaves me hobbling for DAYS. So who but little Miss Sara comes right out and says, 'I can take him!'"

"Are we talking about Miss I-have-to-wipe-the-toilet-seat-or-I'll-get-pregnant Sara?"

"Yes" Jules was giggling.

"Miss Oh-Brenda-can-I-kiss-your-ass Sara?"

"Yes!" Jules was hyperventilating. "Stop it!"

"Has she even been KISSED yet?"

"Well, yes, a couple of times. And she's touched her 4-month-old cousin's weewee." She leaned on me and hiccupped helplessly.

The bus driver looked anxiously at us, wondering perhaps if Emergency wasn't a more appropriate destination.

By the time we got to school she could breathe without too much wheezing and her hiccups had mostly stopped.

"So I've invited her to do the deed with you," she deadpanned, just as we began the obligatory arm-in-arm stroll through the school halls to make sure everyone knew that we were, once again, "hangin".

"Do I ever get consulted about these things?"

"I'm telling you now, aren't I?"

"Can I say no?"

"No." She dimpled and stopped me in the middle of the hall. Then openmouthed, she tongue kissed me just as Mark and six of his linebacker friends came by. I knew I was dead, as she had reduced my knees to water, too weak to stand on, let alone to escape on.

Fortunately my reputation must have preceded me, because other than some highly improbable observations about my ancestry and extended middle fingers they walked right by.

"Shit, that was EXCITING," breathed my lovely companion as we rounded a corner. "I'm soooo wet!"

She wiped a finger on her crotch and shoved it under my nose, "Smell." Which I dutifully did. And caused pandemonium with the dozen or so young ladies whose space we had intruded on.

Further back, Brenda and her charge were also watching the interplay. Sara's face had turn the same fiery color as Brenda's hair, but to her credit she did not run. Jules kissed me sloppily and said, "See you at lunch!" and headed off with her friends.

My one good deed done, I switched on my enigmatic smile and went off to class.

I got a jolt of reality when I went to English and realized how much of Amanda's good looks came from her mother. The same dark complexion, full lips, thin nose, penetrating blue eyes and

haughty brow. I stared at Mrs Cipola as she informed me that she thought my revised essay good enough for the Regional Literary Award contest, and asked me if I wanted her to submit it for me. I mumbled something affirmative - my mind was numb because when she smiled, Amanda looked just like her. I realized I missed Amanda's vibrant spirit more than I was willing to admit.

The lunch bell went and I escaped to the cafeteria. I was staring in my plate of brown slop when my dear love plopped down on my lap and bussed me on the lips, which cheered me up immensely.

Brenda and Sara joined us and their conversation flowed around me as I tried to decide what I had just eaten.

"So, I figure we can go to my place after school," JulieAnn brightly informed sundry and all, "Celeste has orchestra and we'll have the house for 3 hours."

"Me too?" I piped up. They all laughed as if it was the funniest joke in the world.

"Of course, and bring Mr MM!" They all chortled, except Sara, who had the grace to blush, rather prettily too, as it turned out.

The afternoon dragged by and I went to speak with Coach Wilson. I told him I had booked appointments for extra weights training at the NPC Gym Tuesday and Wednesday, and if I could get a note for those days. To my surprise he gave me both afternoons off. I thanked him profusely and was just about to phone Nicole with the great news when he motioned me back.

"And Mr Mitchell, I suggest you don't fool around with the football team member's girlfriends. Next time I will not intercede for you." I did not feel the need to inform him that it was MY girlfriend who had been fool-around-with'd. I did however thank him for saving my skin.

I got to a pay phone and left a message with Nicole. We had previously arranged to meet behind the school delivery area so I just changed the time to noon.

I was jumped by the girls as soon as I emerged from the school building. I guess my beloved did not want to risk losing her stud fee.

They hustled me all the way upstairs to Jules' bedroom, not relaxing their guard until the door was locked and Brenda had perched herself in a chair in front of it.

"What's Brenda doing here?"

"Well she's part of the plan!"

"You have to go - you don't get to watch unless I get to do you too." Her face fell and she shuffled toward the door.

"Don't mind him," said my loving sweetheart, "He can only do it twice in a row. I'll take care of him." Brenda resumed her guard position.

To get things rolling, JulieAnn told me to use my "special kiss" on Sara. So I did, and dragged it out to a full 10 minutes, by which time Sara was semi-comatose on the bed.

"Wow," Brenda said.

"Wow," Jules said.

I licked Sara around the ears and down her neck as she feebly held my hand. She smelled nice, of almonds and strawberries. I nibbled her lips as I unbuttoned her shirt. I could see her hand twitching to stop me but it never made it.

She had a baby blue bra which could not contain more than half her impressive boobs. Thankfully the catch was in the front, which popped open deftly enough. Her bra cups virtually exploded from the contained forces of the generous beauties they held.

"Wow," Brenda said.

"Wow," Jules said.

The poor darlings had red welts where the bra had cut into them. So I spent a long time soothing and kissing them while Jules tugged Sara's pants off. Sara must be a 36C and a really nice handful. Her nipples were dark brown and stood up under my attention. She was moaning

now and her legs were twitching. She had a matching pair of panties with "Monday" embroidered on them.

I removed my shirt and Jules started pulling my pants off as I kissed Sara's plump soft pussy.

Soon Sara was shaking and waving her legs weakly.

I stood up and shrugged out of my shorts.

"Wow," Brenda said.

"Wow," Jules agreed.

"Where's the vaseline?" I asked Jules.

"No vaseline," said my angel, grinning diabolically.

I looked at her. She stared back.

"Er, Sara, this is gonna hurt. Do you still want to do it?"

She looked wildly at me and shook, then nodded her head.

"It may help if we wet it first."

She looked at me blankly.

"With your mouth," Jules added helpfully. "Like this." She pushed me on the bed next to Sara.

"Watch, Sara." Jules slowly sank her mouth on my throbbing cock. We watched as inch by inch it disappeared inside her.

"Wow," Brenda said.

"Wow," Sara said.

"Ugh," I said.

She had her nose in my stomach by now. She pumped a bit and hummed a little. "Jules, stop. I'm getting close!"

Reluctantly Jules surrendered my quivering prick and grabbed Sara. Woodenly, Sara allowed her face to be placed at my penis. She slowly opened her mouth and about half an inch went in. It was a tight fit already.

Her eyes looked around in panic as I forced another inch inside her heat. I reached over to touch her clitoris and she shook delightfully around my cock. I caressed it until her eyes closed and she was moaning on me. Then I slipped a finger in her. She was incredibly tight, and dry. I started moving my finger in and out, pausing to flick her clit with my thumb. She was humming and groaning around my penis.

Her eyes popped open and she gurgled when I tried to fit another finger in. I gave up and stuck my tongue in her, driving more of my cock in her mouth. Her hands grabbed at my arm and then fell lifelessly to the bed.

"Make it wet!" I urged. Her tongue squirmed about the head. It was wild. Her mouth was even smaller than Amanda's and the friction was electric. I started diddling her hole with my tongue and soon she was wriggling under me, her mouth milking my cock. It was time to use it or lose it.

I pushed Sara on her back and jammed my dripping cock in her hole. It was incredibly tight. I pushed and wiggled my ass and gradually about 2 inches made it inside. Talk about an oven!

"It's in?" Sara asked hoarsely.

"Yes, and only another foot to go!" cackled her friends.

I went back to my labors. "Arghh, so much, so much," Sara moaned. She pulled on my ass and I humped another inch in.

Finally I seemed to have hit bottom and no matter how much pulling and humping, I couldn't get any more in.

"Sit her up," I grunted and together Brenda and Jules managed to flip us over.

"Sara, you have to do this part!" She started rocking on me and a bright flush came over her face and her chest. She started shaking and moaning on me. She was sweating and her nipples

had hardened into little buttons. As she started wailing on my cock, Jules lifted her under the arms and dropped her down on me.

With a pop I sank into her womb completely. It gripped me like nothing I've felt and I yelled out, "I'm coming!"

She went crazy, bouncing on my cock as I started spewing inside her. She collapsed on me, still mewling and groaning. I grabbed her face and kissed her, our tongues entangling.

Finally, we couldn't come any more but I was still jammed deep in her and neither of us had the energy to move.

"My turn," declared Jules and tossed Sara aside. Sara had bled over my prick and around our pubic areas. Jules ran off to get a cloth to clean me and I was grateful for the respite.

Suddenly a pair of lips fastened on my penis. Sara had somehow crawled over me and was cleaning her blood and our come off me with her mouth and tongue. I was stiff in a second.

"Wow," Brenda said.

"Wow," Jules said, as she walked in.

Sara dragged her body over and stuck my rigid pole in her hole. She was sobbing and moaning as she fucked me slowly. Her tight channel managed only half of my length but she somehow found all my nerve endings. We moaned loudly as we lurched against each other. In another minute I was screaming and shooting in her again.

I was about fucked out but JulieAnn decided that since we still had an hour left, I had to do her as well. But she kindly allowed me a ten minute break, since she had to get another rag to wipe me up anyways.

Sara had collapsed on me after a stern warning from Jules not to touch anything. I caressed her hair as she smiled wanly up at me. We shared a soft kiss. She dropped her head on my shoulder and whispered, "I love you." before drifting into sleep. I drifted off soon after.

I was awakened when Jules dropped the freezing cloth over my balls. She was complaining that Sara bled ALL over her bed and now she'd have to change her sheets and everything.

"I seem to recall it was your idea in the first place," I said shakily as I felt for the remains of my sexual equipment.

"Shit, if I'd known she was gonna bleed like this I'd have made her ruin her own bed!"

Then she turned on me, "And who told you to screw her a second time!" She was practically in tears.

Sara stirred, "I'm sorry, I got carried away and I just had to feel him again. I'm sorry, it's not his fault!" Jules sniffed and bent down to taste her work. Satisfied, she started licking, and amazingly, I flexed and as I grew, she swallowed more and more of me.

"Turn around", I moaned. She kicked off her jeans and flipped her little cunt in my face. I placed a kiss on her blond patch, followed by my tongue at the tip. I licked her all the way down past her vagina, which still seemed very swollen. She grunted.

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"Hmmm-mmm." She shook her head, then nodded, which did remarkable things to my cock. She did not seem too eager to have sex so I continued lapping her pussy. She was shaking and groaning again. Sara was looking over my shoulders, staring intently at Jules' blond split.

"Jules..."

"HMMMMM?"

"Do you want me to, like, nuzzle your cunt?"

I almost lost it with her vigorous nodding. I turned our bodies so that I could lie part way over her. I gently parted the folds with my fingers and fit my mouth over her entire opening. She was happily humming around me. I jabbed my tongue into her cunt as I wiggled my lips over the labia, and her clitoris. Her legs opened up and started shaking in the air. She moaned and grunted as her legs started kicking, her body slick with sweat.

I was close too. I rolled my body over her, driving my cock completely down her throat and she moaned helplessly. As my balls tightened and sprayed their load, I blew IN her little sex. She howled around my cock and almost bucked me off.

As soon as I had done flooding her stomach, I rolled off her. She was bright red in her face as she wheezed and coughed. Then she threw herself on me and kissed me hard.

"Wow," Brenda said.

"Wow," Sara said as she leaned up against us.

"Yeah, wow, and wow again," I said, gingerly confirming my balls were still in place.

Jules was too busy gasping to speak but she managed a teary smile and stroked my cheeks. I put my arms around the two ladies and kissed Jules, then I kissed Sara. She kissed me back enthusiastically.

"Thank you James."

Then surprisingly, she turned and kissed Jules on the lips. "Thank you Jules."

Jules grunted and pulled Sara close. I could see their throats moving as they traded tongue. Jules started mashing Sara's breasts together, as Sara tentatively tested JulieAnn's lovelies.

Brenda was staring open mouthed at the two girls rolling on the bed, her nipples rock hard under her shirt. I held her mouth open and inserted my shrunken penis. Automatically she took me it. I stabbed it in her spit. Her mouth was soft and warm but her attention was elsewhere.

"Suck it," I said. Her cheeks hollowed and her throat swallowed convulsively as I grew and jabbed into her. She was still watching the tableau on the bed. I made her stand and took her sweatpants off. She had a white thong on, and underneath her bush was red like her hair.

I sat down on the chair and pulled her down on my prick.

"Eeek!" She squeaked. She was very tight and hot but no virgin. I bounced her up and down as we watched the other two finger each others snatch. Then Sara said, "Jules, can I try the nuzzle thing with you?"

"You know how?"

"I watched Him..."

"Sara, you have to use the full technical name, say 'nuzzle your cunt'. It isn't proper to call it anything else," I interrupted. Brenda was squealing quite earnestly now.

"Sorry... Jules, can I nuzzle your cunt?"

Jules had her muff on Sara's face in a flash.

"James, show me what to do!" Jules moaned as Sara worked her mouth on her.

I grabbed Brenda around the waist and duck walked over to the bed. I bent her over the squirming pair and I leaned over Sara's crotch. I showed Jules how to stretch the labia folds and fit her mouth around it. She'd try it and then her head would fall as Sara beat her to a particularly sensitive spot. They were moaning and tormenting each other when I whispered in Jules' ear, "Cough into her."

Suddenly Sara screamed and started bouncing under Jules' face, rubbing her pussy all over her. Then she reached down and jabbed two, then three fingers inside herself.

"Wow," Brenda squeaked.

"Wow," Jules said.

Brenda had finished but was still moaning and shaking, and sank to the floor as I pulled out.

"Jules, the vaseline." She reached over and grabbed a tube from her drawer.

"Hands and knees." Jules clambered over Sara's quivering form and presented her gorgeous behind.

I squeezed a dollop on my hand and rubbed it in her cunt which was dripping in come and spit. I squeezed another big glob and smeared it on my prick. Jules was moaning again.

"Now beg me to fuck you..."

"Please, James, please fuck me with Mr Monstrous Member... NOW!" Not exactly what I had in mind but it'd have to do, time was of the essence here.

With supreme mastery, and diabolic forethought, I impaled Jules to the hilt. Sure enough her passageway was smooth and hot, tight and slick. The grease making it even warmer than usual. I didn't even get to nuzzle her cunt on the tip before her muscles flexed about my cock and we screamed our pleasure. Jules collapsed on Sara and reached back to haul me tight against her. We humped like a couple of rabid dogs until I fell over her, our bodies still shaking in the throes of our bliss.

"Wow," we all said.

There was much sorrowful kissies and touchies after I informed them that I had to be in training for the remainder of the week, so they were not to tempt me with any indelicacies - or they would have to answer to Coach Wilson.

We had barely gotten ourselves somewhat presentable and downstairs when Celeste arrived back with her mother.

We decided to order pizza and while we were waiting I went up to Celeste, "I saw your bag and violin in the hallway, did you delay your Mom until we could get down?"

As it turned out we had grossly overextended our fun time. Celeste had come home and quickly realized what was happening. Aware of the delicacy of the situation, she waited outside the house and intercepted her mother before she could hear our "sick, animal noises", as Celeste called them, not that I could dispute any of it.

She had steered her mother to a coffee shop, pretending to discuss her school work until her inventiveness and her mother's patience ran out.

"I didn't do it for you," she sniffed. "My mother would die if she knew you were... were molesting Jules."

"You know it's nothing like that. But thank you for doing it anyways."

After the food, I stretched out between Jules and Sara. Jules draped herself over me and Sara tentatively put her head on my shoulder. I reached out and held Brenda's hand.

"How are you feeling, Sara?" She looked pale.

"I-I'm OK, I guess. I just don't know..." I gave her a little kiss.

"Jules?"

"I'm great, thank you Mr. MM!" And gave me a big kiss.

"How 'bout you, Brenda?"

"It was great - it was my first time too." She must have seen the surprise on my face, "I lost my hymen in a fall when I was young." She looked so unsure I hugged her. Pretty soon we were all hugging and groping again. Jules lifted up her top and stuck her tits in my face and I had to lick, or choke. I reached out and every time I touched Sara's boobs, someone else was there before me.

I took a break from suckling on Jules and kissed Brenda, our first time. She was rubbing herself on my leg as we explored each others mouths. Brenda's breasts were small, firm and had nipples that stood up at the slightest touch. Her hand was lazily moving up and down my jeans.

Sara meantime was tangled up with Jules and they were rubbing their bared boobies together. Jules pulled Sara's head down to a recently vacated nipple.

Jules looked at me, "James? I was thinking, since you'll be out of commission for the week, would you mind terribly if... like... Sara and I, er, practiced 'nuzzling'?" Sara blushed, prettily.

I looked at the two horny nymphos and said levelly, "JulieAnn, Sara, I will say this, and I will only say it once." I waited until I got their full attention.

"You must refer to it as 'nuzzling her cunt', or 'nuzzling our cunts', never just 'nuzzling' - it is not proper." Their faces relaxed and beamed.

"Er, James, can I nuzzle Sara's cunt?"

"Sara?"

"Yes... Uh, can I nuzzle Jules' cunt?"

"And you might want to see if Brenda wants some lessons too!" Her hand froze on my cock and she started shaking her head wildly.

They turned to the poor girl and finally convinced her that it was not a lesbo thing since it was purely a temporary measure until they get my services back.

Abruptly Jules stood in front of us and skinned down her pants and very solemnly she handed me her panties. She pulled Brenda up. Brenda squirmed deliciously until she, too, delivered her thongs.

Sara stood and slipped off her pants, then she shimmied her panties down, handed them to me and said, "This is 'Monday'... I intend for you to have the rest of the week as well."

And I got email from Amanda.

My dear sweet love,

Your taste was in my mouth all night and today, I just cough and I could taste you. My teacher asked me if I had a frog and I was tempted to tell her no, I have a James in my throat.

I miss you terribly but will wait until we have a chance to meet. Your Mandie Chip

Part II. In Training.

Chapter 8

After almost 11 hours of exhausted sleep, I was feeling more human. I checked my email but Amanda had not replied to the quick one I sent out last night, telling her about my upcoming Championship matches.

Jules was radiant. Her blond hair glowed and in her short minidress she was an invitation to rape. On the bus she bounced up and down on my arm excitedly and hummed to herself.

The driver was again glancing uneasily at us.

"You keep that up and I'll be forced to break training," I said weakly. She bit my ear.

We got off the bus and Jules tugged my arm towards the crowd that had collected in front of the school entrance. It parted to reveal her partners in crime. Brenda was absolutely stunning in a bright green wraparound skirt and a matching top that molded her breasts and nipples. Heels made her even taller and more breathtaking.

Little Sara wore a white peasant blouse, obviously unencumbered by a bra as her breasts shook and danced invitingly and offered tantalizing hints of dark nipples. A short powder blue skirt showed expanses of smooth limbs and flashed lavender panties. I found myself sneaking peeks to see if it said "Tuesday" on it. She was a wet dream waiting to happen, or had happened, judging from the glazed looks and awkward gaits of some of her admirers. Her eyes twinkled and she was grinning widely.

They walked up and each gave me a soft kiss. I hung on to Jules for support.

"Oh god, why did you pick my first day of training to do this? Are you trying to get me kicked off the team, or do you just want to see me die of a coronary?" They laughed wickedly

"We're your devoted fans, James. To victory, return with your shield or on it!" They all gave me a rousing cheer and my "fans" waltzed me inside.

Jules and Brenda took off with the slobbering boys trailing them and left Sara and me behind. She took my arm, "They're giving me a chance to be with you..." I turned us down a hall.

"James, I've never been good with people, but after what we did yesterday - what YOU did, I realized I don't need to be afraid. I don't need to hide, I don't even need to be the same. I just need to be me..." She smiled radiantly and I grinned down at her. In our wake, she was leaving people staring and gaping and she was soaking it up, dispensing smiles and little waves to her friends.

She continued, "I never even suspected that having people look at me like this could be so exciting!"

She stopped in front of a skinny kid and said, "Hi, Simon, how are you?" His mouth dropped and he stammered an answer. He was looking at her longingly as she took my arm again.

She sighed, "I just realized I can make people happy just by being nice. And it makes me feel good myself! It's awesome!"

She leaned against me and said quietly, "It was the most incredible experience having sex with you. I love you and I love Jules and Brenda. And knowing that you care for me gives me the strength to be myself. I promise I'll make you proud of me." She took a deep breath and a collective moan came from around us. She laughed and hugged me.

I added sadly, "My only regret is that I can't rip your clothes off and make passionate love to you right now."

She blushed and giggled, "You can't anyways, I'm too sore, so Mr MM will have to wait - until next week..." Her eyes held both a question and a promise. "Don't tell Jules... but I'm glad we did it twice yesterday - I'm very content."

She took another breath, "But you can help me with another fantasy..." Carefully she put her hands on my ass and stood on tiptoes to kiss me. All noise and activity around us stopped - except for a loud ringing in my head. I leaned down, cupped her firm cheeks and returned her kiss.

She laughed throatily and rubbed her bubbly flesh on my arm. "I feel so free!"

I sighed enigmatically, waiting for the lunch bell. It would not be easy to stay in training with all the willing arms and lips waiting to seduce me.

Finally it went off and I shot off towards the workshops, which had an exit to the rear of the school.

She smiled at me and my heart just jumped into my throat. I shuffled forward in a daze.

"Do you want to drive?"

"N-No thanks, I am having trouble breathing and my h-hands are shaking too much."

Nicole giggled.

I got in the passenger side and we looked at each other. She was wearing a wrap top and a flowing skirt. There was about an inch of tanned midriff showing and I had this insane need to kiss it.

Suddenly she dropped the car in gear and we blew out of the yard. A couple of blocks later she stopped in a small park and grabbed me in a kiss. I gripped her neck and bit her lips. Her hands tore at my hair, forcing my mouth into hers.

"Now I am having trouble breathing and my hands are shaking!" she panted as we held each other in a desperately clinch.

"Listen, my knight, we have a lot to accomplish today and the first thing is lunch. I brought you some clothes, see if you like them."

"Good, I can change while we're on the way."

"No, you can change while I watch."

So I turned the radio on and attempted an imitation of a bump and grind routine in the car. She clapped her hands and giggled delightedly. I must have been incredibly good because in no time I was rock hard and she was staring at it with her nostrils flared.

"Keep an eye out for people," she said as she took me in her mouth.

"Nicole, my schedule!"

She looked up, "We have ten minutes."

She was smugly happy with herself after reaffirming my reputation as a hair-trigger and having swallowed sperm for the first time. I told her she had broken my training and I would now be thrown off the team after being castrated.

She laughed delightedly, "Listen, that rule is to make sure you don't overexert yourself or use up your reserves. As long as we keep feeding you, rest you, and exercise you properly, you'll be fine." I asked her if she wanted to look at my teeth as well.

So we worked it out, no sex until 2 hours after a meal, and nothing strenuous. And training in between.

"So what about just now?"

"It wasn't strenuous - you just moaned. I did everything else!"

"No, not that - we didn't eat yet!"

"Oh, that was breakfast."

She was hugging my arm possessively when we walked in the restaurant for lunch. I was wearing a perfect fitting natural-silk short-sleeved shirt, tan slacks and brown loafers. No socks of course.

"Ah Madame et Monsieur!" Greeted Anton the maitre d'. Nicole sat with her fish and watched me with my Steak Tartare. I had never had raw beef before, not intentionally anyways, but my knightly reputation was at stake here. It was surprisingly good; in fact, it was quite

exquisite. It melted in my mouth and went superbly well with the wine, an '88 Chambertin, I believe.

I had a deliciously giggling Madame on my arm when we finished lunch at 12:43pm. We had till 2:43pm.

She took us to a stretch of wide residential streets and told me to drive. Within half an hour, I was hooked on stick shift. So with the top down, I blaated us around, terrorizing dogs and nannies.

I dropped her off at a low office building and she turned me loose. I crunched gears and ignored speed limits until it was time to pick her up. It was 2:00.

Nicole proudly showed me a bandage on her upper arm. "This, my knight, means I am officially a promiscuous woman." The "this", as it turned out, was a subcutaneous progestogen implant, the "permanent pill", the ultimate contraceptive.

"Quick, we only have 43 minutes to get home to try it out!" And I roared us back to the house.

My hopes to get my ashes hauled were quickly dashed when Madame insisted on a full training session first.

My lips trembled and my eyes misted, I threatened to hold my breath till I turned blue, but all to no avail. Madame was unrelenting. I asked Madame to wait upstairs and do her knitting or something because it would be a darn shame if I had to interrupt my workout in the middle just so I could rape her.

I took it out on her exercise machines and added another 5 minutes just to torment her. Then a quick shower and a towel around my waist, I dashed upstairs.

I found Nicole in our bedroom in a silk dressing gown. I collected her in my arms and sent my lips on a thorough investigation of her face, mouth and neck. Then I stood back to look at her.

Her clean classic face shone with an inner light and her eyes smoldered with need and love. Her full lips trembled and her little tongue licked them nervously. I could see the hard shadows of her nipples where her breasts filled the thin material. She was so damned beautiful I wanted to cry, in awe and wonderment.

I led her to our bed, slowly removing her gown, gasping as her perfect body was revealed. Somewhere I had lost my towel. We laid down and we kissed, slowly, taking time to savor our different textures and adding little nips and bites. She moaned her need and tried to push my face downward. I held her hands down over her head, forbidding her to move them, and returned to my slow journey across her fantastic body.

I lingered at her eyes, cruised her ears, sampled her lips and danced my tongue on her neck. She was moaning and her fingers flexed in the imaginary bonds I had placed them.

I took time to acquaint my mouth with her well toned muscles, I followed the flare of her pectorals from the shoulder to the sternum, ideally angled to proudly present her perfect breasts, breasts that quaked and pulsed with each stroke of my tongue. Breasts that peaked in proud tips that cried out for attention. I licked the globes, traveling the smooth alabaster sides in long circular paths.

"No..." she cried out as I resumed my journey without giving relief to her nipples. I traced the ribs, trilled over her flat firm abdomen and rested in the softness of her navel. Her body and legs were twitching and I could smell the delicate fragrance of her sex.

I kissed her hips and the soft down of her lower belly. Her moans increased as I neared her goal. I trailed my tongue along her thighs and up the "V" of their junction. Her moaning increased.

I kissed my way down the thin folds of her pussy and she groaned in relief. I tasted the sweetness of the dew that had collected there and dipped in for more. She shook and bent her legs up, offering her womanhood to me.

"Please, my knight, I need you now. Please, I want you to fill me..."

I slipped up and again experienced the sweet electrifying warmth of her core, pulsing and coaxing my nerves. We coupled in long slow strokes, her legs clasped around my waist and flexing in time, her wrists still crossed over her head.

She groaned and urged me on. I increased the force but not the tempo. Nicole tossed her head in torment.

"Oh, please... this is killing me. Please let me come... My knight, please!" she groaned.

I stopped. Her eyes opened in panic.

"Get on top," I said.

Frantically, without disengaging our sex, she managed to sit up over me. She moaned and ground herself against me, then found the rhythm and slowly moved herself on and off my body. Her hair flew and her face was contorted in a breathtaking mask of lust and desire. Her hands gripped my chest as she learned to coordinate her motion and her passion. Sweat covered her and ran down her breasts, her hard nipples.

"Ah, ah, ahhhhh. Yesssssss," she moaned, jerking uncontrollably in a climax. Slowly she picked up speed again, "Oh, yessss, ah, ah, ahhhhhhh," as another series of convulsions overtook her. Her eyes opened but unseeing in her all-consuming lust.

"Ohh god, ohhhhh, ohhhh," this one the strongest yet as I added my strokes to hers, I was close.

I reached up and grabbed her breasts, pinching her nipples. I shook and started shooting into the tight canyons of her sex.

Our cries echoed as our bodies clashed and struggled to extract pleasure.

We laid there for a long eternity, slowly catching our breaths, her fingers idly drawing on my chest, our limbs still entwined.

"I love you, my knight," she whispered.

"I love you, my beautiful princess." She nestled her head under mine, and we slept.

I woke. Nicole was sitting next to me, stroking my face and chest. She had one foot under her and the other between our bodies. Her body was hunched over, her smooth hair tumbled about her face. For a long time I laid and savored her gentle touch and forced myself to take in and memorize every curve and every undulating line of that phenomenal body.

I stroked her face and she inclined her head to kiss my palm. I ran my fingers down her neck, her shoulders and a soft breast, full and sated. Her nipple gradually hardened as I gently brushed it with a fingertip. I reached for her sex and she moved to allow me access. She became moist and my cock reared.

"Uh-oh. We have to wait... Let's go for a swim." She dragged me out of bed and out the back where she had a 50-meter pool and both 1 meter and 3 meter diving boards at the end.

"Wow," I said, "Why do I feel the need to come all the time in this place?" She laughed and playfully slurped my cock into her mouth. Then she dove in the water, leaving me on the deck with a sad looking erection.

I jumped in after her but she was a perfect water sprite - she cut through the water with barely a ripple. She did two laps then swam with me until I reached the other side.

"You know I would've caught up to you if I didn't have an erection slowing me down," I pouted.

"You mean this one?" she inquired disingenuously, and did something naughty to me.

I moaned, "How do you expect me to last through training if you keep doing that?"

"You're right," she said, "I'm afraid I have trouble keeping my hands off you..." She leaned her head on me, "Forgive me." I kissed her to show her my generous nature but all it did was make my cock even harder.

I told her I was a submarine and slowly stuck my "periscope" out of the water. She was laughing delightedly.

She wanted to know why it was jumping and flexing.

"Sonar. It's 'pinging' for enemies." She touched it and sure enough it turned red and started pulsing madly.

"How do you know that this is a submarine?" she shook her head.

"Because it's long and thin and full of seamen." She laughed and laughed and drank water and choked. I saved her life by applying mouth to mouth resuscitation. Repeatedly.

"James, we have to go out for dinner, I have no food here except spaghetti." We were sunning ourselves, just touching fingers.

"What? You have 2 fridges and you only have spaghetti?"

"Yes - I never cooked and after Gaston died, I let all the servants go..."

"How in heaven's name can anyone get to look as good as you on spaghetti alone?" I shook my head and she giggled.

"Does the barbeque work?"

"Yeah, it's natural gas."

"OK - we'll order a load of stuff up here and I can cook dinner for you the next two days." She looked at me.

"Are you sure? Knights aren't supposed to cook."

"Nor princesses either, I gather. But I would rather spend the time eating spaghetti here with you than to waste it driving to town and back, even if it's Steak Tartare and Chambertin '88."

Her eyes misted over and she flew on top of me. "Oh, you're so sweet... You're the sweetest man I've ever known." She kissed my neck and my cock twitched.

"Oops," she smiled, "If it's OK with my brave knight, let's get groceries delivered and you can dazzle me with your culinary skills."

We ended up ordering pretty much everything in the store - I couldn't even find pepper in her cupboards. Thank goodness she didn't throw the utensils out. I was distressed to hear the total but she waved a credit card in front of me which appeared to be limitless.

We were sitting butt naked in her kitchen, drinking wine, waiting for the groceries when she said, in this tiny, little girl's voice, "My sweet knight, I have another request..." Pow! My cock jumped up and we stared at it.

"Ja-aames..." in the same voice and it jumped again. She cackled insanely.

"James..." Twitch. She was roaring now. Her eyes teared and she pointed at my cock, jumping and flexing like nobody's business.

"James..." she wheezed out, somehow managing to sound sexy as hell, and then, in a husky whisper, "I want to suck your cock..." The thing started quivering and I almost came right there and then. She fell on the floor, laughing and whooping, her boobs jiggling as she gasped for air.

Finally she wiped the tears from her eyes and said, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have made fun of you."

Suddenly, she turned bright red and covered her mouth, "Did I say that?"

"Say what?"

"You know..." She stuck her mouth up to my ears, "I want to suck your cock." She dug her nails in my neck and buried her face in my shoulders but continued mouthing the words, to an old Beatles tune. She finally ended with "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" and kissed me tenderly.

"Oh, James, you make me so happy," as she clung to me.

"What is the other thing you need from me?" I was afraid to get her going again.

"I'd like you to sort out Gaston's accounts and things. He had a bit of stocks and shares. I haven't touched any of it - it's all on his computer but I don't know enough to get started."

It sat in the corner of a study on the second floor. An older machine, but with 128-MB of RAM and a 50-Gig RAID harddrive system, it even had a live T1 connection. And it'd been sitting there untouched for 2 years.

It fired up right away. Gaston kept most of his stuff on spreadsheets so it wasn't too hard to get started. He was very meticulous and noted on each stock the time and price of each purchase and how much or when he should sell. I sorted them out by selling date and printed out a copy.

I was trying to get the details on his online trading account when Nicole came up. She put her arms around me and kissed me on my shoulder. Her hand slipped down to cup me.

"Hmmm, I can do this all day... Just came up to tell you the groceries are here." So I followed her downstairs.

The kitchen was immaculate - everything was neatly sorted, the cans were in the cupboards and the perishables in the fridge.

"Did you do this?"

"Oh no, the boy was very helpful, he insisted on doing everything for me!"

And I could see why. She had put on her gown but there was no way to hide, even to a blind person, the fact that she was stark raving naked underneath. Just the heat alone would have given her away.

"All I can say is that you have made him VERY happy." She looked at me. I took her to the hall mirror and pulled the gown tight around her.

"Oh... OH," she blushed. "No wonder he kept thanking me and wouldn't even take a tip!" I stood back but she stayed at the mirror, primping, posing, pulling and tugging her gown and popping peek-a-boos at herself, blushing wildly. "Ooh this is SOOOO naughty!" I shook my head and went to get dinner ready.

Finally she got tired of being an one-man voyeur show and padded back to the kitchen. She hugged me tightly, "James, this has been the BEST day of my life... I'm so happy."

In reality, I could only cook one thing - steaks on a BBQ, but for 2 meals, I figure I could get away with it. I had also ordered salad greens and mushrooms, which I've seen Mom do enough times to be able to muddle through.

Nicole was suitably impressed and I was not about to pop her bubble. We ate enough for 4 between us and half the salad and mushrooms I'd ordered. The wine was great too.

But mostly I marveled at her; I could not get enough of my woman-child lover. She was sophisticated and knowledgeable in most worldly things but naive and innocent with matters of the heart. When I first met her, I was overwhelmed and captivated. Now I was overwhelmed by her joy of life and optimism. And captivated by her love.

I looked in her eyes and sighed, "Nicole, if it takes a million years to make you happy, I'll gladly do it." We kissed, gently, for a long time.

I went back to the computer while Nicole was figuring out the dishwasher. She'd told me about the filing cabinet where Gaston had kept his printed information and sure enough, the passwords and access codes were there.

The account was still active and it showed Nicole as a co-signer, which made things a lot simpler. I had looked through the "sell" list and over half had gone past their sell date. Some of them were companies that didn't even exist anymore. So I thought I should sell the shares that had the lowest value, in case they went bankrupt or something, as well as the ones that had met Gaston's price expectations.

It took me a while to bang in the various sell orders but T1 is FAST! I looked at the final figures and it showed that I had unloaded 5 million dollars. The hair stood up on my head and I broke out in a sweat.

"Nicole, can I talk to you?" She was still reading the manual.

I told her what I had done and my fears that I'd done the wrong thing.
"It seems like you did the right thing, because now I'm 5 million dollars richer!"
It made sense, in a way.
"But you have to re-invest it, Gaston has always said money in a bank is money lost."
"Why?"
"I don't know exactly but it has to do with taxes."
"Oh."
"James..." Her little voice, "Can you help me?"
"There's only one thing I can help you with right now," I growled and my cock advanced on her.
"Oh, can you start the dishwasher and we'll do what you want..."
I readjusted the dishes and diddled with the controls and then read the manual again. It worked as soon as I touched it.
"See?" I patted her head. "And about my payment?"
Demurely she took me to the gym and told me to get my sorry ass in gear.

She stayed to work out with me and soon we were pushing ourselves hard, happy to be sharing each other's company.

I had my head nestled between her bobbing breasts in the whirlpool when I asked her,
"Nicole, do you think we can get an implant for Jules?"
"Oh, I suppose. I should be able to sign for it."
"...and maybe for 2 of her friends?"
"Er, I'm afraid to ask, both 14?"
"Yeah, I think."
"You think? Do you even know their names?"
"Yeah - they ARE Jules' best friends and, yesterday, they kinda dared me and one thing led to another..."

"Oh James, you have to learn to say no sometimes..."
"Well, actually, there may be another, she's 12."
"Oh no," she rocked me, "You're a monster, an insatiable monster."
So I told her about Sara and Brenda, and Amanda.
"Wow, this Amanda is Rose Cipola's daughter?"
"I guess - if she teaches English..."
"Correct. Hmmm... You care for this Amanda?"
"Yeah, a lot. She's really smart and sweet. I think she loves me too."
"Hmmm, let me think..."
Her hand started toying with my cock and it became hard, "Er, I thought you were thinking."
"I am... these things are like worry beads - or worry balls. I'm worried your balls will get you into trouble." She was quite pleased with her own wit as she jacked me harder to make sure I was equally impressed.
"Nicole, does the water here change color if somebody does something in it?"
"No, not that I know of... Why?"
"Because this somebody's gonna do something in it very soon!"
"Oh." She dropped her hand. "I think we better shower." She looked at my quivering cock and shook her head, obviously disappointed it was not more resilient to her handling.

"James..." We were scrunched up tightly in a corner of the bed, spoon fashion, to avoid a HUGE wet spot in the middle. She removed my hands from her breasts to talk.

"Take the BMW tonight and you can pick me up here tomorrow for lunch... I wouldn't want to have to embarrass you in the park like today." Damn, I had better learn to stop shooting

my load the minute she puts her mouth on it. Just thinking about it caused me to jab her in her crack.

"Mmmm," she adjusted herself so I was nestled between her thighs along her warmth. "...and I'd like to arrange a party in your honor on Thursday. And invite the girls too. Sort of like a hero's sendoff."

"Er, wow... I mean... what can I say? Sure!" I was pounding on her gates now. She moaned and let my hands drop back on her body. My cock had ALMOST made it inside her when she grabbed me, and not in a nice way either.

"No - remember, 'Once a King, always a King, but once a Knight is enough!'" She cracked up, kicking and slapping the bed in appreciation of her own joke.

Then she threw me out.

I called Jules from the car phone hoping to impress her enough for some consolation but she said she was tired and I should get some rest myself. She sounded cheerful enough, so I told her to take it easy with Sara and Brenda.

And from Amanda:

My sweet sweet love,

I would dearly love to be there to cheer you on, and I know you will do your best. Please come back for my heart, which you have already won. Your Mandie Chip

Part II. In Training.

Chapter 9

Jules was suitably impressed when I showed up in the white Bimmer and jumped in eagerly after I assured her it wasn't stolen. Then we went to pick up Brenda and Sara. They must have worked it out, because today they each had a minidress on, in red, white, and blue.

And Sara was wearing "Wednesday". I checked.

There was a "fan club" of sorts waiting for us at school but it was soon apparent they were far less interested in me than my 3 lovely companions. Even the bloody car drew more attention than me, but I had no trouble wandering around wearing my halfwit smile, knowing that in 3 hours I would again find true happiness.

I was out on the road before the lunch bell finished ringing. I could not get enough of the 2-liter engine in the roadster spiraling up on the tach, but mostly, I wanted to hurry to its owner.

She welcomed me at the door in a thoroughly satisfactory manner which left us panting and staring at each other with lust-filled eyes.

I took Nicole's hand and dragged her upstairs. "Lunch can wait - I had a BIG breakfast!"

If Anton noticed that Madame was somewhat disheveled and Monsieur was looking like the village idiot, he did not show it. I had the surf and turf and Nicole had a small sirloin. The wine was a somewhat smoky '91 Burgoyne, nonetheless an excellent vintage.

We had to hurry because we had to sign some forms at the lawyer's office so I could legally trade her account. An hour and a half later, and cramps in my hand, we left the office clutching a portfolio of papers.

Along with everything else, the lawyer had transferred the shares to "JamPC Holdings", with Nicole and myself as owners and directors. I argued and also won myself the title of "Vice President in charge of Vice".

"Now that you are an officer of the company, you'll need an expense account." Nicole smiled and handed me a credit card, probably limitless if I knew anything about her. She graciously allowed me to use it to buy gas for the car.

I rushed us back to the house so that I could finish my workout and get to the fun things.

We moved a large air mattress on to the pool deck and Nicole gracefully sank down on it, allowing me to marvel at the breathtaking wonder of her body.

She held out a tube of SPF 35 which I tenderly applied to her entire torso. She was fidgeting so much when I did her tender areas that I found I had to reapply the cream three or more times - which only made the jumping and moaning worse.

Then her soft loving hands took the sunscreen and spread it on for me, kissing and licking gently as I groaned my pleasure under her. She carefully wet my straining member before lightly covering it with the cream. Then she climbed on.

She was soft and hot, and oh so delightfully tight. Her tender sheath caressed and kissed its way down, as sparks of agonizing sweetness drew growls from deep in my throat. She closed her eyes as she too was overcome by shivers of delight. Part way down, she leaned her arms on my chest, and worked herself gently up and down my shaft, mewling softly as she shook with gentle release.

She eased herself lower as she rocked on my rigid cock, speeding up until a series of guttural moans left her shaking and rasping on my chest.

"Can't move anymore... Get on top..." she whispered.

I resumed her languorous strokes until she was moaning continuously. I was perilously close.

She looked into my eyes and she tenderly caressed my face. And then she smiled. It spoke of love and need and tenderness. It spoke of solitude and waiting and searching. And it spoke to me.

Unbidden tears rushed to my eyes and, as we climbed the pinnacle of our desire, we shared a kiss, our moisture mingling and merging....

She had things to do in town and left as I went back to the computer.

I had been thinking about Gaston's market strategies and, according to his figures, he usually only looked for 10 to 20% returns, and always bought between 5000 and 20000 shares. I checked the shares I had previously traded and noted the ones that had not lost any value. Then, after double checking their previous performance, I re-purchased the ones that showed strength.

By the end, I had spent over 4 million dollars of Nicole's money, leaving a bit of reserve in case I screwed up. I finished and started shaking. Partly it was the anxiety, mostly the excitement - but it left me more exhausted than all the training and screwing I'd done in the last week. I would need to know more about those companies if I were to do anything useful on my own. I went to bed and slept, numbers and high-low-close charts in my head.

A wall of sound woke me and to my delight, my three lovelies in red, white and blue burst into my room, as my personal angel in flowing white hovered behind them.

Jules launched herself at me and quite thoroughly kissed me, then she started investigating my erection while I was greeted by Sara and Brenda.

Brenda and Jules both sported a bandaid on their arms where the contraceptive implant had been inserted. Sara, as it turned out, was already on the pill to regulate her period and so was not "implanted".

I hushed the girls' busy chattering and said, "We owe Nicole a lot for her generosity, kindness and hospitality."

I opened my arms and she slowly went into them. I held her and the girls came in for a hug as well. I pulled her into bed with me. She was a bit hesitant with the girls watching but I kissed her lips until her protests died away. I caressed her face and kissed her eye, and when she tried to stop me, I crossed her wrists and placed them above her head, pushing them into the bed.

Her arms twitched and her fingers clenched, but she kept them there. I unbuttoned her blouse as I kissed her deeply, trailing down her jaws and her neck. I motioned for the girls to help remove her skirt and pantyhose as I licked up her neck to her ears. Nicole was moaning softly and twisting her outstretched arms.

I grabbed Sara's hand and led it to Nicole's bra, which she carefully removed. Then I pulled Sara's face on to Nicole's flesh. She was shivering and trying to push herself into Sara's busy mouth. The other two had removed the rest of Nicole's clothing and started kissing the exposed flesh, working her legs open until Jules could stimulate her there. Nicole was moaning and grunting mindlessly as our kisses and touches caressed her soft flesh.

Nicole sighed and rocked under our ministrations, passing from climax to climax as we traded erogenous zones on her perfect body.

Brenda was kissing her face as Sara and I shared her breasts when Jules stuck her head up from Nicole's legs, "James, can I nuzzle Nicole's cunt?"

"No, Jules. Later."

We brought Nicole to a series of tender orgasms until she was too spent to react. Her arms had stayed above her head throughout.

I told the girls to go use the pool so they stripped and ran out back as I rejoined a still-shaky Nicole in bed and gently stroked her hair. She looked so content and beautiful. She smiled at me and kissed my chest.

"Ohhhh, my knight - I TINGLE! That was the most sensuous experience I've ever had. It was like being drowned in love. Oooh! I love you so much! And I'm glad we have Jules and Brenda and Sara too!"

I kissed her and we hugged each other for a long time, then we went out to join the girls.

"Thank you for making me feel so good back there. I love you all." And we all got kissed and hugged again by the three gloriously naked girls.

I sat on the shallow end with Sara's legs around my waist as she leaned her head on my shoulder and rubbed my back with her slippery breasts. Nicole was trying to teach Jules and Brenda the butterfly stroke. After numerous failed attempts, they gave up and started practicing first aid on each other. I didn't know you could pump air by squeezing breasts. Sara assured me it was true.

I told her I had something similar and showed her my pump handle and, sure enough, she had me whooshing up a hurricane in no time. Unfortunately, we had to stop because Nicole noticed what we were doing and made me sit in a corner until I could control myself.

Brenda went on the 3m board and did a beautiful pike, her flaming hair and body slicing through the water cleanly. We sat on the pool rim and cheered.

Then Brenda did a swan. Sleek and graceful, her long muscles glistened in the sun, nipples already pencil hard on her small breasts. She WAS breathtaking.

"Brenda, stop! Someone's gonna come if you keep doing it!" Sara yelled.

They all looked at my cock, which had jumped up unexpectedly again. They all shook their heads in dismay. The damned thing was casting about like a hound, sniffing the air. And no amount of thinking about ice-cold showers could get it to behave.

"God, it's big!" Brenda breathed as she swam up.

"Ehh, he's alright," quipped Jules.

"I like it," Sara said defensively.

"You would, you kept hogging it."

"I'm sorry Jules - but he makes me feel so YUMMY!"

"I know - I guess we'll keep him..."

"D'you think it's gonna shoot?" Brenda marveled.

"It's possible. He comes all the time." Jules snapped her fingers, "Just like that."

"Yeah. Hardly any staying power," my darling Nicole observed.

"Touch it, and, boom!" Jules was really enjoying herself.

"No, just breathe on it, and..." Nicole was not far behind.

"Y'know, once I LOOKed at it, and..." They were whooping like banshees by now.

I sidled up to Sara, "Little Sara, those big girls are making fun of me! Make them go away!" I hugged her body to me and she wrapped herself on my raging cock. Her warm soft boobs nestled my balls and I could think of no better place I'd rather be.

"See, Nicole, she's ALWAYS hogging him!" wailed my poor Jules.

"No I'm not, I'm just protecting him. You were making fun of him and... Oooh, he's leaking!"

There was a small spot of watery lubricant on Sara's right breast. She rubbed it in her with a finger and stuck it in her mouth, grinning hugely, "And it's all mine..."

Jules was pouting so I let her have a taste, and then I gave Brenda one just to be fair.

I held my arm around Nicole's shoulders and said, "Would YOU like a popsicle, little girl?"

"I think we'd better feed you before you waste away to a sylph," she said, but bent down for a lick as well.

Sara turned out to be a very competent cook, and had a casserole and steamed vegetables ready by the time I finished cooking the extra steaks they had picked up earlier.

It was a great meal as the girls obviously liked each other and looked up to Nicole and I was content to let their affectionate ribbing roll over me. Even Sara had some wine and their cheeks glowed with life and vitality.

I was pleased to find out that Jules' Dad worked at an investment firm and she had enough exposure to know her stuff. I told her I would need to ask her some things later.

We managed to get the dishwasher going and they started talking about the party the next day. I was excused to the gym.

They were still yakking and giggling when I finished my shower and went on the computer.

I was surprised that 3 of the stocks had gone up over 10% in the few hours since I'd bought them, so I went downstairs to claim Jules. The girls were somewhat decently dressed and apparently ready to go shopping. So it was decided that Nicole would take Sara and Brenda and drop them home afterwards. I would look after Jules.

We stood in the hallway as they bade us farewell, totally shameless in their kisses and caresses. Jules and I leaned on each other and hyperventilated as we let my cock wave goodbye.

I took her upstairs and she looked around, "Where's the computer?"

I told her she had to be naked like me before we could go on.

"Clothing causes static, and, as you know, static is bad for computers."

So naked, we climbed into bed and I told her to practice on the joystick first.

I explained about electrons to her and how they buzzed around and around the nucleus, using my fingers on her clitoris to illustrate. She kindly volunteered the sound effects.

Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle in particular intrigued her and she kept asking for demonstrations of how electrons could jump around and change spin directions at random. I was happy to oblige.

After the screaming electrons settled down, Jules revealed her scientific acumen by showing me how an atom smasher worked. The atom was locked inside a tight, hot, and moist tunnel, and I had to try to crush it with a suitably rigid piston. So I kept ramming the piston in and out and she'd direct me by saying things like, "Harder!", "Deeper!", and "Faster!".

We got to "So close... So fucking close..." when she became all confused and started shaking and moaning. And I was mad from missing every time, so I cheated and shot the damn thing.

"This one's better, it's got a better margin of performance." Jules was perched on my knee looking at market stats for the 20-odd companies that we had selected from Gaston's list, "...and this shows long term stability but has little to offer short term."

We discussed it as she rubbed herself on me - in a highly fiduciary manner, of course. Finally we had a good list and I typed in the orders as she sprawled on the floor looking at other reports. There was a big pool of come running down my leg which she insisted was good for muscles.

I had spent all the money in the account when I was done. Jules was in bed asleep, with a finger in her snatch, murmuring about disbursements and seasonal adjustments.

I finally got Jules somewhat dressed, minus the panties which now sat in my pocket, and was preparing to leave when Nicole drove up in the Mercedes, loaded down with boxes and packages. We carried her load in and I kissed her.

"Thank you Nicole, for all you've done and all you're doing. I love you." She smiled sunnily and hugged me back.

Jules shouldered me aside and hugged Nicole, then softly kissed her on the lips. I was pacing up and down and checking my watch before they decided to take a break.

"Hmmm, Nicole. Thank you and I love you..."

Nicole could only mouth, "I love you too." She was crying again. We both hugged her, putting her head on our shoulders.

Jules kissed her neck tenderly, "Nicole...? Someday when that brute isn't here, I'd like to nuzzle your cunt."

Nicole looked at me. "Oh, let Jules show you next time. I guarantee you wouldn't want to miss it."

Part II. In Training

Chapter 10

JulieAnn was in another of her trademarked minidresses, white, and grinning ear to ear. "I don't hurt after sex anymore! Just a twinge to remind me of what we did, Mr Atomic Scientist!" she dimpled fetchingly and hugged herself to me. She told me to drive straight to school, her accomplices apparently having discovered my animal magnetism resistible.

There was another crowd waiting for us, headed by Brenda and Sara. This time, they were accompanied by ten other young, delectable females, all in white minis. The amount of skin shown would be illegal in most States.

"We are your new, improved James Mitchell fan club! To victory!" One by one, they lined up and kissed me tenderly. I ended up clinging to the three co-presidents as I gasped my last. I would need a miracle to recover enough energy to compete tomorrow.

I'd shaken off most signs of my recent debauchery when Coach Wilson put me through some basic exercises at the end of school. He was impressed enough with the extra training I'd done to let me off early to "go home and get rested up," adding, "and NO Sex!"

Brenda intercepted me when I got out and informed me I was hers until the party officially started at 5. I drove us to the park where Nicole had previously molested me.

"That was some impressive diving yesterday!" We were walking down a small path and she had her arm around mine.

"Thanks - I'm taking lessons, but I've never done it in the buff before." She blushed with the memories.

"You were so lovely and incredibly sexy."

"I'm glad - I wanted you to like me."

"Bren, you know I like you. I'm the one who was worried you didn't like me!"

"I think I was jealous of you and Jules, and I've always been scared of boys. That's why I need to be in control all the time..."

"Let's find time and go on a date, just the two of us."

"I'd like that." She put head on my shoulder.

"What would you want to do?" My arm slipped around her waist.

"I don't know - I've never been on a real date before."

"OK - we can go on a walk like this..."

"Hmmm. That's nice."

"We could go to a movie, perhaps."

"Yeah, and we can sit in the back..." she giggled. We found a secluded tree and sat.

"Would you put your arms around me?" I did.

"Would you try and kiss me?" I did.

"Would you..." I laid her on her back and kissed her again. Then I held her and kissed along her cheek and neck. After a while she started stroking my back. I kissed her some more, her lips were soft and she sucked my tongue.

She stretched like a cat, "You know, it's so nice to be with you and not have to worry about what we should or should not do..." Her breasts poked up through her dress, and her constantly-aroused nipples. I leaned over and kissed one. She squirmed and moaned. Her eyes were closed and there was a smile on her face.

I kissed her other one and it perked right up. "Mmmm, I used to be ashamed that they stuck out all the time and the boys would gawk at them." I unbuttoned the top of the dress and held her breasts, and she arched herself into my hands. I started gawking.

I tasted her, gently kissing and lapping each nipple. She was so soft and so sensitive. She caressed my face and my hair as I slowly made love to her breasts. Her soft moans became a whine when I slipped one hand over her panties and found her. Her legs tensed and she was gasping.

"Oh, oh, oh," she rasped out, digging her heels into the ground and squeezing my hand between her legs. I bit down on a nipple as she came in a loud moan.

I leaned back against the tree and she put her head on my lap, stroking my leg.

"James, will you be sweet to me if I fell in love with you?"

"Yes, Brenda."

"I try to think about the other day and everything's a blur. Sometimes I can't even believe that we had sex... and I'd taken you in my mouth." She nestled her head into my hard cock.

"Hmmm, I can hear the blood going in your thing... your penis..." She put a hand on the base and rubbed her cheek on me.

"James, can I try and put you in my mouth again?"

"You know what Jules says, I wouldn't be able to control myself once you do that."

"Oh, she's SO good at it. I can't get over it..." She gripped me, "But you don't have to come or anything. I think about it a lot and, like yesterday, in the pool, I kept wanting to do it to you..."

She reached up and tugged my zipper down, and I helped her take it out.

She held it and kissed it. "So big..." She kissed it on the tip and sucked on it.

"Tell me what to do..."

"Just explore around the tip with your lips and tongue, and watch my reactions." Soon she was busy inspecting my tool and checking my face. A little drop of liquid came out and she licked it off, carefully tasting it.

"Salty." She dropped her mouth over the tip and sucked some more. I groaned.

She pushed her mouth further down but had to stop halfway.

"How does Jules take you so deep?"

"She points it straight down her throat and kinda swallows..." Brenda tried it again but gagged.

"Uhh, she makes it look so easy - it's harder than I thought. I'll have to practice a lot more!" My cock jumped at the thought.

"What else can I do until I learn to take you in my throat?"

I showed her how to move her hand and lips. Pretty soon I had to moan, "We'd better stop. I'm gonna come soon."

"Uh, sorry... Did you like that?" I hmmm'd and stroked her hair. Her eyes glowed and she smiled proudly.

"Would you have come just now? If I hadn't stopped?"

"I'm gonna come NOW if you don't stop with your hands!"

"Oops." She giggled and stopped, then leaned down and licked a drop of ooze off.

"Does come taste like this?"

"No - it's much stronger, kinda bitter and sticky." She thought that over.

"I don't want to stop, I want you to come. In my mouth." Her lovely lips went around me again. This time her hands got involved as well.

I sighed, such a willful young lady. And such a delightfully hot mouth. I slipped her hand lower to my balls and surged deeper into her soft mouth.

She again tried to push herself down on me but had to back off. She licked and played her lips around the top, then force herself down once more. I grunted and stroked her firm ass to encourage her.

It didn't take long before her caresses started me moaning and grinding against her. Then she pushed her head down and took me deep and her hot squirming throat was all around me, then she pulled back a bit and started to suck.

I held her head as I bucked myself into her face and came with a shuddering gasp. She was moaning and shaking as well. She gulped furiously as I gripped her hair and emptied myself in her. Finally I laid back against the tree, panting.

Brenda pulled off, red-faced. She took a gulp of air and sank back on me again, drawing the last tiny spurt from my cock.

She was bright eyed, "Did you feel my throat on you? It was awesome - I could almost take all of you now!" And bent down to demonstrate. She must have thought I was slow or something because she kept going long after I KNEW I was pretty much all the hot, wet and tingly way inside her throat. I kept moaning my protests but she ignored me. Then an image of Coach Wilson flashed in my head.

"Ahhhh, Bren - stop. Can't let me come anymore. My training!" She slowed and gave me a few lusty slurps before letting me back in my pants.

"YES!" She pumped her fist. "I can take you in my throat. Next time, ALL the way, baby!" She leaned up and slopped spit and come all over my face and mouth.

"It's so cool! I can make you come with my mouth! And swallow your sperm!" She hugged me tightly, "But promise we'll do this again, and have sex as well!" She laid her head back on my cock.

"I promise," I sighed again. Such a willful girl, taking advantage of me when my resolve was lowest.

I slipped my hand back on her breast and teased it as she purred happily.

Brenda went in through the side but I was told to wait outside the front door. I looked around at what used to be a big and imposing mansion which now seemed warm and inviting. All because of one person, who had opened herself to me and taught me so much. The thought gave me an erection.

I was seriously contemplating reacquainting myself with my right hand, something I had not needed to do for a long time, when the doors opened and the object of my adoration and lust stood there.

She was dressed in a simple white toga-like affair, the single strap held a silver clasp and a slit opened up to mid thigh. She was also barefoot, and totally, unambiguously, gloriously naked underneath.

At the look on my face, she started laughing but it turned into a gurgly kind of moan as I fell to my knees and buried my face at her groin.

Some time later gentle hands loosened her grip on my hair and moved us inside. I was weakly gasping against Jules while Brenda was petting Nicole's head on her shoulders. Sara watched us with a big smile on her cherubic face.

"Don't pass out yet, my love." Jules nibbled along my ears, "Are you ready for your present?" I could only blink my eyes and gurgle sagely.

Sara stepped aside, and time stopped.

"Amanda!" I croaked out after an eternity.

I reached her in one large step and held her. She smelled of spring and new mown hay and the elixir of life itself. We held and shuddered against each other.

I looked at her and stroked her hair. I touched her face, her lips, not daring to believe my eyes. Smiling, she reached up to kiss me and the world faded away.

A long time later, she was curled up on me on the leather sofa and she'd just finished showing me the bandaaid that covered the wire-thin implant on her arm.

"So, a while back Mom had asked Mme Petitoeur to help me with French, and then out of the blue, I get a call from her inviting me to go on a trip to the Museum of Natural Sciences. I told her no... Why drive for 6 hours when all I wanted to do was to stay home and wait for your email, right? And then she sort of mentioned that it's just blocks away from the wrestling championship, and so here I am!"

She hugged me. "I was scared SHITLESS but the girls and Nicole were so sweet. They told me how you felt about me..." She looked at me and then she did her kissing trick on me and I was incapacitated for a long time. "James Mitchell, I love you so much."

"I love you, my Mandie Chip..." We kissed and touched some more.

"They're waiting for us at the pool... Dinner's at 7 sharp."

We went outside and all the horseplay and giggling stopped and everybody looked at us.

"See, I told you they'd behave!" Sara said. "He's still got his clothes on!"

"But his pants are all stretched out of shape." Brenda.

"Betcha he's stained his underwear already." Jules.

"No staying power..." Nicole shook her head sadly.

Amanda hugged me fondly, "They're just envious. I told them I MUST have you tonight because I'm the youngest here - and the only virgin." With that she eeled out of her toga and plunged in, splashing them all.

I allowed myself a leisurely fifteen minutes to savor the display of tantalizing female flesh before I wagged my finger at Jules.

"Me?" All bright eyed and innocent. And wet. And naked. "I can't do anything with you - I promised Amanda." She spread her hands and shrugged her shoulders. They all snickered as my eyes followed the bouncing boobs.

"You know I'm only after you for your brains."

We had made almost half a million dollars with our investments yesterday. We reinvested it all, with Jules gently rocking herself on my leg - it worked last time so we were reluctant to change, in case it brought bad luck. Along with her small climax, Jules also added 4 new stocks that she'd investigated and showed potential.

We went back outside to tell Nicole we blew all her money again. She shrugged and my tongue fell out. In my stupor I didn't even notice them stripping me until Jules and Nicole tossed me in.

Sara and Amanda were standing in the shallow end, clutching and whispering, gesturing wildly. Then they'd look at me, blush and go back to their animated conversation.

"Sara's telling Amanda about her first time - since they're both so tiny," Nicole explained as she backed on to me in the pool and wrapped my arms around her waist.

"And Amanda's teaching Sara about blow jobs. We hear she's something of a prodigy in that department," Brenda added as she slipped behind me and reached down to verify if it were true. She had to look a long time since at that precise moment it was hiding halfway inside Nicole.

Jules came up and latched on to Nicole. The two got into this really intense and blood boiling kiss that I could feel all the way down in my cock.

After the kiss finally ended and they got their breath back, Jules, all dimples and sparkles said, "Nicole and I, we are nuzzling our cunts tonight."

Nicole leaned back and kissed me, flicking her tongue on me. Suddenly I was ALL the way inside her.

"DON'T move!" She warned, "So. All the girls go on about 'nuzzling her cunt' this and 'nuzzling her cunt' that; all I can say is that it had better be good." She smiled fondly up at me, patting my cheek, "After all, the stud here can barely keep up with me." In a stage whisper she added, "No staying power. Ugh!" I pushed into her and she started shaking.

I added a finger on her clit and she reached her arms around my neck, arched back and lapped me again. "Oh god, I love it when you get mad! Sorry girls, I take back everything I said about him." Jules took the chance to start gumming the proffered nipples as I stroked a hard clit and made slow strokes in her.

"Oh, oh god, oh god, ahhh... You can nuzzle my cunt anytime. Ahhh-hhhh.." She fell bonelessly on to Jules who took the opportunity to thoroughly molest her, Brenda abandoned me as well, sensing easy prey.

Sara by now was floating limply in the shallow end, being treated to the sublime kissing experience that only Amanda could provide. It looked to the world like she was getting mouth to mouth, unless one noticed the stiffness of her lovely boobs and that Amanda was shamelessly massaging them.

I was left in the cold. Again. Grouchily I went to sun myself.

Soon after that, Sara and Amanda came up and gave me a light double kiss as they went inside to prepare dinner and, undoubtedly, to continue their "conversation".

Dinner was a remarkable affair. The girls made a big roast with potatoes and salad and it was thoroughly enjoyed to flickering candlelight. For dessert we had Cherry Cheesecake, "to celebrate my soon-to-be-remedied condition," Amanda added, looking steadily at me.

Dinner was cleared away and left for the cleaners who would be coming the next day, saving us the ignominy of trying to get the dishwasher to cooperate. I was hustled to the guestroom, kissed, and was told to get ready.

I shaved, showered, sweated, and showered again.

The lights dimmed and she stood there, shrouded in misty white, the little elfin figure who had captivated my senses and touched the chord in my heart. She came up to me, a dreamy smile on her face, but her eyes shone.

"I am the sacrificial virgin..." she announced quietly, proudly. My breath roared in my ears, my blood boiled in anticipation. Slowly she shrugged off her gown and, naked, she sank to her knees and clasped my ankles. "I give you my heart, my soul, my body and all that is dear to me, as befits a Hero..." I found I was shaking.

I helped her up and kissed her brow, submersing in the fragrance of her embrace. I held her, not wishing to ever release her, needing to know she would forever be a physical part of me.

Music played in the room, a cello piece, unlike any I'd heard before, its plaintive, lyrical notes resonating in my soul.

"This is music I have chosen," she whispered, "For the night I share the gift of my virginity..." She looked up at me, I could not breathe, I could not see anymore. The sweet music rang inside my head as she led me to the canopied bed.

I laid her on the satin sheets, basking in the heat of her body, my fingers and my mouth tasting the soft brow, the blue eyes that could pierce my soul; the aquiline nose, the mouth that laughed and shared pleasure with me; the proud breasts that enticed and challenged, the nipples that cried out for succor; the slim torso, so lithe and beguiling, and the long coltish legs with the small, sweet opening at their junction.

I tasted her zealously, this enchanting faerie of mine, as I strove to join the essence of her being to mine. I touched, I teased, I caressed and I drove her to the limits of her senses, then I pushed her beyond. She shook and cried in her pleasure, until her voice became strained and hoarse. I worked tirelessly to excite her until she was too exhausted to respond.

She laid there, spent, a sheen of sweat coated her lissome body. I held her, so small and fragile in my embrace.

"Rest, my precious one, there will be many more nights like this. It can wait," I whispered, "For you will always be my Mandie Chip."

She looked at me and she gripped me, sudden fierce determination lining her face, "James Mitchell, if you care anything for me," she angrily wiped a tear from her eye, "Tonight, now, you will take me and make me yours."

And so, very gently, oh so very gently, to the haunting strains of Amanda's Song, I made her mine.

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Author's notes on
Amanda's Song.

Second Movement, Adagio ma non troppo, from
Concerto for Cello in B-Minor. Opus 104
by Antonin Dvorak

Written just prior to his death and Dvorak's only complete Cello Concerto, this piece is undeniably one of the most poignant among all written music.

Dedicated to Dvorak's childhood sweetheart, this touching movement lyrically portrays the meeting of two lonely wanderers in a sensuous lullaby, full of yearning and seduction. They join in a sometimes tempestuous dance that realizes a harmonious sum far greater than its individual components.

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