## A Schoolgirl Finds Hot Stuff

## *by*[*Sensualist24*](https://www.sexstories.com/profile1464748/Sensualist24)

*Introduction:*

*The girl every guy dreams of, and who gets her in the end.*

The girls were lounging in the common room, their bare legs glistening along the armrests.

"Tyler?"

"Oh god he's so cute."

"Not worth it though. I chased him for a year. He likes to brag about how he once kissed three different girls the same day."

Carol giggled. "I was one of them..."

Kelly was only half listening. These kinds of conversations tuned her out. Not that she didn't like guys. She quite did, in ways that the other girls probably didn't even suspect-

"Kelly! We're talking to you!"

"What?"

"Are you going to break up with Jack?"

Was she going to break up with Jack? The answer should be obvious, but she hesitated. "What do you think I should do?"

"Stay with him, of course," said Michelle. "He's gorgeous. Any of us would take him in a heartbeat."

"I would!" Dawn chimed in.

"I ended up in Mr. Bolger's office," said Kelly testily.

"What happened?"

"He gave me a big lecture about personal safety, the school's reputation, blah blah fucking blah. He said he'd let me off with a warning this time, but I'd be expelled and charged if it ever happens again."

"Well, you shouldn't have done it," Andrea said primly.

"Yes, she should have," said Michelle. "I caught my boyfriend jacking off to it, and..." She smirked rather than finish the sentence.

"I didn't think Jack got sent to Mr. Bolger," said Dawn thoughtfully. "He was getting high-fives from other guys in the hall."

"He wasn't." Kelly felt anger curdle in the pit of her stomach. She had not done anything wrong. She was eighteen, he was eighteen. He, not she, had been the one who sent it out, and this being a high school, it inevitably ended up in the hands of minors. She knew no charge against her could stand up in court, but the principal had threatened her, not Jack.

And Jack had been getting high-fives for his pains. She stood up, her face suddenly scarlet with rage. "Fuck Jack. Fuck him."

"Don't worry about him," Carol soothed. "You can have any other guy you want."

"Except our boyfriends," Michelle said defensively, only half joking.

"They'll be lining up at the door to fuck you, now that-" began Andrea, stopping on seeing the stony expression on Kelly's face.

"Not Senthil!" said Carol, trying to break the tension.

All the girls except Kelly burst into raucous laughter.

"He's so ugly-"

"Imagine what he would smell like-"

"You know what they say about-"

"Shut the fuck up, will you?" Kelly shouted. She glared at their startled faces, then without another word stormed out of the room.

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Kelly sat on the bus, brooding. Her knees were folded up to her chest. Her skirt was so short that her thong was clearly visible to anyone who cared to look, but she did not care.

Andrea's words had not been idle; Kelly's slim lithe figure and her penchant for short skirts and tight jeans had attracted plenty of male attention. The line between wanted and unwanted was narrower with her than with most other girls. She had never really minded - in fact had often enjoyed - guys whistling at her in the halls or making admiring remarks about her legs or ass or breasts, as long as they were respectful. If Jack had asked her, she might have said yes.

She wasn't the kind to mind that much if a boyfriend cheated on her - guys were horny, she got that. In fact, that was what she loved about them. But lying to her - that was another story. Absolutely unacceptable. As was taking her for granted and violating her privacy without permission. Jack hadn't asked her. He had just done it. And she was the one who had gotten in trouble, not him.

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"Hey! Look at the legs!"

Kelly was sauntering along in the hallways when she got the catcall. She turned around instinctively, the customary grin rising to her face.

She'd been told she had the kind of face you could stare at for hours and never get tired of. Her chocolate-brown eyes shone all the brighter when surrounded by eyeliner and mascara; her eyelashes had been invitingly curled. Her lips glowed bright red. Straight long brown hair flowed smoothly down her back.

She was sporting a blue blouse at least a size too tight, buttons straining, gaps in between them showing off skin as if daring a viewer to say anything. The top two buttons were left undone, giving a generous view of the top half of her breasts. Her tan skirt barely cleared her ass, leaving her slim, sinuous legs free to work their magic on all who saw them. Kelly knew how to occasionally turn, stop, or twirl in such a way that the skirt briefly flew up, offering a glimpse, but no more, of the thongs she liked to wear.

She looked back at the two young men, boys really, boys looking at her hourglass figure and shapely legs and responding the way young men do. She'd never thought anything wrong with that before, but somehow this was different.

After a breakup, she knew what she'd always have done - giggle, flirt, maybe even allow a feel or two. Eventually she'd be on her knees, blowing one, or the other, or even both. And then-

What did she mean to them? They were lining up to fuck her, just as the girls had predicted. Was she a person, or just a pair of legs? And what did they mean to her? Were they real people, or just cocks to suck? Kelly loved sucking cock. And yet, after what Jack had done, it didn't feel like enough.

The grin died on her face, and she turned around and stomped off without another word.

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"You're going to work in pairs for his project," droned on Mr. Michelson, the history teacher. "You have to research and present this to the class one week from today." He began announcing pairs of students, among them, "Kelly, with Senthil."

Senthil - yes, that was what had made her angry the other day, the casual racism of how her friends had dissed him.

Senthil was something of a mystery. He had a distinctive appearance too; he was one of the few South Asian students in the school, and on top of that he was quite overweight. Kelly realized she'd never even seen an overweight South Asian before, not even on TV. There were, of course plenty of overweight kids at her school, but she'd never paid them much attention.

Like most guys, Senthil spent a lot of time glued to his phone, but he wasn't swapping pictures of girls or checking out the latest TV episodes or sports scores. He was constantly reading e-books. And it showed. The guy had almost limitless knowledge. He'd taken the school's trivia team to the state championships. He always seemed to have the top grades in almost every class.

Senthil had even won prizes for debating and public speaking, which surprised Kelly the most. He was so shy, seldom talking to anyone unless they talked to him first, and even then in a quiet, scared voice. Few bothered to approach him except to ask for help with their homework. Kelly had never needed this, as she was a strong student herself, but she had seen Senthil generously help plenty of others. Michelle, she who just now had called him ugly, had once pretended to flirt with him to get homework help, but he hadn't seemed to notice, talking to her in the same monotone he used with everyone, but even more quietly. It was like talking to a mouse, she'd complained.

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That afternoon, researching in the library, Kelly found herself impressed by how fast Senthil's mind worked, flitting from topic to topic yet never losing sight of their core argument. His voice got stronger and more confident when he talked about familiar subjects. Sitting close she noticed that her friends had been wrong - he didn't smell bad at all.

"Nice photo, Kelly!" said another guy walking past, a leer on his face. "Is he your next photographer?" chortled another a few minutes later. Senthil ignored them at first, but eventually his curiosity was aroused.

"What are they talking about?" he asked.

"Didn't you see the photo of me?" she queried.

"What picture?"

"This picture." She glanced around to make sure no adult was nearby, then whipped out her phone, tapped on the screen a bit and passed it over. There, in all its glory, was the selfie she'd sent to Jack, as naked as the day she was born.

"Th...that's you."

"Of course it's me. Who else would it be?"

"I...I haven't seen it before."

He must have been practically the only one in the school who hadn't seen it. Hell, the fucking principal had seen it.

"I sent it to my boyfriend," she explained. "But, of course, he had to forward it on to his friends, and they forwarded it to their friends, and so on to-"

"-everyone except me," Senthil finished ruefully. She smiled at him.

"So what do you think of it?" she asked.

"I...I think you are very beautiful."

It was odd, that. She'd been called hot, sexy, gorgeous, a babe, sizzling, but so rarely did a guy call her the simple word "beautiful".

"Maybe they should have sent it to you instead of the principal," she said, trying to sound nice, but she could not mask the bitterness in her voice.

"You and your boyfriend got in trouble with the principal?"

"Ex-boyfriend, now. And only I got in trouble. Not him. They even threatened to go to the police."

"On what charge?"

"Distributing pornography to minors."

"Your ex-boyfriend was under eighteen?"

"No, he wasn't, but most of the guys who got the photo were."

"But that's not your fault. You told him not to send it out."

"Exactly! You are literally the first person to see this from my point of view." She could have kissed him.

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They had assembly at the end of the school day. Kelly had mixed feelings about assemblies. Those put on by the student council were often interesting; there were usually at least some dance numbers featuring hot guys or girls eager to show off. Those put on by faculty, however, were typically droning lectures, sternly warning about responsibility, diligence, and other apparently lost virtues.

Kelly sat down near the middle of the auditorium. The sight of her curvaceous legs was usually enough to bring at least one hopeful guy to sit beside her, but no such luck today. She did see Senthil sitting at the front.

The principal entered the stage. Shit.

"Before we begin," his reedy voice intoned, "I'd like to make an announcement. Recently, a young lady sent out a picture of an inappropriate nature..."

He pressed the projector switch and an image came up on the screen. Nicely blown up, so everyone could see it.

School assemblies were not noted for their ability to shock a student, but this was an exception. Kelly could not believe her eyes. There it was - the picture she'd sent to Jack. It was cropped, of course, showing only her face and the top of her shoulders, but from the furtive snickers and glances spreading throughout the auditorium, she knew everyone was thinking of the original.

"We have warned you before, especially the young ladies, that taking pictures like this is very immature, very foolish, and very irresponsible..."

Kelly's fingers curled into fists, her face twisted into a snarl, her stomach twisted into a knot. So it was not enough to call her out in his office, he had to humiliate her in front of every teacher and every student in the school?

Someone stood up, his hand in the air.

"Yes, Sandy?"

"Senthil. My name is Senthil."

"Yes, Santhil."

"May I ask where you got the photo from?"

"What are you implying, Santhil?"

"My name is pronounced Sen-thil, sir. And I would like to ask if Kelly sent you that photo herself?"

The audience started tittering as they realized the implications. "Another student, whom I will not name, sent me the photo," the principal snapped.

"Kelly sent that photo to her boyfriend, did she not?" Senthil asked. "How did this other student come into possession of it?"

The principal's face reddened. "That is none of your business."

Senthil did not budge. "I would like an answer to the question, sir."

The room went quiet. You didn't speak to school officials like that.

"I am not answerable to you, and I would like you to sit down and let this assembly continue," the principal huffed.

Senthil stood there, an expression of calm maturity in his face. "A photo of this kind is inherently private. If it fell into anyone's hands other than the one Kelly had entrusted it to, that is a betrayal of that trust. It is that individual who should be reprimanded, not Kelly."

"See me after school, Santhil."

"Perhaps you should learn to pronounce students' names properly before you try to police their sexuality, sir. And perhaps you should place blame where it belongs, instead of rushing to judgment on the innocent party."

The principal stared. "This assembly is dismissed. Everyone back to their classrooms."

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Kelly spent the last period in shock. They'd all described Senthil as a shy loser, but she couldn't believe the fearlessness with which he'd confronted the principal. Most students would have glanced down at the floor, or retreated to a shy quiet voice, when talking to someone in authority. Senthil had been standing with total self-assurance and confidence. His voice had been loud enough to project across a large room, yet without sounding like a shout or bellow. The combination of calmness and icy determination had been compelling.

Was this how he did debating tournaments? No wonder he'd won prizes.

Why was he so powerful in a confrontation, yet so shy and diffident when talking to girls? The answer was obvious. He believed in his principles, he believed in his arguments, but he didn't believe in himself.

She wondered how many times he'd been dissed, or ignored, by remarks and attitudes like those of her friends. She felt suddenly ashamed to have been part of that crowd.

They had called him ugly. But he wasn't. It was true he didn't stand out - no one would choose him as a model, or look at him twice in a hallway - but if you looked at him long enough, he did start to appear a bit cute.

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After the final bell rang, she found Senthil approaching the office. "Senthil! I just wanted to say thank you for standing up for me."

"That's okay, " he said. But she noticed his confidence and stance had diminished again. His shoulders were once again hunched in, his eyes evasive, his voice quiet. "But we can't work on the presentation now - I have detention."

"Shit," she replied. Then an idea occurred to her. "Why don't you come over to my house after you're done? I'll wait for you."

This would be safe enough. Her sister was away at university, and her parents wouldn't be back from their jobs for a while.

He looked up at her, an expression of uncertainty on his face. She went on, "We could finish the research there. Then we have all week to get the presentation ready." She was careful to avoid putting on the flirty tone she'd normally use.

"Let me ask my parents," he replied. This took her aback - he was eighteen, wasn't he? Why did he need permission? - but he had already dialed. She wondered if he'd switch to another language, but he stayed in his unaccented English. "Yes, it's a girl. No, no, no, it's not like that," he was saying, casting embarrassed glances at her. "Okay."

"All the notes are on my laptop," he said, hesitantly handing it to her. "Don't worry, I won't look at your email," she said reassuringly.

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Kelly kept her word - almost. She did not look into Senthil's files or email. But there was a point she wanted to make supported by a site they'd seen earlier, but she didn't remember the address. She went to the browser history view to check-

She'd forgotten what an eye-opener it is to see a guy's browser history. Senthil's skill with web research wasn't limited to matters academic. The school's porn filter would block most of the pages, but the titles gave the story away.

Kelly was no stranger to porn - nearly all her boyfriends had been into porn, and she was not above watching it with them - but Senthil was in a different league. This wasn't just hardcore, it was extreme. There were fetishes with unfamiliar names, whose meaning she could only guess. BDSM she thought she recognized, but what on earth was a 'cat bath'? Or 'watersports'? It probably wasn't anything to do with swimming.

By teenage standards, Kelly counted herself very experienced sexually, but Senthil clearly had things to teach her.

She had always been into horny, passionate guys, but the drawback that was they were precisely the guys likely to be selfish, dishonest, or aggressive. Senthil's politeness, integrity, and intelligence had already drawn her in, but knowing that that simple exterior masked powerful, even primeval hungers - the thought drove her wild. Girls ignore him, she thought. She could make his dreams come true! Surely he must have noticed her legs and her tits!

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Kelly pulled off her usual tricks on the way home. Walking to the bus stop, she hurried ahead of Senthil, ostensibly to catch the bus if they were late, but really to make sure he got a good view of her bare legs, bare even in the relatively cool weather. On the bus, she sat in the narrowest seat she could find, almost guaranteeing her body would be squished against Senthil's. She leaned right into him, so that her leg touched his from thigh to ankle, and some of her hair was on his shoulder.

Surreptitiously, she glanced at his zipper. She wanted to pierce that intellectual armor, to see that brilliant mind reduced to a slobbering male mess, cock spewing its roar into her body.

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Senthil's eyes bulged as they entered Kelly's room. He could not stop staring at the walls, plastered with posters of scantily clad female celebrities. Kelly smiled inwardly; the posters were there more for her guests' benefit than her own. For similar reasons, she kept her underwear not hidden in a drawer, but hanging on a rack, in full public view, including some of the finest of Victoria's Secret.

They continued work, but Senthil's concentration was already cracking. He'd stop talking halfway through a sentence and stare at her briefly, glancing from live girl to mini-skirted pop princess back to live girl. Or his eyes would make swoops to the lingerie rack and back to Kelly's own rack.

"It's hot in here," she muttered. She folded the bottom of her blouse inwards, leaving her midriff exposed. Senthil's breath came more heavily. His reaction fueled the tingling feeling already stirring in Kelly's pussy.

She started making excuses to touch him, putting her hands on his shoulders when looking at the screen. Taking his hand to put it on top of the mouse. Leaning forward so that her cheek was right beside his.

They were nearly finished the assignment. But Kelly had an assignment of her own, and she did not want to miss it.

"Senthil," she asked, "can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"What did you really think of my photo?"

He turned around in the chair to face her. She knew she was a provocative sight. Her now-bare waist curved inward lusciously from her hips. Standing up, her legs were directly in front of him, her tiny skirt level with his face, her shapely figure continuing all the way up to her beautiful face. She wasn't standing straight, but posing.

"Like I said before, you're very beautiful."

"Thank you. But I know you can do better than that."

"What do you mean?"

"I've seen your web history, buddy."

His eyes widened, the fear in them palpable. "I was just-"

"Save your excuses, Senthil," she said brusquely. "There's nothing wrong with looking at porn. Every guy I know looks at porn. Hell, I even made porn. You saw it."

Senthil's face looked too precious for words, torn between lust and confusion. Kelly found this highly amusing.

"But isn't...isn't porn degrading to women?"

"You've shown me today that you understand what really is and isn't degrading to women."

She looked into his eyes again, A gentle, sweet smile appeared on her lips. She put her hands on his cheeks and started to lean in.

A sudden sense of déjà vu popped into her head. She had done this before, right? No, she had not. Guys had done it to her. They had gradually tried to win her over, flirting, making innuendo, touching, finally moving in like sharks for the first kiss, the first grope. Senthil's shyness had reversed the gender roles. He was the passive one, she was the aggressor. It felt good to be on the other side of the fence. And this time she had the chance to do it right.

She kissed him softly, her lips blending into his, in the gentle way she always wished a guy would have done with her. His arms found their way around her, tight with longing, clutching onto her like a lifeline.

The way he held her was new. He didn't try to dominate, or seize, or take her. He just held her, as if he had never had a hug in years. Maybe he hadn't.

And so what if he was fat? There was something soothing about the feel of his soft belly rising and falling against her body. He was like a living pillow.

"Senthil," she asked, "was that your first kiss?"

He nodded.

"Have you ever seen a girl naked before? In person, not a picture?"

He sighed. "The last strip club in town closed years ago. They can't compete with online porn."

Kelly rolled her eyes. It didn't seem to have occurred to Senthil that there are other ways to see girls naked than going to a paid provider.

She took her hands in his and pulled him to his feet. "Now, I want you to do everything I tell you," she said. "Can you do that?"

"Depends on what it is."

"Take my clothes off."

"What?"

"You need this. Trust me. Start with unbuttoning my blouse." As his hands moved towards her, she added, "Start from the bottom."

As she had hoped, he did so slowly, with shaking hands, breathing hard. With each button more of her skin was exposed to his gaze. Her midriff, then her bulging black-lace bra were there in all their glory.

"Now tell me the truth. Have you ever wanted to put your hand up a girl's skirt?"

His look of bewilderment was priceless. She burst out laughing, then stood on tiptoes and started kissing him again. This time his hands responded. She felt her skirt giving way, and then - a soft hand was on her ass, stroking it, fondling it.

He was so gentle! She felt a tingling feeling in her ass, pieces of warmth enveloping her. Desire was flooding through her body. She could feel his breath coming hotter onto hers, and promptly slid her tongue into his mouth.

She'd been half expecting a taste of curry or other Asian foods, but once again he was clean and delightful. Her mouth melted into his, letting herself feel surrounded by the warmth. Soon their tongues were dancing together, sliding, stroking.

But his hands! On her ass. On her back. Everywhere they went that tingling followed. An electrical current sending shockwaves. She felt more alive, desirous, desired, fully herself again for the first time since Jack's betrayal.

She pulled back suddenly, and without another word whipped off the bra. The bewilderment had not gone from Senthil's face, but she could see another emotion there, her favorite of all male emotions - lust. He was staring at her with an unmistakable hunger.

Senthil wanted her. He wanted her!

"See these tits? Touch them. Go on," she told him.

He gingerly put a finger on one nipple. She smiled at him encouragingly. He took the nipple in thumb and forefingers and began to fondle it.

The electricity raced through her body like lightning. "Oh my god," she panted. There was something magical about his fingers. They were so gentle and yet so much emotion was in them. Like he'd wanted to do this for years, had even studied how-

"Senthil," she moaned, "where did you learn to do this?"

He gave a sheepish grin. "Um...would you believe I read it in a book?"

"Ohh...whatever...whatever you're reading...keep reading it." She could hardly describe what followed. Those fingers! She let him explore her breasts, feeling them, cupping them, squeezing them. Soon her entire chest felt aflame. The more he touched her, the more she wanted him. It was all she could do to remain standing.

She stepped back and wriggled out of the thong. "And now," she gloated, "you've seen a naked girl in the flesh." She struck the same alluring pose she had in Jack's picture - tits thrust forward, hips leaning to the side, her brown bush neatly trimmed into a tempting triangle.

The feeling of power made her lift her head high. She was in command! Her body was a weapon, a tool she could use to break down even the toughest will to resist. She turned to the side, letting him see the curve of her ass, then all the way around, wiggling her behind, turning around to wink at him.

"What do you want, Senthil?"

"Whatever you want."

"That's not good enough," she admonished with mock sternness. "What do*you*want?"

"Would you...would you actually have sex with me?"

Kelly giggled. "I thought you'd never ask. Actually, don't ask. Tell me what you want. And no more clean language, please."

"I want...I want you to suck...to suck my pe...my dick."

She cocked an eyebrow. "And?"

He sounded a little more confident now. "Swallow my cum."

"Now you're talking."

His eyes widened, and in a sudden burst he shouted out, "I want to shove my cock in your cunt and fuck you like an animal."

Kelly could not take it anymore. She fell into his arms again, kissing him fiercely. She wanted to devour him, wanted him to devour her. He pushed into her now, pushed her onto the bed. She felt the fire follow his tongue, down her neck, down her chest, down to-

"Oh my God. Oh!" she shouted as her right breast went into his mouth. Her chest felt like an exploding volcano. His magical fingers seemed like nothing on his magical tongue, his lips pulling fire through her body like a suction hose. She held his head against her chest, kissing his forehead, feeding him one breast, then the other. She felt the wetness soak her pussy.

He did not relent. She felt his fingers invade her, poking her, prodding her. She tried to remember her plan to seduce him, but she could no longer control herself - he was back in charge. Coherent thought had fled her mind. His fingers were so gentle on her clit, knew just how to touch her to drive her the wildest. She was like clay in his hands, molded to the shape he wanted.

She felt his fingers plunge deeper inside her, curving upward, curving in a direction no cock could reach-

And then blindness. Her eyes shut tightly, she began to shake, and scream, and cry out. Dimly she remembered there was something called a g-spot there, but she had never been able to find it on her own. Senthil knew. He was playing her like a fiddle, mouth still nuzzling her tits, fingers deftly diddling her clit and g-spot.

She could not remember, after, how long or even how many times she had climaxed. She just let her naked body heave and heave again in his arms, until finally she was spent.

"Senthil," she panted, "I can't believe it. That was amazing."

"For me too."

"Holy shit. You haven't even taken off your clothes. You-" Kelly felt suddenly ashamed of herself.

Not only had this guy never had sex in his life, he didn't sound like he'd even believed it was possible for him. Yet he had proved himself to be a gentle, considerate and highly skilled lover. Kelly wanted to make this special for him, a memory he would cherish for the rest of his days.

She began to unbutton his shirt. "Will you still do whatever I say?"

"Yes."

"Good. I want you to do exactly what you want. Don't ask permission. Don't hesitate. Just want" - she kissed him deeply on the lips - "take" - she began licking down his neck - "have." She pulled his shirt off. "If you want anything - anything at all - I'm yours."

Her tongue glanced towards his nipple. His weight was actually an advantage, she realized - his man-breasts were easy to suck on. As she nuzzled him, she could feel the tension in his body relaxing. She nibbled and licked her way down, sliding slowly, teasing him, until her face was directly in front of his crotch, which had bubbled to the size of a mountain.

With an experienced hand, she pulled down his pants. He was wearing boxer-briefs, the massive bulge in them capped off by a telltale wet spot. She grinned and kissed the spot.

"Sit up." But Kelly did not join Senthil in sitting up. She got down from the bed, down on her knees. She looked up into his eyes, smiled encouragingly, and took the belt of his briefs in her teeth. His cock surged out at her, making her have to dodge to pull the briefs down. She descended to all fours, in a doglike position of servitude, pulling them off his feet. Feeling a sudden, generous impulse, she kissed one foot, then the other.

He yelped. "Do that again." She did so, then looked up at him, realizing this was a totally different view of the male body. Her face level with his ankles, his seated figure was as imposing as an Egyptian statue - with a cock. From this angle his face and dick appeared to be the same, the expression of hot desire on his face perfectly matching the ramrod of his midsection. The last of her friends' jeers came to mind; but his cock wasn't small at all. Nor was it large, to be true - it was average. So much the easier to suck on, she thought.

She slowly licked her way upwards, to his knees, his thighs. They wobbled under the heat of the desire he was feeling. She kept going, upwards, upwards. His balls could no doubt feel her breath by now, feel the tantalizing rewards she was about to offer him.

She put her lips directly in front of his cock, already white with precum.

"What do you want, Senthil?"

"I want you to suck my cock."

"Dirtier."

"Suck my cock, you...you slut," he said, then cupped his mouth in horror.

A sweet smile spread on Kelly's face. Locking eyes with Senthil, she kissed his cock affectionately, and was rewarded with a yip of pleasure from her quarry. Her tongue came out again, nipping him on one side, then the other, playing with his dick the way a little girl might play with an ice-cream cone. But ice cream does not sigh with joy when you lick it. Ice cream does not bulge with a massive force, right there in your face, reminding you how desirable and sexy you really are.

She could feel Senthil's whole body trembling. She saw his balls, hanging loose in the air, and lunged for them.

Then he was all around her, the feel and scent and taste of ravaging, horny maleness in all its glory. She luxuriated there, under him, kissing, licking, nibbling, nuzzling. Senthil was shaking, muttering "oh my God" and "I can't believe this" over and over. The more he babbled, the more aroused Kelly became. Her own fingers were already drifting back to her clit.

She slid her tongue up the underside of his cock, flicking it back and forth like a banjo. The sounds Senthil made were music to her ears. He moaned, then giggled, then moaned again. She could see the white spot growing on his tip, a spot that now to her was more beautiful than the loveliest of roses.

She licked him again, feeling the cock pulse, seeing the spot grow bigger, sensing her own desire grow with it. Then she felt a drop fall on the tip of her nose. Grinning from ear to ear, she looked up at Senthil.

"That slutty enough for you?" she said impishly.

Senthil's eyes seemed the size of saucers, burning with hot fire. Suddenly, his hands were on her ears, slamming the wet cock on her mouth. She had just enough presence of mind to open her jaws and cover her teeth with her lips-

And she was sucking his cock, sucking his cock rapaciously, letting him use her like a toy, down on her knees like a servant. She felt dirty and filthy and whorish, and loving every minute of it. He thrust into her as if she were a rag doll. She could feel, could taste, his wild hunger for her, feel it take possession of her.

It was not long before she felt him bursting, felt the warm fluid enter her mouth...

Kelly let his cock go and watched him lie down on the bed, exhausted, still muttering in disbelief. Her pussy was soaking wet again, desire tingling inside her. She crawled beside him and played her last card. She opened her mouth, giving him a good view of the cum puddled there, then swallowed it with a big smile on her face.

Something in Senthil seemed to snap. He rolled over, right on top of her, cock suddenly hard again. She spread her legs wide, and quick as a flash he was inside her, thrusting triumphantly, hands mauling at her tits, lips hot and passionate on hers. The sheer libido in his face was so hot she felt like she would melt.

She let go, let the desire inside her fill her body, fill the very depths of her soul. She wanted to be his, wanted to feel that savage energy take her, use her, control her. All around her there was passion and hunger and fire and longing. Her body screamed and exploded and shook with each climax. It went on, and on, and on, and on...

Finally, Senthil lay on his back, panting, the breath knocked out of him. Kelly put her arms around him, and his arms closed around her, holding her so tightly it felt like he would never let her go. She cradled him against her, feeling warm and safe and secure.

They lay there, saying nothing, just feeling the warmth of each other's bodies, for what felt like a long time, interrupted only when the phone rang. Absently, Kelly picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Who is this?" said an unfamiliar voice. An older woman, it sounded like. Kelly suddenly realized it was not her phone that had rung, but Senthil's.

There could be only one answer to that. She looked straight into his eyes as she replied:

"This is Senthil's girlfriend."