**Amy Awakened**

**by [LesLumens](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=774924&page=submissions)©**

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Amy awakened, startled by the phone ringing, and picked it up. She smiled at the computer screen in front of her, seeing exactly the same message that Jason delivered to her when she brought the phone to her ear.

"Go to bed. You're falling asleep in that chair."

"Sorry," Amy responded, twirling a lock of her brown hair on her finger, tingling all over from the sound of his voice.

"It's okay. Talk to you tomorrow?"

"Sure. Thanks again for listening."

"Not enough people around that listen. Glad to do it. Night night."

"Night night," Amy responded, and then hung up the phone. A sigh escaped her as she stood to straighten her nightshirt. She sadly shook her head and turned to her bed, silently cursing her bad luck.

First, she'd found her high-school sweetheart of four years with some redheaded bimbo sucking his cock, and now she'd found the perfect man — who just happened to live all the way across the country.

At only eighteen years old, she felt as though she was off to a very bad start in life.

Her eyes widened when she looked at the alarm clock next to the bed to discover that it was after two a.m. She'd been talking to Jason for five hours before she started dozing off.

Thankfully, her shift at the store didn't start until afternoon, so she could sleep in to catch up. With that nebulous thought drifting through her head, Amy lay down and fell asleep almost as soon as her head hit the pillow.

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As she always did, Amy hurried upstairs after work to her computer. Ever since coming across Jason on a message board and discovering that he was reeling from a long term relationship suddenly ending as well, she couldn't wait to talk to him each night. He shared so many of her interests, despite the two year age gap, listened to her, and he had a sexy voice that made her tingle. If the picture that he'd sent her was real, he was also devilishly handsome.

She loaded her messenger and smiled upon seeing his name pop up in the list. She immediately clicked his name to allow him to see that she was online, and he sent her a message a second later.

*<Get enough sleep?>* He typed.

*<Yes. How about you?>

<Not so great, but oh well. I've got a surprise for you.>

<Oh? What is it?>

<I finally got a webcam. I took your advice and got the same one as you.>*

Amy sucked in a deep breath. If he was willing to talk to her on cam, then his picture was probably real.

*<Well, turn it on, then!>* She typed as she turned on her own cam.

Amy's heart fluttered when the image appeared on her screen. His picture didn't do him justice. *<Hello handsome!>* She typed, hoping that her blush wasn't too obvious, though she noticed that he appeared to have a little color in his cheeks as well.

*<I don't know about all that. Want to talk on the phone?>*

Amy nodded and reached for the phone. She answered it when it rang a second later, and the pair launched into another of the long conversations that had become so common since they'd met.

His voice had always driven her to distraction, and the sight of him in a tight t-shirt that showed off his muscles only heightened the sensation. She peeked in on her own video window on occasion, hoping that her stiff nipples weren't too visible in her button-down blouse. At the same time, some part of her hoped that he *would* notice.

"I need to go tinkle. Back in a minute," Amy said after an hour or so, the soda she was drinking having finally caught up to her.

"Me too," Jason agreed, and stood up.

Amy had to fight hard to keep her eyes from snapping wide open. He was wearing a pair of cloth shorts that outlined something quite substantial beneath. She stood as well, hoping to hide the blush she could feel warming her cheeks.

She could smell the scent of her own arousal as soon as she sat down in the bathroom. "God," she moaned, the ache almost unbearable. She hadn't even dated anyone since dumping her cheating boyfriend over two months earlier, let alone had sex. Now that she could see and hear him, talking to the handsome man on the other end of the computer was almost torture.

Fortunately for her sanity, Jason beat her back to the computer. She found a hilarious captioned picture waiting for her when she returned, which prompted her to send him a joke that one of her friends had sent her in email.

Though the conversation and trading of assorted internet humor kept her distracted, Amy's desire continued to bubble beneath the surface, drawing her eyes to him and giving her goose bumps. She didn't want to sign off for the night, but also didn't know how long she could endure the slowly building need inside her.

"I should probably go to bed before I fall asleep on you again," she said with a sigh.

"I do love to keep my audience riveted," Jason said in a fair imitation of Bart from Blazing Saddles.

Amy laughed and said, "You're so silly." She then sighed again and said, "Well — goodnight."

"Night," he replied, and then waved to the camera as he hung up the phone.

Amy shut down her cam and watched him as he clicked his mouse, unable to look away for as long as the image of him remained on the screen. Her brow furrowed when she saw him stand up and stretch. He then walked out of the room, and she realized, *He doesn't know that the camera is still on. He must have just closed the preview window and thought that was enough.*

She shook her head and giggled. *Typical man — doesn't bother to read the instructions before doing something.* After a minute or so, he returned to the room and turned on a fan pointing at the bed. Amy picked up the phone, planning to tease him about leaving the cam on, but her finger never touched the first key of his number.

Amy gasped as he pulled off his shirt, fully revealing his muscled chest to her wide eyes. She knew that he was a swimmer, but that didn't prepare her for the bare, rippling reality. He walked over to the bed and kicked off his shoes next. When he reached for the waistband of his shorts, Amy's heart nearly stopped.

"Oh my," Amy breathed, a shudder passing through her as his shorts slid to the floor, leaving him in nothing but a pair of light blue briefs. She could plainly see the outline of his cock beneath the cloth, reaching all the way to the waistband and even pushing the elastic away from his body.

He flipped off the light, prompting Amy to lean in toward the computer screen. She strained her eyes, and realized that the light filtering through a window combined with the illumination of his screen saver gave her a faint, hazy view of him lying down on the bed.

He put his hands behind his head on the pillow and stared up at the ceiling. Amy quickly stood up and turned out the light in her own room, hoping that removing the glare would let her see more. When she returned, she discovered that she could see him better.

Jason pulled one hand from behind his head just as she sat back down. "Ohh," Amy sighed as he adjusted his manhood and left his hand there. After a couple of seconds, he pulled his other hand from behind his head and reached for something on the bedside table, pulling it closer to the bed.

Amy recognized the cube of facial tissue and unconsciously held her breath. She once more drew air into her lungs in a great gasp when he pulled down his briefs. Amy leaned in even closer, in complete disbelief as he wrapped his hand around his swollen organ.

Though she could barely see, Amy knew for certain that he was bigger than her boyfriend, who was the biggest she'd ever seen for real. He cupped his balls in his left hand and started to rasp his right over his cock.

Amy let out a little whimper as the scene drew her in. He started out slowly, his head lolling on the pillow as he stroked his cock. Her hand crept beneath her skirt to the now red-hot ache between her legs. She could feel a damp spot on her panties when she touched herself, and that faint touch caused her back to arch toward the computer screen.

Jason's hand steadily moved faster, and Amy could no longer endure her own sharp arousal. She raised her bottom just enough to jerk down her skirt and remove her panties, scooting forward on the chair at the same time. She sucked her two middle fingers to wet them, and then slipped the digits between her folds.

She needn't have bothered with the delay, because her fingers slipped into her saturated sex with ease. She pumped the digits into her depths, enraptured by the dim image of him masturbating before her eyes. Two fingers of her other hand soon joined the first, circling over her engorged clit.

Amy wished she could hear him as her own whimpers of pleasure bubbled from her lips. Her fingers moved faster, in time with his fist pumping over his thick shaft. She could feel the tightly coiled pressure of an orgasm building within her at a rapid pace. Her breath came in pants and gasps as she drew ever nearer to the edge.

Jason released his family jewels and fumbled for the tissues next to the bed, the hand stroking his erection barely slowing as he bunched up tissue in his hand. Amy furiously pumped her fingers into her depths, her clit both afire and numb at the same time. He cupped the handful of tissues around the tip of his cock, and then his stroking hand froze in place.

As Jason's head popped up from the pillow, his mouth open and his eyes closed, a tight squeal escaped Amy's throat. Her orgasm tore through her without mercy, wrapping every inch of her in ecstasy. Her left leg trembled uncontrollably as she leaned forward with her fingers still buried inside her. She bumped her forehead on the desk amidst a throe of passion, but didn't feel an ounce of pain.

Amy's orgasm refused to let her go. She panted for breath, feeling a drop of her juices roll down her knuckle to drip free. Blackness closed in behind her tightly closed eyes, threatening to steal her senses completely as her breathing hovered on the edge of hyperventilation. Her fingers slipped free of her quivering sex and she rested her head on the desk as her strength evaporated, spent in the unbelievable climax.

For long minutes, Amy could do nothing more than try to draw air into her starved lungs, and keep her seat as aftershocks threatened to drop her off the edge of the chair, where she precariously perched. When at last she could lift her head and open her eyes, she saw Jason beneath the sheets, apparently asleep — or close to it.

Still trembling, Amy somehow made it to her bed and collapsed upon it. She snuggled up in her blankets, basking in the afterglow of one of the most satisfying orgasms she'd ever experienced.

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Amy couldn't shake the memory from her head throughout the next day. She'd hurried to her computer immediately upon awakening, only to find Jason's cam turned off. She could see him in her mind's eye even more clearly than the actual video feed as she endured her shift at work.

When she returned home, her face warmed upon seeing her skirt and sticky panties from the night before still lying beneath her computer desk, exactly where she'd dropped them. She silently thanked her luck that it had happened on the first night of her parents' second honeymoon cruise, and that her younger brother was staying with friends for the duration of the trip.

After putting her panties in the wash and her skirt in the hamper, Amy changed out of her work clothes. She once again put on a button-down blouse, and grinned mischievously as she selected a plaid skirt. Now determined to catch his eye, after a day obsessing upon the sexy scene that had played out for her the night before, she went even further.

Her bra went back into the drawer, leaving her already stiff nipples pressing against the material of her blouse. She put her hair up in tails, and then went downstairs to fetch a large lollipop left over from Halloween. After a brief period of indecision, she exchanged her thong for a pair of white cotton panties, her face burning from the implication of going that far with the costume.

*<Whatcha doing?>* She asked him when she sat down at the computer.

*<Just hanging out.>*

Once again, the sight of him *hanging out* — or rather *standing out* — the night before filled her memory. Needing to hear his voice, she picked up the phone and dialed.

"Hey," he answered, sounding more than a little nervous.

"Hey you, too," she responded. "So, are you going to turn on your camera, or what?"

"Were you..." He paused after trailing off, and then tried again. "Did you..."

"What's wrong?" Amy asked.

Jason sighed. "Did you go right to bed when we hung up last night?"

"Well — not *right to bed*," Amy answered. She suspected that he'd realized the error of leaving the camera on, and stepped lightly.

"Were you on the computer?"

"For a while."

"God," Jason quietly breathed, barely audible through the phone receiver. "I should probably go."

"Why?" Amy asked.

"Because... Never mind. I need to get off here."

In a panic because she thought that he might never talk to her again, Amy blurted out something that she'd never have even considered saying otherwise. "Because I saw you last night when you forgot to turn off the camera?"

Jason groaned, loud and long. "Yes. I'm sorry..."

Amy cut him off. "Why? You don't have to be sorry." She turned on her cam and quickly clicked her mouse. "Hit the button," she requested.

After a few seconds of hesitation, he clicked the button to view her video feed. "Whoa."

Amy nervously laughed. "What do you think?" She asked while flipping one of her pigtails with her free hand. "See — now I've done something embarrassing, too. So, we're even."

"Amy..."

"Just turn on your camera."

Once again, he hesitated. When he finally let her see him, she could see the anxiety in his eyes. "So, we're even, right?" She asked while taking a lick from her lollipop.

She saw him shudder, his eyes fixed on the screen where he was watching her. "It's not the same," he muttered, still transfixed by her.

"What if I did this?" Amy asked, all the while thinking, *I can't believe I'm doing this!* She unhooked the top button of her blouse and reached for the next. The third button revealed the valley between her breasts.

"Man," Jason breathed, still staring hard at the screen.

Amy finished unbuttoning the blouse, her arousal surging to drown any hint of embarrassment. She shrugged the cloth aside, revealing her firm globes, capped with pale tips. On a whim, she brought her lollipop to her left breast and teased the stiff point. "Do you like them?"

"They're incredible," Jason answered while reaching down to adjust himself.

"So are we even, now?" Amy asked while taking another lick from her lollipop.

"Sort of," Jason answered with a shrug and a grin.

Caught up in the game, Amy stood up and pushed her chair out of the way. At the same time, she clicked the button to put her phone on speaker — once again thanking her lucky stars that she was alone in the house. After picking up her lollipop, she tugged at the hem of her skirt and said, "Take your shirt off," while backing into the bed, which the back of her computer chair nearly touched when she sat in it.

Jason tugged the cloth over his head and Amy shivered from the sight of him. Her skirt dropped to the floor, revealing her thin cotton panties. She knew the dark triangle above her sex stood out beneath the cloth. She hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her panties, and then declined her head a little.

Jason appeared to understand the hint. He grabbed a headset for his phone and plugged it in, hurrying to put it in place in his ear. As soon as he did, he dropped his shorts and underwear to the floor at the same time. Amy moaned, and her panties followed.

"So hot," Jason said as he sat back down, scooting back just far enough for her to see his cock on the camera.

"I played with myself while I was watching you last night," Amy revealed as she lay down on the bed. "I came so hard."

"I was thinking about you when I was jacking off. I don't think I've ever come that much."

"Do it for me again," Amy said in a rush of passion. She reached over and grabbed a pair of pillows to prop up her head so that she could still see the computer screen without straining her back.

Amy groaned as he wrapped his hand around his manhood. She brought her lollipop to her nether lips and teased them with the sticky candy. After a few seconds, she brought the candy back to her mouth, tasting her abundant juices while her fingers took over between her legs.

"That is so fucking sexy," Jason groaned, his fist pumping over his cock.

The lollipop fell to the bed, forgotten as Amy's passions rose. She rolled her folds with two fingers, giving him a good peek between them at the pink wetness beyond. A flick of her bud caused her to gasp in pleasure.

Jason maintained a slow pace, his hand stroking from the base to the swollen purple tip. Amy could see him much more clearly in full light, making her all the more excited. "You have such a gorgeous cock," she told him as her fingers danced over her sex, her red-polished nails flashing in the light.

"Can I watch you come first? I don't think I'll last long enough if I really get into it."

Amy let out a clipped, high-pitched moan and then answered, "Mmm hmm."

"I've never actually seen a girl play with herself before."

A whimper escaped Amy as a surge of pleasure shot through her from the combination of his voice and her fingers teasing her need. "I've never seen a guy jerking off either. It's so hot. God — I want you so bad."

"I want you, too," Jason responded, his hand moving a little faster.

Amy's fingers pressed a little harder into her folds as her pleasure mounted. "Oh, it feels so good." Her other hand crept between her legs, and she teased her clit with one fingertip in a rapid, scratching motion. The first barrage of the direct stimulation caused her to yelp and lurch from the sensation.

Amy's fingers moved faster as she struggled to keep her eyes open and affixed on Jason's cock. Despite his stated intention to hold back, his hand moved rapidly over his shaft, which caused him to lose control and in turn spurred her to even greater efforts.

Amy's fingers blurred, the wet, squishy sound even faintly audible to Jason over the speakerphone. She soared toward her heights, the hot itch behind her mound growing more intense by the moment. "Ohmigod, I'm gonna..." A whimper stole her words for a moment. When she finished, her words steadily increased in volume and pitch from the imminent release creeping up on her. "Come so hard."

"Do it," Jason grunted, his hand now moving just as fast as it had in the video the night before.

Amy reached the point of no-return and perched there, held on the razor's edge of beautiful agony. "Gonna come," she blurted out, and then her mouth opened wide, her jaw trembling.

She screamed as her orgasm claimed her, her eyes snapping shut beyond her control. "Ah! Oh!" She exclaimed in rapid succession, over and over again. Her legs moved of their own volition, beyond any ability she maintained to control them. Even so, her fingers continued to haltingly caress her sex, prolonging the orgasm.

"Yeah," Jason groaned. "Fuck — gonna come too."

"Oh yes — do it," Amy responded, and then squealed. She trembled from the effort of keeping her eyes open.

With a gasping groan, Jason's blurred hand slammed to a stop at the base of his shaft. The head of his cock swelled, growing even darker, and then he spurted thick ropes of sticky cum up his chest, reaching all the way to his neck. A second spurt, only a little weaker than the first, followed.

Amy's mouth dropped open into a silent scream. Her body exploded in ecstasy — no mere aftershock of her previous climax. For the first time in her life, Amy experienced a multiple orgasm while she watched Jason's cock explode.

Her fingers plunged into her depths even as her other hand snapped to the mattress, bunching up the bedclothes as her muscles clenched. She writhed and lurched, her eyes blinking open for fractions of seconds to see Jason twitching from his orgasm as well. The sound of him groaning and panting filled her ears, keeping her coming.

"Oh — my — god," Amy gasped as the tidal wave of ultimate pleasure ebbed somewhat. Her eyes finally opened all the way for more than a blink. She could see Jason's cream decorating his bare chest, and oozing down his tightly squeezed fist.

The cyber-lovers settled down from the heights of climax, both making little sounds of satisfaction. Finally, Amy's hand slid upward, leaving behind a glistening trail of her juices from her pussy to the manicured curls above.

"That was unbelievable," Jason murmured.

"Uh huh," Amy agreed. "You came so much."

"I could hear how wet you were. It really turned me on."

"I wish we were together for real. I want you inside me so badly."

Jason groaned, and his half-hard cock twitched from those words. "Me too."

The pair remained naked for more than an hour, basking in the afterglow, and then the sight of her caused steel to surge back into his manhood.

The cycle began anew.

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Amy could barely contain her excitement when she called several months later. The strain of remaining quiet to avoid alerting others in their respective homes drove both Amy and Jason to distraction as the mutual masturbation sessions continued on a nightly basis.

"Hello, Angel," Jason said when he picked up the phone.

"I got accepted, and I got the grant," she informed him.

"So, you'll be here in the fall?" Jason asked with barely contained exuberance.

"Uh huh. I have an appointment with the doctor tomorrow to put me on the pill."

"God — I can't wait."

"Neither can I," Amy responded in a sultry, breathless tone. "Turn on your camera."

Clothing fell to the floor of two bedrooms. Amy no longer lamented the circumstances of her life. Instead, she welcomed them with open arms — and legs.

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*Hope you've enjoyed this little stroke tale. I find that these are a good way to clear the cobwebs out of my head so that I can get back to work on more involved stories. Take a moment to vote, won't you? Comments are most appreciated as well!*