***Annie Loses It***

# ***A First Time***

# ***By Stevesaint***

Buff, deeply tanned, muscled...and he looks hot in those tight red Speedos that show so, so much!  I can’t keep staring at him or I’ll surely lose it.  Like many days this summer, I’m sunning with my best friend Beth out by the pool.  We live in a multi-building apartment complex, the pool available to all residents.  Beth and I just turned 15 and we’ll be entering our sophomore year.  We’ve been friends ever since we were little kids.  “He” is Jerry, another resident of the complex.  We hear he’s a computer engineer or something.  Jerry is in his mid-twenties, married with a toddler daughter.  He may work with computers, but he’s no geek, that’s for sure.  What a hunk!  Blond, curly hair and a smile that could light up the night...and that body!

Beth baby-sits Jerry’s little girl every once in a while, always full of tales the next day on how he “looked at her” and how “his wife’s a bitch,” though I think the former is wishful thinking and the latter is jealousy.   Let me make it clear, Beth and I are far from the hottest girls in school...pretty average, I would say.  She’s a bit on the chunky side, and my mom says I’m too skinny.  Boys don’t usually drool over us, and really, I’m sure Jerry doesn’t drool over Beth.

“Oh, God...he’s coming over here!”  Beth whispers to me, fidgeting with adjusting the straps of her two-piece.

I can’t help but stare at Jerry as he approaches.  These tingly feelings are all over my body every time I see him.  I start ‘adjusting’ my bikini too.

“Hi Beth,” he says when he nears.  He looks at me for a second, smiles and nods in acknowledgement of my presence, though he doesn’t know me.  I’m melting!

“Could you baby-sit for us next Saturday night?”

Beth dejectedly answers, “That weekend we’re, like, going to visit my grandparents, so I won’t be home.”

When he asks “What about your friend here?” I almost died.  Beth looks at me and makes a little ‘it’s-up-to-you’ sideways gesture with her head.

I can barely speak.  “I...ah...I...my name is...Annie, and I’ll...ah...I’ll...I’d be glad...to sit for you.”

“That’s great!  Annie...why don’t we take a walk over to my apartment and meet my daughter...her name is Ann, too.”

“Sure,” I mumble, but freeze when he offers his hand to help me up from the big towel we’re on.   He looks at me kinda funny, before I take his hand.  As he helps me to my feet, the tingly feelings are back big time.  Can he see the effect he’s having on me?

As we walk to his apartment building, our small talk is about school and computers.  He seems interested in my level of computer knowledge and how I use them in school and at home.  Sneaking quick glances at his tight, muscular butt cheeks move in his Speedos and the bulge in the front of them, I can hardly concentrate on the conversation.  When we reach his place, his wife and daughter are outside by the car, appearing to be going somewhere.  He introduces me to his wife—her name is Sheryl, “with an S”—and little Ann while she’s being strapped into her car seat.  As I lean into the back seat and chat up a rambunctious, yet friendly Ann, I hear Jerry and Sheryl talking about me babysitting for them.

I’m aghast when I overhear Sheryl say “Can she be reliable taking care of Ann when she can’t even take care of her own grooming? ...God, just LOOK at that hair sprouting out around her crotch.”

I glance over at them, just as Jerry frowns and gives me a ‘what-can-I-say’ shrug, and Sheryl darts toward the car to drive away.  He must certainly see the hurt look on my face.  I know my hair is dark, and I know a little bit shows around the crotch of my suit, but she made me sound like a hairy ape, or something.

“I apologize for my wife, Annie...she flies into jealous fits whenever she sees me with another woman, especially near the pool...she’ll be okay.”

 “Do you think I’m too hairy down there?”  Jeez, did I just ask a man to judge my groin?  (But he DID call me a ‘woman,’ didn’t he?)

Jerry nods his head toward his back stoop.  “Why don’t we sit down and talk about it...if you’re not too embarrassed, I mean.”

I was embarrassed, but my attraction to him overcame any desire to simply turn and run.

“You know, I’ve been getting rid of my body hair for a long time...since I was a teenager myself,” he says, while making a sweeping motion with his hand to indicate his body head-to-toe.  He looks away, and blushing a deep red, continues, “Have you ever spoken with your mother...or an older sister...or somebody about bikini waxing or something like that?”  His voice falters, and then quickly adds, “I’m sorry...maybe a man shouldn’t be talking to you about something personal like this...and here we are...we just met...”

“That’s okay, I guess...like, my mother would never talk to me about something like that...and if I asked her, she’d, like, think it was about sex and boys...God, I’d never...it was tough enough getting her to let me shave my legs and armpits.”  I take a deep breath, and then continue, “And I don’t have a sister to talk to either...”

Holy shit!  He’s blushing an even deeper red now!  He says, “Would it be okay if I helped you?”  He must have seen a look of shock cross my face, as he quickly adds, “I mean, it’d just be advice and some hints, that’s all...I won’t make a pass at you or touch you or anything.”  He looks down and mutters, “Ah shit, I sound like some pervert with a line, trying to get into a girl’s pants.”  Looking back at me, he says, “I’m sorry...why don’t we just forget this whole conversation ever happened...and be friends,” extending a hand for a shake.

His smile is mesmerizing.  I smile back and shake his hand.  “Naw, I understand you’re trying to help me...’cause of what your wife said and all...and I could use some help in getting rid of some of that hair...if it really looks ugly to you.”

“No...No, Annie, it’s not ugly...it’s just that some people don’t like the sight of a lot of body hair...hell, maybe that’s why Sheryl married me.”  He laughs, and again makes that sweeping motion over his body.

I doubt it.

“Is it hard to, like, get rid of the hair?  Do you shave you’re whole body?”  Curious, I had many questions, but these would do for now.

“I shave some parts, and I use a cream in some...er...delicate...places to get rid of the rest.”

I chuckle, “By ‘delicate’ I guess you mean ‘down there’?”

He smiles and blushes again.  “Yeah, I don’t have any hair down there.”

“How does it feel?”

“At first it’s a little itchy, but then it’s okay...in fact it can help getting you and your partner hornier—.”   He breaks off, and then says, “Sorry, I forgot who I’m talking to for a second—shit, ‘partner’—I’m sorry.”  He blushes and looks away in embarrassment.

He’s talking about SEX!  My virgin imagination tries to form a picture of Jerry making it with his wife, but I have no reference point to start with, just the sight of him in his Speedos.  “I’ve got to go now...but maybe after I baby-sit for you guys, we can talk about how I can get rid of my hair down there...okay?”

He stands up and offers his hand to help me up like he did by the pool.  His ‘bulge’ is right there in front of me!  I try not to stare, but when his hand touches mine, the tingly feelings are back and I feel like I just peed myself!

When I’m on my feet, he says, “We’ll see you next Saturday...around 7...okay?”

I agree, and begin to walk home.  I both hope and dread that he’s ogling my butt as I walk away from him.  That night I had some pretty wild, teenaged dreams of Jerry and me naked.  I awoke to sweat-soaked sheets.



The babysitting was a breeze.  Little Ann was a darling all evening, and went to bed without any complaining.  When they got home, I could tell Jerry and Sheryl had been drinking quite a bit, both a little unsteady on their feet and a little...oh, I guess giggly would be the right word.  After briefing them on the uneventful evening, Sheryl gives me more money than I expect, though she quickly grows cold when Jerry offers to walk me home.  While on the way to my apartment, Jerry asks me if I wanted to come back the following afternoon so he can show me how to ‘clean up’ (his words) my body hair.  He’s being sweet...he doesn’t try to touch me or anything...so I say yes, since I desperately want two things—to be ‘clean’ down there, and to just be near him again.

After coming home from church with my Mom, I throw on some sweatpants and a tank top and walk over to Jerry’s apartment.  All night I wondered if Sheryl would be home, and if she were how she would react to Jerry ‘helping’ me.   I presumed she wouldn’t be there.  I presumed right.  As he ushers me into their apartment, Jerry tells me that Sheryl and Ann were gone for the day, visiting Sheryl’s mom and dad.

“The in-law scene isn’t my favorite,” he says by way of excusing his not going.  After offering me a Coke, we walk to the master bathroom, where he takes some tubes and bottles and other stuff from the medicine cabinet.  I, Jerry, and his handful of stuff go back to the kitchen table.  He spreads the containers out on the tabletop, but is having difficulty trying to figure out how to explain their usage to me.

“I...ah...use this as a shaving gel...for my pubic...ah...area...it works good on sensitive...skin...” showing one can to me.  Lifting a plastic bottle, he babbles, “I use this cream...it’s made for men...but I think it’s really the same as what women use...to wipe away the stubble...it lasts quite a long time between applications.”  He’s blushing again.  “Shit, I sound like a damned commercial, don’t I?”  Without giving me a chance to respond, he mutters, “Dammit, I know how to use this crap on me...but how can I even begin to describe how you would use it?”

“You could show me for real.”  (WHAT THE HELL DID I JUST SAY?)

He looks at me in surprise, then stammers, “I...can’t...I...I’m not going to...I can’t touch you...it wouldn’t be right...”

“Just help me get clean...get rid of the hair down there.”  I ask him, adding, “As long as you don’t try anything, it’ll be okay...please?”

He makes more sweet blushing promises not to “make a pass” or try anything “stupid” with me.  He gathers up everything from the table and we head back to the bathroom.  I’m breathing heavily, feeling like I’m going to pass out—I can’t believe I’m about to take my pants off in front of a man for the first time!  I can hardly stand still as he gets a razor and some scissors from the cabinet, and begins to arrange the various bottles, cans, and tubes around the basin edge.  He’s trying not to look at me.  (He’s as nervous and excited about this as I am!)  When he finally looks my way again, I know it’s now or never, and I lower my sweatpants to the floor and kick them off.  He is breathing a little funny too, and a very noticeable protrusion is forming at the front of his jeans.  Wow!  I close my eyes and lower my panties to the floor, and kick them over near my sweats.  He mumbles for me to sit on the toilet seat cover, which is pretty plush and not cold, thank you.

“I’ll have to use the scissors to trim the longer hairs a bit...before I can...ah...shave...your...I mean, you.”  He mutters, picking up the can of shaving gel he showed me earlier.

He gets to his knees before me, but then hesitates, saying, “Ah...Annie...you’ll have to spread your legs more so...I can...I can...do this.”

I CAN’T, a voice in my head cries, but I slowly open them for him.  He first clips my pubic hair with the scissors, leaving it short and stubbly.  Squirting some of the gel into the palm of his hand, he moves to spread it on me, but stops and looks up at my face.

“Are you sure, hon?”  (DID HE JUST CALL ME ‘HON’?)  I nod ‘yes’ and anticipate his touch.

He slowly massages the foamy gel into my pubic area.  I must have made a noise when he begins, since he stops momentarily and gazes into my eyes again.

A man is touching me!  I feel hot and prickly all over, especially between my thighs.  He shaves most of the area with a disposable razor, making slow, measured strokes so as not to nick me.  I watch beads of perspiration trickle from his forehead as he concentrates on his task, probably trying not to think about having a young, naked girl’s legs open before him.

When done, he takes a towel and tenderly wipes off the excess gel-foam.  “How’s that?”  He asks, admiring his work (or is he admiring ME?) before looking up again.  “That didn’t hurt, did it?” He says, with a magnificent smile, and a hand resting on my thigh.  I look down, hardly able to breathe, (HIS HAND!) amazed by the sight of my pink pubic mound.

“I’ll have to clean up around your...ah...your...ah...labia...with the hair removal cream, and you’ll be...all set.”

He spreads some of the white liquid around my opening and in my crotch.  When his fingers brush the fleshy folds down there, I panic since all of a sudden I feel very wet...did I pee?  He MUST have felt me flinch, but doesn’t seem to react to it, continuing to rub the cream on me.

“We’ll have to wait a few minutes for the stuff to work, and then I’ll clean it off and...you’ll be as bald as when you were a little girl.” He chuckles.  “Even though this stuff says it’s for men, I think it’s no different than the stuff they make for women.  I’ll give you the rest of this bottle when we’re done.”

Does he know what I’m going through, waiting like this?  My body is hot, every nerve ending tingling, especially in the cleft between my legs.  I can actually feel juices dribbling down the crack of my butt.  I’m breathing only in little gasps.  I read a story once where this woman got “aroused” before sex.  Am I aroused?

Without saying a word, Jerry dampens a washcloth and begins wiping in gentle strokes the cream from my crotch.  When the cloth rubs those little folds of skin (HE CALLED THEM LABIA!) down there, I can’t help but squirm...it’s driving me crazy!  When our eyes meet, I KNOW he knows what he’s doing to me.  I see the bulge in the front of his jeans is as big as ever...my naked, wet pubic area—now hairless and easy to see—is doing something to him, too.

“There, sweetheart.  Why don’t I get out of here and let you jump in the shower to clean up down there...just don’t use soap or rub too much, it’ll sting if you do.”  With one more smile, he puts some of the stuff back into the medicine cabinet, and steps out, closing the door behind him.

I sit there for a moment, stunned by the thought of what just happened.  (HE CALLED ME ‘SWEETHEART’!)  My whole body is still hot and shivering from his touch.  (AROUSED!?)  When I stand, I look down and examine my groin, amazed at my newly hairless pubic mound (“YOU’LL BE AS BALD AS WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE GIRL”) and my (LABIA—I LEARNED IN SCHOOL, IN LATIN IT MEANS ‘LIPS’) ...lips...yeah, they do look something like lips...though they are a lot more swollen looking than any lips I’ve ever seen.  Were they always puffy and extending like they are now, or is it because of being aroused?  I strip off my top and bra and get into the shower to rinse off, spellbound by the sensation of water spraying against hairless skin.

I dress and exit the bathroom.  Jerry is waiting back in the kitchen.  He offers me another Coke.

“Feeling okay?”

I nod my head, but I know why he asked—I’m having a hard time looking at him.

He says, “I want to make sure you’re okay with what just happened...I mean...a man touching you like I did.  Are you sure you’re okay with it?”

“Yeah...of course...it feels real good not having hair down there.”  I give him a reassuring smile.

“Don’t run off.  Why don’t you turn on the TV in the living room while I clean up the bathroom and take a quick shower myself?  After, we’ll talk for a bit...okay?  You don’t have to leave just yet do you?”

I assure him that I don’t.

In a few minutes I hear the shower running, but also hear a couple of funny grunting noises.  Is that him?  Is he all right?  I tiptoe over to the bathroom door, surprised to find it slightly ajar.  Peeking inside, I see his silhouette through the smoked-glass shower door.  I see the silhouette of his penis sticking almost straight up.  He starts rubbing it with his hand, all the while making those grunting noises, until suddenly he moans, throws his head back somewhat, and his penis twitches, spraying something toward the front of shower stall.  I’m aroused again—the silhouette of his penis looks much bigger than I imagined—I feel the wetness one more time in my crotch.  When I finally coax my legs to walk, I dart back to the sofa, my mind a jumble of thoughts and images (HE WAS AROUSED, TOO ...HE WAS ‘MASTURBATING’! ...HE WAS THINKING OF ME WHEN HE RUBBED IT ...SKINNY LITTLE ANNIE DID THAT TO HIM!), and my body feeling as hot as ever.

We talk for a while, mostly about computers, until it was time for me to go home.  He seems more relaxed now than he’d been at any time since I came over.  Rubbing his penis in the shower must have done that.

At night before putting on my pajamas, I stand naked before the dresser mirror and admire my “new” body.  He’s right; I haven’t looked like this down there since I was a little girl.  I run a palm over my pubic mound, relishing the feel of its naked softness.  The “lips” were still puffy as I touch them with my fingertips.  I have this image in my head of Jerry touching me down there, stroking his fingers between the folds of skin, then I remember the silhouette-shadow image of his penis... and a hot tension, much stronger than the prickly sensations I had before, grips my body.  My fingers become his fingers, then my fingers become his penis, pushing deeper into me.  A convulsion runs through my midsection as I stumble on wobbly legs and fall onto my bed.  As the spasm ends, a wave of pleasure...a release, I guess...comes over me, my fingers pulling away from my vagina very wet and slippery-like, and a low moan escaping from my mouth.  I’ve never felt so good.  (MASTURBATION!  I THINK I HAD AN “ORGASM” I HEAR ALL THE GIRLS TALK ABOUT...WAS THAT WHAT JUST HAPPENED?  IS THAT HOW GOOD YOU FEEL WHEN YOU HAVE SEX? ...)

My dreams that night were all about Jerry, and...



The following Sunday out by the pool, Beth surprises me by saying, “I think Jerry is hot for your bod, Annie.”  I look at her in puzzlement, waiting for an explanation.

“He asked me to baby-sit in a couple of weeks, but he kinda, like, looked disappointed when I said yes.”  She giggles a bit.  “Then he asked me how you were.”  Shaking her head slightly, she adds, “I tell you, he’s got the hots for your ass, girl...I just wish he looked like that when he was talking about ME.”

Part of me is frightened by what she just said.  Does he want me?  Yet another part of me wants to be with him again, the memory of seeing him through the shower door fueling my imagination.  I just hope Beth doesn’t catch on about what we did in his apartment, and the effect it’s had on me since.

“No...No,” I protest, “He was very nice to me when I baby-sat...I don’t think he looks at me that way at all.”  (THE SWEAT POURING FROM HIS FOREHEAD WHEN HE TOUCHED ME—HE MASTURBATED THINKING OF ME!)

Beth’s face bears a wistful look when she says, “For once, I’d like to see what’s in those Speedos of his...I’d let him touch me any way he wanted to.”

(HIS REALLY BIG LOOKING PENIS SILHOUETTED IN THE SHOWER DOOR GLASS!)  “Forget it, Bethie girl, why would he want to do it with us anyway?  His wife has much bigger boobs than we do...and she’s very pretty.”  (AND COLD, AND JEALOUS, AND...)

The conversation, lying there on our towels by the pool, turns to many other subjects, you know, like school and boys...and TV and boys...and boys.  That is, until Jerry comes into the pool area carrying little Ann.  When our eyes meet, I know he’s having a hard time losing the memory of that day he shaved me, just as I am.

Beth whispers to me, as Jerry and Ann approach, “Annie girl, just LOOK at that cock of his stretch the front of his Speedos...God, I bet he’s HUGE!”  When I glance at her, she has the same breathless, flushed look I must have when I look at him.

His shadow (ERECTION!) on the shower door is all I’m thinking about right now.  I feel the wetness again between my legs.  I hope my bikini bottoms don’t show a big wet spot when I stand up.

“Say hi to your friends, Ann.”  Jerry smiles at Beth and me, then waves Ann’s little chubby hand for her.  A little squeaky “Hi” comes from Ann as he sets her down.

“I’ve got to keep a close eye on her here by the pool.  Will you two be my ‘emergency backup watchers’ in case I get distracted?”

When he said “distracted” he was looking right into my eyes!  Omigod, the tinglies are back big time...Beth is right!

“Can we sit here next to you guys?”  He asks, but even before we answer he’s spreading a towel beside me, and sits down.

Ann fidgets around Beth a short while, before “playing” with me.  Suddenly, she grabs my top and pulls it down a bit, exposing one of my breasts.  Before I can cover back up, Jerry reaches over and pulls the strap up to help me.  I look at him and he’s looking back at me.  I know he saw my breast, and the look in his eyes speaks volumes.

I don’t know if Beth does it on purpose or what, but just then she says she has to run home for a few minutes, but will be right back.

“How have you been, Annie?”  He asks, “Are you okay down there, not too itchy, is it?”

“Ah...a little bit...but it feels real nice.  Thanks for helping me.”

“The pleasure was all mine.”  He smiles.

(TOUCHING ME...MASTURBATING IN THE SHOWER...LOOKING AT ME THE WAY HE IS RIGHT NOW!)

Little Ann contentedly settles into a seating position between her dad’s legs.  Looking down at her for a moment, my eyes are drawn to the front of his bathing suit.  The bulge does look very big, I think, as all the memories of that day come flooding back.  I’m aroused, and so is he.

“Hey, Annie, why don’t you come over to the apartment tomorrow and I’ll show you the new computer graphics program I’m working on.”

“Okay, but won’t your wife, like, be jealous of me being there?”

“Ah...no...she won’t be home...she’s gone on a business trip for a couple of days...and I’m playing Mr. Mom to this tyke right here.”  Ann mimics her father by saying “tyke” over and over again, but the roaring in my ears practically drowns her out.  (SHERYL WON’T BE HOME...HE WANTS TO MAKE LOVE TO ME...SEX!!!)

“Ah...okay...it sounds neat.”  I can feel the heat on my face—I must be blushing.  “What time can I come over?”

“You’re welcome anytime.”  He smiles, but he’s blushing too.

When Beth returns, she first looks at me, then at him, then back at me again.



The next morning I wear the skimpiest shorts my mom would let me leave the apartment wearing, and my favorite tank top.  When Jerry, wearing shorts and a tee shirt, answers the door, his reaction is immediate and gratifying.  After telling me Ann was taking a nap, he uneasily begins showing me the new graphics package he was developing on his home computer.  Don’t get me wrong; I am interested in his program, but I finally admit to myself that afternoon that I’m interested in much, much more from this visit.  The more Jerry shows me, and the closer he gets to me, he becomes more tense and fidgety.  I am too.   When he puts an arm on my shoulder and leans closer, I nearly shriek.  When I place my hand on his bare thigh while asking a question, he looks like he is going to pass out.

After a few minutes, he surprises me by saying, “You know, I’m a little grungy from playing with Ann...I’m going to take a quick shower...why don’t you try out the program, and I’ll be right back...okay?”

“Okay...I’ll listen for Ann while you’re in there.”

I know why he’s taking a shower, and I know what he’s going to do while he’s in there.

As soon as I hear the water running, I sneak into the bathroom and watch.  There before me again is that amazing silhouette of a very erect penis sticking up and out, as he begins to masturbate.  (CAN I DO IT?  IS THIS RIGHT?)  I close my eyes for a second, take a deep breath, and then slide out of my clothes and slide open the shower door.  He stops in mid-stroke and stares.  Stepping into the shower stream, I reach for his penis with both my hands.

“Let me help you” breathlessly escapes my lips.  (WE’RE GOING TO MAKE LOVE!)

I’m entranced by the sight and feel of his organ.  It’s bigger and stiffer than I imagined it would be.  The end looks like a swollen helmet of skin sitting atop a flesh colored (VEINY?) shaft.  It feels hard yet soft at the same time, and very warm.  (I CAN’T BELIEVE I’M IN A MAN’S SHOWER AND HOLDING HIS PENIS!)  I look up into his eyes and now I know the look of desire.  All it takes is for me to run my hands along the shaft a couple of times and he squirts his juice all over me.  Wow!  He grunts as one, two, three, then four long streams of his (SEMEN!!!!!) hit my face, my neck, my breasts, and then my belly; his penis (COCK!) spasming with every squirt.  It’s the most intense thing I’ve ever seen or felt (BUT IT’S ONLY BEGINNING, ANNIE GIRL!).   He uses a finger to wipe semen from my chin and pulling me close, leans down and kisses me.  Boys have kissed me, but this is much, much different.  His lips are both tender and urgent, his tongue teasing then parting my lips, probing for mine.  He has one hand at the small of my back, which is slowly descending to my butt, and another at the nape of my neck.  My breasts are pressed into him, my nipples taut and tingling.  I think I stopped breathing minutes ago.  The shower spray rinses the sweat and semen from our bodies, but not the heat.

Except for “Oh Annie...are you sure?” He doesn’t say another word, nor do I.  After stepping out of the shower and drying off a bit, he lifts me in his arms and kisses me again.  He carries me out to the living room where he tenderly sets me down on a tall leather-clad sling chair.  My whole body is electrified by the look of him, his muscular, hairless body, his beautiful smile and his beautiful penis, hanging down like an upside-down “J” and still leaking a little of his semen.  I’m still having difficulty breathing.  He looks first into my eyes, then glances down between my slightly parted thighs and again says, “Oh Annie...Are you sure this is what you want?”   He’s growing hard again.  He places a hand at my cheek and kisses me once more, while running the other hand up my thigh to my opening.  He must feel the moisture I know is down there.

“Oh...God...Annie...darling...” He moans, all the while running a finger between my wet folds.  For the third time he asks me if it’s what I really want.  He’s fully erect.  I look from his penis back to his face, and nod yes.

“I need...I mean...we need to use protection if you’re not on the pill...are you?”

“Nnnn...No...no I’m nnnn...not,” I manage to get out.

He kisses me one more time, then whispers “I’ll be right back, sweetheart” and heads off quickly toward one of the bedrooms.  I stare at his tight, bare butt cheeks scrunch back and forth as he hurries away and the sensation of wetting myself down there is back.  While he’s momentarily out of sight, I reach down and am amazed at how very wet my crotch is.  The folds (LABIA!) are swollen and tender like they were the day he shaved me, and slippery to the touch.  When he reappears, he’s tearing open a small square foil package.  I may never have seen one before, but I know what it is.  He pulls the rubber ring from the foil, looks into my eyes again, and then slowly unrolls the condom onto his very stiff penis.  Standing before me, he slowly lifts my legs in the air and coaxes me to hold them up there.

His penis is at the perfect height.  (I KNOW HE’S MADE LOVE TO SHERYL BEFORE IN THIS CHAIR!)  Looking down between my spread thighs, I think for the first time about whether his big penis will fit in me or not.  The enormity of what’s about to happen hits me and my breath is trapped in my lungs.  Every inch of my skin feels like it’s on fire.  I look up into his sweat-soaked face as he places the head of his penis at my opening and starts to push it in.  Our eyes meet, and I’m in heaven.  He slides it in slowly.  My fevered brain imagines he wants to push harder.  Oh God, the feeling is so intense.  I look back down there to see that he’s only halfway in, and yet I feel stretched to the limit already; except for an initial twinge of pain, what a great feeling it is!

Neither one of us is breathing—more like panting—as he continues to slide deeper into me.  After a few seconds more, he starts to pull out and push back in with a rhythmic motion of his hips.  (THIS IS IT!  WE’RE MAKING LOVE!  MY FIRST TIME!)  He picks up the tempo of his thrusts, going deeper into my vagina with every stroke.  While thrusting into me faster and faster, he places a hand at one of my breasts and starts to tease the nipple, by now hard and super-sensitive.  I don’t really know what’s happening, but the feeling of his penis rubbing into me, and his fingers tweaking my nipple cause my whole stomach and pelvic areas to convulse once, then again and still a third time.  I groan with the intensity of the pleasure of it all.  (JUST LIKE THAT NIGHT IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR, I HAD AN ORGASM! THIS ONE WAS MUCH BETTER!)  Just seconds after my spasms, his head snaps back and he grunts just like he did in the shower the day he shaved me.  He pushes into me as far as he can go and I feel his penis spasm several times inside of me.  (WOW...IF IT WEREN’T FOR THE CONDOM, I’D BE HAVING HIS BABY!!)  My whole body convulses one more time.

He leans down and kisses me again.  This one was longer and hotter than any before (MAKING LOVE!)  Just then we hear little Ann whimpering from her room.  Before going off to get Ann, he lifts me from the chair to my feet and hugs me tight.  I look up at him and for a moment I think he wants to say something, but can’t.

Finally, he says, “Let me go get Ann, okay?” After sliding the wet condom off his penis and casually dropping it to the floor, he once more leans in and kisses me.  For maybe the first time, I’m extremely jealous of Sheryl.

While he walks toward Ann’s room to tend to her I pick the used condom off the floor and study it.  (THIS WAS IN ME!  HE WAS IN ME!)  There certainly is quite a lot of semen trapped inside, I think, remembering him squirting all over me in the shower.  Those tingly feelings are back; I want to make love again and again.

I follow him to Ann’s room, where I peer in to see him lift a bare and bottom-powdered Ann into his arms and hug her tight.  She’s giggling and cooing and saying “dada” over and over.  Jerry’s eyes are full of love.  I don’t want to intrude on this tender moment so I slink back from the doorway, but in seconds he emerges with Ann in his arms, and seeing me, smiles, turns, and walks to the master bedroom.  When I get to the bedroom doorway, they’re lying on the big bed.  Naked as the day they were born, the two of them look so wondrously normal, Jerry gazing lovingly at his happy little girl as she coos and holds on to him as firmly as her little arms can.  Something drew me to the bed.  Maybe I want to share in the love, or just to prolong the tenderness of our lovemaking, so I lie down next to them, Ann between Jerry and me.  The look in Jerry’s eyes makes me want him even more.

“Annie...Annie...I’m so mixed up right now I don’t know what to do.”  He hesitates, looks at Ann for a moment, and then looks back at me.  “You’ve made me feel more alive than I’ve felt in a long, long time.”

I roll Ann’s chubby little form on top of me so I can snuggle closer to Jerry.  I’m overwhelmed by the sensation of her warm body resting at my breast and his warm body nestled against me.

“You’ve made me feel so special...I can’t, like, believe any boy...would have been so gentle and loving...as you were for my...my first time.”

He props himself up on one elbow, leans over, and our lips meet again in a long, warm, wet kiss.  When our lips separate, he says, “Sweet Annie...I’m married...have a baby...and you’re a teenager...shit...where can this go?”

“Go?” I answer questioningly.  “I know all that you’ve said is true. All I want is to make love again.”  His beautiful eyes and smile exhilarate me.  “All I want is for us to, like, make each other happy for the rest of the day, at least...”

He kisses me once more, then says, “I’ll drag Ann’s playpen in here...be right back.”

Ann, still resting on top of me, looks at me and says “mama.”  I nearly cry.  In this moment of clarity I know I can harbor no fantasies, no illusions of taking Sheryl’s place in his bed.  I will forever cherish this day with Jerry, but there will be no more days like this with him.  The day is far from over, though—I give little Ann a big hug.

Jerry returns with the playpen and a disposable diaper.  After diapering her, he places Ann in the playpen, where she happily begins playing with the toys in there.  By this time I’m sitting up on the bed, slightly cross-legged.  When Jerry turns toward me he stops and looks me up and down as if seeing me naked for the first time.

“God...you’re the most beautiful creature these eyes have ever seen.”

Beautiful creature?  How can I compare to his wife, I wonder?  She’s pretty, her breasts look bigger than mine, and she has more curves than I do.  Is it my youth...or my bald pubic area (THE BOYS CALL IT A ‘PUSSY’...BUT MINE IS HAIRLESS!) that he really means?

He rummages around in a dresser drawer before extracting another condom.  The whole scene before me—his magnificent body, the condom in its wrapper, the look in his eyes, his penis quivering as it stiffens and rises—makes me swoon.  I can feel the juices dribbling down my butt crack to the bed sheet.  He sees my reaction too.  I want him so bad.  He approaches the bed and surprisingly hands me the condom.  He wants me to put in on him!  By now his penis is standing out straight, not as rigid as before but getting there.  I nervously rip open the wrapper and feel the slippery lubrication on the rubber ring.  He helps me unroll it onto him, but not before I run my fingers along the length of his penis, absorbing the feel, the texture of his special flesh.

I start to roll over to give him room on the bed, but the second I’m on my knees his strong hands stop me.  He must be looking at my butt and my...pussy...or maybe we’ll do it a different way?  Still on my hands and knees, I feel his tongue slide between the folds of me, licking me like someone would lick an ice cream cone.  His tongue must be wet from my juices!  When the tip of his tongue flicks against one end of my opening, a spasm of pleasure zings up my spine and I can’t help but moan.  Done licking, and holding my butt in the air with his strong hands, he enters me.  When he starts to move in and out of me, I know this one will be even better than the first time.   His penis fills me and feels so good as he slides it in and out.  It feels, I don’t know, more slippery this time, thinking of the lubrication on the condom, but that’s not it, it’s MY lubrication, my wetness, MY arousal that’s making it slippery.  I lower my head to the pillow and push my butt out to meet his thrusting.  His penis is sliding against that magic spot his tongue found earlier. The convulsion of this orgasm is more intense than before.  My pelvic and stomach muscles spasm as if tied in a knot.  A high-pitched squeal escapes from my lips.  Marvelously, he’s not done yet, though I know he’s close because he’s thrusting faster.  The final push, as he lets go with a groan, hits deep inside me triggering another wave of ecstasy.  Warmed by the glow of our release, he reaches around and pulls me up to him, a hand at each breast, his lips at the nape of my neck, and his penis slowly relaxing within me.  When his penis pops out of my vagina, he turns me around and kisses me.  Knee to knee on the bed, he hugs me tightly to him.  Even though my sexual experience has been all gained today, I’m still surprised that after making love to me twice, his penis is twitching and growing against my belly.  I think he wants me some more.

Our reverie is broken by a sound from the playpen.  When we turn to look at Ann, she’s staring wide eyed back at us as if mesmerized by what we just did, her diaper down around her ankles.  We both laugh at the ‘lost’ diaper and the strange look of wonder on the little toddler’s face.

I look into Jerry’s eyes and say, “Let me.”  I move from the bed and lift Ann into my arms.  She smiles and gurgles at me, but thankfully doesn’t say ‘mama’ again; if she had, it would’ve hurt Jerry and made me cry for sure.  Carrying diaperless Ann over to a risen Jerry, we hug in a warm, naked threesome.

“You look like a natural,” He says to me.  “You’ll be a beautiful, caring, loving mother someday.”  We kiss again.  “...And you’ll be a fantastic wife to some lucky man,” He whispers to me when our lips separate.  He takes Ann from my arms.  “I think it’s time to put that diaper back on, sweet-pea, before you have an accident...that’s if Daddy can put the stupid thing on right this time,” He chuckles as he looks with love at his little daughter.

Damn...do I wish I were his wife!  I’d love this man to pieces.  How can Sheryl treat him in any way but with love and devotion?  A revelation: maybe she does, but I just haven’t seen it.  No matter how wonderful this day has been, I reiterate my internal pledge not to be a home wrecker.

When Ann is ensconced in her diaper once again, Jerry places her in the playpen.  I can’t help but laugh at the way she’s still staring at us with those big eyes of hers.  Is it my being here instead of her mommy?  Is it our naked bodies that appear strange to her?  My attention turns to Jerry, but he’s already focusing on me; his eyes are eating me up, and his penis is getting hard again.

“Annie...can I make love to you one last time?”  He says, looking at me with longing, but also, I think, with a little bit of sadness.

I’m thinking how glad I am that he knows this will be the last time (BUT OH DO I WANT HIM AGAIN!)  I lay down on the bed while he retrieves another condom.  For the first time today I ruminate on why he has condoms in the house.  Did he buy them for me? (A tingle travels down my spine to my vagina when I think of this.)  Our eyes lock as he finishes rolling on the condom.  I think my vagina is really wet once more; I spread my legs and reach out my arms to him.  He climbs between my thighs and lifts my legs by the ankles, bringing first my left then right foot to his lips and kissing them.  While still holding my upraised legs, he positions his penis at my opening (OH GOD, I CAN’T STAND IT...PUT IT IN, PUT IT IN!)  I can’t wait, so I thrust my hips out to meet his penis, which tantalizingly starts to enter me.   With his strong thighs surrounding my tiny ass cheeks, he slowly slides his full length into my yearning vagina.  I see his muscular hips as he begins his rhythm.  I feel the glorious stretching of my vagina as his beautiful erection goes in and out of me.  I see the sweat drops on his brow and the glazed-over look to his eyes.  I feel his penis rub against that special little place.  I moan then scream, with every muscle in my abdomen and pelvis rippling and shuddering from the pleasure, before an incredibly warm wave of sweet release washes over me.  This feeling is the best of my life (ORGASM!)

As my mind regains its focus, I realize he’s still maintaining the slow rhythm of his hips, but soon his pace intensifies and I know he’s going to ejaculate.  Damned if I don’t want to see it and feel it just like in the shower (WOW...HOW MANY HOURS AGO WAS THAT?)  I quickly push away from him and before he can react, I strip off the condom and start stroking his penis with both hands.  Within seconds he lets out a groan and shoots his semen all over me.  I’m amazed as spurt after spurt sprays out of him.  I don’t think he ejaculated this much before; it really did spray everywhere!  Subconsciously I use one hand to rub the milky liquid all over my breasts as the other caresses his still-hard but leaking penis.  Our lips meet.  A deep thought rises to the surface:  will I ever experience a kiss like this the rest of my life?

Once again, our rapture is broken by a sound from the playpen.  This time, Ann is crying.

Jerry smiles as he begins to rise from the bed.  “I think our noises scared her.”

Our noises?

While he lifts Ann from the playpen and eases her fitfulness, I climb from the bed and catch my reflection in the dresser mirror.  What a sight!  I’ve got his semen in my hair, on my face, all over my chest, and dribbling down my belly.  I’ve also got this sort of pink glow about me, almost like I’m blushing all over.  What a fantastic thing, sex!  A faint sound slips past my lips—a combination moan and chuckle.  Jerry reacts to the sound and curiously looks over at me, but quickly smiles after realizing why I chuckled.   I wordlessly leave them and jump into the shower to clean off.  The hot water washes his spatter from me, but not the memories of this fantastic day.  I’ll always remember the look of him—his lean yet muscular body, and his penis, hanging down but growing because of his desire for me.  I’ll always remember the feel of his erect penis entering me...stretching me...coating me.  I’ll always remember the sight of his hips thrusting between my thighs.  I’ll always remember the heaven-on-earth orgasms he gave me.

When I exit the shower and dry off, I peer into the living room to see that he’s thrown on a pair of gym shorts and talking to Ann, who was on the carpet with toys scattered around her.  I gather my clothes; still lying on the bathroom floor where I left them hours ago, slowly put them on, and then go out to the living room.  I sit on the floor next to little Ann.  Jerry and I talk for almost an hour; not only about what we just did but also the future.  I realize most guys would say this, but I think he’s sincere when he tells me he really loves his wife.  I feel more—I don’t know—more ‘grown up’ than I’ve ever felt before talking to him about our lovemaking, Sheryl, and his life.  With newfound wisdom, I understand that I became a woman today, and I somehow helped remind him what it was like being a man; maybe marriage and kids can make a guy forget things like that.

When it was time for me to go home, we kiss one last time.  He still wants to say more about today, but I place a finger at his lips to shush him before he can.  I will get in the last word.

“I’ll remember what we did today for the rest of my life, but Jerry, now you have to make your wife feel like this too.”

He promises, and we part.

When I get home, my mom is very inquisitive about what I’d been doing.  Although I assure her we were working on the computer, I know she can see right through me, but doesn’t press the matter.



Beth can see through me too.  The next day she curiously looks me up and down then declares, “You fucked him, didn’t you?”  My face must have given me away, for she adds, “Damn, girl, you did...you did!”  She’s all over me with questions:  How did it feel?  How big is he?  How many times?  Was he good?

I’m vague in my answers, which seems to really piss her off.  She wants all the details and I won’t give them out.

She shocks me when she states she’s going to get him to “do” her next time she baby-sits.  I don’t know what to say.  Maybe it is jealousy talking or something, but I didn’t think Jerry would ever touch Beth.

He doesn’t.  Following the next time Beth baby-sat for Jerry and Sheryl, she wouldn’t talk to me for days, so I knew her plan failed.  The remainder of the summer Beth and I drift apart.

  Whenever I see Jerry, he smiles that glowing smile of his and asks me how I’m doing.  I can still see the look of longing in his eyes.  Ann is getting bigger every day.  I also notice a certain change in Sheryl.  She appears to be warmer and happier, a certain glow about her; their love life must’ve heated up since Jerry made love to me that beautiful day.  I’m really happy for them.  Beth won’t baby-sit for them any more, but neither will I—no temptations, please.

Life goes on.  I’m filling out a bit more up top.  My mom still asks a lot of silly questions about what I’m doing and with whom, ever since she recognized the glow of sexual satisfaction on my face that day.  I’ve met a new boy in town.  He’s real cute.  We haven’t done anything yet, but I’m looking forward to it.  Every once in a while I lie in bed and remember that day with Jerry, fingering myself to explosive orgasms.

I think of all I’ve lost this past summer:  My pubic hair, my best friend, my virginity, my innocence.  Yet, what I’ve gained means so, so much more to me.

Love and Kisses,

**Annie**