**Jailbait**

I have been a horny little slut right from the start. I learned how to masturbate at 9 years old, and, while I didn’t know what it was called, I did it a lot. And I mean a LOT. I learned how to rub my little cunt against things until it spasmed and that gnawing urge passed for the time being. I was already fantasizing about boys at that age too. When my friend’s little brother dropped his pants and chased us around the yard with his little prick sticking out, I didn’t run like my friends did. I just watched with a hunger that was satisfied later that night as I rubbed my clit roughly, thinking of touching it and tasting it. As I got older, I experimented with sticking my fingers inside my hole and other objects that looked to be the right size. One year for Christmas, my parents got me a “squiggle pen” which was a pen with an offset motor in it. (Now that I’m older, I can clearly see how it was obviously an underage vibrator and wonder how my parents missed that one.) I would fantasize about the boys at school and even the girls in my class. Everything turned me on.

I was 13 when I finally got the chance to experiment with sex. I had managed to get my crush on the phone and led the conversation down a sexual path. We arranged a meeting for the next morning during the church sermon. He went early to Sunday school and unlocked the window to the room they held it in so that we could sneak in once the sermon had started and it was deserted. We met just after the sermon started and snuck across the grounds. I waited by the door while he climbed in the window and unlocked it from the inside. Roland was 16 and had a steady girlfriend and was not a virgin. He knew enough to bring a condom and took over as he laid me on the couch to fuck me. I remember less of the physical sensations, pain or pleasure, than I do of the sheer thrill of it. I felt that now familiar hunger and, if I could have seen my face, I’d have seen the savage grin that I’ve come to recognize as a sign that I’ve gotten what I wanted.

I remember thinking how lucky I was that I’d managed to get Roland to fuck me. I’d had a major crush on him for a long time and, being 3 years younger than him, was often overshadowed by the kids he hung around with. It took me awhile to realize that luck had nothing to do with it. What I later learned was that boys just wanted to fuck. Lucky me- that’s what I wanted too. I was a cute little thing, only 5’2” and 110lbs. I had dark hair and dark eyes and perky D cup tits that I was very proud of. I took to wearing cut off shorts that were about 4 inches from the waist to the bottom and loose enough to show my knickers if I moved certain ways. I’d toss on a flannel shirt and only buttoned the two across my chest, leaving much of my body wide open for viewing.

I had a lot of sex that year. I fucked on the roof of a downtown shopping center, surrounded by skyscrapers with office windows looking down on it. I fucked in a couple of bathrooms, in my friend’s parent’s bed, in cars, under a bridge with a bike path that ran along a creek. Anywhere I could, with just about anyone I could. I had a thing for older guys and the youngest of them was 15. Most were more like 17 or 18, some in their 20s. The oldest was 32. He was the uncle of friend’s cousin. I was hanging out with my friend and her cousin one day and he came to the house. I liked him right away- he looked a bit like Alan Jackson and I was a country music fan. He was very nice and I loved the way he responded to my flirting. I have always loved watching men try to keep control of themselves while I flaunted my young, sexual body and he was a prime example. He was flustered and fawning as we chatted. I was a little disappointed when he said he had to leave.

The next day, I got a call from my friend. She told me that her cousin’s uncle had confessed that he really liked me and said that he wanted to see me again. I grinned my savage grin as I took down his number. I called him up and he was practically giddy with excitement to hear who it was.  I was staying at my cousin’s and he offered to come and pick me up there and take me back to his place. We chatted idly on the way back, though it was obvious how nervous he was. I found it endearing. He told me he was married and had 3 kids. I remember being amused by that.

When we got to his house, he got me a drink and took me on a little tour of his home, ending in his bedroom with his kind sized waterbed. I’d never had sex on a waterbed and thought it sounded kind of fun so I took my shoes off and climbed up and sloshed around a bit on it, giggling. He just stood there watching me until I turned around and made eye contact with him. He managed to break his inaction and came over to the bed and kissed me. I had my hands on the edge of the bed to steady myself and he put one hand on the back of my head, reaching his fingers into my hair. He broke our kiss to set down his beer (liquid courage was a term I hadn’t learned yet) and when he turned back to me, he kissed me again, this time letting his hands explore my body.

But, unlike the boys that I had been with previously, he didn’t go strait to my tits. Nor did he immediately start to take my clothes off. Instead, he ran his hands lightly down my neck, over my shoulders, down my arms and back and back up into my hair. I moaned lightly and leaned my head back, eyes closed. He moved onto the bed and laid me back, placing his body above mine. His hands continued their gentle explorations, now venturing onto my tummy and down my hips. He moved down and picked up my legs to remove my socks. He gently massaged my toes and then asked if I minded if he sucked on them. I’d never had my toes sucked on before, but I’ve always been one for trying new things so I grinned and nodded. He confessed that he’d been staring at my toes, dying to nibble and taste them since he met me. I liked that. I giggled as he twirled his tongue around my toes.

He moved back up my body and began to kiss my tummy, still slightly rounded in the shape of a young girl, not yet a woman. Then he ran his hands up under my shirt and propped me up while he pulled it over my head, unsnapping my bra before he laid me back down. He told me how beautiful I was while he sucked my nipples, drawing them up so they stood hard on the tips of my breasts. He kissed down my body and unbuttoned my pants, sliding them, along with my knickers, down off my legs. Then he began to kiss up the inside of my thighs. I was moaning softly and my body was writhing beneath his touch as he approached my very wet little pussy. As his tongue entered the folds and began lapping up my juices, I moaned loudly and thrust my pussy into his face. He responded by burying his mouth in my hole, licking inside as deeply as he could. I squirmed and began panting with desire. He licked up the sides of my pussy and began sucking on my clit. It sent me over the edge and I bucked wildly, pushing his face against my dripping cunt until I arched back, cumming hard. He moved his tongue down to my hole and licked me clean while I lay there, twitching occasionally from the spasms that followed.

He got me a drink and a cigarette and we lay together on the bed, him lightly running his hands over my body. After awhile, I turned toward him and unbuttoned his jeans, feeling his hard cock pressing against the zipper. I pulled it out and stroked it up and down, then moved down and wrapped my lips around the tip. He moaned as I swirled my tongue around it, imitating eating an ice cream cone, as one of my friends had told me I should. It seemed my friends gave me good advice because he looked like he was enjoying it thoroughly.

He took the back of my head and gently brought it up from his cock. He looked at me and smiled, then said, “I have to fuck you now.” I grinned back at him, that savage grin that so often rises on my lips when I hear those words. He laid me back and climbed on top of my little body, moving his hips into position so that I could feel his cock pressing against my mound. Then he moved forward and it slid slowly inside of me. We moaned in unison as he began to move in and out of me, slowly at first, then quickening his pace. He placed his arms under my back and slid his hands over my shoulders, pushing my body down, farther, taking him deep inside me. He ground our hips together, putting pressure and friction on my clit until I felt another orgasm welling up inside of me. As my muscles started to contract and spasm around his cock, he groaned and thrust it deep inside of me, pumping me full of his cum. We lay there for a moment, letting the rest of the orgasm wash over us before he slid out of me, leaving a trail of our mixed juices running out of my pussy and onto the bed.

I didn’t have much time left before I had to be back or I’d be missed so I cleaned myself up just a bit, enjoying the feeling of his sticky juices mixed with mine on my thighs and in my pubic hair. He drove me home and dropped me off and I risked a quick kiss as I got out of his truck. He told me again how beautiful I was and I smiled coyly as I waved goodbye.

I didn’t see him again after that. I don’t think we ever even spoke on the phone again. It didn’t occur to me what the reason for that might have been. Life happened so quickly at that age. But from him I learned that I did not have to go hunting for men to fuck me, that all I had to do was leave myself out as bait.