Jennifer's Story (Part 1) fiction by rache

I was at the mall waiting for my friend, Shelly, who was supposed to be

meeting me there so we could see a movie. But she was late, as usually, so

I was just sitting by the food court. I'd have been in trouble if my

parents knew I was there alone, they didn't let me go anyplace by myself

since I was just turned 14 a month ago. I didn't know why, since I knew

what was going on anyway, it wasn't like I was a little kid anymore. And

besides, it wasn't my fault Shelly was late, was it?

There were a lot of people around, especially teenagers, but they were

mostly with someone, or in groups of three or four, all laughing and

joking. That made me feel even more alone, and sort of dumb, since I was by

myself. I noticed guys looking at me too, which always made me feel a

little funny about myself. Guys have been looking at me all my life

though, it seems like sometimes, so I was sorta used to it though.

Mostly they were older guys, like I don't know, in their twenties or

thirties, I guess, maybe even older. Some of them were with their wives

and they looked at me sort of sneaky, like they didn't want to get caught.

Other guys, who were with their friends, wouldn't be sneaky at all, they'd

just look and sometimes give their friend a nudge so he could look too.

And the guys who walked around alone were the worst. Some of them tried to

look like they were looking for someone, and they'd let their eyes go over

me and come back, lingering longer and longer every time. Other guys would

sit down and just watch me. That made me a little nervous, and I'd blush

and look down, or even turn around if it was really bad.

I finally got tired of waiting for Shelly. She was like half an hour

late already and I didn't know what to do, really. I didn't want to go

home, especially; it was sort of boring there. But I didn't much feel like

walking around the mall alone either. That was pretty boring too, unless

you had a lot of money, which I definitely didn't. I decided I'd go watch

the movie, even though I wondered how much fun that would really be,

sitting there in the dark alone.

I didn't really pay too much attention to what was going on around me. I

sort of kept my eyes open for Shelly, but that was about it. We always met

at the same place, so I seriously doubted she'd have been waiting for me

anyplace else. I got in line and bought my one lonely ticket, trying to

look like I was expecting to meet a whole bunch of friends inside. But the

old lady selling tickets probably didn't care anyway.

I always like popcorn. It tastes better at the movies for some reason.

But it's kind of expensive too. I figured I could get a small one, maybe,

and so I got in the line for the concession stand, which was sorta long,

like it always is.

"What movie are you seeing?" Some guy asked, and it took a couple

seconds before I figured out he was talking to me.

I turned around a little, expecting to recognize him, but I didn't. he

was older, like in his thirties, I guess, maybe as old as my dad. He

wasn't really tall, but bigger than me, and he looked pretty normal with

brown eyes and black hair. He had a nice smile, I thought, and it sort of

reassured me for some reason. Maybe he knew me or something.

"Bring It On Some More" I told him. I brushed a little bit of blonde

hair out of my eyes; it's long and I keep thinking I should cut it, but I

never do. I just had it loose that day and kept blowing all over the

place, even when it seemed like there wasn't any wind.

"Me too." He smiled some more.

"Oh." I didn't really know what else to say. I took a little step as

the line moved, but it was slow.

"I was supposed to meet my friend here, but I guess she couldn't make

it." The man explained after a few seconds. "She goes to college."

"Yeah." I nodded sympathetically, he was pretty nice, I thought. "My

friend was sposed to be here too, I don't know where she is."

"Really?" He frowned a little, as if it were no big deal that he was

alone, but it made him sad to know that I was by myself too. "That's too

bad." We shuffled forward a couple feet. "What college do you go to?" He

asked me.

"What?" I laughed and he blushed a little, looking confused. "I don't

go to college..."

"Oh, I thought you said you..."

"I go to the middle school." I smiled at his embarrassment. "I'm only

in the eighth grade."

"Oh wow, um..." He sort of looked away, probably feeling pretty dumb, I

thought.

"That's okay." I stopped giggling and just smiled. "You really thought

I was in college?"

"Well, yeah...I mean the way you look, sure." He nodded seriously. "I

thought you were 18 or 19 maybe."

That sort of warmed me up all over. I guess I always knew that I'm

attractive, without being all stuck on myself or anything. But I didn't

think I looked like a full grown woman yet. I was just 5'3" tall and kind

of thin, but not like skinny. My boobs were growing, but just still A

cups, with bubblegum pink nipples that got kind of sore and puffy

sometimes, like I could feel them trying to grow. I had nice legs,

everybody said so, and I wasn't sure, but I guess my butt was pretty nice.

I'd heard guys talking about it at school and it had made me seriously

embarrassed, but kind of happy too.

"I wish I was." I giggled and we moved up a little more.

"You'll get there." He chuckled softly. "My name is Paul." He held out

his hand and I shook it without thinking too much about it, really.

"I'm Jennifer." I felt his hand smooth and dry and holding mine gently,

he didn't let go right away, but just looked at me for a long count of

three. I sort of liked it.

We kind of stood there for a little while, not saying anything and just

moving slowly with the line. "So I guess you must have a boyfriend, huh?"

He said to me. "I'm surprised he's not taking you to see the movie."

"Oh no." I shook my head with a little self-conscious smile. "I don't

have a boyfriend, my folks don't want me to date or anything until I'm

older."

"Older?" He looked me up and down, taking in my skechers, and loose

khaki painter pants, and the white cotton halter top I was wearing; it had

a green and yellow daisy stitched into the front. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen." I told him. "My dad says I can have a boyfriend when I'm

16, maybe."

"That doesn't seem fair." Paul shook his head. "That's just a number,

anybody can see you're not some little girl."

I blushed at that, smiling and looking down at my hands. That was

exactly what I thought too. It really made me feel good to hear someone

else saying it, especially a nice guy like Paul. He really believed it

too, I could see it in his eyes when I glanced up, brushing hair from my

bright blue eyes again.

"But, maybe it's a good thing too." Paul told me with a smile and before

I could ask him why he was telling me. "I mean a girl as beautiful as you

is going to have a lot of guys asking her out."

"Ah, no..." I giggled, rolling my eyes a little like I knew he was

teasing me.

"I'm serious." Paul insisted, smiling and looking into my eyes. "I'd

love to have a girlfriend like you."

"You would?" I didn't really believe that. Paul was so nice and he had

a girlfriend in college. I bet she was really pretty too, way more pretty

than I was. "You're teasing." I laughed nervously.

"What? Me? No, I wouldn't ever tease you, Jennifer. No way." He

grinned and leaned a little closer. "Not unless you wanted me to."

I wasn't sure why anyone would ever want to be teased, but it didn't

matter. He was making me smile again and I really started to wish I had a

boyfriend like him to take me to the movies. This was way more fun than

listening to Shelly's gossip.

We were getting close to the counter now and I suddenly realized that in

a minute or two I'd get my popcorn and then I'd be alone again. I can't

say I really thought about it, but sometimes that's what happens, you know?

You just do stuff for no good reason than it seems like a good idea.

"Hey do, uh..." I was nervous and my heart was beating a little faster,

but I didn't know why. This wasn't a big deal, was it? "...do you want to

sit with me?" I looked at Paul's face and spoke quickly. "I mean um, you

know, just sit by me and we can sort of watch the movie together?"

"Uh, well..." Paul seemed to think about it and he smiled and nodded.

"Sure, yeah, I'd like that a lot, Jennifer. But..." he tilted his head a

little, looking serious. "...only if you let me buy your popcorn, okay?"

"Uh, sure, okay." I said, smiling with relief. I hadn't known what he

was gonna say!

"Good." Paul smiled down at me. "It'll be nice to watch the movie with

someone."

"Yeah." I agreed.

We were sort of late getting into the movie, since that line for popcorn

had been so long. Paul had got me a super large popcorn and a giant coke

and even some of those sticky candies that get stuck in your teeth. I

hardly ever got those cause it was like two dollars for a box of them.

Paul didn't care though, he just smiled at me and paid for everything. The

previews were on already though, like I said, and so we just ended up

sitting close to the back of the theater, instead of up front where me and

Shelly usually sat. That was okay though. At least we weren't sitting

behind anybody really tall, or close to those people who talk too much

during the movie. We had some space around us, and I liked it.

Paul sat to my left and we shared the popcorn, sort of resting it on

both of our knees. Our legs were touching a little so it wouldn't fall

down, and sometimes our fingers would touch too, when we were both reaching

for popcorn at the same time. But I didn't mind. It was nice just being

there with someone. We shared the Coke too, but that embarrassed Paul a

little, I think.

"I should have got two straws." He whispered, slipping low in his seat

so that his mouth was close to my ear.

"That's okay." I giggled. "I don't mind." And I took a long sip right

after he did just to prove it. I wasn't a little kid, after all, I didn't

worry about cooties or anything stupid like that.

He smiled in the flickering light, his head turned to look at me.

"What?" I finally whispered, smiling and blushing from his stare, but

not really looking away either.

"Nothing." Paul shook his head. "I was just thinking about how

beautiful you are."

"Right!" I said, just a little louder than a whisper, and I covered my

mouth giggling again. I pushed him a little bit too, feeling his chest

under my hand. I felt really warm in that theater and my heart was beating

a little faster, just like it had before. I looked at Paul, but he was

watching the movie again.

It was maybe halfway into the movie when I felt Paul's arm slipping

around my shoulder. It surprised me and I jumped, just a little.

"I'm sorry." Paul looked at me, but didn't move his arm at all. "I just

thought this would be more comfortable. Is it okay?" He hugged m a little,

his hand closing gently on my shoulder and actually pulling me a little so

I rested against him with just the arm of the chair between us.

"Yeah." I swallowed hard and felt my lungs getting heavy or something,

like it was hard to breathe. I'd never had a man, or even a boy, put his

arm around me before. I had little goosebumps on my arms, but I wasn't

cold. I was too hot, really. My mouth was dry and I licked my lips.

"Are you okay?" Paul was looking at me, his face just a few inches from

mine as I looked back at him.

"Yeah, I...I think so." I was so scared, just being held like that. I

wondered what he was thinking, if Paul was nervous too. But he was older,

his girlfriend went to college, I reminded myself. This is probably what

all the college girls did, letting someone put his arms around you wasn't a

big deal. I tried to breath, but it was hard, and my breasts were aching a

little as my lings labored beneath them. My nipples itched for no good

reason and even felt hot and cold at the same time.

"Can I kiss you, Jennifer?" Paul asked me very quietly, very seriously,

like he'd been waiting his whole life to ask me that one question.

"I...I don't know...." I licked my lips again, staring into his eyes.

They were dark, but shining too with the light from the projector

reflecting off of them.

"If you don't want to, it's okay." He promised me. "I like you a lot

and I don't want to do anything you don't want to do too." His voice was

calm and tender and so reasonable. I closed my eyes, thinking that it

would be so nice to be kissed. And to be kissed for the very first time by

a real man, by someone who really liked me, who thought I was beautiful and

older. He wouldn't ask if I was just a kid, would he?

"Okay." I breathed, and kept my eyes closed, waiting anxiously without

knowing what to expect. My body was tense, like all my muscles were coiled

springs and it felt like the hair on my head was standing straight up.

"Relax, sweetie..." Paul's voice was in my ear and then I felt his lips

for the first time on mine. They were soft and moist without being wet and

they stayed on mine for 5 seconds maybe before he pulled back slightly.

"Ohhh..." I let out the breath I was holding and swallowed thickly. My

body felt like it was on fire on the inside and I was just trying to figure

out what else I was feeling when he kissed me again.

This time it was different though, the tip of hi tongue slipped between

Paul's lips and flicked lightly across and between mine. I felt it wet and

warm, trying to work it's way into my mouth and I gradually surrendered to

it without even realizing what I was doing. It just happened, really, and

the new and wonderful sensation of Paul's tongue sliding over my teeth,

wriggling and tickling and exploring my mouth, was incredible.

I felt little explosions behind my eyes and my tummy was doing

flip-flops. Paul had brought his other hand up to touch my face while he

cradled me in his arm. I didn't know what to do with my hands, I couldn't

even think about it, it felt like everything I was feeling was pushing the

thoughts right out of my head. I was touching him though, one of my hands

finding his leg and squeezing Paul's thigh, while the other was on his

shoulder, squeezing him there as well.

His tongue filled my mouth over and over, and soon I was learning from

it, trying to do the same things he was doing. I pushed my tongue

tentatively into Paul's mouth, and explored the warm softness I found there

slowly. I tickled his tongue with mine, and soon we were playing, out

tongues seeming to wrestle with each other, first in his mouth, then in

mine, and than back again.

When we finally had to stop, we were both breathing hard. I felt hot

and damp all over and my tongue felt tired and thick. Even my lips were

sore from Paul sucking them tenderly on and off between kisses. I felt

wonderful inside, like I could do anything. It was the best feeling of my

life and I never wanted it to end.

We kissed for the rest of the movie, making out for a good hour I bet,

and the experience had me shivering with excitement. I was tingling all

over, but especially my nipples, which just seemed tormented and begging

for some sort of attention; and down between my legs, between my thighs

where my sex was. I could feel myself moist, like I was having my period

or something, but it wasn't that. I wasn't even close to the end of my

cycle. This was different, a new wetness that I'd heard some of the girls

talk about at school, but I'd never felt it before. I felt greasy and

there was a little ache, like a tiny cramp, but it didn't hurt, it felt

sort of good. And somewhere else, where the butterflies were, it was like

I was getting little shocks sometimes, just once in awhile, but enough to

make me gasp softly into Paul's mouth.

As the movie ended, Paul slowly let me go. I didn't want him to, and

part of me just wished we could have stayed in that movie theater forever.

We sat there in the dark, watching the credits and catching our breath as

anonymous shadowy people walked up the aisle past us.

"Do you have to go home right away?" Paul asked me, leaning close.

"No." I whispered back immediately, not thinking about it at all.

"Do you want to come to my house with me?" He licked his lips and again

I didn't hesitate; I just didn't want to leave this moment, even if it

meant going to Paul's house to keep it.

"Yeah." I nodded and Paul stood, reaching down to take my hand and lead

me out of the theater and into his car.

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End of part one rache696@yahoo.com

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Jennifer's Story (Part 2) fiction by rache

I was nervous, yeah, getting into Paul's car with him. But I wasn't

scared, not like you probably think. He held my hand gently all the way

out of theater and across the parking lot, and we talked about the movie

and how good it was, but I couldn't remember very much of it and I felt a

little silly. My legs felt like they belonged to somebody else, like I

couldn't even feel the ground.

"Are you sure this is okay, Jennifer?" Paul was rubbing my leg softly as

he drove and I was smiling.

"Uh-huh." I nodded, but inside my heart was still pounding, like it had

been all afternoon it seemed like and I wondered if I was going to have a

heart attack or something.

"You are so beautiful." He was smiling and always saying nice things

like that. Asking me about school and my friends, and sometimes I'd say

something funny, or silly maybe, and he'd laugh and I'd laugh too. I think

we went a long ways, but it went by so fast it just seemed like we were

flying instead of driving, you know?

He lived in a normal house, on a normal street, and clicked the little

button for his garage and we pulled in with the big heavy door closing

behind us. I had a little bit of doubt right then, like maybe this wasn't

a good idea. I was only fourteen, I thought, and that suddenly didn't seem

so old for some reason.

"It's okay." We were still in the car, just sitting there in the garage,

and Paul was looking at me. "I'm nervous too..." he leaned over a little,

his hand squeezing my thigh gently, reassuring me.

"Really?" I turned my head a little, looking at him. "Why are you

nervous?" I wondered out loud, but it made me feel a little better knowing

he did, like it wasn't just me.

"Because I've never met a woman like you before." He smiled and maybe

blushed, just a little. "I really want you to like me."

"I do like you!" I giggled, wondering why he didn't know that. I mean

we'd been kissing and everything! And then I realized that he'd called me

a woman as my brain caught up with my ears. I smiled to myself and took a

little breath, feeling like I was growing, right there in the car.

I thought maybe Paul was going to kiss me again, because I was a woman

and he was a man, and I wouldn't have minded at all, in fact my tummy

seemed to tighten up in little knots, getting ready for it. But he didn't.

"Let's go inside, I'll introduce you to Sugar." He gave my leg one last

squeeze and then gave me a serious look. "You're not allergic to cats, are

you?"

I shook my head. "No. I love cats."

"Good!" He smiled. "Because she thinks it's her house, not mine."

I giggled at that and we got out, and I followed Paul into his kitchen

through the side door. Sugar was there waiting for him, a small white cat

with long hair that rubbed up against Paul's leg, mewling for attention.

She was adorable and Paul picked her up, stroking the cat for a moment and

handing her to me.

"Do you want a coke or something?" He asked.

"Um, can I use your bathroom?" I had to pee cause that coke at the

theater had been sort of big.

"Oh, sure. It's this way..." He led me out of the kitchen to where the

house kind of split, with a big living room to the left and a hallway to

the right. There were 4 doors, a couple on the left, and one to the right,

and one at the opposite end. They were all open and the bathroom was the

first door on the left.

I closed the door and locked it, feeling a little self-conscious, and

silly too, like maybe Paul would forget I was here and just walk in or

something. That thought made me giggle and when I was done, I washed my

hands and looked in the mirror, frowning a little at my reflection. I was

pretty, I thought, but not really beautiful, was I? I hoped so, I wished I

were, and Paul had said I was, but...I tried to see the woman that Paul

said I was, and I wasn't sure about that either. I sorta looked like a

kid, I thought and I dug in my little purse for my brush, trying to fix my

hair, but it just hung long and straight and boring blonde, like always. I

wished I had some lipstick, or perfume or something, but my parents

wouldn't let me have real makeup. I bit my lip and sighed a little unsure

of who I was really.

Paul was in the living room when I came out. He'd fixed us some sodas

and he had a little bowl of chips. He was holding Sugar in one hand,

stroking it with the other, and the cat was purring loudly.

"Here, you can sit by me." Paul was on the sofa and he scooted over just

a little, making some extra room for me. He put Sugar on the floor while I

took a sip of my Coke. "Feel better?" Paul smiled and I nodded.

"Yeah." I looked around, wondering what we were going to do. It was a

nice house, pretty normal with pictures on the wall, a bookcase and

television on a stand, a little stereo, everything you'd expect. "Is um,

is your girlfriend going to come here?" I asked, just cause I wondered

about her.

"Oh, I don't think so." Paul shook his head. "If she couldn't make it

to the movie, then she probably had to go into work or something." He

shrugged. "She'll probably call me later, making it all my fault." He

laughed and so did I. "Do you want to see her picture?"

Paul was already getting up before I could nod, going to the bookcase

and getting out a photo album, one of those big kind. He sat down next to

me, getting close so we could open it on both our legs. "This is all her."

Paul smiled and opening the cover. "I like to take pictures."

"All these pictures are of your girlfriend?" I sort of thumbed through

the pages, flipping the edge really quickly, and the thick album looked

like it was full.

"Yep." Paul nodded. "This is all Nina. "Here we go, this was when I

first met her, we were camping up in the mountains." The first pictures

were of a girl who looked about 13 maybe, not much older than that, wearing

a t-shirt and shorts, and little hiking boots, smiling as she sat on a

picnic table. She had short black hair and a nice smile.

"I thought you said she was in college?" I giggled, feeling confused.

There were more pictures, mostly of her on the picnic table, posing in some

of them, and in others she was laughing, or talking it looked like, just

snap shots.

"She is now." Paul nodded. "But when I met her she was just in the

seventh grade." He turned to look at me. "She was like you, Jennifer, a

special young woman and not a little kid at all. Nina has been my

girlfriend for six years almost."

"Six years?" I thought that was a long time and no wonder he had so many

pictures of her. They must really love each other I thought, and that made

me a little sad somehow, like maybe I was sort of hoping he'd be mad at

her, or something and...

"Uh-huh." He was flipping through the pages and we looked at Nina doing

all sorts of things in all sorts of places; riding a horse, hanging out at

a swimming pool, playing badminton with some other girl. She was always

smiling and cute, even beautiful I thought, in some of the pictures. It

made me feel a little jealous and I felt bad about that.

We leaned back on the couch and Paul put his right arm around me,

hugging me to him and it felt nice. I'd look at the pictures and he'd tell

me about them, where they were, what they were doing, stuff like that. It

was fun and I wished someone liked me that much, taking all those pictures,

spending all that time with me.

"I bet you really love her, don't you?" I finally had to say, because

looking at all those pictures was making me a little sad. I wished Paul

were my boyfriend and not Nina's.

"Oh yeah." He nodded, smiling at me as I looked at him. "But..." he

shrugged and acted like he wanted to say something, but he was shy or

nervous maybe.

"What?" I asked him.

"Well, I don't know...six years is a long time and I think she wants to

date someone else maybe." He looked kind of sad, I thought, but not like he

was going to cry or anything. "It's okay though, that's how much I want

her to be happy..." He put on a brave smile or me and gave me a little hug.

"So, she's not...your girlfriend anymore?" I asked slowly, trying to

understand.

"Mmmm...She sort of is, but I don't think we'll be together much

longer." He chuckled softly. "Besides, she's getting too old for me

anyway, right?"

I laughed, since he was pretty old, but he didn't seem like he was old.

There were boys at school I thought I liked a lot, but Paul was way better

than they were, I realized. He was sweet and smart and nice and I felt

kind of bad for him. But I felt sort of happy too, in a bad way though,

because part of me was thinking maybe if Nina wasn't his girlfriend, then

maybe I could...But just thinking that made me blush and I looked down

quickly, flipping to the next page and seeing Nina smiling happily in a

short red skirt and black tank top, posed by a statue of some indian with a

peace pipe.

"What?" Paul was smiling at me. He'd caught my face turning red and

that just made me even more shy. "What is it, Jennifer?"

But I didn't want to tell him, so I just smiled a little and flipped

another page. There was Nina making a face at the camera, pulling her lips

apart with her fingers and sticking out her tongue.

"You better tell me." Paul teased me gently and his fingers slipped down

to tickle my ribs and I squirmed. "Oh, you're ticklish? You're going to

be in real trouble now!" He was laughing and I refused to talk, so pretty

soon he was tickling me with both hands, scratching my sides and making me

roll around on the big sofa, the album falling to the floor forgotten. I

was practically howling with laughter and trying to curl up to protect

myself.

I was breathless and red faced and hot by the time Paul stopped. He was

on top of me, my legs spread around his as he knelt on the carpet. I could

feel his chest against my breasts and his face was close to mine. I stared

into his eyes and my stomach churned because I knew he wanted to kiss me,

and he did. I wrapped my arms around Paul as his tongue slipped into my

mouth and I accepted it eagerly, kissing him back. It felt so good, my

body was already hot, but it felt like I was burning on the inside too.

Paul was moving a little while we kissed, and so was I, squirming

beneath him and I felt him against my pelvis, pressing me down there

between my legs. The contact felt good and made me move all the more, sort

of lifting my hips, just a little so I could feel more of it. My legs

seemed to wrap themselves around his hips, without me even realizing they

were doing it, and I felt him rubbing himself against me too, like he

needed to feel me the same way.

I gasped when I felt one of his hands move to my breasts. He was so

gentle though and my boobs felt all achy and tender, my nipples itched and

burned under my bra, and he squeezed my left breast, rubbing it and making

me moan a little into his mouth. Paul pulled at the straps of my halter

top, slipping them off my shoulders and working it down. I didn't stop

him, or do anything like that, I was feeling too good kissing him. He

massaged my breasts some more, through the soft padding of my bra and then

he was slowly sliding a hand behind me, and I was dimly aware of his

fingers working at the little hook in the back.

Paul kissed my neck and I sucked cool air into my lungs as my bra

suddenly came loose. He kissed my ear and nibbled on my ear lobe so that

all I could do was squeeze him to me, it felt so different and wonderful.

He had his hand on my bare boob now, and I arched my back a little, as if

trying to get more of my smallish tit into his large hand. His thumb

played across my nipple, rubbing it and pressing the hard puffy knob of

flesh until it felt so good it almost hurt.

When he started kissing my breasts, that was the best though. I could

barely breathe anymore as he slid his mouth down a little, shifting his

whole body lower so that my legs were around his ribs and his stomach was

between my thighs. He took my left breast into his mouth, practically the

whole thing it seemed like, and sucked on it. I could feel his tongue

moving around and over my tit, bathing me in wet warmth and I just clutched

him to me. I'd never felt anything like that before and it was making me

almost crazy for more. I found myself pushing him gently, urging him to do

the same thing to my other breast, and it was so nice like that.

I couldn't have stopped him, even if I'd wanted to, and I didn't even

say anything when I felt his hands sliding along my waist and tummy to find

the top of my painter pants. I just moaned softly, digging my fingers in

his hair while he sucked my boobs, alternating between them and making me

see stars behind my closed eyes. He was unbuttoning my pants, unzipping

them and pulling them down, but I didn't care. I felt so hot all over and

especially between my legs. It was new and exciting and I couldn't stop

him, I couldn't even stop myself.

I lifted my hips, getting my butt off the couch enough for Paul to get

my pants down, over my hips and to the tops of my thighs. He brought his

lips back to mine, kissing me again and I sucked his tongue between my

lips, tickling it with my own tongue. I felt his hands guiding me, pushing

left leg so that it was next to my right and he was pulling my pants down,

past my knees, and ankles, and finally off completely.

The thought that I was laying there with my top around my waist, my bra

undone completely, and now wearing just my knickers, sent a little shock

through me. I was suddenly frightened and nervous and I shook my head,

pushing Paul away from me. I took a deep breath and then another as his

hands slid up and down my bare smooth thighs. He was watching my face as

he moved my legs back the way they were, spread apart around him as he

knelt in front of me.

"I don't know if I should do this." I whispered, feeling very small.

"It's okay, Jennifer." He kissed my forehead and looked into my eyes.

He brought his hands to my shoulders, squeezing me gently. "I just want

you to feel good..."

"But I...I shouldn't..." My heart was pounding and I'd never felt so

frightened in my life. What was he doing to me, I wondered. How had I

ended up here, like this?

"I love you, Jennifer." He whispered and kissed my lips softly. "Don't

you love me?"

I didn't know. I thought I did. I wanted to, I thought, and his words

sent a secret thrill through my veins. I wanted him to love me and do the

things with me that he'd done with Nina. I wanted to hear him say all

those nice things, again and again and again. I was beautiful, he'd said.

I was a woman and special and...and he loved me. I felt drunk somehow, but

entirely clear too, which was a different sort of confusion for me.

"Yes..." I said softly, looking at him and swallowing hard. "I love

you."

Paul kissed me gently again, a slow kiss, but deep and meaningful and I

felt like I was melting into it. His tongue moved inside my mouth slowly,

working across mine, and his hands rubbed my breasts and down to my waist

and tummy and thighs. It felt like he was touching me all over and I had

my eyes closed, hearing him tell me he loved me, over and over.

As Paul's hand slipped between my thighs it was all I could do to keep

from trying to run away. I didn't want to run. I wanted to stay there and

feel him holding me. We were still kissing and I had my arms around his

neck. My whole body was flushed and sweaty and tingling all over. But

still, it was the first time anyone had touched me there, in my private

place. My secret place that mom had said nobody was supposed to touch. I

felt the urge to get up, to get away, like I was in trouble. But I fought

it. I wanted to be a woman, I wanted to have a boyfriend and be loved and

in love.

My body tensed as I felt his fingers brushing across my knickers. I was

wet down there, I knew, moist and super hot and I wanted to

feel...something. I wanted to push myself against something, the way we'd

done it before, just rubbing our bodies together. When Paul touched me

there, on my sex, my hips thrust against him like he'd pushed a button or

something and turned me on. I pressed my crotch to his hand, groaning and

kissing Paul's cheeks and lips. My sex was aching, like I had a cramp or

something, but much different from anything I'd ever experienced before.

This was coming from someplace else, some part of me that I'd never dreamt

of before.

Paul rubbed my vagina slowly, playing with me it seemed, or maybe

teasing me, and it was like torture almost. There was a spot down there

that was begging for more, and I was squirming against him, trying to find

it. Paul sucked my nipples again, distracting me with a little rush of

pleasure as he pulled my knickers aside. His fingers touched my bare flesh,

the humid folds of my vagina, my...pussy, although I'd never said that word

in my life. I knew what it was, I wasn't a kid. Paul was touching my

pussy, rubbing it with his fingers, squeezing and pinching and exploring me

carefully.

All I could do was hug his head and rock my hips, with my head tilted

back and gasping for air. Every part of me was alive and most especially

my sex, more than anything else, the feeling of Paul's hand rubbing my

pussy was pushing me headlong over a cliff and into a place I'd never

imagined. When he touched the part of me that burned the most, that little

spot on the top of my slit, it was like something burst inside of me.

There was a sensation of my vagina curling up into itself, getting tighter

somehow and throbbing way down inside. I felt a rush of wetness seeming to

pour out of me, running down to my butt. Paul was rubbing my clitoris,

barely mature and inexperienced, and something of which I'd barely been

aware existed until that moment. I could feel his fingers on it, caressing

and teasing me, bringing that knot of tender flesh to life.

I couldn't breath and I had tears at the corner of my eyes. Sparklers

were dancing in the darkness and I was telling Paul how much I loved him.

My whole body shook and my thighs squeezed against his body until I felt

the muscles in my legs burning from the effort. It lasted minutes or

hours, or just seconds, I had no way of knowing. It just seemed like time

had stopped just so I could live the first orgasm of my young life forever.

I felt exhausted and I lay there, barely aware that Paul was no longer

kissing my breasts, or touching my sex. I sensed, rather than saw him

undressing and I didn't care, or didn't understand, or didn't realize what

we were doing. I just knew I was in love and that I'd never felt so good

about anything ever before.

"Did that feel good?" Paul was whispering, his body back on mine. He

was between my legs, kneeling like before, and he stroked my thighs with

his hands slowly.

"Yeah..." I nodded, smiling at him.

"You're such a special girl, Jennifer." He kissed me. "My special

girl...my sexy little girl..."

"Uh-huh..." I moaned softly and felt something between my legs, hard and

blunt, working slowly up and down the slippery folds of my vagina. It made

me gasp and I blinked as I realized what it must be, looking down my body

and seeing Paul's hand around the shaft of his hard penis, rubbing the head

of it against me.

"I'll be careful..." Paul was saying. "...very slow, okay?"

I nodded, feeling terrified and thrilled all at the same time. "Are we

going to do it?" I asked dumbly, as if I couldn't believe what I was

seeing.

"We're going to make love, Jennifer." Paul leaned down, pressing his

lips to mine and I accepted his kiss as his swollen penis found purchase at

the entrance to my virgin womb. He held it there, un moving, barely

penetrating me at all, and brought a hand to my face, and then lower, so he

held the back of my head in his hand.

Paul's tongue filled my mouth and at the same instant I felt the

pressure of his manhood forcing its way inside me. I gasped with surprise,

and then with pain as it seemed to split my body in half, tearing inside my

flesh and hurting me. I pushed my palms against his chest and tried to

turn my head away from his kiss. I wanted to scream and tell him to stop!

He had to stop, it was too big! I wasn't a woman at all, I was just a

little girl and it was too big!

But he didn't stop, or even let me go, he just held my mouth trapped

against his and his much larger body against mine. I felt a sharp stab of

pain and Paul stopped for a moment, pulling his penis back slightly, and I

realized he must have reached the bottom of me. That was all he could get

inside, because he was so big and I was so small. I thought maybe it

wasn't so bad afterall...I was wrong though. He'd just gotten a few inches

inside me and found my hymen. He held me even tighter and lunged forward

with his hips, spearing his penis into and through the tiny barrier that

guarded my womb. I felt my flesh tearing inside me, ripping with a

heart-stopping explosion of pain. It felt like I'd been burned, or cut, or

stabbed between my legs and I was screaming then, but only into Paul's open

mouth and he seemed to breathe in all of my pain.

After that he was inside me, all the way inside, so that there was no

part of his penis...his cock, that wasn't touching me. I felt a deep

aching pain in my guts, worse than any cramp, but it was dull, not sharp

like before. My vagina seemed to clasp itself to Paul's penis, and I felt

little contractions and spasms of muscles that I had no control over. He

held me like that for awhile, kissing me until finally the pain had faded

to something I could bear and I was kissing him back.

"I'm sorry." Paul whispered, his cock inside me and his mouth close to

my ear.

"It hurt." I told him.

"I know." He kissed my cheek and I realized I'd been crying. "I'm

sorry." He repeated. "It'll be better now, I promise, Jennifer."

I'd felt angry and frightened, but mostly angry when he'd torn through

my cherry. It had hurt a lot, but I was forgiving him. Every girl has to

go through that, I thought, and Paul had tried to make it not hurt. I

really was a woman now and I tried to ignore the lingering pain and

discomfort as Paul began to work his cock slowly in and out of me, moving

carefully and kissing me tenderly. It still hurt, but it was getting

better as my vagina stretched around his repeated thrusts. I wished I

could have felt like I had before, when he'd been touching me, but I

didn't. That was sort of okay though too, because it let me focus on

everything I was feeling, memorizing the moments that I was losing my

virginity. I'd lost something forever, I thought, kissing Paul deeply as

he worked himself in and out of me, but I'd gained something as well.

Paul kept his rhythm nice and slow, pausing if I gasped, to kiss me and

make sure I was okay. Mostly I was, but once in awhile his penis would

touch some part of me that was new, stretching me and bringing a sharp

little spike of pain, but those went away quick. My body was made for

this, I told myself, trying to relax and enjoy it. I'd heard girls talking

about sex before, mostly the ones that did it the most, or said they did

anyway, seemed to like it the most. They talked about how good it felt and

how it was way better than getting fingered. I wondered if I'd ever feel

like that, maybe I just needed to do it a whole bunch of times.

"You're so hot, Jen...So tight for me..." Paul was whispering in my ear.

"...I'm getting close, baby...Do you want me to cum inside you?"

"I...I don't know..." I was breathing hard and staring up at him.

"Wha...what if I get pregnant?" I asked him, feeling a little rush of dread

filling my tummy.

"It's okay..." Paul kissed my cheek . "I love you, Jennifer..."

"I love you too." I answered, swallowing hard.

"Then tell me you want me to cum in your pussy, Jen..." he was moving

faster and it was hurting me, but I ignored it, biting my lip and closing

my eyes. "Tell me you want it, baby."

"I...I want it..." I gasped. "Cum in my...my pussy..." I hugged him

tight, wishing it were over. His cock was like a red hot piece of iron,

splitting my pussy in two over and over again.

"Oh yeah, Jen...here it comes, girl...uhhh..." And Paul really pushed

himself into me hard, crushing his chest against my breasts and kissing me

passionately as his cock seemed to swell and jerk deep within my tender

aching vagina. I felt his sperm as a strange and indistinct warmth

spreading through me. He was moaning into my mouth as our tongues played

against each other and we stayed like for a long time until he finally

pulled back, smiling and licking his lips as he slipped his penis out of my

sex with a little wash of our juices.

I looked down to his cock semi-hard and shining darkly. It had traces

of blood on it and there between my legs I could see his semen, pinkish and

streaked with crimson from my lost virginity. I touched my pussy gingerly,

exploring with just my fingertips, but it seemed only the inside was

hurting, outside everything okay, I was just wet and a little sticky, and

everything looked a little plump. My lips, my labia, were swollen and

pulled out a little and my clit was half-hiding in the crinkly soft skin

around it.

"Let's go to the bathroom," Paul was saying, reaching to take my hand.

"I'll wash you up, okay?"

I felt a little dazed and I nodded dumbly, letting him lead me to the

bath. He ran warm water and as I sat in the tub, Paul washed me gently.

His hands were soft and thorough, soaping every part of me, especially my

vagina and even my ass, although I was a little embarrassed by that and I

blushed terribly when he wiggled a soapy finger into my tiny anus. Paul

just kissed me and told me that I shouldn't ever be shy in front of him.

"You're my girlfriend now, right?" He smiled, massaging my aching pussy

as I lay in the tub, my legs spread wide for his fingers.

"Am I?" I giggled a little nervously. He hadn't said anything before

and I'd been too busy, or too worried maybe, to ask.

"Do you want to be?" He worked his thumb across my love button and I

felt my clit growing hot.

"Yeah." I sighed, moving my hips just a little because it was feeling so

good between my thighs. "But what about Nina?" I asked him, suddenly

remembering her and sitting up a little.

"Shhh...Nina's a big girl; she can take care of herself." Paul chuckled.

"Are you ready to get out, or do you want to stay in the water a little

more?"

"Mmm...just a little more." I sighed, settling back and wondering

briefly what time it was. What time it was? I felt a little rush of panic

as I realized it had to be late. I was supposed to be home by seven and...

"What is it?" Paul looked at me with concern in his eyes.

"What time is it?" I asked him, fighting to stay calm.

"Mmmm..." He picked up his watch from the counter next to the sink and

looked at it. "Almost ten."

"Ten?" I stared at him. "Ten o'clock at night? Oh God! My dad's gonna

kill me!" I started getting up, looking around for a towel and feeling my

heart ready to burst.

"Why don't you just stay here?" Paul asked gently, making it sound

almost reasonable. He was standing too and reaching for a towel.

"What?" I grabbed the towel he offered.

"Stay with me." He took the towel back and dried me slowly, working the

soft cotton down my body. "You can call your parents, tell them you're

staying with a friend..."

I laughed a little, wishing I could do what he said. "They'll tell me

to come home, you don't know my parents. They're...uh..." I tried to think

of the word.

"Dicks?" Paul offered and I laughed at him.

"Yeah, they're dicks." I agreed. "They're gonna ground me for a year."

"What if you didn't go home?" Paul wondered, looking like he was

thinking hard about something. "Ah, nevermind..." He shrugged and wrapped

the towel around my body, covering me from my breasts to my thighs.

"What?" I asked him, sort of forgetting I should have been in a hurry to

get home. But a little voice told me that if I was that late already, a

few more minutes weren't going to matter.

"Well, I was just thinking you could stay with me." He shrugged. "But

if you have to go home, I understand." I sensed his disappointment and I

felt bad, worse than that I felt like a little kid again.

I was going to go home and get yelled at and spanked probably, even

though I was 14 already, and then grounded, just because I was a little

late on a Friday night. It wasn't fair at all, I thought. Why couldn't my

dad be like Paul? He understood that I was grown up already and he treated

me like it too. I used to get along okay with my parents, but as I got

older they got worse and I didn't understand it at all. If it were up to

them I never even would have met Paul, let alone come home with him. And

if my mom and dad found out I wasn't a virgin anymore I was going to be

really sorry. They'd made that clear plenty of times.

So is it any wonder I made up my mind the way I did?

"I can stay with you." I said softly, feeling shy and wondering if Paul

could hear the pounding of my heart in my chest.

"Are you sure?" Paul smiled at me. "I can take you home if you want

and..."

"No, uh-uh, I don't want to go home." I hugged him, pressing myself to

his body. "I want to stay here with you."

"Okay Jen, okay." Paul whispered, kissing the top of my head.

I didn't know what I was going to do later, because eventually I would

have to go home. But I didn't care about that, later was going to be

tomorrow, or maybe even the next day, since tomorrow was Saturday. I'd let

them worry, it would do them good, sort of a punishment, I thought, for the

way they ignored the person that I really was on the inside.

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End of part two rache696@yahoo.com

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Jennifer's Story (Part 3) fiction by rache

\*Flash\*

Paul was taking pictures of me and I was giggling, blushing and feeling

very shy. I'd just lost my virginity a couple hours before and now he had

me posing like I was one of those girls in the magazines my daddy hid in

the basement.

"Just like that!" He was laughing too and moving this way and that as I

posed for him. It was almost impossible to believe what I was doing, it

seemed so ridiculous, and not like me at all to be such a...slut? Or

something. That was the worst word that came to mind though, and who else

but a slut would let a man take pictures of her naked after they made love

for the very first time?

But I did love him. I knew that now, and he loved me, so that made it

okay. I'd do this because he really wanted me to, and I really wanted to

make Paul happy. It was like having sex, losing my virginity, had changed

me in some big way. But I couldn't define it, or anything, I just felt it.

I wasn't a kid anymore and the things I'd been so afraid of, well they

didn't frighten me so much anymore, at least not right then with Paul

smiling and teasing me and telling me I was beautiful and sexy.

I looked down at my pussy. It had just a little hair, slightly darker

than the hair of my head, a kind of a light brown, and beneath that my

vagina, which was pink and puffy looking, but not so bad as before. Right

after we'd made love it had really seemed sort of raw, but the bath had

felt good and so had our little supper. We'd eaten Ravioli and peanut

butter and jelly sandwiches and mostly giggled while we did it., especially

when Paul told me he wanted to take t some special pictures of his new

girlfriend.

Paul asked me to spread my little pussy lips a little, and I did it,

just because he asked me to, but I was really blushing hard. He took his

pictures and it was exciting for him, making his penis swell and grow stiff

so that it stood out from his body. And for some reason, that excited me

too. I didn't know what I was doing or why, but I'd just discovered sex

and it was weird and fun and I just didn't seem to care...if that makes any

sense.

Paul finally put his camera down and walked over to the sofa where I was

laying with my legs spread for him. "I want you to try something for me."

He reached down, taking my hand and pulling me to sit up.

"Okay." I stared up at his face, trying to ignore the fact that his

penis was right in front of me. I'd never really seen one until that

night, making love with Paul, and it was fascinating, but I had been too

shy to do more than take little peeks at it.

"Touch my cock." He smiled. "Put your hand on it."

"Uh, okay." I swallowed and looked at his penis, feeling my body getting

hot again. I reached out tentatively, touching it with my fingertips at

first and then slowly wrapping my fingers around the middle of it. "It's

hot!" I giggled and felt a tiny throb of pleasure in my tummy.

"Mmmm...it is hot..." Paul agreed with a little laugh. "Now just slide

your hand up and down...gently...there you go...nice, Jennifer...jerk me

off..."

I stared at his penis as I listened and learned how to make Paul feel

good. His cock was heavy and long, so that I could put both my hands on it

and not cover it from the base to the head. My fingers wouldn't even go

all the way around it either, they almost did, but not quite, and it seemed

like it was getting even bigger as I stroked him.

"Now, kiss it for me, baby." Paul reached down, stroking my face with

his fingers. "Go on, just the tip...kiss my cock, Jennifer..."

I wasn't sure I wanted to do that! But Paul was talking to me, urging

me to do it, and I didn't want to disappoint him. If I was going to be his

girlfriend I'd have to do stuff like that, right? I mean stuff that maybe

I wouldn't like very much? My parents had always taught me that if you

loved someone you'd do things for them that you wouldn't do for anyone

else. This seemed like one of those things to me.

I stuck out my tongue and closed my eyes, but then thought maybe I

should see what I was doing, so I opened them again. Paul stood still and

waited patiently for me to lean forward until the tip of my tongue touched

the head of his penis. I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't bad or

anything. It didn't hurt, or even taste funny. I almost laughed at myself

for acting like a kid and I licked around the smooth round head, then

finally touched it to my lips, giving it a real kiss.

"Ahhh yeah, Jen...that was good...keep licking it, baby...go up and down

the shaft...yeah...like that, honey..." Paul was giving me encouragement

and he had his hand on my head, guiding me gently.

I licked along the length of his penis like he wanted, along the sides

and underneath, and kissed it too, dragging my lips across the silky smooth

skin. He seemed to like that a lot and I sort of liked it too, actually.

"You do that great, baby..." Paul smiled down at me and I smiled back.

"Now open your mouth...more...real wide...I'm going to put it inside, okay?

It won't hurt...just inside a little bit..."

I was nervous, but excited too. Licking and kissing it hadn't been so

bad, so how bad could having it in my mouth be? I opened my mouth like

Paul wanted and let him pull my head a little while he held his cock in his

hand and guided it between my lips. It seemed so huge I didn't think it

would fit for a second, but it did and I quickly found myself with a

mouthful of warm penis. He pushed a little with his hips as he held my

head steady and it seemed like he'd shoved the whole thing in my mouth, but

it was only an inch or so, maybe a little more. Even so, that was enough

to make me gag and I started coughing and choking as it bumped into the

back of my mouth.

Paul pulled his cock out and stroked my head, waiting for my little

spasm to pass. "It's okay, Jen...relax, we'll try again..." He said

patiently, but I was feeling like that was enough. I didn't say anything

though, I just nodded and cleared my throat a little, swallowing hard.

"Open up...Mmmm...good girl...oh yeah, just the head, wash it

baby...wash my cock with your tongue..." Paul didn't push this time, he

just let his cockhead and a little of the shaft sit in my mouth while I

tried to wriggle my tongue around it, but there wasn't a whole lot of room.

At least I got good at breathing through my nose though.

"Okay, Jen, I'm going to push a little...move your mouth on it...up and

down like it was your hand, okay?" And he gave just a tiny push and I felt

the shaft sliding between my tightly stretched lips. I moved my head down

a little too, so that I almost thought I could feel the tip of his cock hit

my throat, but not quite. Then Paul let me move my head back again, so

that just the head was between my lips.

"Good...more like that...just like that...you're doing it, Jen...you're

sucking my cock, baby..." I was moving my head slowly back and forth, along

the thick shaft that split my lips. I started getting used to the feeling

of it, and the way my mouth filled up quick with spit and something else, I

wasn't sure what it was but it didn't taste like anything anyway, and I

knew Paul wasn't going to sperm in my mouth. So I was swallowing every

chance I could, and breathing through my nose, and I thought I was doing

okay.

"Mmm...that's good, Jennifer, now let's do it a different way...lie down

and put your head back, over the cushions..." Paul had me on my back with

my head tilted back too, so he could kneel above my face and push his cock

in my mouth that way. "I want to fuck your throat, Jen, okay? I'm going

to really push this time...so just relax and try to swallow my cock...just

open your throat and let it in..."

I had no idea what Paul was talking about really, but I did as he asked,

or at least tried to. It was strange looking up and seeing his big hairy

balls right over my nose, in fact they were almost touching my nose and I

could smell him. It wasn't a bad smell, I sort of liked it, kind of a sexy

man smell that made me warm all over. He put the head of his penis to my

lips and I opened up like before, except this time I was upside down and

that was weird.

He moved his cock in and out a little and held my head tight, but gently

too. One of his hands was sort of under my jaw, or over my jaw I should

say, since that end was up now. His other hand was on the right side of my

face and when he pushed his cock all the way into my mouth so that I

started choked he held me even tighter.

"Swallow it Jen...come on girl...eat my cock, baby...deep throat it you

little whore...oh fuck...yeah...come on slut...open up for me..." I

couldn't believe the things he was saying, but I was barely aware of his

words anyway. I was too busy trying to breathe around his thick penis as

he shoved it hard against the entrance to my throat. I was close to panic

as my lungs started heaving and I was choking, almost gagging when I tried

to swallow and Paul's cockhead suddenly found the entrance to my throat

open. It was like he just lunged straight into me, his cock spearing into

my tight throat until his balls were pressed to my face, and his wiry pubic

hair tickled my nose and chin.

"Ohhh fuck yeah, Jen...you did it...Oh feel that..." He was touching my

neck gently and telling me how good and tight my throat was around his

cock. All I knew was that I couldn't breathe and my body jerked as I tried

to push him away.

Paul pulled his cock out of my mouth and I coughed hard, gulping cool

air into my lungs and staring up at him with teary eyes. "I know it hurt

baby, but you did good. You did real good." Paul was stroking my face.

"You're going to learn how to do it so it won't hurt, okay? So it'll feel

real good for both of us."

"Why...why did you call me...those...names?" I gasped quietly.

"Oh baby, I'm sorry." Paul looked embarrassed. "I just say things

sometimes, but I don't mean them. Look, if I call you a slut, or a whore,

or a little bitch, it just means I really love you." He looked at me,

seeing the confusion on my face and chuckled. "I know, it doesn't make

sense does it?"

I shook my head. "Do you think I'm a slut?" I asked him.

"No, of course not!" Paul shook his head. "It's just, sometimes words

can make us feel even better when we're having sex, that's all...Some girls

like to be called those things, even though they aren't really true."

I couldn't imagine anyone wanting to be called dirty names, but I

believed him. Paul wouldn't lie to me and if he liked to say those things,

I guessed it was okay. Just so it was only sometimes and nobody else was

around.

"Here, let's do it this way." Paul said, seeing that I really wasn't

enjoying whatever it was he was trying to teach me. "Let me lie down

here...and you get like this..."

Paul had me lying down on top of him, but my vagina was right over his

face and his penis was right in front of mine. It seemed funny and he

called it 69 for some reason. I wasn't sure exactly what the whole idea

was, but I learned quickly! When Paul began licking my sex it was like I'd

died and gone to heaven. I knew he wanted me to lick his penis too, at the

same time, but it was hard for me to think about doing that. Paul was

kissing my pussy and using his tongue to touch every part of me that he

could reach. He spread my thighs wide and used his fingers to open my

pussy lips, stabbing his tongue inside me like it was a little pink cock.

I mostly just held his cock in my hands, moaning and wriggling my butt,

moving like I was on fire down there. Paul held my ass in his hands,

squeezing my firm round cheeks and holding me still while he seemed to take

my whole pussy into his mouth and just chew on it, but gently like he had

soft gummy bear teeth or something. It was a crazy feeling and I wondered

why he'd waited so long to show me that stuff! It was way better than

trying to get his penis in my throat, and even better than making love, but

I had a feeling that would get better eventually.

I had another orgasm, the second one of my life and it was different

than the first one I'd had when Paul was fingering me. This was like a

hundred orgasms just rolling over me like sugar-coated steamrollers. I was

really noisy too, out of control almost, and practically screaming about

how good it felt. I even said some of the dirty words, like "...eat my

pussy...oh yes...suck my pussy...please!!!" or something like that. But I

know I didn't call Paul a slut.

And he didn't stop either, even when I was begging him to stop, he

didn't. My whole body was electric, all of my hair standing straight up,

and it was like the fourth of July, new years, and homecoming all at once.

Just fireworks and shouting and marching bands filling my senses until I

collapsed completely and Paul let me rest there on his body.

I think I was sleeping for a little while maybe, because when I was

finally able to open my eyes we were in Paul's bed. He was beside me with

our legs scissored sort of and I realized his penis was inside my vagina

again. But it didn't hurt hardly at all, in fact it kind of felt good. He

was moving slowly and touching my breasts, just rubbing my body slowly

while he watched me. I smiled at him and he asked me if it was okay.

"Yessss..." I sighed. "It feels good." And I wasn't lying at all. My

pussy felt sore, but it was nice and he was moving so gently I felt like he

was just massaging me sort of, on the inside of my pussy.

We made love like that for a long time and I put my hands on my tummy,

low so I could try and feel Paul's cock in there. I liked the idea of him

being inside me, of his penis reaching for my womb and I thought again

about getting pregnant. It would be bad, of course, I didn't know anything

about babies and my parents would freak out. But Paul didn't seem to care.

He'd cum inside me once already and it seemed like he was going to do it

again.

"Are you going to shoot your sperm inside me again?" I asked him.

"Do you want me to, Jen?" He asked, moving slightly faster and stroking

my hair.

"Yeah. I want to feel it..." I patted my tummy and giggled. "...I want

to feel it in here."

"You might get pregnant." Paul said seriously, but he was smiling.

"I don't care." I blushed. "Can you do it like really deep?"

Paul laughed and he soon had me with my legs over his shoulders, my

knees bent and practically touching my boobs. It was awkward and seemed

sort of funny and I was glad nobody could see us like that, but I could

feel sharp little stabs of pain too as he reached parts of me that he

hadn't before. Then he suddenly found something else, his cockhead nudged

my 14 year old cervix and it was like a lance of pleasure piercing my soul.

I had been feeling good and relaxed before then, even a little excited

because it was such a good feeling making love to Paul, but that touch in

the very deepest part of my being sent me into a confused wonder of

emotions.

I was cumming, having a new, third kind of orgasm that just exploded out

of nowhere. I hadn't expected it and I found my body thrusting against

Paul's cock with abandon. Any pain was long forgotten as I rocked my body

upward, pushing at the bed with my arms, trying desperately to get his

penis to that same magical place. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think,

all I could do was cum and somewhere in the middle of all that Paul was

cumming as well. He groaned and pressed his penis until the spurting tip

was against my cervix and I wept as I felt that spray of potent sperm

bathing my womb. I cried out breathlessly how much I loved him and he was

kissing me, our mouths joined in a mirror of our loins. It was like we

were one person for a moment and I was delirious with it.

Paul let me down, lowering my legs and pulling me on top of him with his

cock still hard and throbbing in my tight teen pussy. It was like I

couldn't let him go, my muscles just squeezed him like soft wet fist,

keeping his penis lodged inside me as I straddled and then lay on top of

him. We kissed slowly and he held me as I began falling half-asleep,

dreaming of what might the future might hold.

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Epilogue

There are many ways my story can end, and I'll leave it to you, gentle

reader to imagine the one which most suits your heart's desire. Sometimes,

when I'm feeling adventurous, I like to think of myself never returning

home, but remaining with Paul, escaping with him to live in another city,

under another name. Most often I have cut my hair short and dyed it black,

and he calls me Nina now and pretends he's my father when we are in public.

In private he calls me his sweet little slut, and teaches me to love the

things he makes me do. I discover that he has a half-dozen photo albums,

with 6 girls that look like me, and all of us are sisters in a way, all of

Nina's for Paul...until we are too old for his desires, and too restless to

find our own, and he finally sets us free.

Other times I will think that I must have returned home, to my family. I

take my punishment silently, able to offer my parents nothing by way of

explanation. The fact is that Paul returned me much as he found me,

anonymous and alone at the mall. With a few dollars in my pocket and a

baby growing in my fertile belly. I don't know his last name. I couldn't

find his house again even if I wanted to, and when I was older I tried. He

made love to me, of that I have no doubt, but he didn't love me. Not

really and that makes me sad, because I think he would have enjoyed seeing

his son at least once. I named him Paul.

And in my darker dreams, when the night is especially cold, and I am

reminded that the world is not always as we wish, but only as it is...Paul

doesn't let me go at all.

The end of Jennifer's Story rache696@yahoo.com

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