The Babysitter

Once again my parents had gone out for the evening and I was

left in the care of a baby-sitter. Baby-sitter! I'm 12, for

God's sake, not some toddler that can't wipe her own bottom!

But they won't let me be home alone, and that's that.

This time they had got a neighbour's son, Hugh, to look

after me. He's going to college next year and needs some

money. I think he has a weekend job too. He's OK, not bad

looking, but very shy, especially with girls. I don't think

he's ever had a proper girlfriend. It's hard work trying to

make conversation with him, so mostly I don't bother. I'm up

in my bedroom and he watches TV.

But recently my hormones or whatever have been giving me

hell. I can't stop thinking about sex. I mean, we've done it

(to death) at school and I know what happens and what all

the bits are called, and we joke about it and tease boys and

suchlike, but it's not really serious. When I'm alone,

though, I ache from some need that I can't put my finger on.

That's funny! I do put my finger on it, a lot! I masturbate

in bed, in the shower, when I'm supposed to be doing

homework, when I'm reading magazines. My orgasms are getting

better - they say practice makes perfect. But it doesn't

help. Maybe I need sex with another person ...

I was bouncing around my bedroom and suddenly decided that

Hugh downstairs might be the answer to my problem. He was

quite hunky, after all, and smelt nice. I wondered what he'd

look like naked. I'd never seen a real-life cock (hard, I

mean) - did they look like the ones on the internet? I

formed a Plan and selected an outfit, then waltzed

downstairs.

Hugh was slouched on the settee watching TV.

'Hi!' I said brightly, plonking myself in a chair opposite.

'What are you watching?'

'Oh n-nothing much,' he said with a slight stutter.

'Looking forward to college? When do you go?' I can be quite

the little hostess when I want.

'N-next month.'

I slumped in the chair, throwing my arms over the top and

one leg up on the padded arm. I saw him glance at me and

blush bright red. In that position, my little breasts (which

I was very proud of) pushed out against the tight halter

neck, and my denim skirt (it was the shortest skirt I

possessed, little more than a belt) rode right up so that my

skimpy peach-coloured knickers were on view.

'Got a girlfriend?' I asked.

He shrugged. 'N-not really.'

'It's time I had a boy,' I chattered. 'I'm ready for one.

Don't you think? My tits are growing, aren't they? Would you

like to see?'

He was crimson and I could see that there was a bulge

growing in his shorts. He avoided my eyes. 'N-no thanks.'

'Why not? Don't you like girls' tits?'

'Y-you're too y-young.'

'Too young for what?' I was grinning widely. 'I've had

periods for a year, and I've got some hairs on my pussy.

I'll show you if you like.' I slid down the chair a bit, so

that my knickers were pulled tight into my slit. He was

looking now, out of the corner of his eyes.

'Ever seen a girl's pussy?'

'Y-yes ... I mean, I know w-what they look like.'

'Mine's nice. It's ever so soft. I'll let you touch it if

you want.' I stroked my cotton-clad crotch gently with my

fingers. Something was definitely straining inside his

shorts now.

'G-gina, you shouldn't. I think you ought to go to b-bed.'

I pouted at him. 'You're no fun. I'm all randy and you won't

do anything about it. Promise me you'll come and tuck me

in?'

'N-no, I won't.'

'Well, I think I'll have a bath. Come and scrub my back?'

'N-no, Gina.'

'Dork.' I stamped up the stairs.

But I wasn't finished. That was just the opening round. I

lay in the warm bubble-bath, resisting the urge to

masturbate, until I was all pink and soft, and then dried

myself carefully. I crept downstairs, stark naked, and

peeped round the living room door. The back of the settee

was towards me and I could just see Hugh's head. I tiptoed

up and peeked over the top, and had to stifle a gasp. He had

his shorts unzipped and his cock out and was rubbing it in

his fist. It was long and thick and pink with a shiny purple

head. I watched, feeling a drop of warm juice ooze out of my

pussy.

I reached out and clamped my hands over his eyes. He gave a

shriek and went rigid, then tried to pull my hands away, but

I held on tight, giggling. His hands gripped my arms and I

let him 'accidentally' pull me over the back of the settee

and down, head-first, into his lap. My face was crushed

against the hairy base of his cock, and my legs waved around

on either side of his head. I deliberately let my thighs

fall apart so that he would be able to see every detail of

my naked pussy and bottom, a few inches below his face. His

warm firm body felt nice under me.

We stayed like that for a couple of minutes. I could feel

his hard hot cock throbbing against the side of my face. His

hands touched my sides, and then withdrew, as if he didn't

know whether to help me off or not. Eventually I wriggled

round until I was squatting on his thighs, taking care to

press myself against him as much as possible and keeping my

legs wide apart so that he could see everything.

Hugh's mouth and eyes were wide open in shock, and of course

his face was bright red, almost the same colour as the head

of his cock.

'What were you doing?' I asked innocently. He seemed unable

to speak. I held his cock in my little hands - it felt

lovely and solid and hot. 'Were you masturbating?'

He shook his head.

'I know how boys masturbate. They rub their cocks like

this.' I slid my fists up and down his cock, bending it

towards me until it was vertical. I wriggled forward on him

until his cock was against my stomach. I could feel his

hairy balls touching my pussy.

He was trying to say something, but didn't get it out in

time, because as I rubbed away his cock went even harder and

suddenly a fountain of white stuff shot out of the top and

went all over my tits and stomach. It was followed by a

second and a third, then smaller spurts which trickled down

warmly over my fists.

'Oh Jesus!' he moaned, while his cock continued to pulse in

my hands.

I was quite shocked but tried not to show it. I had not

expected so much stuff to spurt out, but I was pleased that

I had given a boy an orgasm - did that count as some sort of

milestone?

'You've made a mess on me,' I said. 'Look, it's all over my

tits.' I dabbled my fingers in the white streaks.

'I'm s-sorry ... you s-shouldn't ...'

I thought about licking my hands but couldn't pluck up

courage. Some older girls said that spunk tasted yucky. So I

wiped them on my thighs instead.

'You've got to make me come now. I've made you come. Fair's

fair.'

He shook his head. 'Uhuh.'

I sighed. 'OK, I'll just have to do it myself.' I climbed

off him and sat at the end of the settee, facing him, one

foot on the floor and the other resting on his shoulder. My

pussy was perfectly exposed to him. I started to slide a

finger up and down my slit, and he watched with undisguised

fascination. Soon, however, I had to close my eyes - I

always do when I masturbate - but I knew he was watching,

which made it better.

My slit was wet and was getting wetter. I pulled my lips

apart so that he could see right inside me - I like to do

that in the mirror. I rubbed my little button and got juice

all over my fingers. I stuck a finger inside my tunnel as

far as it would go. I forgot where I was and just let myself

go, and quite quickly got a pretty strong orgasm that I kept

going for a minute or more.

I opened my eyes and saw that Hugh's cock was big and hard

again and he was rubbing it in his fist, his eyes still

fixed on my pussy.

'Did you enjoy that?' I said, 'Enjoy watching me come?'

I sat up and leaned forward to grasp his hot cock in my

hand. I was about to achieve another first, but I was

nervous. Trembling, I bent my head and licked the smooth

head of his cock. It tasted quite nice - a bit salty. Taking

a deep breath I lowered my mouth over it and closed my lips

around the shaft. I heard him groan. This was it! I was

sucking a cock! It was not at all unpleasant - felt pretty

good in fact. I got lots of spit in my mouth and slid my

lips up and down, feeling his cock touch the back of my

throat. I could only get about half of it in, but what do

you expect at my age?

I felt his hand on my hair, and bobbed my head up and down,

remembering to keep my teeth away from his cock. I held his

tight solid balls in my hand, trying not to squeeze them. I

could taste some slippery liquid oozing from the hole in the

tip of his cock - it was not at all yucky and I licked it

up.

I raised my head and looked at him. His head was thrown back

and his eyes closed. It was obviously feeling good.

Reassured, I set to work again. After a while his hips began

to thrust and his cock swelled and got even harder. I knew

he was about to cum, and I decided that I would let him

spurt in my mouth to see what it was like.

It still caught me by surprise, though. Suddenly my mouth

was full of a warm, silky, gooey liquid, which tasted

faintly salty - a bit like snot. I pulled away and his next

spurt got me right on the nose. I turned my head and caught

another on the ear, and then collapsed and giggled

helplessly as he shot the rest of his load into my hair.

I scrambled off and went over to the mirror, spitting the

contents of my mouth into my hand and wiping it on my hip. I

looked a mess! My hair was matted at the side, I had

splodges of white on my ear and nose and chin, and the

remains of his first orgasm was still splattered over my

tits. I wished that some of my friends could see me now ...

I faced Hugh with my hands on my hips.

'Look what you've done. I ought to tell Mum.'

He looked scared. 'N-no, you mustn't! I'm sorry ... d-don't

tell her, whatever you do!'

'OK, I won't. But only if you do something for me ...'

'I'll d-do anything you want.'

I wasn't sure what to ask for. I wanted him to fuck me but I

was sure his cock was too big. I thought about all the

things I had read about and seen on the internet.

'OK. You've got to lick my pussy. I mean really lick it -

get your tongue inside.'

He agreed without argument - obviously it appealed to him

more than I thought it would. I climbed onto the settee and

straddled him, bending my knees so that my crotch was above

his face. He grabbed my hips and pulled me down, burying his

face in my pussy. I yelped as his tongue slid between my

lips - I hadn't expected him to take the initiative. But it

felt so good! He licked and sucked away, rolling his strong

tongue all around my pussy and into my slit and right inside

my tunnel, and then onto my solid little button, which felt

best of all.

After a while my legs were aching, so I pulled away and

knelt on the edge of the settee, my bottom in the air and my

face against a cushion. He knelt behind me and tongued me

from the rear. I felt his fingers pulling my lips wide apart

- it was really exciting to be displaying myself so

blatantly. He concentrated on my button with his nose stuck

into my slit, and the orgasm welled up inside me and burst.

I could feel my pussy muscles squeezing his nose!

He held onto me tightly and kept me going (or coming!) for

ages. I could feel his spit and my juice trickling down the

insides of my thighs. When he stopped - for breath maybe - I

was still quivering inside. My pussy felt so wide open, I

was willing him to stick his cock in it, even though I knew

it would hurt. But he didn't.

'You b-better go and get cleaned up,' he said. 'Your p-

parents might be back soon.'

He was right, I suppose. I hauled myself upright, my legs

wobbly, and inspected myself in the mirror again. My hair

was in an even worse mess than before.

Hugh had tucked his cock back in his shorts and was trying

to tidy the settee. I took the wet cushion upstairs with me

and had a shower - it took ages to get the spunk out of my

hair. Later, lying in bed, I didn't feel the urge to

masturbate as I usually did. No, I was onto bigger and

better things now. I wondered how soon Hugh would be able to

baby-sit again.

END