**The Oak Tree**

*Part 2 of a series documenting my sexual development and experiences*

My age has been amended to comply with story rules.

As I mentioned briefly in "The Paper Round", my childhood and teenage years were spent very much without any parental guidance. Both my parents were, and still are, very career focused, and had little time for me. Instead I was more or less raised by a series of nannies and mothers helps, who did their best to cope with me. By the time I was 14, a lady called Jenny had become my surrogate mother. She saw me through my teenage ups and downs, and in fact still works for my parents to this day, as a housekeeper.   
  
However, even lovely Jenny wasn't able to tame my appetite for sexual experiences and excitement. She had no idea that the sweet, innocent Katie was getting up to all sorts of naughty things. She would have been horrified if she had ever found out, let alone what my parents would have thought.  
  
The accidental incident that I mentioned in "The Paper Round" was to become the turning point in my journey through sexual awakening. Those few months I spent watching Pete masturbating for me in the store room had suddenly lit a burning desire that had been smouldering inside me for 2 or 3 years.   
  
Although there was never any sexual contact between us, I'm sure you can imagine just how the situation made me feel. To sit in front of this young man every week and watch him masturbate and squirt his load at me was extremely arousing, and would always leave me with very wet panties. Despite desperately wanting to give myself a really good fingering, I was still shy, and couldn't find the confidence to do it with Pete there.  
  
Instead I would rush home after my paper round, and as soon as possible get upstairs to my bedroom and then finger myself until I was gasping for breath.  
  
  
When I was 16, I decided to shave my pussy for the first time. I had always hated the horrible, blonde curly hair that had gradually engulfed my lovely puss. To my eyes, it simply looked an awful mess, and spoilt that gorgeous sensation of my fingers on my naked skin.   
  
So, rather nervously, I borrowed my mothers razor blade one morning (without her knowledge of course), and shaved the horrible mess completely off.  
  
I have been fully shaved ever since, although these days I use my own razor, and hair removal cream, you'll be glad to know.  
  
Throughout this period, I had been developing my masturbation techniques, and started using a variety of implements. I'm sure that I am not the only teenage girl to have experimented with hair brush handles, carrots, bananas, electric toothbrushes etc.  
  
However, it was in the spring of 2000, when I was 16, that I discovered I had a particularly exciting talent. By then, I had graduated from my bedroom, and had begun to experience the joys of outdoor masturbation.  
  
I was lucky enough to have been brought up living in a large, 16th century farmhouse, surrounded by around 119 acres of gardens, woodland and paddocks. Therefore, I had no difficulty in finding quiet, secluded locations where I could enjoy myself in private.  
  
One of my favourite secret places was in the woodland area, where there was a small open , grassy clearing. On this particular occasion I had "gone for a walk", and arrived at my special place feeling really horny . Somehow I knew that things were different that day - I don't know why.  
  
Within a few seconds, I had slipped out of my skirt, removed my top and stood with just my bra and panties on. I can still remember the tingle of excitement I always felt, when I unclipped my bra and released my pert, full breasts. Then, throwing my bra to the ground, I quickly hooked my thumbs inside the elastic of my panties and pulled them off, kicking them away across the grass.  
  
Then, to my tree - a large, fallen down oak , which lay across one edge of my clearing. It had apparently be blown down during the hurricane of 1987, I had once been told . And now it was my tree. Because, over the past few months I had formed a special relationship with that oak tree.   
  
Using one of the dead branches as a foothold, I climbed up on to the horizontal trunk, and, lifting over my right leg, sat down, astride the magnificent tree.  
  
Instantly, the rough bark of the trunk was naughtily finding its way between the already wet and swollen lips of my hungry, tight pussy. It would always make me gasp each time I first sat upon my tree - to feel my inner lips being prized apart in quite an aggressive way was really arousing to me.  
  
And then, I began to ride my tree-with my hips I rotated and thrust back and forth, with my head back and my eyes closed, relishing the sensations of being naked with the cool breeze upon my skin, whilst simultaneously grinding my erect clitoris against the unrelenting oak. Oh God it was the most fabulous feeling ever!  
  
But then, something happened which I had never experienced before. As I continued to make love to my tree, I began to feel the quivers and contractions of an orgasm approach. But this time it felt strangely different - more powerful, more overwhelming than anything I had previously experienced in my life.  
  
My hips now seemed to have taken on a life of their own, and were now violently rocking back and forth against the tree bark, as my thighs now clenched themselves around the trunk, so that I am sure no one would have been able to pull me off. And my hungry, hot cunny was now raw and exposed, as my erect clit begged for more.  
  
I reached down with my right hand and, gasping, began to rub my hard, throbbing button.  
  
And then, suddenly, I remember letting out a loud involuntary moan of pure ecstasy, as I released a gushing fountain of hot fluid from within my pussy. I will never forget the sound it made as it squirted out through my fingers and over the tree trunk in front of me.  
  
The immense power of that wonderful orgasm seemed to knock me over, because somehow I remember opening my eyes as I fell backwards onto the tree truck, seeing the squirting liquid spraying out about a meter from my puss.  
  
All I could do was lay there, fingers still working on my clitoris, as wave upon wave engulfed me, my pussy still leaking out small spurts of hot liquid cum.  
  
I think it was about 20 minutes before my orgasms subsided and I was finally able to, shakily, climb down from my tree. I was in a real mess - my poor, virgin pussy was so sore from the friction caused by the tree bark, and I was dripping wet with the juices of my orgasm. My whole body was exhausted, and my legs felt weak. I slowly got dressed.   
  
I had absolutely no idea what had actually happened to me - in fact I remember feeling really worried about it, thinking that I had somehow done some damage to my bladder and caused myself to urinate. My mind was in a spin. I'd have to go and see the doctor. I'd have to tell him what I had been doing to cause myself so much injury!  
  
I was frightened. At only 16, I had no knowledge or experience of what had happened.  
  
In fact, it was several months before I eventually discovered the truth - that I am one of those lucky girls who is blessed with the ability to experience the most wonderful sensations any girl could have - a Female Ejaculation.  
  
I didn't go to see the doctor - I couldn't pluck up enough courage. I simply waited to see what may happen to me. I was so sore from my activities that I was unable to masturbate for over a week after that incident in the woods.  
  
When I did resume my masturbating, I remember feeling very tense about what may happen. Nothing did! Not for 4 months. Apart from my usual orgasms, which occurred every time, nothing happened.  
  
I began to assume that it had just been an accident - that I had somehow pissed myself by some fluke of nature.  
  
And then, I had a surprise one day, whilst sunbathing in the garden......................................................................

Katie