

Education

My Dad never gave me 'the talk'; I gave me the talk.

That probably sounds stranger than strange, but it's true... sort of. I had a dream. In the dream, my much-older self came to me to give me advice on life and love. I recall distinctly the date: I was 13 years, 4 months, and 11 days old, and my older self gave my younger self the kind of knowledge about girls, women, sex, and pregnancy that most guys twice that age didn't know unless they were in medical school and specializing in OB/GYN.

I told me about the mechanics of conception, a real revelation to my teen self, and the non-sex things that boys that age never think of either: girls like to be *caressed*, especially if it's in a non-sexual way. They like, for instance, to have their feet rubbed and their shoulders, and playing with their hair, especially if it's done carefully, is always appreciated. Boys always connect 'kissing' with 'lips', but touching cheek-to-cheek or kissing her ear almost always earns a smile from the object of your affection.

The most startling piece of advice I gave me was that your local friendly pharmacist might smile knowingly when you buy a condom, but they'll never give you a hard time about it no matter your age. If you have the 50 cents, they're happy you're being careful about such things.

I almost shit myself the first time I did buy a prophylactic, but my older self was right. The pharmacist leaned in closer and said in a not-quite-whisper "Any particular kind?" I shook my head and he exchanged a small packet for my two quarters. I didn't have anyone special in mind to use it on, but it's better to have one standing by just in case.

There was one other time I met my older self in a dream. When I awoke from that, I grabbed a pencil and paper and wrote down everything I could recall from that dream and the one before. I wound up with five pages of handwritten recollection, and I still have them to this very day. I could show them to you, but I choose to keep them to myself in case people might think I was crazy or something.

Theresa

Theresa lived next door and she was a little older than me. She was a brunette with long, lush, wavy hair. I wouldn't call her 'beautiful', but she was pretty in any case. We used to sit and talk together, usually on weekend mornings when we didn't have school, because we lived side-by-side in a block of 3-story brownstone row houses.

One cool Saturday morning in the early Summer, we were sitting on our still-shady front steps and chatting about this and that. On an impulse, I took her hand and began tracing patterns lightly on her palm and fingers with a fingernail.

She made a small twitch as I started but didn't pull completely away so I continued and she let me. After a few seconds, she closed her eyes and leaned back as my fingertips scrolled around her hand.

"That feels nice," she told me dreamily, before reclining on the cool brownstone steps where we were sitting.

I shifted position so I could reach her face and ran the fingers of my other hand through her dark brown locks. Her eyes may have been closed, but her lips were smiling.

"You're a very strange boy," she said at last.

"Why?" I asked.

"I can't think of any others who would play with their girl's hair this way."

I laughed a little, I guess. "Oh, are you my girl?"

She gave a little laugh herself. "No... I meant... Actually, I don't know *what* I mean."

"Well, it would be okay with me if you were my girl," I admitted.

"Yeah," she agreed, "it would be okay with me, too."

Just about then, her mother called her in to get ready to go shopping so I left to go find the rest of the neighborhood kids.

Over the next several months, I deliberately cultivated Theresa which forced me to limit the time I spent with the guys I would normally hang out with. When they noticed she was taking up so much of my time, I got a little razzing, but it was all in good fun. I didn't mind. That was something else I taught me: never let your friends get between you and your girlfriend.

Theresa was the first girl I took to the movies... and paid for her admission. It was nice sitting in a darkened auditorium, arm around her shoulders, watching the screen. She drooped her head over onto my shoulder and that gave me an excuse to gently kiss the top of her head — which caused her to snicker. At least she didn't complain.

When the movie was over, we stood to leave, and that's when she kissed me for the first time.

"I'm going to have to take you to more movies," I told her with a big grin.

"Oh, you liked that?" She was smiling.

"Yeah, of course," so she kissed me again.

I also got invited to dinner at the Talamanco's that night to celebrate Theresa's first date. I usually don't like Italian cuisine, but Mrs. Talamanco was a really good cook and I really enjoyed it.

Later we sat outside and cuddled — that's something else girls like — and watched the stars for a while. We made plans for going to the beach the next day.

In New York City, 'going to the beach' means Coney Island, Brighton Beach, Riis Park, or The Rockaways. The North Shore of Long Island is rocky until you get far, far out into Suffolk County, and that's an all-day trip even in your own car, and those aren't very prevalent in the city. There are some not-too-bad

beaches on Staten Island, but getting to them is like going on safari: train, ferry, train, bus, hike. At least the subway will get you to Coney or Brighton in time to actually get sand between your toes. You can even get to the Rockaways if you don't mind spending more time getting there. Theresa opted for Coney Island because it's closer and more familiar.

The nice thing about Coney Island is the boardwalk. If the sun is too strong, you can always move your blanket into the shade under the boardwalk. In the cool relatively-dark, a girl may be talked into snuggling, and if the circumstances are right, maybe other things, too.

Theresa and I never got past the 'snuggling' phase that first year. It never seemed to be quite the right time or circumstance to offer to eat her pussy, but she was a great kisser.

Patty

On the other side opposite Theresa lived Patty, a really pretty blonde with an intellectual bent. She started to show some interest in me around about the time we both turned 14. Perhaps that was because I had started to show an interest in her around then, too. I suspected I might have been developing a reputation of sorts among the neighborhood girls as an 'okay' boyfriend, and that may have played a part in ripening relationships.

While Theresa sported noticeable breasts (for a 13 year old), Patty hadn't yet started to show much although there might have been *something* going on there. Theresa and her family had gone on a winter vacation and she was away when I got invited to a party and asked Patty to go with me, and we liked each other enough to keep the ball rolling.

Because, as I said, Patty had an intellectual bent, some of our conversations delved deeper than you might suspect 14-year-olds might want to delve into certain subjects. As an opener, one night, I offered her a piece of lore my older self had passed along to me. "I heard somewhere that the mechanics of conception and pregnancy weren't really understood until very late in the 19th century. Did you know that?"

"I hadn't heard that," she admitted. "In fact, I'm not sure I understand the mechanics of conception and pregnancy myself."

"Oh, so your Mom hasn't given you 'the talk' yet?"

"Well, she talked about periods and stuff, but it didn't go much beyond that..."

"Oh," I acknowledged, "maybe I should wait for her to broach the subject to you..."

"Why?" she demanded. "What do you know about it?"

"Umm..."

"Don't be embarrassed," she soothed, "I can handle it."

"How deep do you want me to go?"

"How deep can you go?"

"I can go pretty deep," I bragged. "I probably know more than your

Mom does."

"Spill it," she demanded.

"Well... Guys have penises; girls have vaginas." She nodded. She probably already knew that. "Right above your vagina is a uterus. The uterus is connected via Fallopian tubes to your ovaries." She nodded. "About once a month, an ovary will expel an egg, and the egg will travel down a Fallopian tube to the uterus. If the egg gets fertilized, it will implant in the wall of the uterus and you're pregnant. About the time the egg gets expelled from the ovary, the lining of the uterus starts filling with blood just in case the egg gets fertilized and needs to implant. If the egg *doesn't* get fertilized, the uterus expels the egg along with all the blood it stored up just in case..."

"And I get my period," she interrupted.

"And you get your period," I confirmed.

"I didn't know that was why I get a period," she admitted. "How do you know all this stuff?" she asked.

"Long story," I begged off.

"Well, then tell me why guys aren't always hard if there's a bone in their penis," she continued.

I smiled. "There isn't actually a bone there," I explained. She looked at me oddly. "Inside the penis, there are compartments. When a guy gets aroused, blood flowing into and through those compartments gets trapped. Blood can get in, but it can't get out as easily. It's like blowing up a balloon. As you inflate it, it goes from 'floppy' to 'rigid'. Same thing."

"More," she commanded.

"Hemophilia is a sex-linked trait. Only males can be hemophiliacs. If it ever happened to a female, she would bleed to death at her first period and never live to pass that gene along to offspring." Patty nodded, but her eyes were wide. "If that female were raped before her first period, before she could bleed to death from it, the act of deflowering her — puncturing her hymen — would cause bleeding and she'd bleed to death."

"Keep going."

"You get pregnant because somebody's penis spilled semen in your vagina. The sperm in the semen works its way into the uterus and tries to intercept the egg. If that happens, you're pregnant, but it could be that the sperm is too early or too late. That's the way the 'rhythm method' of birth control works: it tries to avoid having semen in the right place at the right time. It's tricky. It works pretty well for girls whose periods are as predictable as clockwork. If you have irregular periods, congratulations, Mommy."

"Or I could just avoid sex..."

"Or you could just avoid sex. The problem there is that sex is so enjoyable. Mother Nature wants you to get pregnant and help the species expand and survive, so she makes the experience really enjoyable for both partners such that they want to have sex twice a day. If you regularly have sex twice a day, you will never have another period for as long as you live because you will never not be pregnant. You'll be popping babies like a little machine, every 40-some-odd weeks or so."

"And dead at 40," she mused.

"Yeah, probably."

"Okay," she started, "I'm really interested in that long story about how you learned all this stuff. Let's have it."

"Maybe someday when we know each other much, much better," I sidestepped her demand.

"Well, at least tell me why half the girls in school aren't walking around with baby bumps. I know that most of them are getting shagged by their boyfriends. At least, they say they are."

"There are ways to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh without paying the standard price," I began. "There are condoms..." She cocked her head to one side. "Rubber tubes that fit over the penis and catch all the semen before it can get to you."

"That doesn't sound like it would be fun..."

"Condoms these days are made of latex, very thin and very strong. They're made very thin so that they don't block the fun sensations for either partner. You probably wouldn't know that your partner was using one, and it's way better than getting pregnant."

"Catching poison ivy is way better than getting pregnant..."

"There's also 'oral sex'," I continued. Patty's eyes started to go wide as her brain synthesized the implications of 'sex' and 'oral'. "In oral sex, the guy works her pussy with his mouth and tongue while she works his penis with her mouth and tongue..."

"...And he spills semen into..." she mumbled in horror.

"Yeah. I don't have any first-hand experience, but I'm told it's not as bad as you suspect. And semen is non-toxic. It's mostly protein, so it can't be any worse than clams or oysters. *And*, since her mouth isn't connected to her reproductive organs in any meaningful way, there's no chance an accidental mouthful of semen will cause any long-term problems in that regard. It's also supposed to be nearly as enjoyable as the real thing."

"But you don't know for sure..."

"True, but if you ever decide you want to experiment and find out for yourself, I'll be glad to assist." I grinned.

Patty slapped the back of my head. "Asshole!"

Then about a week or so later, Patty called to ask if I wanted to keep her company while she babysat for some neighbors. I agreed at once and we made plans for me to walk her there fifteen minutes before. The kids she was sitting for were very young and both had been put to bed just minutes ahead of our arrival, so there was nothing for us but to just be there in case of need. We both brought our schoolbooks so we could do our homework together.

We both finished those parts of our homework that involved writing, and settled down to the 'reading' part. Patty sat at one end of the couch and I sat at the other. Both of us had kicked off our shoes and we were in 'stocking feet' as they say. I reached down, took her right foot, and dropped it into my lap, then peeled her sock and began to work the bones right behind the toes, the

metatarsals. That's something else girls like: having their feet massaged.

"That's nice," she told me after a few minutes.

"I'll do the other one if you want," I offered. She hoisted her left foot up alongside the right. I peeled the sock and started working it, abandoning the right foot. Both of us went back to our reading.

We read in silence for, maybe, another half hour or so. She pointed at her feet that were being massaged alternately by me while I read. "Is that supposed to make me horny?" she asked as she plopped her book closed.

"Why?" I asked in return. "Are you getting horny?"

"I'm not sure I'd know what 'horny' feels like, but I just had the thought that if you were to try to feel me up, I might not resist as hard as I should." She was smiling.

I looked at my watch. At least two hours until they'd be home. I closed my own book and slid down the couch toward Patty, put my left arm around her shoulders, and pulled her in for a kiss. Her left arm was soon snaked around my shoulders so she could pull herself in tighter. I unbuttoned the waistband of her slacks and unzipped it, then slid my hand down between her legs. She moved her thighs apart so I could go deeper and I discovered that the crotch of her panties was slightly damp. "Yes, my dear, this is what 'horny' feels like."

"Well, I think I like it," she admitted in a whisper.

I finished the kiss and moved away far enough that I could begin working her slacks down past her butt, then slid the legs clear before I returned to do the same with her panties, leaving her nude from the waist down. I parted her legs and dipped my head to taste her pussy. It wasn't long before I had her gasping and babbling. I kept at it for twenty or twenty-five minutes until she pushed my head away.

"And they say the real thing is better?" she asked.

"That's what they say," I confirmed.

"I think you need to buy a condom," she said with a wink.

I reached into my jeans pocket and extracted a foil-wrapped ring. "Gotcha covered, but there's a little problem."

"What?" She sounded alarmed.

I reached for her pussy and slid my middle finger into the vestibule of her vagina. She twitched.

"You have a hymen," I told her. "You're a virgin. Before you can experience the real thing, that hymen has to go. Usually that happens the first time you have sex: your partner breaks in. It's said to be painful, and since tissue is going to rip, it will probably be bloody."

"But not deadly, right?" she asked. "I mean... girls have been doing this forever, no?"

"Since forever, and while I'd love to lose my virginity to she who's losing her virginity to me, I think that's a decision we should spend a lot of time thinking about, don't you?"

She smiled. "You've never had sex and you know all about this stuff. Do you have any idea how curious I am right now?"

"No," I admitted. "Are you as curious as you were horny?"

"More," she told me. "So... could I get you to eat my pussy some more? That was the nicest thing to happen to me since Christmas."

I leaned in to put my tongue on her gash and went back to licking, nibbling, and sucking. She went back to gasping, twitching, and sighing. We almost didn't hear the front door open... almost. I stopped eating her pussy. She jumped off the couch, grabbed her socks, slacks and panties, and made a mad dash for the bathroom, making it just in time to avoid terminal embarrassment. When she reappeared a few moments later, she was properly dressed and in apparent full control of herself. The adults slipped her a pile of money, thanked her for babysitting, and showed us both to the door.

"I can hardly wait to see how you're going to pay me back for tonight," I told her as we strolled home. She giggled. I had to laugh myself.

"It was so... thrilling!" she gushed. "I mean... I've diddled myself a few times, but... wow! Having somebody else do me was... I can't find the words! I'm so glad you were paying attention to the world around us. Thanks for rescuing me."

"I'd do you again if you asked. I like eating your pussy. You taste nice."

"I'm going to think about the other thing," she finished as we got to her front door.

"The other thing? Oh, that other thing! Yeah, well, I've got what you need in my pocket if you ever get adventurous."

"I was talking about... you know... eating you?"

"Oh..."

It took us a long while to get there. We first became study partners, then 'not-exactly-boyfriend-girlfriend' until it became not unusual for us to be in the same place at the same time, even unsupervised. Once we got to the point that no one thought it unusual that Patty would be at my place or I would be at hers, we could do things other than study when our paths crossed.

Finally, Patty's Dad was out of town on a business trip, and Mom had to shop for a dress for an upcoming wedding, and Patty's house was empty except for Patty and me. The weather had started to warm with the onset of Summer, so clothing was growing skimpier and easier to shed, and the approach of final exams provided ample reason for studying together. We went straight to her house after school let out and went up to her room, scattered books and equipment to make it look like we were studying, and she and I finally got to see each other unclothed. As I said, Patty didn't have much in the way of breasts, but what she did have was beautiful. I think she enjoyed getting her first look at a naked man... boy, too.

We stood and hugged and kissed and toyed with each others' naked bodies for so long, I thought we might never get past that point. I was enjoying her enjoying me so much that it might have been enough anyway.

"Teach me," Patty said at last.

"I've never had a blowjob before," I admitted. "This is as new to me as it is to you."

She paused, thinking. "Lay down on the bed." I laid down on her bed. She crawled up beside me and bent over toward my by-now throbbing cock. She looked at it apprehensively for a few moments before putting her lips to the tip and giving it a kiss. She looked at me for a sign, I guess, as to how I was taking it, then took the head into her mouth. The sensation was heavenly! "Do I blow into it or what?"

"I think you suck it or maybe lick it," I offered. I thought it might be wrong for her to try to inflate me, and it sounded like it might be painful, too.

She started to swirl her tongue around the head and massage it with her lips. I felt something like what I felt when I masturbated but it only lasted a few moments before I cried out and erupted semen into her mouth. It must have caught her by surprise, because she stopped working my penis and pulled back, semen dribbling from her lips, and she got two more squirts right in her face.

"Oh, god, what a mess!" she exclaimed as she reached for a box of tissues on her desk. She was clearly upset, but she recovered quickly and handed me the tissue box for my use while she mopped goo from her nose and cheeks and eyebrows. I had semen all over my crotch area where she had leaked it. As soon as she was finished cleaning herself off, she helped me with my much gooiier mess.

"Well, how was it?" she asked when we had gotten the scene under control.

"It was fabulous!" I told her. "I hope you'll do it again sometime." I reached for her neck and pulled her in for a kiss and she rolled onto the bed next to me, both of us still naked. "Do you think we have enough time for me to eat your pussy again?"

She bobbed her head vigorously, then paused to consider just how to do this, before deciding that she could feed me her pussy by straddling my head, and that would put her mouth right about where my limp cock was still oozing a little left-over semen. With her pussy right there where my tongue was, I started licking the pink flesh in the slit framed by her pubic hair, and she took my cock back into her mouth for a last few licks and sucks.

My cock was as limp as a wet rope, but I loved how it got that way.

In just a few minutes, I had Patty's hips twitching and gyrating as my tongue delivered orgasm after orgasm. We played sex games for another twenty minutes before getting dressed and getting to work on our studies.

Such opportunities rarely presented themselves, and the next time it happened, we were both ready. We had discussed our first encounter and planned for the next one. At least now both of us knew approximately what to expect, and I got Patty to agree that for the next one, I would eat her pussy while she sucked my cock.

School had let out early so the teachers could do some in-house training or something. My folks were both away from the house, my Dad at work, and my Mom visiting her sister in The Bronx. Patty met me at my place and we did the standard thing: books and equipment positioned to look like homework was being done, and we used the guest bedroom for getting naked, cuddling, and eating

each other.

Patty's first experience had taught her that when I let go, there were going to be several squirts. Some of the other girls at school had admitted that they sometimes sucked their boyfriends' cocks and had given Patty tips on what to do and how to do it, including 'yeah, you can swallow it; guys really like that', so she was psychologically prepared for consuming whatever I presented to her.

We got into our '69' position and got busy licking and sucking. I know for sure I was pleasing Patty because I could feel her nipples get hard. They weren't very big nipples because she didn't have very big breasts, but what she did have got hard as acorns when I started licking her slit, and her hips were twitching hard enough that I was sure the movements weren't voluntary. Every once in a while, she would stop sucking my dick to rest her head on my abdomen when the intensity of the orgasms became too much, but she would get her strength back and resume her attentions to my cock.

Because she wasn't working me non-stop, my arousal level would fall off when she stopped for a breather. Then she would bring me back up again and let me fall off again. I started to hope she would finally finish me, and when I at last got my wish it felt (to me) as if I exploded inside her mouth. She gulped and gobbled while I pulsed and squirted, but guys' orgasms don't go on forever like girls' orgasms. Eventually, my cock just deflated and went limp. She gave it a few more clean-up licks while I got back to eating her pussy before we called it a day.

Dorothy

Dorothy was older than me but only by about two months which makes us almost the same age. I don't know for sure, but I'm willing to bet a lot of money that girls in the same neighborhood have almost no secrets from each other.

The reason I say that is because when Patty transferred to a different high school in her junior year, one more suited to her long-term educational goals, I found Dorothy clearly trying to make a move on me. Even though Patty lived right next door, the difference in our schedules and the more-stringent curriculum at her new school — not to mention a different selection of boyfriends — meant we naturally drifted apart.

By this time, we were sixteen or nearly so. Boys and girls were going steady and breaking up on a regular schedule, it seemed. What it seemed to me was 'nuts'. If a girl wanted to date a certain guy she couldn't because she was 'going steady'? If a guy met somebody new and liked her he couldn't show it because he was 'going steady'? The only advantage to the whole 'going steady' thing was that you had a ready-made date for a movie or a dance or... whatever.

Dorothy suggested after our first few dates that we should become 'steadies'.

"It's not that I don't like you, Dorothy, because I do... a lot. It's just that this is the time we should be meeting new people and trying out new

relationships. Dating steady means we each deprive the other of wider knowledge of who's out there. You agree that knowing more is better than knowing less, right?" She nodded reluctantly. "Just your own self-interest should steer you away from anyone who chooses the other side of that question. Those kids are limiting themselves, and they're doing it without thinking the consequences all the way through."

"But if you and I are the only ones not steady-dating, we won't be dating anybody else anyway. What's the difference?"

"You've got a point," I admitted, "but not being official steadies gives us each more freedom to explore. If other kids are making bad decisions, that doesn't mean we have to, does it?" Dorothy shrugged. She didn't have a good counter-argument and she knew it. "I'm thinking of going up to Bear Mountain on the bus Saturday. Interested?"

"Maybe. Are you treating or are we going dutch?"

I did some rapid calculations in my head. "If you bring a picnic lunch, I'll get the bus."

"Deal," she agreed. We both planned to bring bathing suits in case the pool was too inviting.

Early Saturday morning, we took the subway to the Port Authority bus station in Manhattan, I bought two round-trip tickets, and we headed out. By half-past ten we arrived at the inn, Dorothy found a locker that accommodated her cooler, and we headed up to the top of the mountain to enjoy the views and each other's lips. There were even some secluded spots that let us get some petting in, me more than her, but she didn't seem to mind.

We were back at the bottom by one, got the cooler out of the locker, found a shady spot on the grass, and enjoyed our picnic lunch. After that, we decided to take a rowboat out on the lake, and we drifted in the sun for a few hours. A boat on a lake is isolated, but not private, so we couldn't actually do much of anything we wouldn't do in public. I was starting to think about how nice it would be to have sex with Dorothy, and I decided to take the bull by the horns.

"What do you think about sex?" I asked her.

She paused briefly before bursting into laughter. "That's a new question," she allowed when she had finally caught her breath. "What brought that on?"

"I'm curious to know how far our boyfriend-girlfriend relationship is going to go," I admitted. "Should I plan to find some alone-time when we could finally investigate each other?"

"Investigate?"

"You know — get naked, cuddle, pet, screw — investigate."

Dorothy looked at me strangely, then reached under her skirt and shimmied herself out of her panties. She put the panties into a side pocket of her bag before turning back to me. She slowly lifted the hem of her skirt until I could clearly see her furry pussy peeking out between her spread thighs. "You mean, investigate this?" she asked.

"Yes," I told her, "among other things."

Before we knew it, it seemed, it was time to get back on the bus for the return trip to Manhattan. The bus wasn't full for some reason, so we chose two seats somewhat isolated from the other passengers and spent the bulk of the trip back caressing each others' bodies and kissing and speaking in hushed tones of our plans for finding a more appropriate place and time to investigate our developing sexuality.

'Parties' turned out to be the most likely answer to that problem. More than one set of parents within our circle of friends had what I called a 'relaxed' attitude toward groups of teenagers congregating in their finished basements for dancing on a Friday or Saturday night. Along with the dancing, there was a lot of kissing and fondling of private parts. I decided to see what would happen if Dorothy and I pushed that boundary.

Evie Curtis had invited four other couples including Dorothy and me to join her and Jerry, her steady, on a Friday night. Her parents never intruded on the parties Evie hosted as long as the noise level didn't get out of hand, and since we all preferred that the Curtis parents stayed upstairs, we made a special effort to be unobtrusive. With the music playing on low and one or two couples actually dancing, the others could cuddle on the couches or standing up in the darker corners of the room.

Dorothy was wearing a flared skirt that she knew I was fond of... mostly because it was easy for me to slip a hand under it and ease up her thigh to her pussy. It was probably true that Dorothy enjoyed it, too, because she almost never went home with her panties still on.

"I'm really horny tonight," I told her as we left the dance floor headed for an empty couch.

"Me, too," she admitted. "I wish there were someplace we could go to have sex."

Our initial 'investigations' of each other some weeks back had revealed that Dorothy's hymen was largely missing. Whether it had been damaged earlier or whether it had never been there — I don't know if that's even possible — she didn't have one now, so there was no chance her first sex was going to be messy unless it was messy for some other reason.

"What about the couch?" I suggested.

Dorothy looked at me with wide eyes. "You mean... right here?"

"Sure. You slip out of your panties. I'll slip into a condom. I sit here on the couch. You climb up onto my lap with your skirt spread out. That will give me cover to unzip and slip my willie into your pussy. We'll look like we're just kissing our fool heads off. When we're done, you disconnect and give me cover to zip my pants back up before climbing off. Even that will just look like I'm giving you a loving stroke under your skirt."

"You're out of your mind!"

"Well, you're the one who wanted to go someplace and have sex."

"Yes, but not here!"

I shrugged.

"You're serious about this?" she demanded.

"If we get caught, we get a 'reputation', but I don't think anyone here will fink on us."

"I'm going to use the toilet," she said, and moved toward the bathroom door. She was back out in just a minute, just time enough to shed her panties, I suspected. I slipped into the room she had just vacated, dropped my jeans and underwear, ripped open the foil package, rolled the latex sheath onto my now-fully-inflated cock, and zipped everything back up.

I sat down on the empty end of the nearest couch. Dorothy straddled my lap and fluffed her skirt out so it covered everything down to my knees and beyond, then leaned in for her first kiss. While we sucked each other's lips, I reached under her skirt, unzipped my jeans and pushed jeans and underwear down just far enough to free my condomed cock, then aimed the head at her vagina and felt it slide all the way in.

She gasped at the sensation, then began a slow rocking motion as the first of her orgasms flushed through her abdomen. Her breathing told me she was enjoying some fine sensation, and we kept at it like that for maybe five minutes. She leaned in and whispered in my ear: "Oh, baby, fuck me real hard."

I whispered back: "I'm going to fuck you like you've never.." and just at that moment my eyes opened to find eight other people staring at us. Dorothy's hips kept twerking on my cock. She didn't realize she was the center of attention. I gave them all my best 'sheepish' expression and smiled. My erection collapsed and my limp dick slipped out of Dorothy's pussy.

Dorothy apparently sensed this and pulled away to look at me. "Did you just..." and that's when she realized I was paying less attention to her than to something else. Her head swiveled around to find what I was looking at, and Evie and Jerry began to clap softly in mock appreciation.

My hands were already under her skirt trying to get my underwear and jeans back to where I could get myself re-zipped, so when she stood up to face her audience, my cock, condom and all, was still flapping in the breeze.

Dorothy buried her face in her hands, and Evie swooped in to take her in her arms.

"Don't be embarrassed," Evie told her, "it's something we've all wanted to do. The rest of us just didn't have the balls..."

"Oh my god," Dorothy gasped, "I can't believe this! I'm ruined!"

Jerry and Mark and Evie and Laura clustered around Dorothy. "You're not ruined," Mark assured her. "Nobody here is going to say anything for obvious reasons." Dorothy gave him a dumbfounded look. "If Mr. and Mrs. Curtis discover there's humping going on in their basement, there won't be any more parties here." Dorothy gave a nervous laugh. So did I. Pretty soon everybody was chuckling at Dorothy's and my embarrassment, including us.

"Listen," Evie said at last, "if you two want to finish what you started, we'll all just dance and pay no attention to what's happening in the corner."

Dorothy had an eyes-wide-mouth-wide expression as if she couldn't believe what she had just heard.

"This has been too much of a shock to my system," I explained. "I think I'm probably done for the night, and I think it's time for me and Dorothy to head

home." Dorothy nodded her agreement.

"But I think you won't be the only one who brings a condom to Evie's next party," Mark said as he clapped me on the back.

Walking home from Evie's, Dorothy alternated between short bouts of tears and snickers.

"You really did feel great inside me," she said as I stood with her at her front door. "I'm not sorry about that."

"I enjoyed the experience as well," I told her, "and I hope we get to do it again real soon. You got a couple of orgasms..."

"A dozen real nice orgasms..."

"...and I didn't get any, so you owe me, sort of."

Suddenly, her fingers were unzipping the fly of my jeans and her hands were inside, searching for my cock, still in its latex wrapper. In a matter of moments, her caresses had me hard again while we kissed deeply. The tingling in my balls was getting deliciously unbearable and I was happy when I exploded into the rubber.

"I hope that will hold you over until we can do it right," she told me when she felt my penis go limp.

Over the course of the next week, Evie and Jerry buttonholed everybody who had attended their last party and polled them on their attitudes. As a result, the next party was one couple short because Bob and Mary said they would feel uncomfortable in a situation where it was likely others in the room would be having sex surreptitiously. Evie promised them there would certainly be 'conventional' parties in the future where they would feel comfortable and to which they would be invited.

As a result, next Friday's party was moved to Saturday because Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were planning to be out most of the night at a staff party for Mr. Curtis' job. Evie's party started earlier than normal and all the girls, it seemed, had worn their flared skirts. We snacked and sipped soft drinks — the Curtis parents had laid down the law long ago that there was to be no under-age drinking on pain of never having another party there ever — and danced while our teen-age libidos simmered. Eventually, one couple, Ted and Dede, left the dance floor and sat on the couch with Dede straddling Ted and her skirt flared out as cover. Before too very long, it was obvious to one and all that Ted's cock was buried deep inside his steady girlfriend and both of them were enjoying the sensation.

I kissed Dorothy. "Would you like to join them?" She bobbed her head a few times. I led her to the other end of the couch where Ted and Dede were humping and gasping. I sat down and she climbed up to straddle my legs, fluffing her skirt as she did. In just a few moments, I had rolled a condom onto my stiff penis and had it inserted into Dorothy's vagina. Before many more minutes had passed, there were four couples similarly occupied.

Jerry and Evie were the talk of the evening, because Jerry had pinned Evie to the far wall with his body, had hiked her skirt up so her legs were visible

almost all the way to her hips, and his jeans were down around his knees exposing his butt as he pistoned in and out of Evie's cunt. It was also quite obvious that Evie was enjoying herself so much she didn't care that she was almost naked.

While Jerry and Evie humped, Laura disconnected from Mark's cock, stood up exposing Mark to view, turned around, and sat back down into his lap, slipping his meat back into her cunt. The sight was so erotic that I filled my condom and went limp afterwards.

It couldn't have been much more than a half hour before all of us were sexually satisfied, the boys and the girls. The girls, especially, seemed deliberately careless about protecting their partners' modesties when they disconnected, and all of them got to review everybody else's boyfriend's 'equipment'.

I don't know why it worked out that way, but after we finished fucking, the girls gathered in a group for some 'girl talk' and the boys gathered in their group for some 'guy talk'.

"I expected that to be fun," Evie began, "but I was surprised by how much fun it actually was."

"Me, too!" Laura agreed. "Mark and I have had sex before but tonight was unbelievably better! Are we going to do it again?"

Evie looked from face to face. Dorothy and Dede both nodded their agreement.

"If we ever get another 'parents are gone for the night' night," Dede added, "I think we should make it a 'clothing prohibited' party."

Dorothy and Laura gasped at this. "It'll be like a Roman orgy!" Laura squeaked. "Next you'll say you want to try out Mark or Dan or Jerry!"

Dede smiled. "Yeah, maybe. I'm glad to see everybody kept their word about showing off their studs. Am I the only one who, having seen what's out there, would like to experience a little variety? It's called 'the spice of life' for a reason, you know..."

Evie was smiling, too. "I think we should gently broach the subject, each to her own boyfriend, just to see how they react. We'll talk about it later in the week, okay?"

Ted clapped me on the back. "This was one of the best parties I've ever attended and, Dan, it's all your fault." The other guys laughed. "If not for you and Dorothy humping on the couch last week, none of this would have happened. Thanks!" The others added their thanks to his.

"I think Laura wanted everyone to see what a nice, big cock her boyfriend sported," I suggested. "What do you think, Mark?"

Mark blushed a little but recovered quickly. "Yeah, I was kind of shocked when she just stood up like that. All the girls were watching, did any of you notice?"

We all nodded. Yeah, we noticed.

Walking Dorothy home afterwards took longer than usual. About every fifty feet, she'd stop, put her arms around my neck, and kiss me like she wanted to find a dark alley and get a little more fucking in as a nightcap.

"Did you enjoy tonight?" she asked me.

"I did. I hope we get to do it again."

"That was going to be my next question. Evie asked us to make sure our guys weren't disappointed or anything."

"Disappointed? Baby, I wish we could go to a party like that every day. I'd like to have to spend my entire income on condoms just so I could keep that delicious smile on your face. I'm guessing you enjoyed yourself as well?"

"Yes, and before you ask, Evie, Dede, and Laura all enjoyed the experience as much as I did. Maybe more."

"That's good to know. That means we might have more parties like that."

"Oh, that's for sure, but one of the girls suggested a 'clothing prohibited' party. Do you think that's too much?"

"You mean 'everybody naked and fucking'? I'd have to think about that. Four beautiful girls naked and looking for something to stuff into their pussies? We'd probably all be squirting jizz over everything before we got our condoms unwrapped."

"And somebody — I won't say who — suggested swapping partners..."

I looked at her. "How do you feel about that?"

Dorothy grimaced. "I don't think I'm really in favor of that, but the girls are supposed to collect their guys' opinions, yes or no, up or down, in case there's a next time."

"Actually," I told her, "I'm more interested in your opinion. If it's something you'd like to try, maybe we should try it."

Dorothy laughed. "Well, think about it. Evie asked us to poll you guys — individually — for your opinions, so don't talk about it. Let us girls handle it in our own good time, okay?"

It was almost five months before Evie held the party we had all been thinking about. We were summoned to a pre-party planning meeting in a corner of the lunch room at school on Tuesday.

"Based on what the girls have gathered from their men, and what they, themselves, have agreed, Friday's party will be 'clothing optional' — some may be clothed, others not, there will be no cameras of any sort allowed at all — period — end-of-story. Some of you may be trading partners, but that's a decision that individual couples will make. Nobody will be forced to swap, obviously. My folks will be driving down to Philly in the early afternoon and aren't expected home until the wee hours, by which time we should all have fucked ourselves silly and gone home.

"See you all Friday around 5:30. Jerry and I will have burgers and dogs on the grill for dinner and you're all welcome to join us, especially if you're going to chip in to help pay for the food."

The party started in Evie's backyard even earlier than 5:30 and Evie quickly put a stop to one incident of a couple looking like they were ready to go at it in the open. "Don't scandalize the neighbors," she demanded. "If you must engage in foreplay, please go inside and do it."

By 7:00, we had all migrated inside and downstairs to the basement playroom. Mark and Laura had already stripped each other naked and were slow-dancing sexily in a permanent lip lock. I have to say that Laura had really nice tits, firm, with her nipples pointing almost straight out.

"Feel like getting naked?" I asked Dorothy.

"Are you going to get naked?" she asked in return.

I shrugged. "Sure." I kicked off my shoes, dropped my jeans, peeled my shirt, and pulled my briefs down, but I left my socks on. Dorothy gaped at me open-mouthed but didn't shed any of her clothes.

"I can't do it," she said finally, and the look on her face was of sheer panic.

"Not even down to your bra and panties?" I prompted. "After all, everyone here has already seen you getting laid on that couch over there," and I pointed with my thumb.

About that time, Evie and Jerry entered the room and, paying no attention to anyone but each other, each started undressing their partner. In seconds, there were five naked teenagers and Dorothy, and two of those couples were actively having sex. I moved in closer to Dorothy and began unbuttoning her blouse as I kissed her. She didn't resist. In fact, she started fondling my cock which was now rock-solid and standing straight out. When I had her buttons undone, I found the zipper for her skirt, unhooked the loop at the top, unzipped it, and let it fall. Then I eased her blouse backward over her shoulders and let that fall, too. Her arms let go of me long enough to allow the blouse to fall free before twining back around me. Since she seemed oblivious to everything but that kiss, I unsnapped her bra and let the ends dangle while my hands plunged into her panties to caress her ass cheeks and slowly work their way around to the front and her furry pubis.

I knelt in front of her and used the motion to pull her panties to the floor. Since her pussy was right there in front of me, I gave it a kiss and was gratified by Dorothy spreading her thighs to give me better access to her slot. My tongue soon found her clitoris and it wasn't long after that that Dorothy was moaning with pleasure.

Ted and Dede entered the room and they both already had their hands inside the other's pants. It was only seconds before they were both naked and Ted had his cock deep inside Dede on the last available couch space. I laid down on the rug and pulled Dorothy down on top of me.

"I want to eat your pussy," I told her and gently maneuvered her body so her cunt was right near my mouth. I started licking. Dorothy started bucking her hips. I prayed that, with my cock so close to her mouth, she'd have an inspiration to take me in. I used one hand to caress her neck and face while the other made sure my cock was standing straight up in front of her. Eventually, she got the message and I felt my penis being sucked inside her mouth. I increased

my efforts at exciting her pussy and it wasn't long before I could actually feel her vocalizations through my penis.

I wasn't wearing a condom; I hadn't had time to put one on, so if I orgasmed, it was going to be right into her mouth. We hadn't talked about that, and I wondered what her reaction would be to getting a mouthful of semen without any warning. It turned out I was worrying about nothing — or at least about the wrong thing.

Ted and Dede fucked for a little while before getting up and coming over to where Dorothy and I were 69'ing on the rug. Ted, naked and with his condomed cock still jutting straight out, stood in front of Dorothy, but I don't think she noticed him right away. Dede knelt down far enough that she could kiss Dorothy on her cheek. This, I'm pretty sure, shocked Dorothy out of her trance, and she stopped sucking my cock long enough to notice Ted's cock right in front of her. She smiled and switched from sucking my naked cock to sucking his latex-wrapped one. Dede swallowed my *au naturel* meat and started swirling her tongue around it.

I stroked Dede's cheek. She crabbed around so her pussy was lots closer to my hand, and I began caressing her very wet tissues.

About that time, Ted pulled Dorothy to her feet and that meant I couldn't eat her anymore, but Dede straddled my head in Dorothy's absence and I got a taste of a different pussy. Just before her thighs blocked out my vision, I saw Ted's cock slip inside Dorothy's vagina, both of them standing up and fucking.

Dorothy was an amateur when it came to sucking cock. Dede was much more experienced, and as much as she was enjoying me eating her, I was teetering on the edge of 'losing control', and Dede seemed to know it. She teased my cock unmercifully until, apparently satisfied with what my tongue was doing to her labia, she gave the head of my penis a little love bite and I emptied my sack into her mouth. I could tell from the way her mouth and tongue felt that she was gulping it all down.

I kept licking her long after I was done and limp. She let me go on like that for a long time, it seemed. Finally, she lifted her left thigh off my head and rolled away.

"You are way better than Ted at eating pussy," she whispered to me. "I think I need to get to know you better." She winked and moved away to where her clothes lay in a pile.

Ted and Dorothy, meanwhile, were hanging onto each other while Ted slowly and gently pistoned his meat into Dorothy's cunt. There was no doubt Dorothy was having a good time. Her eyes were closed, and she couldn't speak for gasping through a rapid-fire series of orgasms. Suddenly, Ted gave a huge grunt and arched his back as he made a final thrust deep inside Dorothy. I got up from the floor and snuggled up against Dorothy's back so she was sandwiched between me and Ted.

As Ted's limp dick oozed out of Dorothy, she turned and gave me a really sensual kiss and a really sensual hug. We stood there for a couple of minutes, I guess, before Dorothy finally spoke.

"I'm so sorry," she almost sobbed. "I don't know what came over me. I

didn't intend having sex with Ted. Can you forgive me?"

"Nothing to forgive," I told her. "We're not 'steadies'. You're allowed to fuck whoever you want." I kissed her again — deep — and she kissed me back. "Was he okay?" I asked.

She seemed to think about the question for a moment or two, perhaps calculating what she should say to me. "It was nice," she admitted, "but I wish it had been you. I think you think of me as 'special', but to Ted, I'm just someone he can slide his penis into." She kissed me again, deep. "How was Dede?"

"Dede was... Dede gave me an excellent blow job, and she likes the way I eat her pussy."

Dorothy laughed. "I can appreciate that. I like the way you eat my pussy, so I imagine other girls might like your technique, too. Did she...?" She paused.

"Did she what?" I asked.

"Did she... swallow it?"

I nodded and smiled. "Yup, all of it."

"Ewww, gross!"

"How would you know?" I asked.

Dede

Dede caught up to me between classes on Monday and slipped her arm inside mine.

"I wanted to thank you again for entertaining me Friday night. You really felt wonderful, and I wouldn't mind doing it again sometime."

"Aren't you and Ted 'steadies'?" I asked, somewhat surprised at her suggestion.

Dede shook her head. "Broke up Sunday," she explained. "Are you looking for a 'steady' of your own?"

I smiled and shook my head. "I don't believe in 'going steady'," I said. "Not going steady leaves me open for new experiences that may show up out of the blue."

"...or the pink," Dede added and winked. "So, does that mean I could invite you over to my place after school?"

"It does, and if I don't have any prior commitments, I could accept."

"What are you doing after school today?" she asked.

"Studying with Dorothy."

"Just 'studying'?"

I shrugged. "The only thing we have planned is studying, but plans can change."

"*Hmm*," she said, "do I have to make a reservation to schedule some study time with you?"

"Well, I don't have anything on tomorrow..."

"Okay! Let's plan on you coming home with me after school tomorrow, then?"

"It's a date." We traded telephone numbers.

Dorothy had a very pouty look when I met her at the bus after school. "Problems?" I asked.

"Well... Yes," she admitted.

"Anything I can do?"

"Ted and Dede broke up."

"So I heard. Why is that a problem?"

"Ted asked me to go steady with him..."

"And?" I prompted.

"And I agreed." She seemed embarrassed to admit this to me.

I paused, thinking through the implications. "So, you're now 'off limits'?"

"I guess so," she agreed.

I nodded. "Well, the whole idea of 'not going steady' was that all our options remained open, including the option of going steady and giving up all those options." I leaned in and kissed her on the cheek. "Congratulations?" I inquired.

"Thanks."

I didn't go to Dorothy's house to study after school. I went home and called Dede. "It turns out I'm not studying with Dorothy this afternoon," I told her.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Well, Ted didn't like being left without a steady girlfriend, so he asked Dorothy..." I heard Dede laughing. "...and Dorothy, apparently impressed by his studly performance on Friday, said 'yes'."

"Well, you're welcome to come over here to study... or whatever new experiences may show up out of the blue or the pink."

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

I made it in eleven and found Dede waiting for me on her front steps. She ushered me inside, closed the door, and turned to give me the first of many kisses that afternoon.

"My Mom gets home from work in about an hour and a half, and she always calls ahead in case there's anything I need from the store. Are you interested in eating some pussy while we wait?"

"I thought you'd never ask," I told her. She led me into the guest bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed, then began to undo my belt buckle, the zipper of my jeans, and, finally my briefs. By the time she pulled my underwear down, my cock was hard as a rock — just what she intended — and she sucked it into her mouth.

"That feels really nice," I told her, "but where's that pussy I'm supposed to eat?"

Dede stopped slurping my meat and laughed. She stood and began undoing her jeans while I unbuttoned her blouse and unclipped her bra. While she stripped, I shed my jeans that were down around my ankles, and my t-shirt. In seconds, it seemed, we were naked and romping on the bed. I pulled Dede's

body close to mine for a naked hug and some more kissing, and that's when she grabbed my cock and steered it into her vagina.

"I'm bareback," I told her.

"Just don't come inside me," she warned, and that's just about the time she had her first orgasm, clamping her thighs around mine and clamping her vagina around my penis.

"If you keep doing that," I whispered into her ear, "you'll be leaking jizz before I can stop it. Let me get wrapped."

She relaxed her grip and let me roll away. I pulled my jeans closer and fetched a condom from its pocket, unwrapped it, and rolled the latex onto my cock. When I rolled back toward her, she was waiting, thighs spread, and holding her pussy lips apart with two fingers. I plunged back inside her and felt her legs coil behind mine, trapping me.

"God, I've been wanting this since Friday night. Fuck me, baby!"

I knew better than to go too fast or too energetically. Instead, I gently oscillated in and out of her cunt, stopping or slowing every now and then when she seemed to be in the throes of ecstasy. Her arms held me tight around the shoulders, and I could feel her back arch when a particularly strong orgasm found its mark. Her cunt was so wet, it was providing almost no friction against my cock, but the ribbing molded into the walls of the condom lightly teased the nerve endings in the walls of her vagina and triggered a new spasm every minute or so.

I lifted my head to get a view of her face and discovered her crying, tears leaking profusely from the corners of her eyes.

"Are you okay?" I asked, and she seemed to pop out of her reverie.

"Oh, baby, I am so much more than 'okay'," she assured me. "How long have we been making love?"

I looked at the clock on the end table. "Forty minutes, maybe a little more."

"Oh... it felt like I've been fucking for a week. I'm a wreck. I don't think I can handle much more."

"Well, then, do you mind if I..."

"Oh, honey, just tell me how you want to come, and I'll do my best."

"Roll over," I commanded. She rolled onto her stomach. I pulled her hips up and slid my cock back into her cunt. I began a slow in-and-out, but a little more vigorously than when I was concentrating solely on giving her pleasure. Even so, her hips began twerking on me and I knew she was experiencing another series of orgasms. I could tell from the incoherent moaning coming from her lips. The combination of motions: me sliding in and out and her twitching every few seconds; soon had my nervous system agitated enough that an orgasm of my own felt imminent.

It didn't take long after that. That wonderful tingling in the balls that starts the process soon migrates into the penis and morphs into that blissful wave of pleasant pain as all the pelvic muscles spasm at once. I grunted and gasped as all that stored fluid exploded from the tip of my penis, inflating the bulb-end of the condom and oozing back down the shaft. My limp dick soon flopped out of

her pussy and I rolled away to the edge of the bed.

Dede sighed. "That was the best fuck I've ever had. How long do you think before you can do it again?" I laughed. She looked at me and she wasn't smiling. "I'm serious," she said. "I want another one." I stopped laughing.

"We're not 'steadies', you know," I told her. "There might be other girls I want to fuck."

She hopped off the bed and knelt before me, peeled the latex from my softened penis, and sucked my meat back into her mouth, cleaning me off.

"Baby, you just tell me what I have to do to get another fuck like that one. Do you want me to walk to your house naked? I'll do that. Do you want me to pay you? I'll do that. My whole nervous system is ringing like a bell from what you just did to me, and I want you to ring my bell again. How do I get you to ring my bell?"

"And Ted broke up with you, the horniest girl in the whole school?"

"No, I broke up with him. He's got a nice big Johnson, but he can't eat pussy like you, and — oh, brother — he can't fuck anywhere near as good as you, either."

"Well, then, tell me: which of my talents do you prize highest: my pussy-eating or my fucking?"

"Don't get me wrong," Dede explained, "I like having my pussy licked, especially the way you do it, but there's nothing like the feeling of having some nice piece of cock put your nervous system into overload. I'll take a pussy-lick when spreading my thighs for your cock isn't an option, but I will always say a prayer to have your cock inside me." She wrapped an arm around my neck and kissed me, sticking her tongue as far into my mouth as she could manage.

I helped her straighten the guest bedroom, then we settled down to do our homework together and were busy working at that when her mother arrived home. I exchanged greetings with her before gathering my books and heading home.

Laura

It was probably a few weeks later that Laura O'Mara brushed past me between classes and hooked my arm as I went by.

"Oh, hi, Laura," I greeted her.

"Hi, yourself. Hey, you're pretty good with that trigonometry stuff, aren't you?"

"I suppose..." I admitted.

"I'm having a real hard time understanding it. Any chance I could talk you into helping me get over the rough spots?"

"Yeah, of course, I'm glad to help out."

"Can we get together after school some day soon so I can get some tutoring?"

"No problem," I told her. I wrote my telephone number in her notebook, and she wrote hers in mine. "Call me when you want to meet."

"Is today too early? You don't have anything scheduled today, do you? I just think the sooner I get help, the better it will be."

"No, today is okay. I usually study with Dede after school, but she's got somewhere to go this afternoon, so I'm free."

"Cool," Laura bubbled. "My place or yours?"

"Where would you be most comfortable?" I asked.

"My place, then. Come over as soon as you can." She waved and continued toward her next class.

When I got to Laura's, she introduced me to her Mother who was bustling around their garden and had dirt up to her elbows. She declined to shake my hand so as not to get me as dirty as she was. Laura dragged me away to her room.

Laura had changed from her school clothes and was now dressed in a short skirt, a mini-skirt, maybe. It was really short. We sat across from each other next to her desk and spread our books and notebooks out.

"What is it that's giving you the most problem?" I asked to get her started.

"I can't remember the damned formulas!" she said. "If I knew why the formulas were generated, I'd remember them, I'm sure!" She put her heel up on the seat of her chair and the hem of her skirt lifted and slid toward her waist. It was immediately obvious that Laura was not wearing panties. Her lightly-furred pussy stared back at me, and the way her thighs were parted drew her labia ever so slightly apart so that the bright pink tissue beneath was visible as well. My gaze shifted to her face. She was smiling.

"You forgot your panties," I observed.

"I didn't forget them," she replied, reaching behind her desk. "They're right here," she explained, holding them aloft so I could see the almost-transparent black mesh of the material. "Should I put them back on?"

"It depends," I replied. "Are we here to study trigonometry... or something else?"

She leaned in closer to me and said in almost a whisper: "Which would you prefer?"

"I don't need help with trigonometry," I offered, "so it's really up to you as to why I'm here."

"Well..." She hesitated. "I hear you fuck like a stallion..."

"Now, where would you have heard such a thing?" I demanded.

Laura smiled. "My little sister came to me a few days ago and asked me what that phrase meant: 'fuck like a stallion'. It seems Dede's little sister overheard Dede use those words to describe her current boyfriend. I presume she was referring to you. I thought it might be fun to find out for myself."

"Won't Mark be upset?"

"I won't tell if you don't," she answered.

"Your Mother..."

"I can see the garden from my window," she assured me. "If Mom stands up, it's time to stop."

I smiled back at her. She had all the angles figured. Why did she think she needed help with trigonometry?

I stood. She stood. I advanced on her and took her in my arms. We kissed. I felt her hand moving across the bulge in my pants. I think she was pleased that I was — obviously — already hard. She began to undo my belt, so I slipped my hand under her skirt and between her thighs, and felt her thighs move apart to allow my fingers to find whatever they wanted. She kissed me deeper.

My left hand reached into my back pocket to snag the condom there, and I grabbed it between two fingers just before my jeans slipped to the floor. Laura pushed my briefs down to expose my erection and coiled her fingers around it.

"Not too much of that," I told her, breaking our kiss, "or you won't get any for yourself." She giggled and resumed kissing me but she became gentler with her caressing.

"Lay down on your back," she ordered, so I complied. She climbed up on the bed, straddling me so she could look out the window at her mother digging in the garden, and eased her vagina down onto my cock.

"I'm bareback," I warned her.

"We'll fix that in a bit," she answered. "I just want to feel the real you for a little," and with that she started a gentle up-and-down oscillation.

She really did feel nice, and I worried that she felt so nice I wouldn't be able to stop if I had to, but she only bounced a dozen times or so before lifting her hips and letting my penis slip out.

"I hope you feel even half as good through latex," she whispered as she watched me roll the condom onto the shaft. As soon as I was covered, she grabbed the head of my penis and guided it back into her cunt, then resumed her bouncing. "Oh, baby, I think I got my wish," she assured me just before a monster orgasm exploded inside her.

I don't know how to explain it, but the whole idea of Laura seducing me just felt so weird. I let her use me like a gigolo for over a half-hour and I felt almost no urge to orgasm. I mean, I had my hands inside her blouse, on her tits having pushed her bra up and over them — did I mention that Laura had really pretty and firm breasts? — and she just lapped up the attention, but after the first rush of realizing we really were going to fuck in her bedroom, I didn't feel enough... attraction, I guess... for me to get excited to the point of filling my condom. When she had had enough, she rolled away, exhausted, and was surprised to see my condom not full of semen.

"Was something wrong?" she asked, and she sounded like she was about to panic.

"No," I told her, "I just wanted you to get all yours out of the way."

She looked relieved at that. "Thanks," she acknowledged. "I'm done. Is there anything I can do for you?"

I thought about that for a moment. I wondered whether I would disappoint her if, in fact, I couldn't orgasm with her. That would be embarrassing. "Feel like giving me a BJ?"

She stole a quick glance out the window to make sure her mother was

still puttering, and smiled at me. "Sure. Can we leave the condom on?"

I frowned. "Did I satisfy you?" I asked. She bobbed her head, reached down and stripped the latex from my penis, then bent over to take the shaft into her mouth.

Now, no matter how a guy feels about a girl, there's something magical about seeing her with your cock in her mouth, especially if she knows how to give a decent blowjob, and Laura was well-trained in that department. It didn't take but five or six minutes before I was pumping semen and she was gulping it down. Her last few licks cleaned me off so I didn't have to rush off to the bathroom to wipe myself down, which turned out to be a good thing.

As she stood up, she glanced at the garden and a look of horror flashed across her face. "Get dressed!" she ordered and the urgency was clear in her tone. I stood, pulled my briefs up, then my jeans, and buckled my belt. I could zip the zipper later if I had time. She, meanwhile, had pulled her bra down into its normal place and rearranged her blouse. I stuffed the condom and wrapper into my jeans pocket. We had barely gotten ourselves presentable when Mrs. O'Mara entered the room unannounced.

"Laura, sweetheart, does your friend want to stay for dinner?"

"Oh, I shouldn't, Mrs. O'Mara," I begged off. "My Mom expects me home. We're done here anyway, so I was just about to pack up and leave, but thank you for the offer."

Laura grabbed me by the shoulders and gave me a hug. "Thanks for helping me, Dan. I really appreciate it."

"Anytime, Laura," and I turned to the desk to collect my school stuff.

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By the time the bunch of us were seniors, we had all given up on the 'steady dating' scene. Guys called girls for dates, and girls called guys for dates, and if things worked out, a date happened. I was surprised how fast my reputation spread among the girls, and I was surprised that that same reputation seemed not to spread among the guys. I suppose I wasn't the only guy who seemed to be in demand to service the next horny babe, but I was surprised at how often I got to empty my sack into somebody's pussy, and many times it was a pussy I already knew.

By the time we were all in our twenties and starting to think about settling down, most of the partners had changed. Ted finally got engaged to Dorothy, and Mark proposed to Laura, the one pair that had stuck it out to the bitter end. Jerry wound up attached to Dede, and Evie got engaged to somebody none of us had ever met.

Patty and I went to the same local college and eventually figured out how much we liked each other and how much we had in common. We'll probably make it formal one of these days.

In the meantime, she's learned lots more about sex, conception, and pregnancy, and we put all that knowledge to good use on a regular basis.