

Premiere

My first time? I suppose you're not talking about 'jacking off to Hustler centerfolds'... That would have to have been JoBeth.

JoBeth was one of the girls in the neighborhood. All of us were just then sorting ourselves out into boyfriend-girlfriend pairs and neither I nor JoBeth had yet figured out who was who, but we were friends, and I suppose that's always the first step.

In those days, 'dates' were often of the inexpensive variety: going for walks in the park, sharing a soft drink from a pushcart, slices of pizza at the walk-up counter, and babysitting.

Babysitting dates always meant that she was the official babysitter and he was just along for the company... meaning 'making out'. After several such dates, a guy might dare to caress a breast through several layers of material, and if she didn't object, it could go further than that: unhooking her bra to gain unfettered access to her mammary treasure. That would lead, eventually, to kissing and sucking her nipples and slipping the occasional hand between her thighs. Girls could give subtle hints as to what they would allow by the way they dressed: slacks or jeans or tight skirts were much less accommodating than flared skirts. JoBeth almost always wore flared skirts. As a result, I had on a few occasions caressed her pussy through the material of her panties. The first time I did, I came in my pants and had to dash off to the bathroom to clean the mess up.

Some of the girls would let their date stroke their inner thighs, but when he got too near the panties, they would squeeze their legs together as a way of avoiding too intimate contact. "I'm not ready for you to go there," one told me, and I understood that meant the end of any exploration I might have been planning. Dianne was always kind of prissy in that regard. You could play with her nipples, even lick them, but the crotch area was always off-limits.

"I'm babysitting for the Dixons Saturday night," JoBeth told me at lunch Thursday, "would you like to come along and keep me company? I think they have cable."

"Yeah, that sounds good," I answered. "What time?"

"They want me over there by 6:30 because they're going down to the city for a stage play. Come with me and I can introduce you."

"Okay. I'll swing by about 6:15 and we can walk there together."

"Great! 6:15," she confirmed. "We can bring burgers or something to eat. Mrs. Dixon said the kids will already have been fed. All we have to do is put them to bed around eight, and they're planning to be home before midnight."

A few minutes after six, I told my Mom I was leaving to go babysitting with JoBeth, that we'd made our own dinner plans, and that I was planning to be home around midnight or so.

I picked up JoBeth at her house a few minutes later. "Shall we swing past the Burger Shack?" she asked.

"I thought we could call in an order later and I'll go pick it up and bring it back. That way it'll all be fresh," I suggested. JoBeth liked that idea.

The Dixons were almost ready to leave when we arrived. JoBeth introduced me as 'her boyfriend' — which was not exactly true as far as I was concerned — and Mr. Dixon shook my hand as he and Mrs. Dixon headed for their car. The kids, 4 and 2½, were playing in the living room while the TV softly played as background and JoBeth and I joined them to keep them amused. We played with push toys and building blocks until they tired of them, then found other toys and activities to keep them going. By 7:45 we both could see them visibly fading. JoBeth gave me a wink and announced bedtime. To my surprise, they accepted that without much argument and we escorted them to the nursery, put them into bed, said 'good-night', and retreated to the living room.

"Food?" I suggested.

"Yes," JoBeth agreed, "but first let me thank you for helping with the kids." She wound her arms around my neck and gave me a wonderfully soft kiss right on the lips — which I returned. "If you want any more of those," she warned, "no onions."

I laughed, but when I called in our order I made sure to tell them three times "no onions".

We ate our burgers and fries and washed it all down with pop while we watched a game show and cleaned up the debris before returning to the couch. JoBeth turned off half the lights in the living room and sat down next to me.

I put my arm around JoBeth and she leaned in closer to me, resting her head on my shoulder. I gave her a little kiss on the top of her head and she responded by turning her face to me and offering her lips for another of her soft, warm kisses. This one lasted much longer than the first, so long, in fact, that I brought my other hand around to completely encircle her. She didn't seem to mind. In fact, she hugged me back and made the kiss even deeper. It may have been the first time a girl ever stuck her tongue into my mouth. It was a weird feeling at first, but I soon began to enjoy it.

'Nothing ventured; nothing gained' I had always been told, so I let my hand slide down JoBeth's back to her butt. I didn't get any resistance so I kept going — down her leg to the hem of her skirt. My hand was now on skin. I don't know if it occurred to me or not what was about to happen, but

my hand started to move back up and was soon at her panties. I slipped my fingers underneath its hem so I could caress her butt directly, and I still wasn't meeting any resistance. Far from it. JoBeth rolled to one side so my hand had a clear path to where the treasure was buried and I felt pressure on my prick which was already quite hard. I moved my hand around to the front, and the crazy angle meant that I was using the back of my fingers rather than the fingertips, but I could tell there was hair there. Just then I realized what the pressure on my cock was: JoBeth had her hand on it.

JoBeth moaned a little and I could feel her thighs move apart. It felt like an invitation. All the while her tongue was darting in and out of my mouth and each of us was playing games with the other's tongue. By carefully twisting my hand inside her panties I could get two fingers and a thumb into action, and as they moved toward the back, I could feel that she was very wet. Now, instead of spreading her legs, her thighs clamped on my hand. She broke the kiss and whispered in my ear "That feels so good. Do you want to take my panties off?"

"Yes," I begged. She leaned back onto the couch, breaking the hug and looked directly into my eyes. I used both hands, one on either side, to tug her panties down to her ankles and off. With the legs now free, she lifted her skirt and spread her thighs to show me what she had waiting for me. I almost came in my pants right then and there. It was the first real live pussy I had seen that wasn't printed on magazine stock.

"Where do we go from here?" she asked.

"Isn't that mostly up to you? Where would you like me to go?"

"Well..." she began, "have you ever tasted pussy?" she asked with a wicked gleam in her eye.

"I've never been this close to the real thing," I admitted.

"A virgin!" she chortled.

"You're not?" I asked.

"Well... yes, actually, I still am, but that could change... Would you like to try a taste-test?"

I bent forward to bring my lips to her pussy and started by giving her beaver a kiss, then began to explore the terrain with the tip of my tongue. I could hear JoBeth gasp every now and then as I hit some sensitive spot.

"The front," she whispered, and I returned to the front where there seemed to be a little fleshy bump of some sort. "Right there," she said loud enough to make sure I could hear. I flicked it a few more times with the tip of my tongue, each time getting a reaction from her hips. She was also getting wetter. "Lick me back to front," she demanded, so I did, bringing a large quantity of 'wet' forward and lubricating everything in between.

She reached down and grabbed my head with two hands and pulled me upward toward her face. She kissed me again with those luscious

lips and probed inside with her tongue. "You're making me very horny," she said. "I hope you're prepared to fix that."

"How do I fix that?" I asked. "How do you want me to fix that?"

"Did you bring a condom?" she asked. I shook my head. "Well, luckily I'm more prepared than you," and she withdrew from her handbag a foil-wrapped ring. "You really ought to keep one or two handy," she advised breathlessly. "You never know when you'll need one."

"Are we going to..."

"Screw?" she finished the thought. "It's possible. It takes two, you know. Would you like to?"

"Here?"

"It's not even nine o'clock. We have two hours at least to decide if we're each going to lose our virginity to the other and how. Listen, this is as new to me as it is to you. Maybe nothing will happen because one or both of us is unwilling... Maybe something will happen."

"What are you hoping for?" I wanted to know.

"I don't know," she admitted. "Maybe I'm hoping nothing will happen and it will just be a moment we'll both remember with a laugh in years to come. Maybe it will be something wonderful we'll both cherish for the rest of our lives. Haven't you ever wondered what the real thing is like?"

"Ever?? All the time!" I told her. "I just never expected it to sneak up on me like this." She looked at me oddly. "I mean, I kind of expected I would be the one to start the whole process."

"Are you disappointed? Am I being too... aggressive?"

"No, no, not disappointed. Surprised, I guess."

"Do you know the mechanics? Has your Dad ever given you 'the talk'?"

"Yeah, I know roughly how it happens, but it's mostly from other sources." I didn't dare admit that 'watching porn' was my other source.

"Well, these are my rules: I'm not on birth control, so you must wear a condom for the whole time. I can hardly wait to experience real sexual intercourse, but I'm not ready to be a mommy myself. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Go lock the front door." I got up and flipped the deadbolt. When I returned she was barefoot. I knew she wasn't wearing panties anymore because I had taken them off myself.

"Take your pants off," she ordered. I sat down, undid my shoes, and then my jeans, slipping my legs out of them. By the time I finished that, I realized she had unsnapped her bra and pulled it through the sleeve-hole of her blouse. She leaned forward toward me, grabbed the waistband of my briefs with two hands, and pulled them toward my ankles. My cock, disappointingly, was limp.

"Well, that's a bummer," she opined. "What happened?"

"I don't know. Nervousness, I guess."

She cradled my balls in one hand and the shaft in another and let them roll around a bit. I could feel a pleasant tingling begin to surge through my thighs and the shaft began to enlarge. She planted a kiss on the very tip and it began to get noticeably larger and stiffer. "That's better."

She handed me the still-wrapped condom and began to unbutton the front of her blouse. With her free hand, she brushed the material of the blouse aside to reveal a beautiful breast with a little nut-brown nipple. "Taste?" she offered.

I leaned forward and sucked the nipple into my mouth, letting my tongue swirl around it. I could see JoBeth lean back and close her eyes as she enjoyed the sensation. I parted the blouse and switched to the other nipple. She sighed as I repeated the treatment on the second nipple and my hand caressed the first, rubbing it gently between thumb and forefinger. With my free hand, I reached under her skirt, slipped two fingers into her split, and began to stroke her gently. Her thighs went wide again, giving me license to do anything I wanted, I suppose. I eased two fingers into the mouth of her vagina and they went all the way in. She claimed to be a virgin, and maybe she was, but there was going to be no pain and no blood tonight. She gasped with delight at the feeling of being penetrated even if it was just by my fingers.

"I love it," she told me between gasps. "Get ready."

I stopped sucking her nipple; I stopped teasing her other nipple; I stopped fingering her vagina. Since she seemed to enjoy having her cunt licked, I stuck my head between her legs and began licking her pink and she began making little whimpering noises to let me know how much she enjoyed it. That freed both hands so that I could peel the wrapping from the condom and roll it onto my now quite long and hard shaft. When I was sure it was rolled as far down as it could go, I lifted my head and announced "Ready."

"Fuck me, baby. Please hurry and fuck me. I need your cock."

She was sitting on the couch with her pussy hanging over the edge. I brought my condom-coated cock to the entrance of her vagina and she helped guide it in. She was so wet, it slid in easily. Oh, Jesus, did that feel nice! I had everything I could do just to keep from exploding. She was moaning and whispering words I couldn't make out and her hips were gyrating. She clamped her legs around me and gripped my thighs so that even if I wanted to pull out of her, I couldn't. She thrashed on the couch and I guessed she was having a whole series of orgasms — she later told me that was exactly what was happening — and I was fighting the urge to pump her cunt with my cock. I knew if I gave in, it would be all over in a flash, and I wanted to give JoBeth reason to do this again.

After a while, her motions calmed down and she seemed to return from wherever she had been.

"That was great," she told me. "How was yours?"

"Didn't come yet," I told her.

She looked shocked. "Is something wrong?"

"No, I was just doing my best to hold off as long as I could so you could get all yours finished. Do you mind if I let mine happen?"

"Oh, lover, you have my permission to do whatever you want. I never expected to find a boy for my first time who cared more about my pleasure than his own. Tell me what you want and it's yours."

"Would you mind if I tried doggie-style?" I asked.

"I don't know what that is, but I'm willing to learn."

"Roll over. I want to come in from behind."

"In my ass?" she asked with what seemed like a frightened tone.

"No, in your vagina, just a different way to penetrate."

She turned and knelt on the couch. I stood behind her, lifted her skirt, and aimed as well as I could for her tunnel of love but missed. She grabbed my cock with a hand between her legs and guided it expertly into her cunt. I began a slow, rhythmic pumping in and out and she responded by having another couple of orgasms. I only lasted a couple of minutes before I filled the condom and my cock deflated. Wow, was that great!

As my limp dick oozed out of her pussy, she turned and put her arms around my neck so she could own my lips. I wasn't going to fight that. I just enjoyed her kisses as long as she wanted to give them.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, my sweet lover, for giving me such a wonderful first experience. Let me know if you ever want to do it again."

"Tomorrow?" I suggested. She laughed.

She slipped back into her panties, picked up her bra and the wrapping of the condom, and led me by the hand to the bathroom. There she peeled the condom from my flaccid penis and took my cock into her mouth to clean off the residue of our lovemaking. She wrapped the cum-filled condom and its wrapper in a tissue and stowed it in her purse.

"Stephanie said guys always like to have someone clean them off after sex, and most girls like the taste of cum," she informed me after giving me an all-around lick job. "Maybe it's an acquired taste," she added.

"Well, I like eating your pussy," I told her, "so if you ever feel the need to have someone pay special attention to what's between your thighs, I'm your guy." Then I pulled her to her feet and we spent the next several minutes standing in the bathroom kissing.

When we got back to the couch, I told her that I was disappointed she had put her panties back on because I really wanted to eat her some more. She smiled, reached under her skirt, and dropped those panties to the floor before kicking them clear. Then, still barefoot, she stepped up onto the couch straddling me, lifted her skirt, and leaned in so her cunt was right in my face. That little fleshy bump — I learned later it was her clitoris — was right there for me to tease her into another series of orgasms. My

sliding a couple of fingers in and out of her cunt probably helped with those. I hope so, anyway. She seemed to enjoy it, and it gave me a feeling of immense power to know I could bring her off so easily.

Dianne was the other girl I occasionally dated — until JoBeth and I made things a little more formal — the girl with the resistance to having her pussy fondled.

We were babysitting for someone, I can't recall who, and while we watched TV I slid to the far end of the couch and peeled Dianne's flats and those dinky nylons the girls call 'peds' off her feet. Then I began to massage the soles and arches and play with her toes. She seemed to really like that, I think, because she smiled and closed her eyes and let me do anything I wanted. During my ministrations, her skirt hiked up so that her legs all the way up to her panties were clearly visible. I didn't know then if Dianne knew how exposed she was, but other girls have told me since that a girl always knows where her skirt is. I kissed her toes and ankle softly to see if I would get a reaction, and I didn't, so I continued kissing my way north, kissing her calves and thighs until my head was firmly between her thighs and I could kiss her panties where they covered her pussy. I expected to get some reaction to that, but the only thing I noticed was Dianne breathing heavily and her panties getting damp.

Using both hands, I grabbed the waistband of her panties, right and left, and began to tug gently. To my surprise, she lifted her butt slightly and the panties came off easily. I used the pussy-licking techniques JoBeth had taught me and they seemed to please Dianne as much as they pleased JoBeth. In a matter of minutes, Dianne was babbling incoherently and her cunt was leaking salty sweet juice for me to lick and spread around. I stuck the tip of my tongue into her vagina and it met resistance. Whereas JoBeth's hymen was open, Dianne's was not. She was probably a virgin and penetrating her would likely be painful and bloody. As much as I wanted to be inside her, I realized it wouldn't be a good idea, at least not right now.

I never did get to have real sex with Dianne, but we had some hot times anyway because, whereas JoBeth wasn't a big fan of blowjobs, Dianne was. That first time I peeled her panties and gave her a whole load of orgasms, she paid me back with interest. After licking her for a good half hour and listening to her gasp and moan with what must have been dozens of orgasms, she finally pulled my head out of her crotch.

"Oh, baby, that was great. Where did you learn to eat pussy like that?" she asked.

I declined to confess to being JoBeth's student. "All I did was lick the tasty parts."

"Well, you can lick my 'tasty parts' whenever you want. I think I have to reward you for your good behavior. How shall I do that, *hmm*?"

"You could lick my tasty parts," I suggested.

She cocked her head to one side and squinted at me from one eye. "Are you planning to come in my mouth, mister?"

"Well," I started, "that would be real nice if you let me. Is that going to be a problem?"

By this time she had positioned herself between my knees and was undoing my belt buckle. "We'll have to see what happens," she answered with a smile. She unzipped my pants and pulled my shorts down to expose my cock which was by then really hard and really big. I was really horny, so much so that I wondered if I was going to explode the instant she took me in.

Her head dipped into my lap and I could feel her lips suck the head of my cock into her mouth. Then she started swirling her tongue around the head. Every time she swiped past that little string-thing on the bottom of the head, I got a little *zing* and the sensation that I was going to squirt whether I wanted to or not. I didn't want to come too soon, because the feeling of her working my meat was one of the most exciting sensations I've ever experienced. The guy doesn't usually get to make that decision, though, and after just a few minutes, I couldn't hold it off any longer. My cock let go on its own and I could sense Dianne gulping as semen pulsed into her mouth.

When it was all over, my dick deflated and got soft and limp. Dianne had managed to clean it off pretty well before that, and she just let it slip out of her mouth and dangle. "I think you liked that," she said with a smile as she looked up at me from her position between my thighs.

"No," I told her, "I *loved* it. I hope it happens again pretty soon."

"That depends on whether you're a good boy or not," and she winked at me.

JoBeth only sat for the Sloanes once because they declined to allow her boyfriend to keep her company while she was on duty.

"Babysitting is boring," she explained, "if you don't have companionship to make it interesting. Babysitting for the Sloanes doesn't interest me anymore."

The biggest excitement we ever had was one night we were sitting for the Mansouri kids. As soon as the kids went to bed and we were sure they were sound asleep, JoBeth and I started playing and we were in a froth when I heard a car pull into the Mansouri's driveway. I stopped what I was doing and we got re-dressed at lightning speed and were presentable when the Mansouris entered their house in a rage. Whatever it was they had gone out for had turned into an unpleasant experience and they cut it short without calling home to alert JoBeth. They apologized to JoBeth for the short evening, paid her, and we left. It was a real close-call.

"Damn it," JoBeth seethed as we walked away toward home, "I'm horny as all get out and my panties are soaked. I was counting on a good shagging tonight."

"We could cut through the park," I suggested. "There are a few nice, dark, secluded spots..."

JoBeth giggled. "You mean 'do it in public'? You're nuts! What if we get caught?"

"Do you want to get laid or not?" I demanded.

"Yeah, I want to get laid." She grabbed my arm and guided me toward the park.

We found a spot behind the band shell, she slipped out of her wet panties, and I loosened my jeans. I was still wearing the condom I was going to use on her earlier, and my cock swelled right back into it, so I was ready before she hiked her skirt up to take me in.

Surprisingly, I managed to hump her for an unusually long time, maybe twenty-five or thirty minutes, before I came and deflated, and she was in an almost constant state of orgasm for the whole time, with her back against a wooden fence.

When I peeled the condom off to toss it into a nearby trash can, she squatted down and took my limp dick into her mouth and began to lick it clean.

"I thought you didn't like the taste of cum?" I asked.

"It was a real nice evening and you gave me a real nice fuck. I thought you deserved a little extra care, if you know what I mean."

Starting about then, we started sixty-nining each other on a regular basis. I think it's my favorite position.

Dianne, it turns out, developed quite a reputation for being the most avid and talented *fellatiste* around. I'm not sure when it happened – maybe nobody knows except for Dianne herself – but at one point I heard Dianne was charging for her services. She started out at five dollars, then raised it to ten. The guy who complained about her charging ten – he later whined about being charged twenty, and it seemed to me that the price went up sharply if Dianne got any hint that someone was discussing her intimate business in public. It was nice to know that a professional blowjob could be had on those occasions when excess horniness and spare spending money happened to coincide, and I have to admit that Dianne got a little business from me. She got pretty bold about it, too. I remember one party in particular – somebody's birthday, but I can't recall whose – where Dianne would slip away with one of the guys, be gone for five or six minutes, then come back to pick up another 'client'. Some of the girlfriends got pretty pissed-off at Dianne after that, but I think more than one of them thereafter developed a new appreciation for the taste of semen.