

Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Review

Jude Mason

Come, explore with me...if you dare!



Jude is pleased to present

~Educating Rory~

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Chapter One

Summer! I love summer and the one I'm going to tell you about was a summer to go down in the annals. I was young, footloose and fancy free, and I was on holiday.

I'd better explain. All those years ago, I had been invited to spend the summer holidays with my friend Pete and his parents. He lived in a northern seaside resort and I had just moved from there to a midland industrial city. No contest, I was going! The sea, the sun, the girls

Ah, the girls. That also explained why I was laid up in bed, rather than going fishing with Pete and his dad. We'd been out for a bike ride the day before and met a couple of girls. We made friends with them and I asked one of them, Tanya, out on a date. She'd accepted, but hadn't told me the local gorilla also had his eye on her. He paid me a visit and explained in his own forceful

way, that Tanya was his property.

I went back to Pete's, slightly concussed and hopping mad, but as the evening progressed, the headache got worse and I was sent to bed. Pete's mum came up later to check on me.

I must add a little about Pete's parents here. They must have married young, because they only looked in their mid thirties and his mum was delicious. She was tall, with long dark hair which fell to her shoulders, a ready smile and a pretty face. She seemed to have a predilection for low cut blouses, which certainly attracted all the local lads round to Pete's house when his mum was loading the washing machine. Every time she bent forward their heads moved too. Looking back, I realise, she knew exactly what she was doing. But, we were younger then and thought it was just a wonderful sneak show. She had beautiful shapely breasts, and the smooth upper slopes seemed like a promised land.

She gave me a drink, a headache tablet, a view down her blouse, and said goodnight. I lay there, wishing, lusting.

The following morning, I still had a headache, but I got up and dressed, hoping to go on the fishing trip we'd been promised by Pete's dad. Mrs. Sellers was having none of it.

"You look far too pale to be going out for the day, get back upstairs and into bed. Whatever would I say to your mum, if you were unwell miles from home?"

"But..."

"She's right", Pete's dad said, "better be safe than sorry."

I watched them leave and felt pretty miserable, but went back to my room. It was a perfectly nice room, in fact it was nicer than my own at home, but it was definitely a visitor's room. There were few things that made it personal. Along one wall were bookcases, full of books that seemed to have been bought by the yard. Sunlight streamed through a crack in the curtains to illuminate the dressing table and wardrobe. They didn't match and the wardrobe was quite old. It brought to mind Narnia and the Ice Queen. It was just that sort of room I guess.

I took off my clothes and got back into bed. I must have dozed fitfully for an hour or so, when a knock on the door awakened me. Mrs. Sellers didn't wait for me to reply, she just came into the room.

"Would you like a drink?"

"Yes please, it's very hot, isn't it?"

"It sure is. I'll bring you some cool orange juice."

She left, only to return a moment later with a glass on a tray. It looked delicious. The cold orange juice had caused condensation to form on the outside of the glass. She leaned forward to place it next to me. That's when I noticed her blouse had another button undone and as she bent forward, it gaped. I got a full view of her gorgeous breasts. I stared. I couldn't help it. Did she delay, just for a second, before standing up again? I didn't know, but all at once my head was full of the thoughts that we were alone in the house, and likely to be so for many hours to come. My cock hardened at the thought.

"Drink it up, if you want some more let me know, okay?" She smiled and left the room.

I took a drink, several in fact, hoping to cool off. But the thought of her was fixed in my head then. I could see her, naked, stretched out, waiting for me. What were her nipples like? Were they like I imagined? Were they little hard nubbins that would get harder as I sucked on them?

My hand stole downward, and under my shorts. My cock was so hard. I closed my hand around it, gently squeezing and caressing it. I tried to imagine undressing her, unbuttoning her blouse, kissing my way down her neck, the tops of her breasts, undoing her bra and gently lifting it away from her breasts. Then I knew I'd see what I longed to see.

I was stroking my cock then, loving myself in a way I had done many times before. It felt wonderful. My fantasy went further. I'd slipped her skirt down and she'd stepped out of it

My hand moved faster.

I imagined her legs, long, graceful and clad in the softest nylon.

Faster.

Looking at her thighs, and upwards to her panties--they were pale blue, I'll never forget that, pale blue and tiny. Just covering her...

God, I was close then.

I'd started to pull them downward.

I was going to come. I was going to...

"Are you okay?" her soft voice crashed through my lust filled daydream.

Oh my God! She'd come into the room, again without knocking. I doubled over as if in pain.

"Oh, I've got dreadful stomach ache." I'd groaned.

"Yes?"

"Yes, it's awful."

She came over and placed her hand on my brow. Her blouse gaped again. Her breasts looked so smooth, so soft, the cleavage so deep. "Hmm, you feel a little – er – hot," I was sure she'd accentuated the last word, leaving me in little doubt as to what she meant. I was terribly unsure of myself, aware of this lovely woman so close, of my own arousal, but I didn't know what to do about it.

She looked down on me and smiled. "Maybe a neck massage will help. I'm sure it'll get rid of that headache at least, would you like me to try?"

"Yes – yes please."

"Okay then, just turn over and lie on your stomach, I'll be back in a moment." And without another word, she left me there.

I did as I was told and waited. My prick felt like iron. I shifted, trying to find a position more comfortable, but inevitably pressed my cock harder into the mattress. The more I moved the worse it got.

I heard her footsteps as she returned. "Now," she said. "Just relax. I'm going to just massage your neck and maybe you back a little, okay?"

"Sure."

"Okay." She peeled back the bedclothes and gently stroked a hand up my back to my neck. "I'm just going to rub some oil onto my hands."

There was a moment's pause then her hand returned, slippery and warm. She slowly stroked around my neck smearing the oil on my skin. It was joined by her other hand and then she began.

Her thumbs pressed lightly against my spine as she worked at my neck. She spread her fingers a little and caressed the sides, her hands slid down to my shoulders. I was so hard, harder than I had ever been. I was struggling to keep still, I wanted – needed – to thrust into the bed, but just managed to keep control.

"Would you like me to do your back too?" she whispered to me.

"Yes, oh yes please!"

"How's the head?"

"Better, much better thanks."

"Hmm, thought it might be." She chuckled, a low sexy sound.

My legs turned to jelly.

Her hands headed south, lingering for a little while between my shoulder blades, but then continued toward my waist. Slowly, smoothly, she worked her way around my waist, then slipped one hand just under the waistband of my sleeping shorts.

I jumped. I couldn't help it.

"Hush, don't be shy, there's no need to be."

"But..."

"Just relax." Her hands slipped a little lower and smoothed around my bum cheeks. "You have a nice little bum, you know?"

"Er – really?"

"Yes, it's quite a cutie." Again she chuckled and I was left unsure as to what she meant. Was she just kidding around or did she ...? All I knew was that precum was soaking my shorts. I was lost in a haze of lust, but didn't know what to do.

"I'll do you legs now, eh?"

"Yes – please."

"Okay, let's have these covers off you then." She threw back the sheets and left me fully exposed. All I was wearing were my shorts. She moved to the foot of the bed and there was a moment's pause. A quick glance over my shoulder, and I saw her dribble more baby oil onto her hands.

She started at my feet, working the oil into my skin, kneading at me slightly. She worked on my toes, my ankle, then slowly climbed my calves. I was responding. I couldn't help it, I thrust into the mattress. I'm sure she was watching my bum cheeks flex as I did so, but I was just so excited I couldn't help it.

"Feel good?"

"Yes, oh God yes"

Her hands were on my thighs, climbing upwards, all pretence of innocence gone. She was intent on seducing me – and I was the worlds most willing victim.

"You're hard aren't you?"

"Er ..."

"Aren't you?" she asked, a little more determinedly.

"Yes."

The hands moved to my thighs, stroking me, no longer with any pressure, but with softness and intent--intent on arousing me more.

A nail scratched along my inner thigh, I shuddered.

"Come on baby, open those legs a bit for me." Her hand pressed against the inside of my thigh, urging them to open for her. I did. Her hands slid even further upwards, under the hem of my shorts, close, so very, very close to my prick. I shifted uncomfortably as the pressure of my erection grew even more.

"Okay, turn over now."

I hesitated, scared to allow her to see my arousal, and yet I wanted her to. I knew there would be a huge damp patch in the front of my shorts where the precum had seeped through.

She waited, but not for long. Gently she said "Come on, babe, don't be frightened. I know how you feel, you're so excited aren't you, just turn over and let me take you to heaven."

I turn onto my back. My shorts were tenting around my prick, the precum glistened in the shaft of sunlight that caught me.

"Oh my," she said almost reverently. "You are turned on aren't you?"

"I'm sorry," I stammered, "I – I can't help it."

"I know, baby, and now we're going to help you get that feeling out in the open. I'm going to make you come so hard."

My prick jerked in anticipation, I just groaned. God I needed to get off.

"Okay, let's get those shorts off." She grabbed the waistband and just hauled them down. I made a half-hearted grab for them, but missed. They caught on my prick, pulled it upright away from my body, before it slipped back as they were drawn away. It slapped my stomach and twitched in the shaft of sunlight. Precum drooled from the head.

"Mrs. Sellers--" I mumbled, but she placed her finger against my lips.

"Hush, I think it's a bit formal to call me, Mrs. Sellers, now, don't you? Perhaps you'd better call me Jodie, I mean, your stark naked and hard as iron, it would be a shame to need the formality, don't you think? Now, lie back and relax."

Once more, her hands began their wandering, but that time in a more purposeful way. She slowly traced the area around my cock, so close, but never touching it. She caressed my balls, and I thought I'd gone to Heaven.

I reached for her breasts, but she stopped me, brushing my hands away almost angrily.

"No. No touching. If you even try to touch me again, it ends that second. I'll give you pleasure, but you keep your hands to yourself, Do you understand?"

I didn't, but I nodded, a little ashamed and upset.

"So, put your hands behind your head. Don't move them, don't touch me, just relax and let me do all the work."

I did, aware all the time of my cock as hard as it had ever been. She leaned forward and kissed my chest, then lapped around my nipples, sucking on them. Gently she nibbled at them before moving a little further down my body. Her tongue trailed downward and settled at my navel. So close, but so far. She pressed her tongue inside my navel, circling around it. I was going crazy. Her hand left my balls and slowly, agonizing slowly stoked its way up my prick. I bucked against her.

Smiling, she said, "Feel good?"

"Oh, God yes, it feels wonderful."

"Mmm," she murmured.

She let go.

I gasped in disappointment, but her eyes never left mine as she poured a small amount of baby oil onto her hands.

Again, she leaned forwards. No pretence this time, she gave me the most wonderful view down her blouse. I ached to touch her, to fondle those gorgeous breasts. I wanted that more than anything in the world right then, but I kept still. I daren't take a chance on being left high and dry. But I looked, how I looked!

Her hand closed around me. It was so slippery. I'd never thought of using lubrication before, but she seemed to know all the tricks. Slowly, she stroked my length, stopping short of that most sensitive spot at the tip, then sliding slowly back down. I moved against her hand as it made the return journey. That set the pattern. Each downward movement of her hand resulted in me thrusting up, and each upward, the opposite. But she never touched me in the spot.

I tried to urge her on, "Faster, oh please do it faster."

She merely chuckled again and replied, "Oh no baby, you have to learn that slow is always better. You'll thank me later." And she just kept up the same slow maddening pace.

Finally, she slid her hand right to the tip. I saw stars! Then it was back to teasing along the shaft, but no more. I was cracking a little, gasping, begging, "Please, oh please." My hips moved in time with her hand, her beautiful, sweet, sexy hand.

"You want to come?" She asked with a wide eyed innocent look. "Really come, come so hard, you'll feel like your insides are coming out?"

"Yes, oh yes. I'm so close, so close, please."

She took pity on me and her hand moved again, no faster, but to the very tip of my cock. Up and down, up and down.

"Ugh, I'm gonna..."

"That's right, baby," she crooned. "Let it come, let it come for me."

Her words did it for me. I got that feeling, deep inside, that every man feels; something that nothing, no force on earth can stop. I was going to come. It boiled up my prick toward her slowly moving hand. Nothing could stop it now.

I came. I came like I had never done before. I came, bucking and thrusting, sobbing into the most amazing climax. The first jet gushed over my head and hit the pillow, the second, my face, the third, my chest.

Still she stroked me, milking every last drop for me. She carried on, until I had nothing left to give and my prick became sensitised. Only then did she stop.

She smiled down at me. "I take it you liked that?"

I could scarcely speak, but I nodded as she handed me some tissue.

"Oh goody," she whispered, rising from the bed, "That's what I like about young men, you'll be ready to go again in an hour –and I'll see you this afternoon for another lesson."

I lay there, breathing hard. She smiled coquettishly over her shoulder as she left the room, "Don't go away now, I'll be back, get some sleep now."

Chapter Two

Don't go away? The thought never entered my head. I'd have waited there until hell froze over. I went over the events of the past hour or so in my head time after time, trying to work out how it had happened. Did she do this all the time? How many others had she done the same thing to? Did she mean what I hoped desperately she meant? And when, oh when, was she coming back.

Her words echoed in my head, "Get some sleep now." How the hell was a young man supposed to do that when he'd just enjoyed his first real sexual experience? I tried to imagine her naked. She never took off a single piece of clothing, but she'd done everything and more than I could imagine. How much better could it get? My head spun as I pondered these and many other lustful thoughts. Somehow, I dozed for the next couple of hours, but I half listened for the door opening.

It did eventually, and she stole through it. I looked at her again. She had changed into a pale blue negligee. It accentuated rather than hid anything and as she walked into the room it floated around her, pressing against her body and outlining it beautifully. She made her way to the foot of my bed as I watched avidly. She stood there, backlit. A shaft of sunlight shone through the silk outlining her legs as she stood with them slightly parted. I stared.

"You like my outfit?"

"I love it!"

"Wonderful", she grinned delightedly.

I slowly took in her lovely tapering legs, the cute ankle, swelling gracefully to her calf. Then upward again toward her thighs. I'd never seen such thighs, slim and graceful, parted a little to reveal the junction of them. She was just so desirable.

"Did I pass?"

"Huh?"

"You were staring."

"Sorry, you're just so beautiful."

"No," she said gently, "I'm not. I'm just your first. Do you want to learn how to make love to a woman?"

"Of course I do," I said reaching up for her. Her hand touched mine briefly, before she said "Go and shower then. Always remember to make love with a clean body and mouth and a dirty mind."

I could hardly believe my ears. Mrs. Sellers, the one we all lusted for, the one who seemed so unattainable, so – distant somehow, was telling me to have dirty thoughts. Not that I needed telling!

Aware of my nakedness I got up from the bed, trying to hide my already hardening erection. She giggled a little. "It's okay; I've seen it angry before, we're all made the same way. The only difference worth counting is that you're a boy, and I'm a girl. But today, I'm going to make you a man."

I straightened up and walked to the bathroom. I cleaned my teeth, then got into the shower. The water was as hot as I could take and I set to with the sponge and soap with a will. As I stood there, water running down my back I felt the shower curtain shift a little. Her hand came through.

"Shall I wash your back?"

"Er – yes – yes please," I replied a little nervously.

She reached in and took the sponge from my hand, "Soap?"

I turned and handed it to her. She looked down at my hardened cock and smiled. She still had on the negligee, though she had rolled up the sleeves a bit. I could see her breasts wobble and move delightfully as she reached in to collect the soap.

"Turn round."

"I don't want to. I like the view just fine."

"Turn round," she said in a mock stern voice, "You'll have time for the view later."

I got back under the spray and she started to lather my back. Her hand slid slowly around the small of my back, then lower toward my bum.

"It's such a cute bum," she said, almost to herself. Her finger slid along

the crease, parting it slightly. I jumped, startled. No one had touched me there. "It's okay baby, don't worry," Her hand continued its journey, she had reached through between my parted legs and was caressing my balls. Her hand was agonisingly slippery. I was as hard as iron again in seconds. Slowly, she drew back, but this time probed between my cheeks a little more firmly. Her finger slid over my asshole. I bucked, moving away from her, but she just crooned a little more.

"It's okay. I'm not going to hurt you."

Then her fingers left me. She gave my back a businesslike scrub and said, "Okay, out you get." She held out a large towel for me and as I got out, dried me vigorously. She looked at me for a long moment, then turned and walked out. The negligee moved again showing of her perfectly shaped behind. I watched spellbound.

Quickly, drying the rest of my body, I bounded back into my room. She was nowhere to be seen. Softly, I called her name, "Jodie?"

"In here."

I followed the sound of her voice into the main bedroom. She lay on the bed looking up at me as I came in. "We need to be comfortable, we're better on a double bed than a single – don't you think?"

"Yes, of course."

"Good, come on then, lay down by my side." She patted the bed beside her.

I lay down, not really knowing what to do. Actually, I knew exactly what to do, but not how to go about it.

I looked around. The room was completely different to mine. This was a room for making love. On every wall were beautifully erotic photos of naked and entwined bodies. They were all in black and white, but were just so beautiful. On the dressing table was a miniature statuette of Rodins "The Kiss". The couple were completely lost in each other. My gaze travelled slowly around the room, and there on the wall, opposite the bed, was the most amazing photo I had ever seen. It was a close up of a man's penis close to a woman's mouth. Her lips were parted and her tongue extended, just touching the tip of it. Somehow I just knew it was her. It was shot too closely to pick out any of her face, but I knew – without any doubt. The penis was shiny with moisture, and suddenly I knew what I wanted. I knew exactly.

"Have you ever kissed a woman Rory?"

"Oh yes, lots. I've kissed Janet Goodison and Pauline..." My voice trailed away as I looked into her eyes.

"So we can skip that eh?" her voice had hardened.

"No, no," I stammered, "I just had a quick snog around the bike sheds with them. I've never really kissed a woman, a real woman."

She smiled, "Good answer, come here and let me show you what it's all about."

I leaned over her and kissed her. Her arms wound around my neck and hauled me down onto her. Our lips touched, pressed; mashed together, then her mouth opened slightly. Her tongue lapped around my inner lips. It went on and on. Our faces ground together, passions rising higher and higher. At last we broke, breathless, and in my case excited as hell. My heart was pounding as she said, "Would you like to undress me now?"

"Oh God yes, yes"

She smiled up at me, "Go ahead then."

I quickly slid the shoulder straps of the negligee down, kissing her neck and shoulders as I did so. She shivered. I worked my way down to the upper slopes of her breasts, tugging and pulling at the surprisingly resistant cloth.

"Wait," she said. "This outfit cost a fortune; maybe I'd better do it." She stood and shimmied her way out of the soft cloth. I watched, spellbound as her body appeared without anything hiding it. She was everything I'd dreamed of, and more. Her dark hair hung around her face making the perfect frame. Her lips, those lips that had so aroused me only seconds ago, the ones that I'd seen in the photo, were full and cherry red, slightly parted, showing her perfect teeth behind them. She flicked her tongue across them, while I watched. It was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen. My gaze travelled downward, her neck, so soft, so vulnerable. I wanted to kiss it. I wanted to kiss it for evermore.

She lay back, but I couldn't take my eyes off her. The way she moved, the graceful shape of her body, and how it changed with her movement, fascinated me – a woman's body still does.

I looked at her breasts, those luscious mounds that I had desired for so long it seemed. Now they were to be mine. I savoured the thought. My gaze wandered down to her flat stomach, then lower still to the small tuft of hair hiding the treasure she'd promised me.

"You like?"

I couldn't trust myself to answer. Instead, I fell on her again. Our lips met, our tongues and teeth clashed and for the first time I felt a woman's naked body against my own. It felt like hot ice. I pressed into her body and she responded. Our kiss extended like before, but this time when I broke away, I moved to her neck. I heard her sigh. Onward I went, sliding down her body. Her breasts were next. I grabbed one and sucked on the other. She reached down and lifted my head away.

She smiled at me, "Slow down. My nipples aren't radio dials and women like to be teased a little, not just grabbed. I know how excited you are, but you have to do this right. That way, we'll both be happy. Now you lie down and let me show you what I mean."

I did, and she looked down on me. Again, the endless fascination of a woman's body struck me. Her breasts hung down on to my chest. She slowly scraped her nipples over it and down to my stomach. She teased my nipples into their own form of erection, then lapped around them. Her breasts caressed my cock, and she slowly swayed from side to side to accentuate the feeling. It was just so wonderful. She trailed her tongue over my stomach leaving a cooling trail on it. I waited with bated breath, was she going to touch my cock with her tongue, like in the photo? I could feel the cooling precum drooling from its tip.

She moved back up my body again. I bucked against her. "Please," I gasped, "oh please..."

"Soon baby, soon."

She lapped at my waist then slowly slipped downward toward my waiting, drooling cock. She kissed it. She actually kissed it, and I nearly went into orbit. Slowly she let her tongue slide along its length, dribbling saliva as she went, then came back up to the tip again. She grasped the base and held me firmly. She lifted my cock away from my body and just plopped it into her mouth. What sweet torture that was. She was warm, she was wet, she bobbed her head only a couple of times, but I knew I had to stop her. If I didn't, I'd come again.

"Oh stop, please stop."

She lifted her head, "What's wrong, don't you like it?"

"I love it, but I'm going to come if you keep it up."

She smiled. "You like being licked?"

"Oh man..."

"I take it that's a yes, then?" She smiled again. "Relax, we'll take it nice and slowly, now kiss me again."

Again, the delicious clash of mouths, the wetness, the tongues, but in more measured time. I kissed her neck, then lower to the upper slopes of her breasts. She sighed. I gently caressed her nipple, feeling it harden under my fingers. Lowering my mouth to it, I kissed, then sucked on the rubbery nubbin. Above me, I heard her gasp. I kissed lower down her body, copying what she had done to me. Also like her, I retraced my path upward, going back to her breasts. I couldn't leave them alone; they were just so soft, so malleable, so wonderful. Her breathing changed, becoming heavier and deeper.

I tore myself away from her breasts once more and moved down her body. My hand slid up her thigh, desperate to touch her pussy, but scared to take the final step. To my delight, she took my hand in hers and guided it to her. She was wet.

I trailed my fingers along her groove, slowly. I felt a slight bulge and stroked across it.

Above me I heard a long drawn out groan, then a hissed, "Yes." Her legs opened further and her knees bent, "More – do it some more."

I needed no second bidding, stroking back and forth dipping slightly into her and smearing the juices over her clit. She writhed.

I continued kissing my way down her body and suddenly felt my head gripped by her hands. She pushed me downward. It was obvious what she wanted, but I had learned my lesson and made her wait while I looked, for the first time, at an aroused cunt. She lay there, open, waiting. I studied her. She looked so delicious, succulent and pink and soft. I moved closer. Her cunt glistened with moisture, smelled of woman. Her smell nearly drove me mad. I fell onto her and kissed her. I tasted her arousal, the wonderful bittersweet taste that does so much for a man. Then I licked slowly along the length of her. She gasped! I probed with my tongue, deeper, tasting her. As I slid my tongue upwards it crossed her clit, and she groaned. I was lost in a sea of lust, torn between the sensation of pleasuring her and the want, no the need, to drive my cock into her.

She held me firm though, there was no escape from her and she bucked and writhed against my mouth. I flicked the tip of my tongue against her clit, time and time again, and each time I heard something animal coming from her--a cross between a groan and a sigh. I slid a finger into her, then another, but never stopped my tongue. I could hardly breathe, but somehow that didn't matter. All that mattered was getting as close to her as I could. I wanted to be inside her, I wanted her to swallow me up, I pressed closer and she pulled on me harder, gasping as her need became as unbearable as my

own had been.

Finally, she released me. "Now," she growled, "Do me now."

I move back up her body, kissing my way back to her breasts, her neck. She reached down for me, guiding me to her entrance. She slid my cock up and down her slit, until it was thoroughly coated with her juices, then held me still, just at the entrance again. There was a moment's pause, then her demanding, "Push!" and I slid into her.

Her warmth surrounded my cock. Her slippery wetness nearly drove me mad. I thrust my hips forward and she rose to meet me. She ground her clit against my pubic bone. I wanted to be deeper, but I was already as deep as possible. I withdrew slightly and thrust in again, slowly I wanted it to last forever. Another push, then another. I was getting close. I thrust deep into her one more time, knowing that I had to stop. I daren't move. I knew that would end it. I just lay there, savouring the feel of her snug around me, her wetness bathing me. I was so close to coming, so very close, that the slightest thing would send me over the top. She sensed my dilemma, needing to thrust, needing to come deep inside her, but trying desperately not to.

"Think of something else," she gasped, "anything else."

I tried, I really tried my very best, and I think I would have been able to last a few seconds more, but she clutched at me with her cunt muscles, and I was lost.

"I can't, I'm coming. Oh God, I'm coming." I drove into her with all my might. Urgently, desperately I came. It was as if my very soul being pumped into her, as my sperm drove deep into her. I thrust again and again driving, grinding against her. She bucked against me with each thrust, taking me deeper, driving me on--until there was nothing left. Still she wanted more.

"Don't," she gasped. "Don't stop, oh please don't stop now." But I simply couldn't continue. I withdrew and she tried to hold me back, but I struggled free. I bent to her cunt and licked. She gave a little gasp, then grabbed my head and held me to her.

"Oh yes, baby, lick me, suck me."

I continued with a vigour. Her essence was now mixed with my own and the effect drove me on and on. I licked around her little nubbin while at the same time probing into her with my fingers. She bucked, gasped and held me so tight I could hardly breathe. There was a sudden gasp, then a moments stillness, a hesitation, before she went over into her orgasm.

She gasped, groaned and shuddered her way through it, while holding

me to her. I kept on licking sucking and flicking until it was obvious she was coming down. Eventually, she just sighed contentedly, and murmured, "That was nice."

I was lost for words, and simply collapsed by her side. Together we lay in the afterglow, our bodies entwined, flirting but with no urgency.

I don't know how long we spent like that. For me it could have been forever. She was the first to move. She sat up and looked at me. "I think you'd better go back to your own room now, Rory."

"No."

"Yes, you must."

"But, why?"

"It's time, and you don't belong in here."

"I do – I lo--"

"Don't." She put her finger over my lips, "Don't..."

"But I do."

"No." She smiled gently at me. "No, you don't, you're just a bit confused. It's okay, and anyway I'm far too old for you."

"You're not," I protested hotly.

"Shhh, young man, go back to your room and we'll talk later."

"Okay, but promise you'll come and see me soon," I said, realising as I spoke that I sounded like a child.

She didn't. And I slept fitfully until the following morning. When I got up she was busy making breakfast. The other two would be returning shortly and I only had a little time alone with her.

She looked at me. "Sit down, Rory."

I did so.

"I want to talk to you about yesterday. You must understand that it was a one off. We'll never do it again – ever. You understand?"

"No."

"Well you'll just have to. Later in your life, you'll look back on yesterday with fond memories. You see, men have always found me attractive. I've seen you looking at me and looking away as you realise I've seen you. I want you to remember me for the rest of your life, and making love to you while you were a virgin was part of the plan. You'll never forget me, Rory. I hope you enjoyed me taking your virginity. I enjoyed you; I thought you were pretty good for a beginner." She grinned. "And you never know, maybe you've even learned something that will come in useful – I'd like to think so. But I'm a married woman. You have to realise that and let go. Now do you understand?"

Somewhere inside my head a light flashed on. She was lovely, she had shown me love, taken me on a journey few young men would be able to take, and I was being churlish.

"I'm sorry. It's just that I..."

"I know. We'll speak no more of it. Now get some breakfast, would you like some bacon?"

I spent the rest of my holiday in hopeful anticipation, but those wonderful hours were never repeated. The rest of the holiday was still pretty good. Pete and I hung out together, watched girls and so on.

Oh, and what of Tanya, the girl I'd asked for a date at the start of this little tale? Well a few days later, I went to see the gorilla and explained to him, in the only way such people understand that if Tanya wanted to come out with me, he wasn't going to stop her.

I emerged from this confrontation, battered, bloody, but triumphant, and took Tanya out for a few weeks. And shall I tell you a little secret?

I don't think Tanya will have ever forgotten me either.

The End

About Gambado

Gambado is the pen name of an English author. For a long time now, I have enjoyed reading and writing erotic stories. I write simply for pleasure, as I love the language and the way it can be used to influence and hopefully excite people.

I enjoy the English countryside, and I'm a fairly quiet living person. My idea of pleasure is a slow walk in the soft summer air, listening to the skylark singing high overhead. I'm friendly, approachable and very down to earth. I call a spade a spade – actually I'm quite likely to call it a bloody shovel.

I have two grown up offspring, who along with my spouse are the biggest things in my life. I work to live, not vice versa and have a fairly mundane job. That's probably why I enjoy writing so much, it expands my horizons and is good for my brain.

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Jude Mason – Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare

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