

The Tutor

I was only six years old when the young couple moved into the house next door. We lived in a small town just outside a military base, and it was clear to everyone that he was a G.I. - even me, because I can remember saluting him whenever I saw him in uniform, and how delighted I was when he saluted back, laughing. I knew his name was Sergeant Mike Gifford, and his wife's name was Maureen. Next to my mom, she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen, with her wavy red hair and light complexion. I remember how Dad laughed and Mom didn't know what to say when I asked her why Mrs. Gifford was rounder at the top and bottom than she (my mom) was.

A few years went by, and I remember when Maureen went to the hospital, and came home a few days later with a baby boy. Everyone in the neighborhood did what they could to help the couple out; me, I was charged with making sure their grass was mowed every Saturday. Mom took food over, and Dad helped the young man fix his car, along with a few other helping-hand kinds of chores. By that time, I wasn't saluting him any more, but he was still friendly and helpful to me - even taking me onto the nearby military base to teach me how to use a gun, with Dad's permission.

Then, a few months later, he went away and never came back. I heard Mom and Dad talking about some kind of training accident, but really didn't understand about it - even when I heard on the news a few days later that there was something called a 'class action lawsuit' against a company that made helicopters for the military, and how some of the parts they'd used weren't as good as they were supposed to be. Only later did I learn that she'd gotten a piece of the settlement from that lawsuit - enough to let her buy the house, as opposed to just renting it as they'd started out doing, and giving her enough regular income that she only had to work part time.

Anyway, after that happened, Mom and Dad made sure that any time Mrs. Gifford needed help with anything, she got it. Sometimes, it was Dad going over to work on her car, other times Mom would take care of their baby. Me, I was still in charge of making sure the grass in the yard didn't get too high, or helping her carry and move stuff. I didn't mind doing that for her - she was pretty and nice to me by giving me something to eat and drink after I helped her. Along the way, I kind of 'adopted' her young son, Matthew, teaching him the kinds of kid stuff a boy needed to learn - like spitting, making body noises, baseball, and all the rest.

As the next few years went by, and I started to grow up and out (it seemed that I was outgrowing my clothes on a daily basis) I continued to help Mrs. Gifford - or as she asked me to call her, Maureen. In addition to mowing the yard for her, I was also asked to come over and do the odd bit of handyman work: hanging a picture, fixing a leaky pipe, putting up a shelf, and so on. None of it was particularly hard, and Maureen was always willing to act as my 'go-fer' and try to help me as much as she could. When I noticed how nice girls were and started going out with them, I used Maureen as a kind of sounding board for questions that I couldn't ask Mom: trying to find out what the hell girls were thinking

- if they even WERE thinking - and so on. Maureen never laughed at me, or made me feel bad; she just tried to answer my questions as best she could, tried to give me advice (which I actually listened to - Maureen did better in that respect than Mom and Dad **ever** did) every so often, and generally tried to do what she could to keep me 'in line' with the girls. Maureen was a confidant that I could say almost *anything* to - even some of the kinds of stuff that went on between me and the girls I went out with. It was even Maureen that provided me with the first package of condoms that I ever had, telling me "James, I know that things sometimes get kind of... busy when you go out with a girl. I want you to promise me that **any** time you and her are going to... be intimate, you'll use one of these so that there isn't any trouble. Will you promise me?"

A promise to Maureen was a **serious** point of honor with me - she'd never lied to me or misled me, and I was scrupulous about keeping my promises to her. I tried to wriggle out of promising, but she wasn't having any; I only got the condoms after she had my word of honor that I'd do as she said. You can bet I was damn surprised when the time finally did come that I lost my virginity that I actually remembered my promise to her, and wore one for that special occasion - and every time after that, though I bought my own when the package she'd given me ran out. Despite the bond of trust I had with her, I still wasn't any too enthusiastic about having her know much or little sexual activity I was engaged in.

After I became sexually active, I finally noticed that Maureen was a pretty darn good looking woman, even if she WAS in her late twenties: the same wavy dark red hair and the same fair complexion; what I really noticed about her was the fact that she was, as I'd heard my dad say, 'built like a brick outhouse': I was approaching six feet, and she only came up to about nipple level on me; but the shape of her was amazingly curvy, and compact at the same time. I doubt she weighed a hundred pounds, but what there was of her was very neatly packaged - trim legs and waist, an ass that simply wouldn't quit, and a pair of breasts that made her look somewhat buxom. Once I noticed her, it was all I could do to take my eyes off of her anytime she was in sight - she was simply that nice to look at, with a dusting of freckles that started across her nose and cheeks and slowly thinned out as they disappeared into the tops of her blouses.

It was a month into the summer after my sophomore year that the relationship between us changed forever. In some ways, it was for the better; in other ways, not. But it was definitely *changed*.

It started out easily enough: I was over at her house, in my handyman role. She'd decided that she needed to organize the garage storage; I was there to cut and fit some lumber she'd bought, and turn it into shelving. Matt was off somewhere with his friends; he'd left with his baseball glove, telling Maureen that he'd been home in time for supper.

Talking it over with Maureen, we'd decided that the best bet was to build the shelves from the bottom toward the top - that way, they wouldn't be too high for her (something she laughingly 'complained' about). I'd gotten the first few rows of shelves done, and was up on a stepladder putting in another one when I looked down to see if Maureen had the hardware I needed to make sure it didn't fall down. Maureen was right there, her self-

appointed task being to get me stuff so I didn't have to keep climbing up and down the ladder, holding the ladder steady, and just being around if I needed any help. Any thoughts of hardware left my mind when I looked down at her and realized that I had a pretty damn good view down the front of the blouse she was wearing: I could readily make out the top halves of her full, creamy breasts; I could see plainly nearly all the way down to her nipples, since it was patently obvious to me that she wasn't wearing a bra. I could feel myself starting to respond to the view I had, and it took her a couple times of calling my name before I responded. She looked up at me in concern and asked if I was okay. I answered that I'd just gotten distracted for a moment ('distracted' was better than admitting I'd been eyeballing her tits), and that I was okay. She didn't look entirely certain about that, but let it go in favor of lowering her head again.

I saw her start to blush a few moments later, and knew immediately that she'd seen my stiffening dick tenting the front of my jeans shorts - and had probably realized what had gotten me that way. She stammered out that there was something in the house that she had to do, handed me the screws and things that she'd been holding, and all but ran inside. I finished getting the shelf fastened into place, and was standing on the garage floor again when she reappeared about five minutes later, noticeably more calm and relaxed - though a bit flushed.

As we put up the last shelf, I realized that Maureen was standing in almost the perfect place and position for me to be able to keep looking down her blouse. At the same time, I could tell that she was deliberately not looking up at me as she usually did. I started to wonder if she wasn't giving me a look at her tits on purpose, and not looking up at me so that she wouldn't embarrass me - looking down at her, I just **knew** she couldn't help but see how the front of my shorts was tented out from the view she was giving me. By the time I got the shelf secured, I was seriously confused about the situation.

After I climbed down off the ladder, Maureen asked if I'd like something to eat and drink, just as she usually did. Being a teenage boy - that is, a sneaker-shod appetite - I was more than happy to accept her offer. Together, the two of us put away the tools and leftovers from the shelving project and went into the house. There, I took a seat at the little 'lunch counter' between the kitchen and dining area while she went about making me a sandwich, putting it on a plate with some potato chips, and bringing it over to me, along with a soda. As I started to eat, she took a seat on the other side of the counter from me.

We chatted about a couple of other things that she'd wanted to do to the house while I ate; I told her what I thought she would need in the way of materials, and she carefully wrote them down on a small notepad. When I was done with the food, she took the plate and set it next to the sink before coming back to the counter and sitting down again. I watched as she started to speak a couple of times before she stunned me by asking "James, do you think I'm pretty?"

It took me a couple of seconds before I could answer "Uh, yeah, I do, Maureen."

She gave me a strange smile, and said "Even though you're only sixteen, and I'm nearly thirty?"

"Well, uh, yeah."

She went on to ask "Have you looked down my blouse before you were doing it out in the garage today?"

I could only sit there for several long seconds before I felt myself blushing as I answered "Um, no."

"Have you been looking at me any other ways? Have you thought about me... sexually?"

I was getting distinctly uncomfortable about the questions she was asking, but didn't dare lie to her - she was even better than Mom and Dad about knowing when I was 'fudging' things. "I... Yeah, I have", I finally admitted.

"Yeah, you have to which? Or both?"

"Both" I grudgingly conceded.

Much to my surprise, she didn't get upset with me, or say anything about telling Mom and Dad what I'd done and said. Instead, she just sat there for a minute or two, looking at me as though she hadn't really seen me before. After what I'd just said to her, I suppose she figured she hadn't. Still, I wasn't anywhere NEAR ready for the next question she had for me: "I expect that you've been having sex with some of the girls that you've gone out with, haven't you?"

Again, I knew I couldn't lie, and quietly answered "Yeah, some of them."

"I don't doubt that you've enjoyed it - but do you think they have?"

I could feel myself blushing, but still answered "I dunno. I guess so."

She looked at me strangely for a few seconds, then said "If you 'dunno' and 'guess so', then I figure that they haven't, really. What do you think?"

"I guess maybe not as much", I admitted.

"I guess maybe you're right", she said, then added "What - if anything - do you figure to do about that?"

The questions she was asking were making me *very* uncomfortable, making it even harder for me to think about what she'd just asked. I finally answered "I don't know - it's not like there's a course in school about it or anything."

"Do you **want** to make the girls feel as good as you do?"

"Uh, well, sure."

"If you had the chance, would you be willing to have sex with someone else to learn how to make the girls happier? Even if that someone was older than you are, and you would have to let HER be in charge about what you do and how you do it?"

I couldn't see where any of this was going, but said "Sure I would. But where am I going to find someone like that?"

Maureen gave me another strange smile, and said "Right here."

I still wasn't getting it, and looked around to see who she could be talking about before asking "Where?"

She laughed, and said "Here, James. Sitting right across from you. **ME.**"

As much as I had thought about Maureen in a physical way, I was still a *long* way from being able to make the jump from eyeballing her body, and facing the possibility of actually being able to *do* anything with her. All I could do was stammer out "How... why... what..." as my mental circuit breakers tripped.

She sat there patiently as I tried to stop my mind from going around in circles. When I was finally able to give her my full attention, she told me "The 'what' is that I am going to teach you how to properly have sex - even make love - with your girlfriends. The 'how' is that you're going to come over here every several days to help me with the projects that we were just talking about; they'll take longer than expected because when you come over here, the two of us will go up to the bedroom, where I will teach you how to please a woman. The 'why' is simple: it's been all too long since I had sex with anyone except myself, and I'm damn well going to correct that little oversight - with your help."

That comment about having sex with herself rang in my ears, and I couldn't help asking "You... You, uh, touch yourself? Girls do that, too?"

She laughed before answering "Yes, James, I touch myself. Didn't you wonder why I was still a little red when I came back out into the garage? When I realized that you had gotten hard - just from looking down my blouse, I figured - it was more than I could stand. I **HAD** to go into the bathroom and get myself off - it took only a minute when I started thinking about what you might look like. And yes, girls do that, too - maybe even more than guys!"

It was almost more than I could handle: the ideas that Maureen not only had sexual desires, **AND** that girls were able/willing to take care of those desires by themselves. The image of Maureen masturbating in the bathroom had me sprouting a full-blown erection

in nothing flat. Then I realized that she was still sitting right there in front of me, and felt my ears getting hot.

She looked at me in curiosity for a moment before she brightened and asked "You're hard now, aren't you? Thinking about me?"

I didn't trust myself to speak; I could only nod my head just a little bit to confirm what she'd just asked.

To my surprise, she got a pleased look on her face and said "Good. Because what I want right now, more than anything else in the world is to have a nice, hard, dick inside me!"

I found myself stunned yet again, not only at the language she'd just used, but by her open admission of her desires.

I was still sitting there, my mind on overload, when she got up and came around to my side of the counter - where she quietly went about the business of taking off the blouse she'd been wearing. I could only sit there as she unbuttoned her blouse to reveal the creamy flesh of her cleavage before opening it completely, exposing herself to me. My body was still frozen in place, but my eyes and mind took over as I looked over the view she was offering me. To this day, I'm still amazed that my first thought was to look to see where the freckles on her faded out under her blouse - and on seeing that they disappeared on the upper slopes of her breasts, found myself with a new task: trying to memorize the wondrous orbs that were her breasts. I'd seen my girlfriends' tits, of course, but hers were somehow... different.

She wasn't much larger than most of the girls that I'd gone out with - it was just that on her petite body, they *looked* larger. Each was a cone of pale pink flesh, capped with small, dark pink areolas and nipples that looked to be a half-inch long; her areolas were tight and puckered her nipples visibly erect and hard. I watched her breasts sway slightly as she moved to slip her blouse off and toss it to the side. She continued to stand there in front of me, giving me a full, unimpeded view of the most obvious symbols of her womanhood.

My eyes stayed on her breasts - at least, until I realized that she'd moved her hands to her waist, and was unfastening the jeans that she was wearing. My breath caught in my throat when I watched her unfasten, then unzip her jeans and slowly peel them down her legs - underneath, I could see that she had on a pair of small, sheer panties that made it possible for me to make out not only the general size and shape of her pubic hair, but its color, as well: red, just a few shades darker than what was on her head. When she'd kicked her jeans loose of her feet, she stood up again - but only long enough to begin sliding her panties off. I heard myself gasp when her panties dropped below the level of her pelvis, exposing her fully to my gaze.

Under my eyes, I could see that she had a small wedge of curly red hair that extended just barely past her pubic bone, forming a narrow 'vee' of somewhat sparse curly red hair.

Looking closer, I could make out what I knew must be the edges of her vaginal lips among the curls between her thighs - and felt myself getting even longer and harder in response.

I lost my view of her as she slid her panties past her ankles before kicking them over next to where her jeans were. That done, she stood before me again for a bit, giving me the chance to look at her in all her loveliness. When she was satisfied that I'd had enough of a look, she stepped forward so that she was right in front of me. Without saying a word, she took my hands in hers and moved them to her breasts - which I began squeezing and caressing without further invitation. As I did, she let her eyes close and her head tilt back, moaning softly in the back of her throat. I marveled at the soft/firm texture of her breasts, and how smooth her skin was for a couple of minutes before I got up the nerve to lean forward and take one of her nipples between my lips. When I did, she moaned again, louder, before putting her hands in my hair and guiding my eagerly sucking mouth from one breast to the other, and back again.

It was only a few moments before I could detect the scent of aroused female in the air around us, and it comforted me to know that what I was doing excited her. As I continued nursing at each of her breasts, the aroma of her became stronger and stronger, until she finally all but pushed my head back and said "That feels good, James. But I want - no, *need* - more. Stand up."

I did as she asked, and wasn't surprised in the slightest when she latched onto the waistband of my pants, fighting to get them undone. I was more than ready, and as she unzipped me and slid my jeans shorts and underwear down my legs, I pulled my tee shirt off, leaving me standing there as naked as she was, my erect penis pointed toward the ceiling. When she saw it, Maureen paused only a moment, saying "Dear god, how I need that!" as she finished sliding my clothes down around my ankles. After I'd stepped out of them, Maureen dropped to her knees in front of me and did something that I'd never been able to get any of my girlfriends to do: take my penis in her mouth and begin sucking on it.

Much to my dismay, she didn't keep it up for long; stopping when she'd left it with a coating of her saliva. Taking my hips in her hands, she knee-walked backwards a little bit as she guided me to my own knees in front of her. Looking up into my face, she said "This time, James, I just want you to *fuck* me - just stick it in me and have at it!"

By that point, I was too engrossed in the idea of doing just as she said to give any thought to the language she was using. She sat back on her heels, and then moved to lie on her back. Raising her knees, she went on to spread her legs, opening herself to me in clear invitation. Without hesitation, I leaned forward and positioned myself between her parted thighs; a moment's adjustment and I could feel the head of my penis pressing against her wet opening. She was much shorter than I was: on top of her that way, I all but covered her body with mine; the top of her head just reached my chin.

She reached down to take my hips in her hands and pulled on them, letting me know that she wanted me inside her *right now*. I pressed forward with my hips, and felt myself begin to slip into her - but she was incredibly tight inside, and I barely managed to get the head of my penis past her entrance, accompanied by a soft groan of pleasure from her. I eased back a little bit, and pushed forward again, harder - and felt nearly half my erection slide into her as she groaned again, even louder. I backed out a little and thrust in again; stopping only when I felt her pubic hair brushing against mine.

I could barely believe how incredibly hot and wet she was inside - and she was even tighter around me than any of the girls I'd had sex with before. I paused a few moments to savor the sensation of having her wrapped around me that way; my reverie was interrupted by the feeling of her hunching her hips up at me, trying to get me moving inside her. That was all the reminder I needed to start doing that very thing.

I arched my hips back, sliding myself out of her slowly; I paused a moment when nearly my entire length was free of her, then pushed back in again, burying myself in her yet again. Back out - not so far - then back in. Over and over, I slowly slid my erect member back and forth through the clenching ring of her opening. With each of my strokes, I moved a little more quickly as I became sure that I wasn't going to slip free of her, and as her increasing wetness made penetrating her even easier.

In just a minute or so, I was doing just as she'd instructed: just 'having at it', pistoning in and out of her at a steady pace, delighting in the feel of her as I did so, while she moaned and groaned and gasped out her pleasure at what I was doing. Much to my surprise, it wasn't more than a couple of minutes before I felt her vagina clamp down on me as she softly cried out; I slowed my thrusts into her, and felt a series of spasms pass through her body, causing her vagina to tighten around me even more. Then sensation of it was incredible, and I realized that it was something I'd never experienced with any of my girlfriends - and shortly on the heels of that, understood that I'd doubtless left them 'wanting'.

Even as I began to pick up the pace of my strokes into Maureen, I silently vowed that I was going to pay close attention to whatever instruction and teaching she gave me in the art of pleasuring a woman.

After Maureen's climax - I knew, then, that that's what it had been - she was even wetter than before, and my continued thrusts into her were forcing more and more of her fluids out past her entrance, where they were not only being soaked up by our pubic hair, but also creating a distinctly liquid tone to the sound of our joining. Again, it occurred to me that it was a sound that I'd never heard before while having sex, and it only served to increase my determination to really *learn* whatever Maureen might have to teach me.

I had started to increase the tempo of my thrusts into her when I realized that she was beginning to have still another orgasm - and when it started for her, slowed myself so that I was penetrating her in rhythm with the spasms I could feel passing through her body.

That seemed to make it even better for her, judging from the cries she released as her climax continued.

The feeling of her clenching around me was having an impact on my own desire, and I could feel myself getting even closer to filling her with my seed. Without even thinking about it, I started pumping in and out of her even more quickly as it got closer and closer. Finally, with a loud groan, I pushed myself as far inside her as I could while jet after jet of my hot cum erupted from the end of my dick, flooding her insides with a force that I hadn't experienced with a girl before. The only thing anywhere close to it was the time I had finally managed to masturbate myself to my first ever climax.

Maureen's eyes flew open as I emptied myself into her, and I heard her cry out "Yes! Yes! Give it to me!" before her head fell back again.

Finally spent, I still managed to support most of my weight on my arms so that I didn't crush her beneath me. Her arms were wrapped around my body, and her ankles had locked at the small of my back as she'd kept herself open to me while I was moving in her. Once she realized that I was done, I felt her legs slide from around my waist to rest on the floor, though she kept her arms around me as she lifted her head to give me a number of small, soft kisses on my chest.

When my breathing had slowed down a bit more, she reached up to tilt my head down so that we were looking at each other as she told me "Thank you, James. It's been a lot of years since the last time I had a man inside me, and you just reminded me of how much I've missed it."

Not knowing what else to say, I managed to mutter "It, uh, it was my pleasure" - realizing too late that *that* particular phrase had more than one meaning, considering what had happened in the last few minutes.

Maureen grinned, causing me to blush a little. I could feel my penis starting to wilt inside her, and moved to raise myself up off of her. She pulled me back down, saying "No, James, you don't have to get up yet. It feels *good* to have you in, and on, me. Let's just stay here like this for a little, okay?"

I wasn't about to argue with her - it felt pretty damn good to me, too, having my semi-erect penis inside her while her breasts were pressing into my chest. After a couple of minutes, I realized that I'd shrunk far enough that it wouldn't be long before I slipped out of her completely. She seemed to know it, too, and gently pushed on my chest to get me to rise up enough that we could look at each other as she told me "There's something I need you to do for me, James. When I tell you, I need you to get up and go into the kitchen and get one of the clean dishtowels from the drawer next to the fridge and bring it back to me. I'll need you to do all that *quickly*; when you stand up, your semen is going to start leaking out of me, and I want to catch it with the towel before it can drip down and stain the carpet. Okay?"

I was a little embarrassed about listening to her talk about catching MY cum before it stained HER carpet, but told her "Yes, I understand."

She must have seen my discomfort, because she said "Don't be embarrassed, James. This is what happens when a man and woman have sex."

"Yeah, I know... it's just kind of weird, listening to you ask me to help you keep from staining *your* carpet with *my*... stuff."

She nodded before answering "Okay, I can understand that. I guess it isn't the kind of thing that you really ever figured to hear. But I do still need your help."

"Yeah, I'll hurry", I assured her.

She smiled up at me and said "I'm sorry if I embarrassed you."

I managed to grin back and tell her "Yeah, well, I guess I'll get over it."

She grinned back for a few moments, and then said "Okay, if you'll get me that towel whenever you're ready..."

I didn't particularly want to get off of her, but I could feel that the next move I made would be the one that would 'uncork' us. I took a few moments to think things through, then with an "Okay, here I go!" pulled out of her and got to my feet. From there, it was a matter of just a few seconds before I was back with a towel, just as she'd wanted. I handed it to her, and watched as she started to position it between her thighs before being hit with a sense that I was somehow invading her privacy or something. I began to turn away, but was stopped by the sound of her voice as she told me "You can watch, if you want to, James - I don't mind. After what we've just done, having you watch me as I catch your semen while it leaks out of me is the **least** of my worries."

Puzzled, I asked "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I just had sex with a minor child - that is, you. Yes, you're a young man - I'll certainly vouch for the man part! - but you're *young*; young as in underage. As I understand the law, if anyone ever found out what we just did, I could be in as much trouble as some guy that screwed an under-age girl. It probably wouldn't turn out that way in the real world, but the **legal** potential is still the same."

As she'd been talking, she had slowly gotten to her feet, still holding the towel between her thighs - a sight that I found incredibly erotic, for some reason. I watched as she pulled the towel away, examined it, then carefully wadded it up - apparently to make sure that none of my cum fell onto the floor. Standing there naked in front of me, I could see the area between her legs, and noticed that there was a small trickle of fluids running down the inside of one thigh. Again, I couldn't help it, and felt myself beginning to respond to the sight of her naked form. She saw my penis twitch and start to grow longer and thicker

again, and looked at me with a mischievous smile before saying "Think I look sexy, do you, with your cum running down the inside of my leg?"

"Uh, well, yeah..." I admitted (as if my steadily inflating dick wasn't evidence of what was on my mind). I was coming to grips with the fact that she could talk about sex as plainly as any guy I'd ever heard.

"Well, you're going to have to save it for next time. I don't want to take the chance of Matt coming home and finding us humping like a couple of rabbits. I'm just glad he didn't show up while we WERE fucking."

The mention of rabbits brought something else to my mind, and I asked "Uh, Maureen?"

"Yes, James?"

"Um, what about, well, birth control?"

She gave me a wry look and said "It's a little late to be asking about it *now*, don't you think? But in answer to your question, there's nothing to worry about - **THIS** time. My period ended a couple days ago, so I'm as safe now as I could be. Before we do this again, though, I'm going to get something to take care of it."

"I could, um, you know, use a condom" I offered.

She was grinning when she told me "And start boffing me that much sooner, I expect. No, James, as much as I appreciate the offer, you don't have to do that - I want to feel you cumming in ME, not some rubber. Now, if you'll bring our clothes with you, I'll let you have a shower with me - we can't have you going home smelling like pussy, now, can we?"

I shook my head, and moved to gather up our clothes as Maureen headed down the hallway toward her bedroom. I was just a few feet behind her, and delighted in watching her ass move as she walked ahead of me. I followed her into the bedroom, where she directed me to lay our clothes on the bed in 'his and hers' piles. I did as she instructed, and she took me by the hand and led me into the bathroom where she deposited the towel in a clothes hamper. Unsure of what else to do, I just stood there watching her as she got the showerhead in the bathtub started, then adjusted the temperature. When she was finally satisfied, she turned around to see me standing there looking at her, my eyes wandering over her body. She smiled, and turned to face me before asking "Like what you see, James? Not bad for pushing thirty, eh?"

I couldn't stop myself from replying "You look **beautiful!**"

"Sometimes I don't feel so beautiful, but thank you. Now, come on and get in here with me so we can get you home in something close to normal condition" she told me as she

turned and got into the shower, leaving the shower curtain pulled a little to the side for me.

In just a couple of seconds, I was in there with her, and was only mildly surprised when she turned and wrapped her arms around me, hugging me tightly. I put my arms around her in return, and hugged back, feeling her firm breasts pressing into me as her pubic hair tickled my thigh. After a few moments, the hug ended; she pulled back from me a little to look up at me and say "Thank you again, James. I meant what I said: it's been a long, *long* time since I was with a man, and it felt really, really good to have you inside me. But I want to remind you that what we did was still 'wrong', according to the law - I'd be in a lot more trouble than you would, simply because I'm an adult, and you're not. But there would still be consequences for you, too - not the least of which would be your parents."

"I understand, Maureen. Even if we were never like that again, I'd never tell anyone about it."

She nodded before telling me "Good. I'm not trying to lay a guilt trip on you, or anything like that. I just want to make sure that you know that you can't do or say **anything** that would make people think there was anything happening between us."

"I know - and I promise you, I'll be careful" I replied.

"Thank you, James. Now, would you like to wash my tits?" - the last with a mischievous grin on her face as she handed me the soap.

I'd seen tits and all the rest before - but always in the dim light in the back seat of a car, or in a darkened room; and never with the freedom to look and touch that the lovely Maureen was offering me. It was an opportunity that I took full advantage of.

From her beautiful face and slender neck all the way down to her graceful feet, my hands wandered her body as my eyes drank her in. The earlier all-too-brief feel of her breasts was replaced by several minutes of squeezing and caressing and playing with them as water dripped off her nipples. The abbreviated look I'd gotten before of her muff and pussy was supplanted with several more minutes worth of intense examination - from running my fingers through the russet of her bush to being able to manipulate her vaginal lips and even slide a finger into her still-hot insides, I had the chance to educate myself with the complexities and beauty that made up the female genitals. I learned, from close and careful observation, that her inner lips were thin and short, almost delicate in appearance; that her clitoris was the size of a pea and *very* sensitive; that the wetness of her vagina increased dramatically as she got more and more aroused - even to the point that some of her fluids would actually drain out of her, forming a trail of wetness down the inside of her thigh.

Finally, regrettably, there was nothing left to wash on her, and no pretext of making sure she was clean - the only thing left on her was my fingerprints. That meant that it was her turn to wash me, next.

What she did to me was pretty much the same thing as I'd done to her - though she had to reach up to do my neck and shoulders. For some reason, she found MY chest to be as fascinating as I'd thought hers was - I had been on some of the teams at school, and figured I was in okay shape; her hands spent a lot of time on my pectorals and abdominal muscles. Her attentions finally went below my waist; when she took my semi-erect penis in her hands, she spent a long time caressing and squeezing it, making me even longer and harder. I was surprised when she reached around and started feeling my ass - but that didn't keep my dick from coming to full hardness where it rested between her beautiful breasts. She couldn't help but feel the increased pressure, and looked down to see the effect she was having on me. With a laugh, she looked up at me and said "For ME? Why *thank you*, James!" before tilting her head down and opening her mouth to take me between her lips.

I was again overawed by the sensation of having her mouth wrapped around me; the feeling was completely different than what her vagina had felt like - even BEFORE she started using her lips and tongue to stimulate me even more. I could feel myself getting even harder in her mouth as she ran her tongue along the underside of my penis, then using it to 'wash' the glans, paying special attention to the sensitive spot underneath. While she was doing that, her hands were busy, too: cupping my balls in her hand, and softly stroking my nut sack.

I began trying to thrust myself even farther into her mouth; she simply put a hand on my belly to let me know that she wanted to do more than simply get me off. I managed to restrain myself from grabbing her head and stuffing my increasingly throbbing dick down her throat; I was rewarded for my efforts when Maureen decided to take as much of me as she could into her mouth - and that proved to be a LOT: after a couple of tries on her part, I could *feel* the muscles of her throat grasping at the end of my penis. It was more than I could stand, and I barely managed to warn her "Maureen! I'm cumming!" before the first wad of my jism filled her mouth. To my delighted amazement, she didn't immediately pull her mouth off my dick; rather, she simply pulled back a little bit and let me fire shot after shot of hot cum into her sucking mouth, swallowing a couple of times to make more room for the cum that was continuing to flood her mouth. I'd never gotten a blow job before, and as I continued to turn inside out through my dick, I swore that this one wouldn't be my last.

Eventually, though, there simply wasn't anything left in my balls to give to her, though she continued to suck on me and use her lips to squeegee my penis clean. When she was done, she let me fall from her mouth and ran her tongue around her lips to make sure that she hadn't let any of my spunk get away. She stood up and looked up at me with a grin, saying "I don't have to ask if you enjoyed that - was it the first time a girl ever did that to you?"

I hoarsely managed to answer that it was, making her smile even wider before telling me "Good. Then I got a kind of 'cherry' from you, didn't I?"

I could only nod, amazed that she could think of something like that - never mind doing what she'd just done.

Her smile faded a bit as she looked up at me and asked "Surprised, James? That a girl could, or would, do something like that? Or talk to you the way I do? Or let you look at me the way you have?"

"Uh, yeah, a little bit, I guess."

She looked at me a little more closely before saying "More than a little, I'd say. But that's something that you're going to have to learn, James: girls like to enjoy sex and making love as much as guys do - if not more. That's why I'm going to teach you what I can about how to make sure that you give the girls you're with as much pleasure as they give you. And don't misunderstand why I'm doing it, either: as much as I'll be teaching you about how to make a girl happy, you're going to be **DOING** to make **ME** happy. Like I told you, it's been entirely too long since I got laid, and I don't want to have to do without any more than I have to any longer. So you'll be learning how to make your girlfriends happy - and getting laid more because of it, I think - while **I** get the benefits of being your tutor in sexual matters. I don't have any illusions that there's ever going to be any kind of long-term relationship between us, and I'm telling you right now that **YOU** shouldn't have any ideas along those lines, either. Do you understand me?"

I thought about what she'd just told me, and finally answered "Yeah, I think so. We're not ever going to be a 'couple' - that you're going to be teaching me about sex so that I can practice it with you."

She looked a bit relieved when she told me "Yes, that about sums it up. The other reason I want to 'tutor' you about sex is so that for the last couple of months, I've been wanting to be with a guy more and more - but I've been afraid of going out and trying to find one. I was afraid that either they wouldn't think I was pretty enough, or that if I *did* go to bed with one, that something would go wrong - that I'd freeze up, or not be able to enjoy myself or make **HIM** happy. Then, today, when I saw you get hard after looking down my blouse, I had the idea of doing something that would help **BOTH** of us."

"You've been a dear, sweet boy, James - you've always been ready to come over here any time I needed something, and you've always been polite and friendly. I can't tell you how much it meant to me when you let Matt hang out with you, and helped him learn how to be a boy; I was *so* worried that living alone with just me would affect him somehow. It was after I... got myself off and I was holding the ladder again that it hit me: just as you taught Matt how to be a boy, I could teach you how to be a man - and get my own 'itch' scratched at the same time. The only thing I had to know was whether or not you were already doing as much for your girlfriends as I was afraid you were. Luckily - for both of us, I think - you weren't. But with my help, that will change - and in the process, you'll be

helping me, too. Please understand that I'm not saying you're a *bad* lover, James - god knows, you satisfied me! - it's just that you could be a BETTER lover, if you're willing to let me teach you."

To say that I was surprised at hearing all of this, particularly with Maureen standing there naked and dripping water in front of me, would be an understatement. As I turned what she'd said to me over and over in my mind, Maureen turned around to turn the shower off before facing me again. By that time, I'd managed to get at least a little bit of a handle on what she told me, and was ready to respond.

"Maureen, I thought I was doing okay with my girlfriends - but after being with you this afternoon, I know that there's a whole lot more that I could... *should* be doing for them. If there's something you can do to help me with that, I'm all for it. If it turns out that I can make YOU feel better along the way, then that's even better. I've always liked you, Maureen - and whether or not I get any benefit out of it, if it would do you good for us to be together, then I'm more than willing. Even just now, when we were taking a shower and I got to look at you, I learned more about girls than I did before. If I can learn that much just about a girls body from you in one afternoon, then that just makes me sure that I want to learn how to please them and make them happy." I said. She looked pleased, and I went on to say "You don't have to worry that you aren't pretty enough - I promise you, you are. If what we did this afternoon is any kind of indication, then I don't think you have to worry about 'freezing up', or not being able to make a guy happy to be with you. When I, uh, came in you, it was the strongest feeling I've had since the first time I climaxed - and I **want** to learn how to have that feeling again, and be able to have a girl feel it, too."

"I'm happy to hear that, James - and thank you for the compliments; they make me feel a LOT better. Now, I think we'd better dry off and get dressed before Matt gets home."

With that, she again took me by the hand and led me out of the tub. Taking a towel from the rack next to the tub, she began drying me off, paying careful attention to my groin and chest. When she was done, she simply handed me the towel, a smile on her face. I dried her off, in return, with as much attention to HER details as she'd paid to mine.

A few minutes later, both of us were dressed and again sitting at the counter between kitchen and dining area. She'd gotten each of us a soda from the fridge, and we sat there working out the details of how and when I would be able to come over for 'lessons' as we referred to them.

A little while later, Matt got home, and proceeded to tell us about the baseball game he'd been in, pretty much ending our planning session - though we'd managed to work something out that could take us through the rest of the summer.

Over the course of the next couple of weeks, Maureen casually let Mom and Dad know that she was planning on making a number of changes and improvements to her house - giving them a perfectly good reason why I would be going over there more often and staying longer. She even went so far as to tell Dad that because of all she would be having me do, she was thinking about paying me for some of my efforts; then let Dad talk her out of it. She spent a couple more weeks going about the task of getting some of the materials she needed for the changes she had in mind. Along the way, there were a few times that she asked Mom or Dad to have me stop by, first to help with the planning, then to make sure she had everything - they didn't have the faintest idea that what *really* happened when I got over there was that Maureen and I would get into a hot-and-heavy necking session that usually ended with both of us naked, her giving me a blowjob as I fingered her to her own release. It was during my first 'consultation' that she let me know she'd seen a doctor, and had started taking the Pill - but that she'd been cautioned that it wouldn't be fully effective until the start of her next cycle.

You can be sure that I was eagerly looking forward to the time that she would call me over to 'help' when the end of that first month had gone by - and was then disappointed when she didn't. It was nearly five weeks from the time that I'd first looked down her blouse before Mom casually let me know that Maureen had asked me to come over that night to help her out. Somehow, I managed not to show the excitement and enthusiasm I felt when I said that I'd go over after supper.

When I got to her door, I was about to ring the bell when the door suddenly opened up, making me jump. Then I saw that it was Maureen, who invited me in, saying "I've been waiting for you, James..."

Inside, and the door closed behind me, I saw that she had, indeed, been waiting for me: the snug shirt she was wearing made it clear that she had no bra on underneath it, and that her nipples were hard behind its material.

Taking me in her arms, she told me "I'm sorry it took so long. First, I started my period, and I didn't think that you were ready to deal with *that* mess just yet; then I had to wait for a time when we'd be alone. It wasn't until this afternoon, when Matt asked if he could sleep over at one of his friend's houses that I knew this was the chance we needed."

I hugged her back as she was talking, my hands sliding up and down her back as I enjoyed the feeling of her nipples pressing into me.

After a few moments, we released each other and Maureen looked up at me and said "Well, the first order of business is for you to look at the project I have for you."

Seeing the look of dismay and surprise on my face, she laughed, and said "James! Remember that the whole reason you're over here is to help me with these projects. We

have to spend at least a LITTLE time on them, in case anyone asks how they're going. It won't take long, and then we can begin your lessons!"

Reassured, I followed her - delighted by the way her ass moved in the shorts she was wearing - to where the first of her projects was to be: a set of built-in shelves and a desk for Matthew, so that he would have someplace for his ever-increasing book collection, and a place to study and do his homework. We actually did talk over what she - and more to the point, Matthew - wanted, how long it would take ("minus any hanky-panky" she said, knowing full well THAT wasn't going to happen), and what we could do to make it take as long as possible while still seeming to be progressing reasonably. It only took a few minutes with us to come up with a scheme that fit all our requirements.

That accomplished, and both of us certain about what we'd tell anyone that asked about it, the next step was Maureen's: with no warning or hesitation, she peeled off the shirt she was wearing, exposing the upper half of her body to me before asking "See anything you like, James?"

I admitted that I did, and she laughed before saying "I thought you would. Now, let's go into my room - I think both of us would be more comfortable there". She took my hand, and led me across the hall to her room, where she got a big smile on her face and said "School is now in session. Take off your clothes!"

I didn't need to be told twice - particularly after she slid her hands inside the waistband of the shorts she was wearing and began sliding them down her legs, revealing that she didn't have any more under them than she'd had under her blouse. In less than a minute, both of us were as naked as the day we'd been born.

We took a little time to look each other over before Maureen told me "I think the first thing you should learn about girls is our anatomy. I know you've seen breasts - mine, and others. What you need to learn now is the rest of it - the area between our legs. Not just where our vagina is, so you can get into it; but the rest of our parts, too, so you can learn how to arouse us, and make us feel good."

I voiced my understanding, and she went on "So, what I'm going to do is lie down and let you have a look at me - a GOOD look. I know you got to see all of this when we took our shower together, but that wasn't the best time for you to actually *see* and learn everything."

With that, she did just as she'd said she would: moving to lay down on the bed, her legs spread and her knees up, giving me an unimpeded view of her genitals. I was struck with a sudden bout of nervousness, and was slow in moving to join her. She seemed to understand what the problem was, and waited patiently until I was lying between her feet, my face just a few inches away from her pelvis.

She grabbed a couple of pillows, and used them to prop up the upper half of her body, making it possible for her to see where I was looking. Looking at me, she gently asked "Feeling a bit nervous?"

I admitted that I was, and she told me "Don't be. I'm not much different than any other girl; it's a pretty safe bet that anything you see on me will be on her. It might look a *little* different, but it'll be there. And don't worry about looking at me like this; it actually kind of turns me on, as you can probably see."

Once she'd mentioned it, I did notice that the lips around her vagina were separated, the area between them faintly glistening with her moisture. Not as much as I'd seen before we had sex the first time, but still...

She went on to tell me "James, you need to understand that I **want** you to look and touch and learn. I'm not embarrassed - not after what we did last month! - and you shouldn't be, either. Sooner or later, you would learn all this stuff, anyway. All we're doing is making sure it's sooner, not later. Please, look and touch and do whatever you want - I'm here so that you can learn. If you do something that's uncomfortable, or hurts, then I'll tell you, so that you know not to do it again. But I am most certainly **not** going to tell you to stop until you're satisfied that you've learned what you want to know. Okay?"

I nodded, and that seemed to satisfy her - she simply rested there, waiting for me to begin my 'studies'.

Still, it took me a few moments before I was ready to move a little closer so that I could get a better view of her. When I did, I caught the faint scent of her arousal, and that, more than anything else, reassured me that she really was okay with being on display the way she was.

I don't know how long I was between her legs like that - all I'm really sure of is that she was as patient with my looks and touches and everything else as I'd been with Matt when I was trying to teach HIM something. As I moved from bit to bit of her, she calmly told me what I was looking at or touching - not just the 'common' words, but the medical terms, as well. In addition, she went on to explain to me what kind of feelings, sensations, or other things that were involved - such as how her vaginal lips (labia, she called them) would get longer and darker the more aroused she was; how her clitoris would get tingly and how the little cover over it would pull back when she was excited; and so on. She even went so far as to tell me what kinds of things I could do to bring about the changes she was describing to me, and encouraging me to try them to see for myself. Only once did she have to caution me about something, telling me "A woman's clitoris - yes, that - is *very* sensitive to pressure. What you're doing doesn't hurt, but it's uncomfortable; if you're a little more gentle when you do that, you'll have a girl asking for more very quickly! Yes, that's it - *gently*."

By the time I was satisfied that I'd learned all I could for the time being, it was clear to me that Maureen was more than a little bit aroused by what I'd been doing to her: her

labia were clearly longer and more separated, and her opening was visibly wet with her juices. My 'lesson' completed, I moved to sit cross-legged between her feet.

I couldn't help looking at her and asking "You're... excited by this?"

She gave me a lopsided grin and answered "Yes, as I'm sure you can see."

"Why?"

I think the question surprised her, but she didn't hesitate to tell me "It's a number of different things - and I'm not sure I could explain some of them to you; and another woman wouldn't need the explanation. Part of it is simply the idea of having you look at me so *intimately*. Another part is because of the way you've been touching me, and learning how to use your hands to arouse me. Then there's the knowledge that when you're done, I'm going to have you inside me - the anticipation of it. Finally, and I guess the biggest part of it, is simply the fact that you're a young, virile man, and I can see that you find me desirable" - that last part with a Significant Look toward where my erect penis was waving in the air in time with my heartbeat.

To my surprise, I wasn't embarrassed in the slightest when she noticed and mentioned my aroused state - I could only figure that some of her matter-of-fact attitude about bodies and sexuality was starting to rub off on me.

What did get my attention though was something she'd said.

"You said that when I was done, you would have me inside you?" I asked.

She smiled, and said "I figured you'd hear that part. Yes, when you're done, you'll be inside me."

"Well, I'm done" I told her, grinning.

She just grinned back, saying "Are you now? Well, I guess the next part is up to me, then", her words confusing me a little.

She must have seen the effect on my face because she went on to tell me "What I want to do this time is something that I've *always* enjoyed, although you might not have experienced it yet."

My curiosity got the better of me, and I asked "What's that?"

"This time, you're going to be on the bottom, and **I'm** going to be on top!"

Thinking back to the few porno magazines I'd seen, I knew what she was talking about - and she was right, I hadn't been able to try that position before.

"What do I need to do?" I asked, "Besides lay down, I mean."

She gave me a mischievous grin, and said "That's about it - that, and enjoy it!"

I grinned back, and moved up to lie next to her, my hand reaching for her breast. Cupping it, I slowly ran my thumb across her nipple, marveling again how her areolas would pucker and her nipple would get longer and harder in response. When the one nipple was standing tall and proud, I moved my hand to give the other the same treatment - and got the same response as Maureen's breathing slowly increased and she released a soft moan, deep in her throat.

I soon replaced my hand with my mouth, licking and sucking on her breasts and nipples, causing them to stand out even more as she gasped her pleasure at what I was doing. I soon detected the unique scent that told me she was becoming more and more aroused; I let my hand drift down her body to begin a new exploration between her thighs. She readily spread them for me, inviting my touch on her most intimate places.

My first touch was to softly run my finger between her vaginal lips several times, coating it with her oils, before pressing against her opening. She moaned softly, and lifted her hips in welcome to my soft probe. Gently, I pressed my finger against her entrance, nudging the tight ring of her opening apart to allow me to enter her. She was very wet inside, and I didn't have any trouble sliding my rigid digit inside her, all the way to the base of my finger. My palm was cupped around her mons, and I got the idea to begin softly massaging her clitoris as I slid my finger in and out of her tight opening. When I did that, she groaned deep in her throat before telling me "Oh, James - that feels *so* good!"

After a bit, I could feel that she had loosed up a bit inside; remembering how tight she'd been before, I thought I should try opening her up a bit more by adding a second finger to the first. In short order, I had both my ring and middle fingers deep inside her, both of them well-coated with the ample lubrication she was producing.

Even as I was slowly finger-fucking her, my mouth was still busy - softly sucking on her breasts, my lips tenderly pulling on her nipples. By that time, she was moaning almost continuously, her breath coming in short pants as her arousal continued to grow. I could hear and feel her getting closer and closer to an orgasm, so I wasn't surprised when she finally released a soft cry before her body froze as a series of waves rippled through her vagina, clamping down on my fingers. I continued to suck on her nipples and massage her clitoris even as I heard and felt it as she cycled through the sexual release I'd managed to bring her.

After she finally relaxed, I carefully withdrew my fingers from her still-twitching vagina; she surprised the hell out of me by reaching down to take my hand and bring it up to her mouth, where she went about licking her juices from her fingers, her eyes locked on mine as she did it. I felt my penis twitch when she took each of my fingers in her mouth and sucked on it to make sure she'd gotten all of her oils off of it.

When she was done, she gave me a wicked grin before saying "Now, James, it's MY turn!"

With a gentle nudge, she eased me over onto my back before sitting up herself. Looking down at me, she said "That felt *very* good - but I still need to have you inside me."

From being next to me, she moved down until she was hovering over where my erect and throbbing penis was waving in the air. A brief glance at me, and she lowered her head to take me into her mouth, sucking on me as though my penis was a particularly tasty lollipop. As she was doing that, she began twisting her head to bring a whole new set of sensations to my saliva-slick member.

Once she was satisfied that I was fully erect (!) and well-lubricated with her saliva, she rose up again and moved to straddle my waist. I could only look up at her, her passion clear on her face as she reached down between her legs to grasp my penis. She rose up again; then moved back slightly, positioning the tip of my erection against her opening. Holding me steady, she looked deep into my eyes as she slowly began to impale herself on my pole. The way she was spread, I could easily see the entrance to her vagina, and watched, mesmerized, as her hot, wet sheath slowly enveloped my erection in a single slow, steady motion.

With my full length buried in her, she closed her eyes and paused a few moments as though savoring - as I was - the sensation of having me inside her again. Then I felt her vagina tighten slightly, and saw that she was raising herself up again, letting nearly half my length slip free before lowering herself again. A moment later, she did it again, then again. Each time she settled back onto me, it was a little easier for me to slide into her.

A few more such cycles - each a little longer and faster - went by before she switched over to something different: getting her legs under her, she moved to squat over me and begin slowly bouncing up and down, raising herself nearly all the way off of me before coming back down again. That went on for a couple of minutes before her legs apparently began to tire; then she switched back to straddling me again, leaned forward - her breasts were *just* out of reach of my lips - and began an arching of her back that only moved her along about a quarter of my penis; but it was the LAST quarter, meaning that each downward thrust of her hips brought her fully against my pelvis, taking as much of me inside as she could manage. I wasn't the best-hung guy in any of my physical education classes, but I was definitely at the 'gifted' end of normal - and I could feel the head of my penis lightly touching the deepest part of her with each arching of her hips, accompanied by her soft groan of pleasure at the penetration.

The sensation was incredible, and I fought to try and maintain some sense of control over my approaching climax. But the feelings she was creating were intense; I managed to gasp out "Maureen! I'm getting close!"

She opened her eyes at my words, and stopped her movement over me, saying "Fight it, James! Think about something else - something to distract you!"

With the sensations around my penis gone, it was a lot easier for me to do as she said; still, even as I was trying to remember my stats on the baseball team, I could feel her clenching her vaginal muscles around me. After a little bit, the urge to empty myself into her had passed, and I looked up to see her watching me carefully. I nodded that I was ready, and she leaned forward to put her hands on either side of me and begin rocking back and forth to slide herself along my length - something that left her doing almost the exact opposite of what she'd been doing before: sliding herself on and off the three quarters of my penis that had stayed inside her previously.

The feeling of it was tremendous - and nowhere near as stimulating as feeling myself 'bottoming out' in her vagina. Apparently, though, it worked for her - it took only a minute or two of rocking back and forth on my dick before she pushed herself back on it as she cried out "Oh, God, I'm cumming!"

I could feel her vagina clenching around me, and it felt wonderful - but I had been able to get a little more control over myself with the change in her movements on me, so I wasn't in any 'danger' of climaxing myself. Still, I have to admit that it not only felt good, but was fun to watch, as she went through a fairly serious orgasm. I'd never really had the chance to watch a woman before as she had an orgasm - Maureen being the first female that I'd ever *knowingly* brought to orgasm, and I'd been a little 'distracted' the first/last time - and it was fun, interesting, and informative to watch.

Even as I was watching her face, I could feel her body - and more to the point, her vagina - as spasm after spasm passed through her between her gasps and moans of pleasure.

When most of it was over for her, I felt her start moving over me again - slowly at first, sliding herself almost completely off of me before pushing back again until the tight ring of her opening was around the base of my penis.

Another minute or two, and she was moving more quickly; as hot and tight she was inside, I could feel myself begin to approach the point where I knew I would empty my balls in her. I looked up at her and said "I'm getting close again"; she responded by looking into my eyes and nodding her understanding before slowing her self-impalement on me. Rocking forward a bit, she managed to get her breasts within range of my lips; I eagerly took advantage of the situation to wrap my lips around each of her nipples, taking turns sucking on each of them before moving my attention to the other. It was only a minute before both of them were standing at attention, her areolas tight and puckered, the peaks of her breasts glistening with my saliva. With a soft moan, she raised up, pulling her nipple from between my lips before taking a squatting position over me with my penis still inside her.

Again, I could clearly see the lips of her vagina; they, and my penis, fairly shined with her fragrant oils. I looked up to see that she was watching me, a lusty grin on her face. She gestured with her head that I should look again; when I did, she moved to lift herself off of me slightly - an action that caused her labia to extend even farther, as though trying to hold on to my penis. When only the head of my dick was inside her, she paused a

moment, then began to lower herself; I watched as her glistening lips first disappeared inside her before more and more of my penis followed them until her russet pubic hair was blended with my own dark curls. I had two simultaneous sensations: the clenching ring of her vaginal opening at the very base of my erection, and the faint pressure of the head of it pressing against the deepest part of her. It was a sensation I've felt only a few times since; then, with her, it was the first time, and it was an experience that served only to make me even harder inside her.

I looked up into her face, and clearly saw her combined pleasure, desire, and what I can only describe as pure, unadulterated *lust*.

I felt her press herself down against me even more, gaining only a tiny fraction of an inch more of my penis inside - but it was apparently enough, since she moaned loudly when she was done. We stayed like that for several seconds before she moved to lift herself up again - slowly and with great deliberation. I watched again as my penis slowly reappeared from the depths of her womanhood; only when her upward movement stopped did I notice that the hood of her clitoris had pulled back, exposing her pea-sized clitoris.

Without even thinking about it, I reached between us and collected a sample of her oils on my fingertip, then gently ran it across her erect clitoris - drawing a loud groan from Maureen in reply. I did it again, with similar results; then again and again. With each caress of her sensitive nubbin, her groans became louder and her breath came faster and faster. After a minute or so, though, she started moving on top of me again - first slowly lowering herself back onto my penis, and then lifting herself up again.

Because of the way she was positioned over me, the only contact between us was the slight pressure of her ankles next to my waist, her hands on my chest, and - to our mutual delight - the sensation of her tight sheath around my manhood. It was only a few moments before the only feeling I was aware of was how her hot, wet channel enveloped and released my sensitive penis as she started moving herself up and down on it more and more quickly - and with more and more force, almost slamming herself onto me on the downward strokes.

The sensation was entirely unlike - and infinitely more intense - anything I'd experienced before then, and it wasn't long before I could feel myself getting close to emptying my balls in her.

It must have been having a similar effect on Maureen. Even as I heard her release a loud cry, she impaled herself on me one more time, pressing herself downward to take as much of me inside as she could as she threw her head back. I felt the walls of her vagina clenching at me - and much to my surprise, it felt as though the deepest part of her was almost... well, *sucking* on me. Between the clenching around the rest of me, and the faint, but distinct, pulling around the head of my penis, that was all I needed to begin squirting jet after jet of my cum deep inside her. I managed a brief look to where we were joined, and saw that the lips of her vagina were pulsing slightly in time with the spasms I could

feel going through the rest of her; that sight was enough to make my second shot of cum erupt nearly as strongly as the first had.

My hands somehow found her breasts, and I gently pulled and pinched her nipples in time with the clenching of her vagina around my erupting penis - something that only seemed to make her inner muscles grasp at me that much harder.

Still, as all good things must, our respective climaxes eventually slowed and faded. I *think* that mine ended first: I can remember looking up at her as I panted my release and watching as she first let her head drop, then her eyes open.

It took a few moments before she was able to focus on me; when she did, she gave me a broad smile, her pleasure and satisfaction clear on her face as she told me "Thank you, James - that was *wonderful*!"

I could only grin back up at her - she clearly knew that I'd enjoyed it, too.

After what she'd told me the first time, about wanting me to stay inside her, I wasn't surprised when she didn't do anything to get off of me right away - I could feel that I was still mostly hard, due mostly to the way her internal muscles would tighten around my penis every so often.

Still, I could see that she was tired, too, and I had an idea. I thought it through for a moment, the suggested "Maureen? If I bend my legs up a little, I think you could kind of use them as a backrest, so you could sit on me, instead of sitting over me like that."

She thought about what I said for a few moments, and nodded, saying "Yes, I think I'd like that..."

She leaned forward again - her breasts swayed *ever* so slightly in front of me - and she moved to reposition her legs as I brought my feet up, bending my legs behind her. She hesitated a moment, and then said "While I'm at it, why don't I grab a couple of pillows so you can sit up, too?"

I voiced my agreement, and when she stretched out for them, managed to get my lips around one of her nipples. She hesitated, looked down at me with a smile on her face, and went on to pull a couple of pillows next to me. With the necessary materials at hand, she had me sit up and quickly positioned the pillows so that they would support me before leaning back - pulling her nipple from my mouth - to rest against my legs. At no point during the process had she lifted herself off of me enough to let even a little bit of my penis slip out.

With the two of us facing each other (well, mostly), she surprised the hell out of me by asking "So, James, how's your summer going?" - then laughing when I answered "Pretty darn good, so far!"

From there, the next several minutes were spent simply talking to each other - her asking me about school and so on, and me answering. The whole time, her vagina continued to twitch around my penis, **greatly** increasing the time it took for me to soften inside of her. It was probably a good ten minutes before she finally told me "Well, I think it's time for us to get cleaned up, don't you?" - and even then, I was still half-hard inside her.

I reluctantly agreed, but brightened considerably when she asked "Of course, you'll be taking a shower with me, right?"

The prospect of another shower with her perked me right up. Even so, I still had the presence of mind to watch - with Maureen fully aware that I was doing so - as she slowly lifted herself up, letting my penis pull free of her, releasing a small flood of our juices to first drip out onto my pubic thatch, then slowly start trickling down the inside of one of her thighs. Again, the sight of it flipped some switch in my head, and I could feel myself start to get hard again. Maureen just laughed, and said "James, you are *never* going to have trouble convincing a girl that you think she's sexy, even after she's made love with you!"

I felt myself blush a little; Maureen just smiled and took my hand to lead me into her bathroom.

Some time later - after the hot water ran out, in fact - we were dried and dressed, facing each other just inside her front door as we said our goodbyes before I went back home.

The following weekend, I actually got started on the desk and bookshelves for Matt - both because Maureen and I agreed that there had to be *some* discernible progress on her projects, and (mostly) because Dad came over to do some 'regular maintenance' on her car: changing the oil, and a couple of other relatively minor things. Neither one of us was willing to risk doing anything more than do a little groping and fondling when no one was looking.

Dad came up to see what I was doing, and seemed to understand when I told him that I was taking my time on the project so that it would look as good as possible. With it being a 'built-in', he understood, and told me to take my time and do it right. What he didn't know was that I was actually 'padding' the job as much as I could, so that I could have 'lessons' with Maureen and still work on it enough to make the progress seem reasonable. It was something Maureen and I had worked out to cover the amount of time I spent over at her place, as compared to the visible progress on her projects.

It was another week before there was another chance for Maureen and me to have a 'lesson'. Once in her bedroom, I had a brief 'refresher' on female anatomy (I'd actually had a couple questions come to mind, and Maureen was more than willing to let me 'backtrack' a bit) before the next lesson.

Oral sex was something I'd heard about, and been on the receiving end, courtesy of Maureen. But being on the giving side of it was a totally new experience - one that I wasn't any too sure I wanted any part of - at least, not until Maureen brought me to a mind-blowing climax using only her mouth. With that, I was at least willing to give it a *try*.

When my head was between her thighs, I paused a few moments to look her over yet again. Her labia were about medium-thick, but obviously soft; they were slightly parted and readily visible amidst the dark red curls of her pubic thatch. Above them, her clitoris was starting to make its appearance; below, the dark rosette of her anus was easily visible. But it was her labia - and particularly the area between them - that had my attention: glistening faintly with her juices as her labia slowly darkened and extended even further as her arousal increased.

The sight of her both delighted and fascinated me - delighted that her visibly increasing arousal was because of me, and fascinated by the sight of it. Still, I didn't forget what I was there for, and after a moment to gather up my nerve, I extended my tongue far enough to run the very tip of it between her vaginal lips.

As it was, I got only a slight taste of her. But between the scent and sight of her, it was enough: I was more than ready to try it again. The second pass of my tongue along her cleft was a bit slower and deeper; I got a full sample of the musky/sweet taste of her, and knew that 'eating pussy' was something I *really* wanted to do - and do **well** so the girl would let me do it again and again and again...

It wasn't long before I was lapping at her labia and opening as though she was an ice cream cone that I wanted to consume before the hot sun melted it. Still, I managed to listen to her and pay attention to the things that she told me; it was only a few minutes before I was able to bring her the first of several orgasms I gave her with my tongue and lips. From gently pulling on her erect clitoris with my lips, to fluttering my tongue across it; softly sucking and 'chewing' her labia with my lips; penetrating her as far as I could with my tongue, as though fucking her with it - I tried anything and everything I could think of, stopping only when she all but begged me to with the claim that she simply couldn't climax any more.

As I pulled my head back, I could see that the area between her thighs was drenched; a sensation of coolness on my face told me that those same fluids were smeared across my lips and cheeks, as well.

I moved up to lay next to her, only to be overwhelmed by the ferocity of the hug she gave me and amazed when she not only kissed me fiercely, but went so far as to stick her tongue in my mouth: I could still taste her, and didn't doubt for a moment that she could taste herself, too.

Only when she'd released me and rolled onto her back did she see the mixture of passion and surprise I was feeling. It took her only a moment to figure out what was on my mind, and she asked "You're shocked that I would still kiss you like that after you just finished using your mouth on me?"

"Uh, not *shocked*, I think, but kinda surprised, yeah", I admitted.

She gave me a wry smile before telling me "Don't be. Remember, I told you that girls can - and do! - take care of their own physical desires as much as guys do. And I think *every* girl wonders at some point what she smells and tastes like - and finds out. Don't tell me that you haven't wondered what YOUR stuff smells and tastes like, and that you haven't at least tried to smell it!"

I felt myself blush a bit, and she said "There, see what I mean? Whether you like what YOU smell and taste like or not, I like the way *I* do, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. If it doesn't bother me - I kinda like it, actually - then it shouldn't bother you. Okay?"

It took me only a moment to realize that she had a point - after all, SHE had been the one to kiss ME and stick her tongue in my mouth. Another moment, and that was all I needed to decide that if it didn't bother her, there wasn't anything for ME to fuss about, and let it go.

Lying next to her, I put my arm across her, cupping her breast in my hand. Maureen just lay there looking at me for a few moments before saying "James, you're doing just *exactly* what a girl wants her guy to do after he's given her a climax: just **be** with her - show her that you weren't just out to get your own jollies; that you *care* for her even AFTER you've had sex."

I couldn't help responding by telling her "But Maureen, I DO care for you!"

She gave me a sad smile and answered "I know, James. It's just that it's been so long since I had anyone like this - not only bringing me as much pleasure as you do, but just *being* here with me."

There wasn't anything I could say in answer to that; the two of us lay there cuddling for a little while before I asked "Uh, Maureen?"

"Yes?"

"Do, uh, *all* girls smell and taste like you do?"

She laughed softly, and answered "I really don't know, James. I haven't tasted very many girls, but the few that I know about, the answer to your question is 'the same, only different'"

It took me a few seconds to digest her admission that she'd tasted other girls before I asked "You said you've, uh, tasted other girls?"

She laughed softly again, and answered "Yes, James, I have. Just like boys probably try a few things with each other, girls try each other out, too. It wasn't very many, but there were a few."

"What was it like?" I couldn't help asking.

"Different. I mean, once I knew what **I** was like, the next thing was to start wondering if other girls were the same as me. Me and some of my friends, we found out - we were all a little different, but a little bit the same, too."

I digested that bit of information before asking "Can you tell me about it?"

"I don't think so - again, I don't have the words to explain it to a guy, and a girl would pretty much know without having to ask. Don't worry - if the last little while is any indication, I think you're going to have *lots* of fun finding out for yourself!" - the last with a teasing note in her voice.

I could only grin as I told her "Yeah, I think it **WOULD** be fun, at that!" before giving her a gentle hug.

A little while later, it was finally time for us to clean up with a mutual shower.

Maureen and I were only able to have one more 'lesson' before school started that fall - it was a marathon session of '69' that left **both** of us sweaty and exhausted.

By the time I had to start school, I had finished one of the projects Maureen had mapped out. Matt joined the Cub Scouts, something that Maureen and I both saw as a chance to be alone during his meetings. But with most of my days in school, and a fair chunk of my evening spent doing homework, there weren't a whole lot of chances for us to get together, even so.

One thing that Maureen insisted on was that if I had the chance, I should make sure and go out with some of the girls from school. Even though we'd talked about it, I was still surprised that she was so adamant about it, but Maureen explained by telling me "James, as long as you're going out with girls your own age - something I do **NOT** mind - then it's never going to occur to anyone that there might be anything happening between you and me. But if you **DON'T** go out with girls from school, then people are going to start wondering why. Not only can't we afford to have anyone thinking that way, but the whole reason you're coming over here for 'lessons' is so that you can use what you learn with me to make your *real* girlfriends happy. Remember, we are *not* a couple!" It made sense, of

course - and as much as I liked being with Maureen, I had to admit that I still wanted to go out with girls my own age - so I did.

It wasn't until the mid-term report cards came out that things fell into place for me and Maureen. I was doing pretty good in most of my classes - generally getting an 'A' or 'B' in them. The one subject that I simply couldn't get a handle on, though, was Literature. Sure, I did okay in English; it was when I had to try and explain the 'symbolism' of stuff like "Moby Dick" and "Watership Down" that I fell flat on my face. I could read the books and remember the characters and plot and such; I just couldn't see what the teacher was telling us the author was saying. As a result, all my study and effort resulted in a 'D' in that class - something that Mom and Dad were **not** pleased about. They didn't rag on me because both of them knew that I really was trying; they just weren't happy that I couldn't do any better than that.

All of us were sitting at the supper table one night when Mom told us that she'd been talking to Maureen, and had said something to Maureen about my Literature grade. It turned out that Maureen had majored in English Literature in college before getting married, and she had offered to 'tutor' me in that subject. When I heard what Mom said, it was all I could do to keep a straight face - if she only KNEW what else Maureen wanted to teach me!

But I knew that not only was Maureen's offer to tutor me a way for me to get my grade point average back up, but an excuse for the two of us to be together, as well - so I put up only a token protest to the idea of going over to Maureen's house a couple times a week for 'study sessions'.

With that settled, it didn't take much longer to get the details worked out: I would go over to Maureen's house on Tuesday nights when Matt was at his Cub Scout meeting to eliminate one possible distraction. Then I'd go over on Saturday afternoons to work on Maureen's projects, followed by another study session.

The first time I went over to Maureen's for a study session, I wasn't surprised that she actually expected to try and teach me about the book I was reading at the time (Animal Farm, of all things). I'd finished reading the book, and was able to give Maureen a fairly decent explanation of the plot and characters in it - something that seemed to please her. It was when she asked me what I thought the book meant that I got hung up.

I tried to figure out what she was asking me, and answer her several different ways, but couldn't quite make it work. After the last couple of efforts, she told me that I was getting closer, but still not quite there; seeing the frustration and disappointment on my face, she said that we should take a break for a little bit; together, we went into the kitchen, where she got us each a soda. We sat down across from each other, sipping on our drinks quietly; I could see that she was thinking about something, and didn't want to disturb her.

I'd finished my drink and was just sitting there when she finally 'came out of it', and said that we should probably get back to work. Back in the living room, she started asking me some questions - ones that I couldn't see how they related to *Animal Farm*, but I answered them anyway. That went on for several minutes before Maureen finally told me "Okay, James. *Now* I understand why you're having so much trouble with your Literature class."

I was all ears on hearing that - I absolutely **hated** not doing better in the class, and wanted desperately to not only make Mom and Dad happy, but show Maureen that I *could* do better in school.

"The problem" she told me, "is that you simply don't have a broad enough, I guess we could say 'knowledge base' to be able to relate the theme of the books to the real world."

Seeing the puzzled look on my face, she asked "What do you know about Communism?"

That seemed to come out of nowhere, which confused me, but I managed to pull myself together and thought it over for a moment before I answered "Just that it's what the Soviet Union has, and it's not a good way to live."

She nodded at that, and said "James, there's a lot more to Communism than just that. And *Animal Farm* is a commentary on the difference between 'pure' Communism and how it's applied by real people - the difference between theory and application. If you knew more about different political systems, history, and a few other things, then I don't think you would have as much trouble with your Literature class."

She could see that I still couldn't see what she was getting at, and went on to explain to me that most of my problem was that I didn't have enough 'general knowledge' to be able to relate the books in my Literature class to the 'outside world'. When she found out that I really didn't read much outside of the sports and comics sections of the paper and the reading assignments they gave us in school, she told me "James, you really do need to read more. Haven't you ever read for fun? I mean, just reading a book for the pleasure of the story it told you?"

I said that I hadn't, and she told me "Then you've been missing out on a *very* good thing."

She sat there for a few moments before asking "You like baseball, right?" I nodded, and she said "Then I have an assignment for you - one I think you'll like. I want you to find a book about Willie Mays; his life, and how he got into the major leagues. When you're done reading it, I want you to come over here and tell me about it."

I could tell that she had something in mind, but didn't have the faintest idea of what it could be. All I could do was say "Okay" - to which she answered "I want you to do it as soon as you can - it's going to be something that's going to help you not just in your Lit class, but the rest of your life."

That sounded pretty important to me, even at 16, so I said that I would.

Maureen gave me a smile and said "Good. Now that that's out of the way, come over here and give me a kiss" - a task I quickly fulfilled. In just a couple of minutes, our tongues were dancing in each others mouths as our hands wandered across each others bodies.

Both of us were breathing heavily when Maureen pulled herself away from me to say "I think that's enough of that for here - let's go to the bedroom!"

We both stood up, and made our way to her room hand in hand. There, we got into another brief clinch of mutual molestation before breaking apart and undressing. Maureen made it to the bed first, and lay back with her legs parted in invitation as she told me "Come on, James - I need you inside me **now!**"

I went over and began to caress her body; but when I started to move my head between her thighs, she just said "No, you don't need to do that - I'm already more than hot and ready enough. Just fuck me!"

I was getting used to her direct approach, and did just as she commanded: positioning myself between her legs, I moved the head of my penis to press against her opening and pushed - and wasn't particularly surprised when nearly a quarter of my length easily slid into her: she was incredibly wet inside.

I pulled back a bit, and then pushed again, feeling almost my entire length move into her. Another slight withdrawal, a press forward, and I was balls-deep in her.

She released a deep moan of pleasure and satisfaction before lifting her legs and locking her ankles behind me - opening herself to me even more, and allowing another fraction of an inch of my manhood to slide into her.

I paused a moment to savor the sensation of having her hot, tight womanhood wrapped around me that way before arching my hips to slide nearly half my penis out of her, then back in again, accompanied by her groan.

In less than a minute, over half of my manhood was steadily pistoning in and out of her, the liquid sounds of our union overlaid with her soft cries of pleasure. The feeling of her tight vagina sliding up and down my penis felt incredible, and the pace of my thrusts began increasing. A few more minutes, and I could feel myself getting closer and closer to filling her with my teenage spunk.

Finally, I knew that it was going to happen - with a spoken "I... I'm going to cum!", I began thrusting into her even faster as she told me "Yes, James, yes! Do it!"

That was all I needed to hear, and after a few more fast, hard pushes into her, I tried to bury myself as far in her as I could just as my penis began hosing her insides with my hot cum. Her eyes flew open when it happened, and I heard her cry out "Oh, god, yes! I can

feel it!" as she found her own release. The rhythmic tightening of her vagina around my sensitive penis only served to make my own climax even stronger as I emptied myself into her.

It seemed to go on forever - but it ended all too soon. Emptied and exhausted, I managed to hold myself over, and in, her until I felt her orgasm begin to wane. Only then did I let my rapidly-deflating penis slip free of her so that I could move to lie next to her on my side, cuddling with her. She lifted her legs over mine, and I curled next to her so that she could drape her legs over mine, to help keep my semen from leaking out of her.

She turned her head to look at me with a smile before caressing my face and telling me "Thank you, James."

I could only grin in return as I told her "My pleasure, Maureen" - and getting a soft laugh in return before she answered "Yes, it was, wasn't it?"

We stayed like that for several minutes, getting our breath and energy back before she sadly told me that it was probably time for me to be getting home - but would I get her a hand towel from the bathroom first? I readily did as she asked, and watched as she neatly folded the towel between her thighs, then sat up at the edge of the bed. There, she gave me a mischievous look and directed me to stand in front of her. Once I was in position, she didn't hesitate to lean forward and begin using her mouth and tongue to clean my entire pubic area of our combined juices, leaving me with only a faint sheen of her saliva before telling me "Now, when you get home, you still need to take a shower. I don't think we have time to take one together here, so that's why I cleaned you off like I did. Well, that, and it was fun... Anyway, I don't think there's enough of a sex smell to you for anyone to notice unless they get *very* close or you wait too long to clean up. So make sure you at least clean yourself up in the bathroom when you get home, okay?"

I assured her that I would, and she went on to tell me "Good. I wish it didn't have to be, but it's late enough that I think you'd better get dressed and head home."

So I gathered up my clothes, and got dressed; Maureen made no pretense of not watching me - even going so far as to give me a lusty grin when I got my underwear on and 'adjusted' so that it held my penis and balls comfortably. I went over to give her a kiss - I copped a feel of her tits as she did the same to my penis - and went back home.

The next day, I did as I'd told Maureen I would - found a book about Jackie Robinson and his career and life. It was a little slow getting started, but as Maureen had thought, the subject interested me, so I stuck with it. It wasn't long before I was actually looking forward to the chances I had to read it. There were parts of it I really didn't understand, though - I knew that he was the first Black man to play professional baseball, but I really didn't 'get' why his color mattered; I only knew that it did for some reason. I had a couple of Black friends, as well as some Hispanic and even Asian friends - all of us were on

different teams at school, and the only thing that had really mattered to me was how well they played the different sports we were in.

I'd finished the book by the following Saturday, so when I went over to Maureen's for construction duty and tutoring, I was able to tell her what I'd read. What surprised me, though, were the questions she asked - not about Jackie and his career, but the other stuff: the things that I *hadn't* understood - WHY so many people were upset about him playing baseball in a 'white' league, what kinds of things he'd been through in the Negro league, and so on. When I finally admitted to her that I really didn't know those things, Maureen simply asked "Don't you think it would be interesting to find out?"

That simple question was all I needed. I'd felt a mild curiosity when I'd read about some of the stuff in the book, and Maureen's question served to fan the coals of that curiosity to the flame of wanting to *know*. The next day, I went to the public library and got a book about the Negro baseball league - something I finished in just a couple of days. The next book was about the history of race relations and civil rights; that led me to politics - where I learned about different political systems. When I read about Socialism, it suddenly became clear to me how the fictional story of Animal Farm related to the political system called Socialism or Communism - and I finally really *understood* the 'theme' of the story, and what Orwell was saying. Even at 16, I could understand the comparisons and points he was making.

The next time I saw Maureen, I told her what I'd been reading, delighting her. When she started asking me about Animal Farm, I could see from the expression on her face that she was pleased that I had finally begun to understand it. When we were done, she told me "James, I'm proud of you. I thought that if I could get you to start reading for fun, it would do you some good - and it worked. You've done more for yourself in the last week and a half than I think you really realize just yet. I knew that you weren't stupid; nobody can get the grades you do if they were. All you really needed was to broaden your horizons; and in that, you've done admirably. Now all you need to do is keep expanding your knowledge, and there's nothing that can stop you; there's a whole *world* out there, and all of it is available to you in **books**."

Hearing that she was actually proud of me not only made me feel pleased and proud of myself, but it also gave me all the motivation I needed to want to learn even more; her comment about how the world was available to me through books made me decide that I had to read about anything I didn't understand. It was slow going, at first - my reading skills and vocabulary were pushed to the limit. But the more I read, the more I learned, and the more I **could** read. The process fed on itself, and it wasn't long before I was a *very* proficient reader, and had at least a passing interest in almost everything.

But I still had enough sense to not let on that I was learning as much as I was from all the reading I was doing: I knew that if anyone knew that I was learning as much as I was without Maureen's direct help, there wouldn't be any reason for me to go over there to be 'tutored'. Maureen looked inordinately pleased when I told her what I was doing, and why. So I continued to go over to Maureen's on Tuesday nights for 'tutoring' - but the

education I got had nothing to do with the assignments I got in school. They did, however, pay tremendous dividends with the girls from school that I went out with - I found out later that word quickly spread among the girls that if a girl was willing, I made a *much* better lover than any of the other guys in school. Of course, it wasn't like that with every girl I took out; some of them simply wanted to go out and have fun doing stuff like bowling, watching a movie, and so on - but with the ones that *were* willing to go farther, I left them thoroughly satisfied.

By the time the end of the semester came around, I'd managed to bring my Literature grade up to an acceptable C+; Mom and Dad both told me they were proud of me, but it was Maureen's comment to the same effect that meant the most to me.

When school started the next semester, I opted to take the next section of the Literature class - Maureen was still agreeable (when speaking to my parents; with me, she was delighted) to 'tutoring' me on a reduced schedule. Maureen knew, of course, that I was doing a LOT better with the girls that I went out with, and she surprised me by how readily she accepted the time I spent with them and not her. The most significant change in my relationship with Maureen was that the times we were together were even more 'intense' I guess you could say. Over the course of the semester, Maureen taught me a lot more about sex, and even making love - different positions, stamina (!), how to put off a climax so as to make it even stronger when it happened, and so on.

As the days and weeks went by, I gradually came to realize that what I felt for Maureen had changed. It wasn't that I didn't care about her; if anything, she meant even more to me. The change was that I was coming to understand that what I really felt toward her was honest, genuine *love* - as opposed to the combination of infatuation and lust that I'd started with. During our 'lessons', I was becoming more and more concerned about making *her* feel good not just during our intimate encounters, but the rest of the time as well. I'm sure she was aware of it, but didn't say anything.

It was just a few weeks shy of the end of the school year when I learned that the relationship between us was going to end. We'd finished making love one Tuesday evening and were laying on her bed cuddling when she turned her head to look at me closely before saying "James, there's something that I have to tell you."

Something about the tone of her voice put me on notice, and I cautiously asked "What's that?"

"I heard from Matt's school yesterday, and they had something to tell me."

"Is he doing okay? Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

She gave me a wan smile, and said "Yes, he's fine; and no, there's nothing you can do. What they told me was that all the students in his class had been through some kind of

testing, and they'd gotten the results back. It turns out that Matt did better on the tests than anyone else in the class."

"Well, that's a good thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is - for him. But not for us, James."

"Why?"

"Because they explained to me that it had been a battery of some kind of intelligence tests; and Matt did so much better on them because his IQ is something close to the genius level."

She could see from the expression on my face that I needed some more explanation, and went on to tell me "What they called to say was that Matt was so much smarter than the other kids in his class that they think he should be attending a special school - one that's geared more for intellectually gifted kids like him. I went to talk to them today, and they explained the whole thing to me - that if he stayed in a regular school, he was likely to start getting bored, and actually get *worse* grades than the other kids. And that unless something was done to keep his mind occupied, he's likely to start acting up when he gets older. They went through a whole **list** of things that could happen if he isn't given the chance to develop the intelligence they tell me he has. Like I said, they told me that he was actually near the genius level - and even more, they said that they were most likely to be *underestimating* his IQ. The problem is that the nearest school for kids like him is over a hundred miles away - and he's too young to send him there by himself. What I'm telling you, James, is that I'm going to have to sell this house and move, so that Matt can go to a school that will let him develop his mind to the fullest."

I understood then, of course - and felt as though there were a large chunk of ice in my heart and a lump in my stomach.

"Does Matt know?" I asked, to give myself a little time to consider what she'd just told me.

"Yes, a little bit. He already knows that he's the smartest one in his class; he just doesn't know how **MUCH** smarter he is."

"Have you told him about the school, and that you'll have to move?"

"A little. I mean, I brought up the school, and he seemed interested by it; I haven't said anything about moving yet - I wanted to tell you first."

I realized, then, that the affection I felt for Maureen was reciprocal. And I knew that even though it was going to hurt me, I *had* to give her my full support so as to make it as easy for her as possible. As for Matt, I'd always kind of thought of him as my adopted little

brother, so the idea of getting him into a school where the rate of teaching matched his ability to learn was, pardon the phrase, a no-brainer.

Somehow, I managed to smile before I told her "And now you've told me. Maureen, I understand that the other school is best for Matt, and I'm all for it. I'm sorry you're going to have to move; not just because of what we have like this" - gesturing to our nakedness - "but because I... well, I love you. This is something that's going to make a world of difference for Matt, and let him grow up to be as much as he *can* be, so it's the right thing to do."

I saw her smile - and saw her tears, too - before she rolled over to take me in her arms and hug me as she murmured "Thank you, James. I was **so** afraid that you wouldn't understand, and now I can see that I was wrong. This still isn't going to be easy for me, but you're making it *easier*."

I put my arms around her and held her close, softly stroking her back as I resolved not to add to her burden by letting her know how much I would miss her.

After a bit, she pulled herself together and finished rolling over so that she was straddling my hips and lying on top of me. Supporting herself with her arms, she started telling me about all the counselors at Matt's school had said about him, and what they'd told her about the school - such as how it was structured so that the students were 'self-paced', meaning that they were pretty much free to learn as much and as fast as they could, but still required them to learn a variety of subjects so that they weren't geniuses in one area and idiots in everything else.

Throughout, I nodded my head and made appreciative noises at her while my heart and mind tried to find some way of dealing with the loss of her.

Finally, she glanced over at the clock and declared that it was getting late - followed by telling me that she thought there was enough time for us to grab a *quick* shower together before I had to leave. We got up and went into the bathroom, and the shower was quick - well, quick for US, anyway. With both of us dressed, she accompanied me to the front door and the two of us shared a kiss and quick fondle before I went back home.

It was a couple of days later that Maureen had the chance to tell Mom and Dad what she'd been told about Matt; both of them congratulated her, and told her that they'd miss her, but understood that getting Matt into the school was her first priority.

Maureen and I continued our 'tutoring' session's right up to the last week of school. I'd used the few days between her announcement to me and our next session to kind of pull myself together; I never let on to her that I was anything less than fully supportive of her decision to move so Matt could go to the 'gifted' school.

Once school let out for me, things quickly fell into the system that Maureen and I had put together the previous summer - with the only change being that my handyman work was geared toward getting and keeping her house as 'presentable' as possible: every room received a fresh coat of paint, we rented a machine and cleaned every carpet in every room, all the 'I gotta fix that one of these days' jobs got fixed, and so on.

It was either a perfect synchronization of pure chance, or the direct and personal intervention of a kind and beneficent God, that gave us the chance to give each other a proper farewell before she left: Matt's Cub Scout pack decided to have a campout that started on the same Saturday that Mom and Dad had chosen to take off for a weekend alone - giving themselves a kind of mini-vacation just for themselves, leaving early on Saturday morning, and not getting back until late Sunday evening.

They'd been gone overnight before, of course, and I'd shown them that I was responsible enough to be left alone in the house; that I wasn't going to throw any parties, burn the place down, or anything else. The only consideration they had was that I wouldn't take the time to fix my own meals, and would opt to just go to fast-food places. Maureen, being a good neighbor, offered to fix supper for me that Saturday night - explaining it as a kind of 'payment' for all I'd done to help her get the house ready to sell. It was a plausible enough reason to Mom and Dad, and they accepted on my behalf.

The appointed day came, and Matt was eagerly looking forward to his first real campout "with cooking over a fire and *everything*". His Cub Scout pack leader showed up with a vanload of young troopers, got Matt loaded, and was gone by 9:00 that morning. Mom and Dad had their stuff in the car and were on their way no more than a half-hour later. I gave it a little while to make sure they hadn't forgotten anything (not likely, but possible) before I was off to like a shot to Maureen's. I barely had time to knock on the door before she had it open, and I was inside seconds later.

Over the course of the next twenty-four hours, I couldn't have been dressed more than fifteen minutes - and that only because Maureen and I kept molesting each other as we tried to get our clothes off. The rest of the time, Maureen and I were both stark naked, whether we were making love, resting between sessions of making love, or getting nourishment so we would have the energy to make love some more. I can't begin to say how pleased and delighted I was to be able to wake up next to Maureen after a nap, or - heaven! - being with her for an entire night.

Between late morning on Saturday, and lunchtime Sunday, Maureen and I somehow managed to get in a 'refresher course' of everything she'd shown me up to that time - repeated sessions of oral sex, mutual masturbation, sitting across from each other and watching each other as we masturbated ourselves, and more counts of lovemaking than I knew were possible. We had been lying on her bed next to each other for nearly half an hour after an episode of lovemaking that had lasted nearly an hour when she rolled over onto her side and draped an arm and leg across my body before nuzzling my neck and asking "James?"

"Yeah?"

"Remember that first time I used my mouth on you? In the shower, after you fucked me the first time?"

"I'll never forget!"

She giggled before she went on "Do you also remember what I asked you? About it being the first time a girl did that to you?"

It took me a moment to remember so I could answer "Yeah - you said that you had kind of gotten a 'cherry' from me."

I could *feel* her smiling next to me, and listened as she told me "Good. I got a 'cherry' from you, and before I have to leave, there's a 'cherry' I want you to have from ME."

For the life of me, I couldn't figure out what she was talking about - I thought we'd done about everything there was TO do. When I didn't say anything for several moments, I felt her lift her head to look up at me, and moved my head to look back at her. I could see the nervousness and trepidation in her eyes, but for the life of me, couldn't decide what she was saying.

She seemed to realize the problem, and surprised the hell out of me when I saw her blush furiously before she said "There's still a part of me that no man has ever had - and I want to give it to *you*, James."

Between her blush, and what she'd just said, I finally began to consider options other than the ones that had first occurred to me. I got to one that seemed, well, *possible*; but I still had trouble believing it, though. When I looked down at her again, she must have seen on my face that I'd hit on what she meant. With a lopsided grin, she confirmed my thoughts by saying "Yes, James - my ass."

I couldn't help asking "But... *why*?"

She sobered at that, and answered "Because even though you may not realize it, you've been a *lot* of help to me. Because of how patient and gentle you've been as a lover. Because even though we've been together like this, you have never said or done anything that seemed even the slightest bit possessive of me. Because of the way that you watched after Matt when I wasn't around, and how you taught him how to be a normal little boy - yes, I know it was you that taught him to spit, and make those fart and other noises!"

She took a deep breath, and went on "Because you were always ready to do whatever you could to help me, no matter what it was or when I needed it. Because you trusted me with almost all of your secrets - yes, I know there were things that you kept even from me; but *everyone* has things they won't tell anyone else. Because even though I have to leave here, you're not doing or saying anything to make me feel bad about it. And most of all

because I've come to love you, James, as much as I think you love me. I know that the love we have for each other isn't something that we can let go on, even if I was to stay here - but that doesn't mean that I love you, or you love me, any less."

By the time she got to the end of that, she was crying - and I have to admit that I felt my own eyes start to tear up in sympathy.

I pulled her close to me and put my arms around her, holding her as her hot tears began to puddle on my chest. I didn't figure that there was anything that I could say or do to help her, so I just held her close and murmured comforting words. That seemed to be all she needed, really. After a few minutes, I could tell that her crying had stopped even though I continued to hold and try to comfort her.

Finally, she used her hand to try and wipe away the small pool of tears she'd left on my chest as she told me "Thank you, James. What you just did, holding me while I cried on you, was just exactly what I needed - and it's another example of the way you are that makes me love you so much."

With that, she moved on top of me, straddling my waist as she supported her head with her hands, looking into my eyes from close up. She watched me for several seconds before telling me "I heard you, the other day - when you told me that you loved me after I told you that I was going to have to move. It surprised me, and I really didn't know what to say, then. But I've had time to think about it, and I realized that I love you, too, James - for all the reasons that I told you about, and a lot more, besides. I didn't plan it, and didn't even know it was happening - but there it is. I know that my leaving hurts you, even though you haven't said or done *anything* other than to try and make this as easy for me as you can. But I know it's there - because I feel it, too. It hurts. But my moving away is something that I **have** to do, now. Not only for Matt, but so that there isn't any temptation for one or both of us to try and do something foolish. We agreed, early on, that we'd never be a 'couple'; that promise was a lot easier to keep in the beginning than it is now - but we still have to keep it, and that's something that would be even harder to do if I was able to stay here. Dear, sweet James; you've done as much for me as I've *ever* done for you, and I will never, EVER forget you. But I can't be WITH you, either. If I'm ever going to leave here for Matt, I can't continue to share my bed with you - you've simply become too much a part of my life that way. The next time we make love - and it *will* be making *love* - will have to be our last. The first time we were together, I all but **took** a little bit of your virginity. This time, I want to GIVE you some of mine. It's a part of me that some men have wanted, but I've always been afraid to let them have it - afraid that they would hurt me, or think less of me if I let them do it. But I know that I don't have to be afraid with you. You're as gentle and patient and *caring* a lover as I've ever had, and if there's anyone I want to have me that way for the first time, it's you."

To this day, I don't know where I came up with the words I used to answer her: "Maureen, you mean the world to me, and I would never, **ever** willingly do anything to hurt you - I'd rather suffer the pain myself. Yes, I do love you - but I understand that it's a love that can't go on, for whatever reasons. Please don't feel that you 'have' to give any

part of yourself to me for ANY reason; what you have already given to me - your love, your understanding, and your *self* - means more to me than I could ever begin to tell you. I will always remember you with love, no matter what else may happen - or not happen - between us. If there is a part of yourself that you want me to have, then I will accept it - not as payment, because I feel that it is I who am in debt to you - but as a gift, from your heart to mine, a symbol of what we have had together."

When I finished speaking, Maureen's eyes were beginning to glisten again, but she managed to blink the tears back before moving to put her arms around me as much as she could, hugging me.

As big as I was - just short of six feet tall at that time - it wasn't hard for me to move to sit up so that I could hold her on my lap, hugging her as fiercely as she did me. After a bit, she kissed my chest before pushing herself away from me a little so we could look into each others eyes as she told me "Dear James! Yes, I want you to have that part of me, as you said - a gift, from my heart to yours."

That said, she leaned forward and began kissing me - not just my lips, but my cheeks, my forehead, my face, and any other part of me that she was able to reach. In return, I began to caress her body - from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, there wasn't a part of her that escaped my gentle touch over the next several minutes.

As the seconds turned into minutes, our kisses and touches changed from loving to passionate - and then more, into desire. Our lips met, then parted so our tongues could duel as we tasted each other; our hands moved across each other's bodies, teasing and stimulating as our breathing quickened, and soft noises of our inflamed desires escaped our lips.

I felt myself getting harder and harder - but if that was to be our last time together, I wanted more than just to get off. I wanted, more than anything else, to be able to memorize her - the way she sounded, the smell and taste of her, the sight and feel of her body.

Lifting her off of my lap, I moved to set her on the bed next to me, and then guided her to lay back. She looked up at me expectantly, but I only smiled and shook my head, telling her "If this is to be our last time, then I think something I read in a Robert Heinlein novel applies: *dum vivimus, vivamus*."

She looked at me in confusion, and I translated for her "While we live, let us *live*" - drawing a happy smile and nod from her in return.

She laid back, patiently waiting as I went about trying to memorize everything about her that my five senses could detect. I again familiarized myself with her body, starting from the top of her head (the feel and color and smell of her hair) to the soles of her feet, and everything in between. When I was done with the front of her, I moved to lie next to her, duplicating her position so she could give me the same treatment. She did, and when she

was done with the front of me, I turned over so she could finish the job. She kissed the back of my neck as she gave my ass a squeeze to let me know when she was finished; as I moved to get up, she was taking a face-down position next to me.

I picked up where I'd left off, letting my fingertips delight in the softness of her skin as my tongue and lips left a trail of small, moist kisses where they'd been; my nose informed me how delightful she smelled even as my eyes took pleasure in the smooth, clear expanse of skin that wrapped her form; my ears took note of her soft breathing, and the gentle moans she released at my soft touch.

By the time I finished, I was almost laying on her - my weight was supported by my legs, which were resting on the outside of hers, my body supported by my elbows next to her, my hands gently stroking the smooth, soft skin at the outer edges of her breasts. Beneath me, my erect penis lay along the cleft of her ass as I used my lips to softly nibble her ears and shoulders and neck, making her gasp and moan in pleasure and arousal.

As I continued to bring her ever so slowly to greater and greater levels of arousal, I felt her begin clenching the cheeks of her ass, trying to draw my penis between them. When that it wasn't working, she started a slow arching of her hips, using the warm, firm globes of her ass to caress the underside of my erection, making me even longer and harder.

Still, all I did was to stimulate as many of her erogenous - but not erotic - zones as I could, steadily ratcheting up her passion and desire. Only when I heard her begin a soft whimpering of frustrated lust did I have mercy on her - letting myself slide down her body so that my penis slid along the curve of her buttocks before coming to rest with the head against her hot, wet opening as she arched her back and drew her knees up to give me a better angle to penetrate her.

Even then, I didn't move to enter her as I usually did. Instead, I began a slow, gentle rocking motion that moved me inside her a millimeter at a time, teasing her and making her all the more anxious.

It was a full minute before the head of my penis finally slid through the tight ring of her entrance - accompanied by her groan of pleasure.

A few more minutes, and it was done: my erect penis was fully inside her, her firm ass cheeks pressing firmly against my lower belly. Her breathing was coming as a continuous series of pants, her hands clenched in the bedding.

I stayed inside her that way for a while, trying to memorize the feeling of her tight, wet vagina clenched around me before I slowly eased myself back, withdrawing myself from her. When I felt her opening around me just behind the head of my erection, I reversed direction without pausing, filling her again - just as quickly/slowly as I'd slid out of her. When I was all the way inside her again, I moved to slide myself back out - but moved my arm so that I could reach under her, between her thighs where I began softly stroking and rubbing her clitoris, making her gasp at the added stimulation. Over the next several

minutes, I continued to make slow-motion love to her as I kept my finger dancing on the sensitive nubbin of her clitoris. My actions were stimulating her so much that her lubricating oils were fairly flowing out of her, traveling along the cleft of her mons to where they could keep her erect clitoris well lubricated.

My movement in and out of her vagina was more than sufficient to keep me hard, which was all that I needed - more than anything else, I wanted to be able to truly savor the sensation of being inside her. She, on the other hand, was steadily - but EVER so slowly - being brought closer and closer to the brink of orgasm; I knew or sensed that the pace of what I was doing to her would make it far more powerful for her than anything she'd experienced with me before.

A few more minutes, and I could tell that she was at the edge: I could feel her vagina begin a faint 'fluttering' around my invading penis as she panted her increasing passion between soft groans of pleasure. Knowing that she was almost there, I deliberately slowed my actions even more - only to have the reduced stimulation bring a moaned "Dear God, what are you doing to me?!" from Maureen. Another minute, and I could feel that she was at the brink; while giving her clitoris a soft, rapid circling with my fingertip, I thrust myself into her as hard as I could - and felt it as her entire body froze underneath me with the start of what I could tell was an incredibly powerful orgasm.

Around my buried penis, her vagina clamped down in a single powerful seizure as she gave voice to a high-pitched keening; the sound she made and the tightening of her vagina lasted far longer than I'd thought - and when they finally ended, she drew a great, shuddering gasp of breath that was cut off by another powerful seizure going through her body. The second didn't last quite as long as the first, and she was able to draw breath again before a third wave of release coursed through her - one that had her vagina begin a kind of 'milking' sensation that started near the base of my penis and rippled upward toward the head as she groaned her pleasure.

I was timing the movements of my finger on her clitoris with the spasms of pleasure I could feel washing through her body, not only intensifying, but drawing out her orgasm, making it as powerful and long as I could.

It was when her climax had tapered off and I could feel her trembling from release and exhaustion beneath me that I finally stopped my ministrations to her clitoris, though I kept my erect member as deep inside her as I could manage. I could tell that the force and duration of her climax had left her in a state that most closely resembled a limp rag; I continued to hold myself over her, covering her body with mine even as my penis was buried in her.

After a little bit, I felt her begin to stir under me, and lifted up a little; she raised up enough to turn her head to the side and managed to croak "Dear God! I've had some powerful orgasms before, but *nothing* like that! You kept teasing me and teasing me, and then all of a sudden, WHAM!"

I leaned forward enough to kiss her on the nape of her neck, and was surprised when I felt her body shudder as though she was going through some kind of orgasmic aftershock. I moved to the side a bit so that she could see me looking at her, and asked "What just happened? All I did was kiss you!"

She managed a half-laugh, and answered "I just had a kind of mini-orgasm, damn you! The condition you've got me in, I think almost anything you do would get me off again!"

I let her see me smiling at her, and asked "Then you think this might be the time to, uh..."

"Take my cherry?" she asked for me, before adding "Yeah, it probably would - jeez, I feel like all my muscles have turned into tapioca pudding. You could probably drive a truck up my ass, and I'd cum from it!" with a small laugh.

I laughed with her before asking "You're sure you want to do that? You don't have to do it, you know."

"No, I know I don't have to do it for you - but I *want* to do it. Just take it easy, right?"

"Of course", I assured her before kissing her on the neck again - and feeling her body shudder faintly as I did.

Kneeling in front of me the way she was, she was in nearly the perfect position for me to simply shift from one opening to the other - but as I'd told her, I was going to 'take it easy' as I accepted this most personal offering from her.

Using one of my thumbs, I began collecting the overflow of her juices and transferring them to the dark rosette of her anus, trying to ensure there was enough lubrication to make this first penetration of her nether opening as easy as possible. In my mind, I swore to myself that if it wasn't painless for her, then it wouldn't happen at all - regardless of what she wanted, or thought she might 'owe' me, there was simply no way that I was going to hurt her!

I was greatly surprised when, as I was trying to get some of her vaginal lubrication into the crevices of her anus, I thought I felt her begin to push back at me - as though she not only enjoyed the attention I was giving her there, but encouraging me. A few more times, and there wasn't any doubt: she WAS pressing back, as though she liked what I was doing.

That, more than anything she could have said in words, told me that she really was ready to give me this last virginal bit of her. I slid my penis in and out of her slowly a few times to make sure that I was well-coated with her oils before letting myself pull free of her. My erection swung upward slightly, aligning almost perfectly with her glistening sphincter. I eased forward a bit, and let the very tip of my penis come in contact with her - giving her ample time to change her mind, if she were so inclined.

Instead, I felt her push back against me as she said "Yes, James - I really do want to do this. But *slowly* and *gently*."

I took her hips in my hands (to steady both of us, truth be told) and pressed forward - slowly and gently. There was some resistance - not surprising - at first; but as I continued pressing against her, I could feel her trying to consciously relax herself to allow my entry. It wasn't happening, and I was determined not to hurt her, so I stopped what I was doing. Then it occurred to me what the problem might be, and I told her "Maureen? You said that you wanted to *give* me this part of yourself - and that's the only way I'll have it: if you GIVE it to me. I am NOT going to **take** it from you."

She was silent for a few moments, then said "Thank you, James. Yes, I was still a little bit afraid - but I'm not now. Go ahead."

Even as she was speaking, I could feel her relaxing - and I began to press against her again. She didn't tighten up against the pressure I was applying, and I knew that she'd made up her mind to let it happen; a little more pressure against her, and I could feel her sphincter beginning to give in to my efforts. A little more, and I began to feel her open up; more still, and with a suddenness that I think surprised both of us, I popped through - and immediately stopped, waiting to see what her reaction would be, and what she wanted me to do next: continue onward, or withdraw completely.

I could hear her gasping, but she surprised me considerably when I didn't feel her anus tightening around my invading member. A moment later, I heard her tell me "That's it - give me a second to get used to this."

"A second, a minute or an hour - it's all up to you, Maureen", I assured her, then added "I'll even pull out now, if that's what you want."

"Don't you dare!" she exclaimed, then, in a calmer voice "No, you don't have to pull out. It doesn't hurt, really - I just need to get used to it, okay?"

I answered her by simply moving my hands from her hips to begin caressing her back, softly stroking it in an attempt to help her relax to this new sensation. It seemed to work, because after a few seconds, she told me "Okay, go ahead - but stop if I tell you, okay?"

"Of course", I answered.

Taking her hips in my hands again, I began to press myself further into her - going slowly and gently, as I'd promised. I think both of us were surprised when I was able to keep going until we felt my balls resting against her mons.

I waited a few moments, then asked her "Are you okay? Is there anything you need me to do?"

She surprised me a bit by how quickly she answered "Yeah, I'm fine - once you were inside, the rest of it was pretty easy. The only thing I need for you to do now is start fucking me!"

I couldn't help grinning at hearing her last comment - but that didn't stop me from doing just as she wanted. Slowly at first, of course.

I'd thought that her pussy was tight - but this, this was something else entirely. The entire length of her bowels that I could feel was at LEAST as tight as her vaginal opening; her anus was tighter around me than anything else I'd experienced up to that point.

As I slowly moved in and out of her back opening, Maureen gradually relaxed to my presence in so intimate a place - but that didn't have much of an effect to how tight she was around me; all it did was make it marginally easier for me to slide back and forth through the pucker of her anus. Every so often, I would dip a hand down to collect a little of her vaginal oils and transfer them up to where they were needed most.

As fixed as I was on the sensations her back channel was creating around my penis, it took a little while for me to realize something: that Maureen was apparently enjoying having my dick in her ass as much as I was - she was softly moaning in a way that clearly announced her pleasure.

I still didn't want to move in her too quickly, but I wanted to make this new experience as pleasurable for her as it was for me. I reached down to put my hands around her waist, and gently lifted up, letting her know that I wanted her to get to her hands and knees. She did, and I extended my reach a little farther to take her breasts in my hands so I could gently squeeze them, and softly pull and pinch her nipples. My touch seemed to add to the stimulation she was already feeling - I felt her nipples grow longer and harder between my fingertips as she began panting her increasing arousal.

A few minutes later, I was simply stunned when I heard and felt it as she experienced a small orgasm as I continued to thrust in and out of the virginal opening she'd offered me. As she went through it, I could feel myself responding to the sensations her body created around me, and the knowledge that she was having an orgasm from having me fucking her ass. Another minute, and I felt my balls pull up as I got close to my own release; a few strokes more, and I was there: plunging my erect member as far into her as I could, I hosed her bowels with what felt like a continuous stream of my cum.

With the first eruption from the end of my penis, Maureen's head flew back and she all but screamed "I feel it! I feel it!" as she fell into another, clearly more powerful orgasm of her own.

The intensity of my climax was so strong, that I thought for sure I was going to turn inside-out through the end of my dick. I can only imagine what it must have been like for Maureen: even as I was feeling the last drops of my semen being deposited in her, she was groaning loudly as waves of release washed through her body. When the worst/best

of it was over for her, she all but collapsed on the bed; if I hadn't still had my hands on her breasts and was holding her after a fashion, she'd have gone face-first into the headboard. Even so, it was still all I could do to get her down on the bed without dropping her. As I'd done before, I covered her body with mine even as I could feel my rapidly deflating penis slowly pulling out of her rectal opening. By the time I got myself situated over her, I'd pulled completely out of her, but I stayed as close to her as I could, my slightly sore penis resting between the cheeks of her ass as my body covered hers.

I felt a mixture of pleasure and pride when I realized that she was still having an occasional shudder run through her body even a couple of minutes after our climaxes had ended; a few more minutes passed before she began to move under me. I kissed her shoulder before telling her "Its okay, Maureen. I'm right here. Just lay there and get yourself together, okay?"

Several seconds passed before I heard her whisper "Dear god, that was good! But if you're waiting for me to get myself together, you're going to be old and gray before it happens." A ragged breath, and she managed to add "Jeez, that was something else!"

Feeling rather pleased with myself, I told her "I can go get us something to eat or drink, if you want."

I saw the fringe of a faint smile before she told me "No, not just yet - it feels too damn good having you on top of me like that. How did I get down here, anyway? The last thing I remember, I could feel you shooting your stuff in me, and I was having an *incredible* orgasm."

"You, uh, kinda passed out, I think. You started to fall, but I caught you and set you down easy."

Another faint smile, and she said "Caught me, hell - you still had your hands on my tits when I lost it, didn't you?"

I laughed, and answered "Well, yeah."

She managed to open her eyes, and looked at me before saying "Good. Felt pretty nice when you were playing with them - I guess you were a bottle baby, huh?"

I'd heard the theory, of course, but just answered "Damned if I remember. All I know is that yours look pretty good - and feel pretty nice, too!" - earning myself a soft, short laugh in reply before she closed her eyes again.

A few moments later, she looked back up at me and said "The more I think about it, the better the idea of a little food and drink sounds. Would you?"

"Anything in particular you want?" I asked.

"Yeah - why don't you make us a couple of ham and cheese sandwiches each, and bring up the orange juice" she answered, after a moment's thought.

"The whole thing?" I asked - it was a gallon jug, after all, and hadn't been opened yet.

"Yeah, that should be enough. If it's not, I'll go get something else."

"Okay - I'm off" I warned before moving off of her to stand next to the bed. Looking down at her, I could see that she was covered with a fine sheen of perspiration, and decided to pull the bedspread up to cover her so she wouldn't feel a chill before heading to the kitchen.

By the time I got back, she'd apparently gotten some of her energy back - she'd rolled over onto her back, and had pushed the bedspread off. When she saw me, she gestured that I should put the food and drinks on the nightstand and get back into bed with her. I did, and the two of us moved to rest against the headboard, using pillows as cushions while we each wolfed down a sandwich, followed by a glass of orange juice each. The second sandwich went a little slower, but we still downed another glass of juice apiece.

We were each halfway through our third glass of juice when Maureen leaned over to rest against me, putting her free hand on my thigh before she told me "Thank you, James."

Slightly puzzled, I asked "What for?"

She tilted her head to look up at me, and said "You really don't know, do you? That you did anything unique?"

I just shrugged my shoulders, and she went on to tell me "That, James, is why you're so special to me: you do things for me without even thinking about them, or knowing that what you're doing IS special. Before you went downstairs, you pulled the bedspread over me so I wouldn't get cold - something that I don't think many people would think to do. Before that, you not only kept me from falling on my face when I lost it, but even went so far as to cover me with YOUR body - but doing it in a way that kept your weight off of me. And when I finally started to come back to the land of the living, you kissed me, and let me know that you were still here, and that you cared. James, any one or two of those things would make any girl that shared your bed feel cared for; but doing all of them, well, that just makes you special. Whatever girl it is that finally captures your heart enough to make you want to marry her is going to be one *seriously* lucky person."

I didn't know what to say to her in response - truth be told, I actually felt kind of embarrassed to have her bringing it up like that.

Maureen seemed to realize how I felt, and turned to set her empty glass on the nightstand on her side of the bed. When she turned back to me, she cupped my face in her hands and said "I'm sorry if I embarrassed you, James. I suppose that being the kind of guy you are, you just do that kind of stuff without thinking about it; if you did it for any other reason,

you just wouldn't be *you*." That said, she turned to lie at right angles to me, resting her head on my lap before pulling my hand over and holding it on her breast. Looking up at me, she smiled and said "Before I realized that you were looking down my blouse that day, I was starting to think that I wasn't attractive any more - that I'd somehow let myself go, or something. Then, when I saw that you were hard, and that it was because you had been looking at what you could see of my breasts, I started to think that maybe - just *maybe* - I WAS still attractive. Since then, every time we've been together, you've made me feel good about myself, and about how I look; and it's because of the way YOU look at me, and the way you're always so happy to be able to touch me and make love with me. When we first started out, all we were doing was having sex. Yes, we cared for each other, but not in a way that made it possible for us to make *love*. But that's changed - I don't know how, or when, but it did. What you just did for me, letting me give you that last part of me that I'd never given a man before - well, it was SO much better than I ever thought it could be. Honestly, the most I thought would happen was that I would be able to put up with it until you were done; but because you cared, because you *loved* me, you made it more than that - a **lot** more. And because of the way that you've been with me, I've learned how to love again. When Mike died, I didn't think that there would be anyone else that I could care for as much as I cared for him. But since we started having time together like this, I've learned that I **can** care about someone, and love again - and for that, I thank you, James. I can't begin to tell you how much *good* you've brought into my life. Not just coming over here to help fix things, but the time we've had together like this: through YOUR eyes, I've been able to see that I'm still pretty; through YOUR body, I've been able to discover that I'm still able to give and receive the kind of pleasure a man and woman can have; through YOUR touch, I've felt my body come alive again; through YOUR desires, I've learned that I'm still sexy, and alive. I know that you've learned how to make the girls that you go out with feel the kinds of pleasure that you've brought to *me*; I want you to know that I have gotten as much from teaching as you have from learning."

She paused to take a few breaths, then continued "James, I'll be leaving here with mixed emotions. On one hand, I'll be sorry to be leaving you behind - you're such a dear and good lover that I will never forget you; but on the other hand, I know that if I stayed here, there would be the risk that something would happen that would eventually get both of us into a batch of trouble that neither of us would survive intact. But I want you to know this: even though I might leave you in body, you will *always* be in my heart and in my thoughts. I DO want to stay in touch with you, even if I do have to move away - you've had such a good impact on my life that I want to be there to help you in any way that I can. Whether it's just someone that you can talk to the way you used to, as a way to clear your mind, or as someone that you can 'confess' things to so that you don't have to carry around a lot of undeserved or unneeded guilt, I want to be there for you. As much as I've been your lover, I hope that I've also been your friend."

I could only sit there, stunned at what she'd just told me. I'd realized that she was getting something out of our relationship - and not just the physical part; what I hadn't known was that it had affected her as much as she'd just told me. And to my surprise, I found that I was less interested in thinking about how much I'd miss her, than I was glad to

know that I'd been able to do that much for her, and make her feel that good about herself.

I thought about what she'd told me for a bit, and then answered her by saying "I have to thank you, too, Maureen. For years, I was happy to come over here because you were always so nice to me. Then I came over because you seemed to understand the stuff that was bothering me - stuff about girls and all, stuff I couldn't talk to Mom and Dad about. I know I thanked you, but I don't know if you really understand just *how much* it meant to me; so I want to tell you again: **thank you.**"

I continued "If I'm the kind of person you say I am - and I'll accept that I am, since you have *never* lied to me - then I have to give most of the credit to you. Sure, Mom and Dad did their part; but it was always the stuff that YOU told me that really meant something to me. I mean, Mom and Dad telling me stuff... well, they're Mom and Dad; I *expect* that sort of thing from them. But when **you** told me something, it really had meaning to me - even if you were telling me the same thing, it still *meant* more, coming from you. The time we've had together like this... It's meant a lot more to me than just learning how to make girls happy. It's also meant that I've been able to make YOU happy, and that was even more important to me. You've taught me how to please the girls I go out with - by teaching me how to please *you*. The first time we were together, all I knew how to **do** was - how did you put it? - just stick it in and have at it. I was getting my jollies, but wasn't doing much, if anything, for my partner. I honestly didn't *know* that there could be more for a girl until YOU showed me. Even after I learned - from you! - that a girl *could* enjoy sex as much as a guy, I still didn't know how to go about helping her do just that; at least, not until *you* taught me. You said that the girl that I want to marry is going to be seriously lucky - except that the luck won't be hers. It'll be mine, because *I* was lucky enough to have a neighbor that cared enough to teach me what I **really** needed to know - not just about sex, but about love. Yes, I'm going to be sorry when you finally have to leave - but you've taught me what love really is, and I know that *because* what I feel for you IS love, I have to accept that you DO have to leave. When you're gone, it's not the times that we've shared our bodies that I'll miss as much as the times that we've shared our hearts and minds."

I could see her start to cry, and moved my hand from her breast to softly wipe away her tears before I went on "Maureen, I really do understand why you have to leave - not just because of Matt, but because of us. Since you told me that you were going to have to go, I've had all kinds of crazy ideas come into my head - but it didn't take me long to realize that they WERE crazy; and I realized it because of all the things that I've learned from **you**. I think of Matt as the little brother I never had, and I want you to know - and I'm going to tell him this, too - that if he *ever* needs me for anything, all he has to do is ask. When he gets old enough to start looking at girls, I'll be more than happy to talk to him about the stuff that he'll probably be too embarrassed to come to you about; but all I'll be telling him is what I learned from YOU. If you ever see that something's bothering him, just have him call me - and I'll be there. The same way you were there when I needed someone to talk to, I'll be there for him; and probably telling him the same things that you told ME."

She was crying when she sat up - wincing briefly as she got a reminder of what we'd just done - and moved to sit astraddle my lap, then lay her head on my chest. I put my arms around her, and simply held her close, softly stroking her back.

After a few minutes, she pulled back far enough to be able to look up into my face. I looked back at her - eyes red and puffy, nose running, she was still pretty to me - patiently. She finally got herself together enough to tell me "Thank you again, James."

I just smiled and said "Its okay, Maureen" before pulling her close again.

We stayed like that for quite a while; I felt Maureen shiver slightly, and heard her say "As nice as this is, and as much as I'd like to stay like this with you, we still have to get cleaned up again. Both of us have family that's going to be getting home before too long."

I agreed, and gave Maureen the few minutes she wanted alone in the bathroom before going in to share one last shower with her - one that lasted until the hot water ran out as we tenderly kissed and caressed each other long after the evidence of our marathon of love-making had washed down the drain.

Another few weeks went by before Maureen came over to tell us that she'd sold the house, and would be moving within the week. When all of us offered to help her pack, she told us that she was making enough from the sale of the house that she was able to afford to have a moving company do all the work - but thanked us for offering.

The next few days were hectic - I did all I could to help her, but being 'only' a neighbor, there really wasn't that much I *could* do. One thing I *DID* make sure of, though, was to get together with Matt and make sure he understood that he not only could, but *should* call me any time he had a question or problem. I knew that he thought I was pretty cool, but was still surprised when he haltingly admitted that he thought I was his 'kind-of' big brother; it didn't take much to get him to promise to stay in touch with me. A little while later, Maureen found me alone and gave me a loving - but chaste - kiss before telling me "Thanks for talking to him, James. It means a lot to him."

At the appointed time, the moving van showed up with a crew of people to pack up all of Maureen's possessions. When they were done, all she had was a couple of suitcases for me to put in the back of her car. She came over to say goodbye to us, hugging Mom and kissing Dad on the cheek. Then she turned to me and said "And a special 'thank you' to you, James - you've done more for me than I could *ever* say!" before leaning in to kiss me on the cheek, as well - and whispering "James, *please* stay in touch!"

That done, all of us headed out to her car; she and Matt got in and we all said goodbye again before Maureen told me "James, you're a lot smarter than you know. Keep reading, and you'll find out just how much you can do."

Then, with a wave, she and Matt headed down the road, soon disappearing from sight.

A couple of weeks after Maureen left, another family moved in - and I immediately noticed that they had a daughter about my age. It didn't take long to learn that they were the Mortons - John and Alice the adults, Kathy their daughter. Mom, Dad, and I went over to welcome them to the neighborhood. Up until school started, I was over at their place a few times a week, not only helping them get moved in, but checking out Kathy, too. She was a cute brunette with a nice figure and pleasant personality. The two of us soon started dating, and went on to become a 'couple' at school - something that lasted only until each of us went off to separate colleges.

It was during my last year of High School that I started taking the advice Maureen had given me before she left. I started reading literally *anything* I could lay my hands on - literature, math, science, fiction, history, **anything**. I'd always done well in math, but with the reading I was doing in all those other subjects, there was a significant improvement in ALL my grades. By the time I graduated, I was getting almost straight A's. Then, over the summer, I got into reading even more - I don't think there was a 24-hour period where I didn't go through at least ONE book.

College turned out to be easier than I'd hoped it would be - I'd always done well in math courses, and that interest soon became my major. But I didn't let my other courses suffer because of that; in fact, I did consistently well in all of my subjects, graduating *cum laude*. Along the way, I went out with more than a few girls, but soon realized that I wasn't as interested in looks as I was in brains. I met Susan in an Intro to Philosophy class; by the end of the school year, we were with each other almost constantly. A few weeks after graduation, we married. That decision was made easier by the fact that the company that wanted to hire me was also interested in her - they offered BOTH of us jobs.

That was a fair number of years ago - since then, I've gotten my Doctorate and I'm Senior Staff at a major 'think-tank'. I'm able to develop mathematical models of the situations and problems people bring to us, and do the 'what-if' stuff. I'm not a specialist in any one particular field; rather, I'm more of a generalist: I have enough breadth and depth of knowledge that I can work with almost anybody and help get results - something that makes me surprisingly valuable.

I'm still married to Susan, and we're both still deliriously happy with each other - and our 3 kids. I stayed in touch with Maureen, as she wanted, and she and Susan get along famously. As I'd predicted, Matt had his fair share of concerns and questions when puberty ran over him with a steamroller; I answered him the way I knew Maureen would

want, and eased a lot of his fears and worries. Matt went on to major in physics in college; after getting *his* Doctorate, he's working some kind of high-energy fusion research project out in the middle of nowhere.

Maureen met a guy who was divorced, but had a son in the same school as Matt; they hit it off and have been married for just a couple years less than Susan and I.