

An Understanding Neighbor

At the age of fourteen, I had the usual male problems: a terminally stiff dick, and no place to put it.

Sure, there were girls that I worshiped from afar, more that I got along with, and a few that I actually liked. The thing was that *they* were all fourteen (roughly, anyway), and weren't any more certain about what the hell was going on with themselves than *I* was. And they **damn** sure weren't ready to let an ignorant over-sexed bundle of hormones anywhere near their virtue.

So, naturally, I was left with a limited number of options; the exercise of which did absolutely nothing to alleviate my tendency to lust after anything that met my standards — those being that the other party be at or above room temperature, a reasonable belief that she had the requisite parts, and no gross deformities.

School had let out for the year, and I was left with even fewer choices than before. There were a couple of girls my age in the neighborhood, but I pretty much stayed away from them for a couple of reasons. First, I'd basically grown up with them; there was too much experience knowing them as brats when we were younger for me to think that they'd be any different now. Then there was the fact that even if I *did* try to get anything going with them, there was a distinct possibility that my parents would find out — something that horrified me.

I was saved, after a fashion, when the house next door (a small two-bedroom place that had been vacant for almost a year) was occupied by a young woman. As I listened to the adults around me, I learned that she was Yasmeen Peters, divorced, 26 years old, and shared custody of her 3-year-old son with her ex-husband. That was nice to know, I suppose, but what really mattered to me was that she was a total babe: maybe a couple inches taller than I was, with tawny skin that made me think she was maybe Hispanic, long black hair to the middle of her back, and a body that was **miles** ahead of the girls my age.

It didn't take a lot of prodding from my folks to convince me to go over and see if there was anything I could help with as she got herself settled in. When I finally worked up the nerve to knock on her door, I was left all but speechless when she opened it — she had a lovely face with absolutely *beautiful* dark eyes. She was dressed in a man's shirt that she'd tied off just below an ample bust; farther down, she had on a pair of very brief shorts that started at her hips and ended at crotch level on her legs... and molded to her shape REAL good. The legs that extended from them were slender and **very** nicely curved.

I managed to tell her who I was and where I lived, then asked if there was anything she needed help with. She smiled and said that if I didn't mind getting a little exercise, she still had some boxes to move, and that she wanted to get the back yard (which I knew looked like something from a jungle movie) cleaned up. I told her that I was hers for as long as she wanted me, making her laugh (and me blush, when I caught the double-meaning) before she invited me in.

I don't think that the people that brought the boxes in could read: despite the large "L/R" or

"BED 1" or other identifiers on them, and the signs on the walls of the various rooms, it seemed that just about *everything* was in the wrong place. What kind of idiot puts a box labeled "KITCHEN" on all four sides in the bathroom?

I carried most of the heavier stuff, though she helped with anything too big or heavy to handle by myself. What with having to move stuff OUT so that we could bring something else IN, it took almost the whole day before she was ready to actually start unpacking. Along the way, I learned that her grandparents had come to the U.S. from Pakistan, and that her parents hadn't been all that happy when she'd married a guy that wasn't of Pakistani descent. I got more than "a little" exercise that day, and it was worth every minute of the time I spent there, for a number of reasons. First, she wasn't wearing a bra (something of a novelty to me), leaving her breasts to sway and jiggle slightly as she moved... a vision that entranced me. Also, all the lifting and carrying got both of us a little sweaty at times; when it happened to her, it made the material of the shirt she had on somewhat transparent — letting me see that she had small dark nipples when the material pulled against her breasts. In addition to that, I was privy to watch when she knelt down or bent over, showing me that she had a small, tight butt that girls MY age would have been proud of. All of that, coupled with how pretty and attractive she was, kept the day from seeming as long as it probably would have otherwise.

She went out to get a fast-food lunch for us, and offered to pay me when we were done and I was ready to go home. I tried to tell her she didn't have to, but finally gave in when she got insistent. We made arrangements for me to come over again in a couple of days to help her deal with the back yard before I left.

Back home and up in my room, I was able to relieve my biological pressures pretty easily as I remembered how Yasmeen had looked at different points during the day. I had to do it again so I could get to sleep that night.

On the designated day, and at the appointed hour, I knocked on her door again; it didn't take but a few seconds before I was being invited in again. When we got to the living room, I was surprised at how nice it looked. She didn't have a lot of furniture, so that part of it was a little sparse; what really got my attention was that she'd hung some things on the walls and done a few other things to make it look a whole lot nicer than I thought it could. I told her that I thought it looked good, which I could see pleased her. I also asked about a couple of things that I'd never seen before, and she explained that they were traditional Pakistani items, and what they meant. While she was talking, I was using the opportunity to look her over again.

I could see that she wasn't wearing a bra again (oh, joy!) because I could make out the dark spots of her nipples through the over-sized lightweight T-shirt she was wearing. Her shorts were a different color and a little longer, but still showed off her legs real good — as well as hugging the curves of her hips and ass pretty well. I *knew* that I was going to have plenty to look at, and was ready to get started when she suggested it.

With us working outside, we got even hotter and more sweaty than when we'd been moving boxes. Not only did I get to see her nipples showing through her wet T-shirt at times, I actually

got a few looks DOWN it when she leaned over in front of me. While I didn't get to see all of her breasts, I got good enough looks to know that they were the same coffee-with-cream color as the rest of her. It didn't take me long to decide that they were about the size of half a softball, and much the same shape. When we broke for lunch, condensation from the glass of iced tea she was drinking fell onto the front of her shirt — right where her nipple was. I know, because I watched as the cold water caused it to get a little longer and harder in response... something that had my already-hard cock doing the same thing (which I hadn't thought possible).

There was enough to do in the back yard to keep the two of us busy the next day, too. When I asked if she didn't have to go to work or anything, she told me that she owned part of her ex-husband's business, and that she got a "comfortable" (her word) income in exchange for not selling her interest in it to someone else or insisting on running it.

Several days after we finished getting the back yard cleaned up, she wanted to know if I would help her get it looking good: putting in some flower beds, trimming some of the bushes and trees back, and tilling and re-seeding the actual yard part. I was, of course, and ended up spending week's worth of mornings (we knocked off when it got too hot) working with her. Along the way, I got to see her in a lot of different ways — hot, sweaty, and smudges on her face; practically covered from head to toe with dirt and mud; clean and fresh (only at the start of the day, of course), and looking as though she'd just finished camping out for a week. Even with her hair wild and tangled, her face covered in dirt, and looking as though she'd been wresting alligators, she always looked lovely to me.

All of the houses in the neighborhood had high fences around them; some were mostly decorative, but there were a few that also provided privacy, as hers did. I was over at her place frequently and long enough that it became habitual for me to simply go through the gate at the side of her house to see if she was already outside (where she liked to spend much of her time reading); if not, I'd knock on the sliding glass door that led into her living room.

Several days before, she'd said that she'd gotten the plans for a simple, easy-to-build grill that she liked, and asked me to check back with her in a couple of days to see if she wanted to build it. As usual, I simply went to her back yard; I didn't see her, and went to knock on the door to her living room. But before I could, I watched as a *very* naked Yasmeen walked through the living room, heading away from where I was standing. Dumbfounded, I could only watch the swaying of her hips and how her ass moved until she disappeared around a corner. I was still replaying the scene I'd just witnessed in my mind when she came back — still naked, and giving me a damn good look at the front of her.

As I'd thought, each of her breasts was about the size of half a softball, with small dark nipples. At the base of her belly, she had a small wedge of dark hair that looked thick and somewhat long. I was still standing there with my hand in the air, ready to knock on the door, when she saw me. I heard her cry out in surprise before turning around and disappearing around the corner again.

I hadn't gone over there with the *intention* of peeping in on her, but didn't figure that mattered — I'd seen her naked, and pretty much knew that I was going to have to answer for it. One of the

things that my folks had been able to teach me was to face up to it when I knew I was in trouble, so I went over to one of the lawn chairs she had on her small patio, turned it around so that it was facing the yard, and sat down where she could see me. I didn't have long to wait before I heard the door open behind me.

When Yasmeen sat in another chair, facing me, I know I was blushing furiously when I told her "I... I'm sorry, Yasmeen. I came over to find out if you wanted to do anything about that grill. I was just about to knock when I, um, saw you. I really didn't mean for it to happen, and I'm sorry."

I saw her blush, too, before she told me "No, there's nothing for you to be sorry about, David. I told you to come back in a couple of days, and you did, just as you always have. You showed up the same time as we've always started before, and I should have thought of that before I decided I didn't need to put anything on while getting my coffee. If anything, I'm sorry that I've embarrassed **you** by letting you see me that way. I doubt that a fourteen year old boy has any interest in seeing a middle-aged woman without her clothes on — I'm almost twice as old as the girls your age."

Before my brain could intercede, my mouth told her "I thought you looked great!" — making both of us blush... me a **lot** more than her as I wondered what my parents would do when she told them what had happened, and what I'd just said.

After a few seconds, I saw the corners of her mouth twitch before she told me "Thank you. But I don't think that it's anything we need to talk to anyone else about, don't you agree?"

It took me a second to understand that her question was actually an offer: as long as *I* didn't say anything to anyone, she wouldn't either... particularly to my folks, I figured. I wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to tell her "**Absolutely**", which clearly relieved her.

"Excellent. Now that we've got that taken care of, I've decided that I want to go ahead and build that grill. I'll be ordering it today, and they said they could deliver it the day after I ordered it. If you'll come over the day after tomorrow, we can get started on it."

I agreed, and then made sure of what time I should show up — something that made the corners of her mouth twitch again. Greatly relieved that I wasn't going to be in the big-time trouble I'd thought I would, I left — to go home and up to my room so that I could address the issue of the stiff cock I'd gotten from looking at her.

When I went over to help with the grill, both of us pretended that nothing had ever happened... even though I couldn't help remembering what was under the clothes that Yasmeen had on, and responding to the images.

As advertised, the grill was fairly simple; but that didn't mean that it didn't take a fair amount of time to put together. It was made out of brick, and held together with cement, which neither Yasmeen or I had ever worked with before. But by taking our time and *meticulously* following the instructions, we had it done in a couple of days. No doubt we would have been able to do it

in less time, but both of us wanted it to work right (Yasmeen promised me the first steak from it), and end up looking as good as it did on the front of the instructions. Once we got the hardware in place, it did... maybe even better.

I told my folks about helping with the grill, and what Yasmeen had said; they called her to make sure that it really had been her idea and that I wasn't intruding. They spent a little longer on the phone than I expected, but gave me permission to have supper with her a couple of days later.

As Yasmeen had promised, mine was the first steak on the grill, and the first one off — and was delicious. Along with the steaks, she'd prepared a baked potato and small salad for each of us. There was plenty of iced tea to wash it all down, and cheesecake topped things off. After we finished eating, we sat there for a little bit while Yasmeen told me about the next couple of things that she was thinking about doing. Of course, I was willing to help with them when she asked. When it was time to clear off the small picnic table we'd been eating on, I helped clean things up; the last thing we had to do was take our dirty dishes into the kitchen. Grateful for the meal, and ever willing to spend more time with her, I offered to help do the dishes (something I never did at home, of course). She accepted, and I dried and put things away after she washed.

While we were doing that, we were talking, and she asked me a few casual questions about school... and the girls I knew. I wasn't exactly overjoyed to be talking about girls with her, but managed to answer her with more than the greatly abbreviated answers I invariably gave my parents when they asked such things.

We were done with the dishes, and I'd just hung up the dishtowel I'd used to dry things with when Yasmeen surprised the hell out of me by asking "David, did you really mean it when you said that you thought I looked 'great' the other day?"

I could feel myself blushing a little as I answered "Yeah, I did."

"Better than the girls you know, or the ones in the magazines I expect you've seen?"

Naturally, I'd gotten my fair share of looks into such things as Playboy and a couple of others; and Yasmeen was **way** better looking than any of the girls my age. Even so, I was hesitant to answer "Um, yeah."

Her next question baffled me: "Why?"

"Huh?" was all I could come up with in response.

"*Why* do you think I look better than them?"

I managed to tell her "The girls I know... they aren't as, uh, grown up as you are."

I saw a hint of a grin on her face when she wanted to know "And what about the girls in the magazines? Aren't they even more 'grown up' than I am?"

Embarrassed, I answered "Well, yeah, mostly. But I hardly ever see a girl like that, so it's more like they aren't real. Besides, those are magazines, and I figure they only let the ones with the biggest ti... chests be in them."

When I was finished, there wasn't any doubt that Yasmeen was grinning when she asked "You said you thought I looked 'great', but you apologized for looking at me. Why?"

Wondering where all this was going, I told her "Because I shouldn't have looked at you like that. You didn't know I was there, and it was like I was spying on you, or something."

"So if I *did* know you were there and was naked anyway, it would be okay?"

Well and truly confused, I answered "Yeah, I guess."

What she had to say next left me stunned: "Good. Because I want you to see me naked. And touch me, and do other things."

All I could do was just stand there and look at her blankly. Realizing that she'd overloaded me, Yasmeen went on to say "David, my parents are the children of Pakistani immigrants. They grew up really only knowing Pakistani ways; they knew that most of America didn't do things the way they did, but they still grew up in a house where Pakistani customs and traditions were the rule. When I was growing up, they weren't as strict with me as their parents had been with them, but I still didn't get to do a lot of things that the other kids my age did. Even so, I still knew more about boys and girls and all that than kids back in Pakistan did — but I wasn't happy with that. That's why I didn't marry another Pakistani... because I wanted to experience more things that I knew I would with such a man. Except that after I was married, I found out that my husband was more... conservative about such things than I'd thought. Do you understand I'm talking about... physical things?"

I'd figured out she was talking about sex, and nodded. Satisfied, she went on "Now that I'm living by myself for the first time in my life, I'm discovering that there are a lot of things that I've missed out on. One of them is the pleasure and freedom of simply walking around without any clothes on, which you saw. Another is that I'm a lot more comfortable when I don't wear a brassiere — which you've noticed."

Hearing that she knew I'd been looking at her tits, I blushed — even more furiously as I heard her continue "No, don't be embarrassed. I actually felt flattered about it, that you would want to look... particularly after I saw how it affected you — just like it did when you saw me naked."

I was thinking of getting an early start on the life of a hermit when I heard her say "David, I told you that I want you to look at me, and see me naked. I also want you to touch me, and do other things. What I want is for *both* of us to learn about the other person. You get to find out what girls really look like; after that, we help each other learn about the physical things we can do. I think that both of us have heard about the things that a man and woman can do — to each other, and together — but I know only a **very** little more than you do, and I want to find out about those things. You'll get to find out what it's like to do those things to a girl, and I get to find out what it's like to have them done to me; I get to find out what it's like to do things to you, and you learn what they're like."

Seeing that I understood what she was saying, and was interested (an understatement if ever

there was one), what she had to say next had my full attention.

"The only thing that we have to *absolutely*, **positively** be careful about is that nobody finds out — ever, from either one of us, in any way whatsoever. I don't doubt that it would make all your friends jealous to know that you even saw, never mind did anything with, a real female... even if you never said who. But if you did that, there's a chance somebody might hear about it and start wondering who it could be. And if someone got that interested, it's entirely possible that they would figure out it was ME. If that happened, then I would be in a whole LOT of trouble — not just maybe going to jail or prison, but I would probably lose any right to spend any time with my son... who I love *dearly*."

She could see from the expression on my face that I understood, and told me "You might be wondering why I would take the chance of anything like that happening." I was, and listened closely when she said "The day you saw me naked, you didn't run off or do anything else; you just found a place to sit and waited for me. I could tell that you knew something bad had happened, but you were mature enough to stay and face up to your part in it. I think that you're a lot more 'grown up' than a lot of the *men* that I know, and I think that I can trust you about not saying anything to anyone. Do **you** think you can do that, too?"

I'll admit that the first thing to cross my mind was to promise her anything if it meant just getting to look at her naked again, never mind the prospect of actually *doing* anything. But much to my surprise and amazement, I found myself actually **thinking** about it — what she'd said might happen to her if anybody learned what was going on, and how little it might take for that to happen. Could I resist the temptation to become a bigshot with the guys I hung out with?

Several seconds must have passed before I confidently answered "Yeah, I can do that."

I don't know if it was the tone of voice I used or how long it took me to answer, but Yasmeen looked pleased on hearing it.

"We can't take the chance of you coming over here for no reason. There are enough things that I want to do with this house that you'll have plenty of time over here — inside and out. But that's for later; for now, I think it is time for you to go home so your parent don't think that I've kidnapped you."

Reluctantly, I admitted that that was probably true. Before I could move, though, Yasmeen told me "I think that we still have enough time to give each other a little gift to celebrate the fine grill that we built."

In response to my look of curiosity, Yasmeen pulled off the loose T-shirt she was wearing — leaving her standing there topless in front of me. To have her so close and exposed to me that way made my entire *year*; she made my **life** to that point by telling me "What we are giving each other is that I want to feel your hands on my breasts."

Not quite sure I'd heard her right, I just looked at her; when she smiled and nodded that it really was okay, that was all it took for the golden orbs of her tits to draw my hands to their surface. At

first, all I did was hold them in my hands, feeling her nipples pressing into my palms as I tried to memorize how smooth and warm her bust was. When I didn't move for a while, she moved her hands on top of mine, making me think that she was going to move them away again. Instead, she simply squeezed them and moved them a little bit to let me know that I could do more. When I gave them a tentative squeeze, she told me "That's right... *gently*. A girl likes a guy who is strong, but doesn't hurt her with his strength."

I kept that in mind as I continued my first experience with real, live tits. They were softer than I'd expected, but somehow firm, too; I'd say they felt like I had a large warm marshmallow in each hand. Leaning forward a little, I looked at their peaks; each of her nipples was just a trifle darker than a Hershey bar, roughly a quarter inch in diameter, and stuck out about the same distance — at first. But watching them as I continued to play with her tits, I saw them get a little longer; each was surrounded by a circle the same color as her nipple, and only a little larger in diameter. When I couldn't resist any longer, I gave each of her nipples a brief lick before sucking on it for a few seconds; my meager efforts drew a soft moan from Yasmeen. I raised my head to look at her, and she quickly told me "No, you didn't hurt me — it felt *good*. But I think we'd better stop now so you can get home."

She must have seen the disappointment on my face, because she added "No, I don't really want to stop, either. But it's what we must do so you can come over here NEXT time. Besides, I'll still have my breasts when you want to do that again!", teasing me.

I could feel my face getting warm, but told her "Yeah, I guess so."

Not bothering to put her T-shirt on again, Yasmeen took me by the arm (I could feel her warm bare breast against my skin) and patiently guided me to the door to the patio. After giving me a soft kiss on the cheek, she told me "Good night, David", and opened the door. I went outside, then turned around to look at her again as she closed the door behind me. I continued to stand there until she laughed and made a shooing motion with her hands.

On my way home, I somehow managed to get the happy grin off my face before my parent saw it and wanted to know what prompted it. Dad commented on how late I was getting home, but I knew that he meant it as a reminder to be careful about 'over-staying my welcome', as he put it. On my way up to my room, it was all I could do not to laugh; if he only knew! The memory of everything that had happened after supper guaranteed the need to relax myself before I got to sleep — positive that I could still feel Yasmeen's warm breasts in my hands.

Over the course of the next couple of weeks, I got the chances I wanted to see and touch Yasmeen's breasts several times. She found my fascination with them amusing, and patiently tolerated my youthful enthusiasm. One afternoon, she sat topless on my lap, facing me, helping me learn how to play with tits: how much squeezing was too much, how she liked to be touched, what kinds of things I could do to please her, and so on. I certainly had a good time; judging from the way her nipples were standing out when we were done, so did she.

Then it was on to getting to see her naked, followed by getting my hands on her. My obvious

enjoyment with looking at (or better still, playing with) her ass delighted her; even giving it a pat or little caress or squeeze invariably earned me a smile from her. I also learned that the dark triangle at the base of her belly was as thick as I'd first thought — and incredibly soft. Whenever I got the chance, I welcomed being able to run my fingertips through it, much as I would the soft fur of a cat's belly.

One morning, while we were waiting for some glue to dry on one of the projects, she lay down on the bed stark naked and gave me the opportunity to learn just how different girls were from boys. Sure, I'd seen a few infant girls while their diapers were being changed, and even done a bit of "show me yours, show you mine" with girls. But as I learned, there was a whole lot of difference once puberty got going. Yasmeen's labia were short, but a bit thick... as well as smooth and soft. She talked me through finding her clitoris, then teasing it into making a guest appearance and learning how to give it the kind of attention it deserved. After telling me what was going to happen beforehand, she even gave me the guidance I needed to stimulate her into having an orgasm. Of course, it was the first time I'd ever seen anything like that, and it duly impressed the hell out of me that *I* could do anything to make a girl feel that way.

After she'd gotten her breath back, Yasmeen talked me into shedding my own clothes and laying down before spending a little time checking ME out. Once she was satisfied, she let me know that she appreciated what I'd done for her by masturbating me to a climax that I thought would never end. After I watched her collect a blob of my semen and stick in her mouth, I figured turn about was fair play; she readily let me collect a sample of HER juices, then watched as I first sniffed at them (almost enough to get me hard again), then took a tentative taste — followed by eagerly licking my finger clean. She was clean and fresh, and her oils were light and had a pleasantly earthy taste that I immediately fell in love with. The two of us lay there next to each other, taking turns collecting whatever we could of the other's secretions before happily devouring them. If it hadn't been for the small timer she'd set to let us know when the glue was dry, I expect we'd have ended up spending a WHOLE lot more time with each other that day.

It was a couple of hours later that she casually let me know that I was the first person she'd ever let look at her that way, and that my equipment was the first she'd ever really gotten a GOOD look at — that her ex-husband was the only other guy she'd ever been naked with, and everything *they* did happened fairly quickly, and in the dark. Hearing that left me stunned; it took a couple minutes of us working together before I was able to thank her. I think it caught her off guard when I did, because she turned to look at me in surprise; I don't know what came over me, but I quickly leaned forward and gave her a soft kiss on the cheek... which I could tell pleased her immensely.

While all of that was going on, Yasmeen invited my folks over a few times to show off the things that I had helped her with — starting with the grill. Mom and Dad were both surprised and impressed with it, and I have to admit to feeling proud when Dad told me "You did real fine work, there, son."

Of course, the other reason for showing the stuff off was to convince them that my presence at

Yasmeen's house was not only at her request because I was so handy, but entirely innocent. I know it succeeded on that last part because Mom and Dad both gradually got less and less concerned about my visits — letting the frequency and duration slowly increase. In turn, that gave Yasmeen and I more and more time and opportunity to get more comfortable with each other.

I know that Yasmeen and I were *both* looking for an opportunity to take things past the point of simply masturbating each other when a particularly kind God, Cthulhu, Great Pumpkin, or whoever smiled down on us.

Shortly before I'd gotten out of school, Dad had been out of town at a trade show. While there, he'd entered a contest sponsored by some big company. Yasmeen and I were between projects when Dad learned that he'd won the grand prize in the contest: a four-day, three-night Caribbean cruise for two. Yeah, **two**. Even though Dad made a nice salary, I knew that we couldn't really afford to pay for a ticket for ME to tag along; I didn't have a doubt in the world that if two people from our family were going on a cruise like that, it'd be Mom and Dad. I told Yasmeen about the trip, and she immediately saw it as the opportunity we'd been hoping for. She then went on to "bump into" Mom, and in the course of their conversation, the cruise came up. Being a good and understanding neighbor, she "suddenly" got the idea that I could stay with *her*, instead of being shipped off to one of our not-too-distant relatives. Mom initially objected, but Yasmeen pointed out that it would save the expense of sending me off to the relative's place. She went on to say that there was another project she needed my help with, so having me staying with her meant that she wouldn't have to put it off — I was welcome to sleep on the couch, or bring over a sleeping bag and sack out on the floor. Mom was still uncertain, but Yasmeen assured her that not only wasn't it any trouble, she'd actually welcome my company. With that, Mom gave her tentative approval — subject to my good behavior, and Dad signing off on it.

Needless to say, I was as close to an angel (around home and my folks, anyway) as I could manage until Mom and Dad left to take their cruise. As they were leaving, I managed to look as though I was sorry to see them go but being brave about it... for as long as they were in sight.

An hour later (in case my folks had to come back for something), Yasmeen and I were both stark naked and in her bed together.

She had a hand on my leg while I held one of her breasts (naturally), playing with her nipple (of course) when she told me "David, now that we have the time, there's something that I'd like us to do."

"What's that?"

She waited a moment, then told me "I... I'd like to see what it's like if we use our mouths on each other. I've never done that before, but when I heard about it, I thought that it sounded really sexy and fun. Of course, nobody has ever done anything like use their mouth on me before, either — but I think that it would feel good. REAL good."

I'd *heard* about that kind of stuff, of course, but never figured it was anything **I'd** ever be

involved with. The possibility of a girl using her mouth on my cock seemed like it was somewhat less likely than my becoming an astronaut; the idea of putting my mouth where my dick was supposed to go appealed about as much as being the guest of honor at a vivisection. But Yasmeen had brought it up, and I felt honor-bound to really think about it.

Her mouth on my cock didn't even figure into it; I didn't doubt that she'd do it. Nor was having my cum in her mouth factor — as many times as we'd kissed after she'd scooped my semen off my body (or hers) and moved it to her mouth, that was a non-issue. What was hanging me up was putting my mouth THERE on her. I struggled with it in my mind for a little bit before I realized that I already HAD put my mouth there, after a fashion: I loved the taste of her juice, and that was where it came from — all I'd be doing, really, was saving myself the trouble of collecting it on my finger(s) first. Heck, just getting it with my mouth directly meant that I could have even more of it at a time!

"How do you want to do it? I can do it to you first, or you can do it to me first, or we can do it together."

I could hear the mix of relief, pleasure, and anticipation in her voice when she answered "I want to do it to you, then you can do that to me. That way, when... when I'm ready, I... I want you inside me."

"If that's what you want, then that's what we'll do", I assured her. I could only hope that I sounded a lot more confident and sure of myself that I *felt*.

We continued to softly caress each other for a little while longer before a gentle touch from her let me know that she wanted me to lay on my back. After I did, she moved to her hands and knees before getting herself moved around so that her head was even with my pelvis. That left her lovely butt within reach; I demonstrated my appreciation by getting my hand on it and giving it a soft squeeze before slowly stroking it. I was looking at her ass and once again wondering how something that cute and smooth could feel so soft and firm at the same time when I felt her take my penis in her hand. Looking down, I watched as she slowly lowered her head and took my flaccid penis into her mouth.

The first thing I can remember feeling is the sensation of her tongue against the head of my cock; immediately after that, and far more pleasurable, was the indescribable sensation of having my cock surrounded by something delightfully warm and wet. She could have simply held my cock in her mouth and I would have gotten erect from it — but she didn't. To my infinite enjoyment, she began *doing* things... incredible, wonderful, terrific things. Trying to use her lips to massage me, much as she did with her fingers. Softly sucking on me, as if I needed the help to get my penis growing. Using her tongue in various ways to tease the head, or lick the underside, or press against it in different places and in different ways. As I quickly and steadily got longer and harder between her lips, Yasmeen then threw gasoline on the fire by starting to bob her head up and down while doing various permutations of the other things.

With all of the other things that we'd been doing, Yasmeen had helped me learn a measure of

control as to how much pleasure I let myself feel, so I could last longer before I climaxed. The things that she was doing to my manhood with her mouth were putting everything I'd learned to the test — and then some.

To try and distract myself from what she was doing to me, I turned my attention to her ass... and promptly fell in love with it all over again. It was a treat for me to be able to gently squeeze and massage it between bouts of simply caressing it and enjoying it's warm, smooth surface with my fingertips. Don't think that I had my hand only on one cheek, either; that would have been depriving myself of half the pleasure. Something that distracted me even more was the view I had of her: below the graceful curve of her ass, and between her smooth, firm thighs, I could see her labia dividing the ebony arrowhead of her pubic thatch. As I watched, her vaginal lips began to darken slightly as they slowly became a little thicker; between them, I could see she was starting to glisten slightly as her woman's oils began to flow.

Unfortunately, seeing that *she* was starting to get excited only reminded me of how much she was doing to arouse **me**. Though I tried to fight it as best I could, I finally gave in to the temptation to watch what she was doing.

Looking down my body again, I was greeted by the sight of my erect cock slowly being engulfed by Yasmeen's warm mouth while her agile tongue was doing things to me that I hadn't thought could be done. The combination of sight and sensation proved to be too much for me, and I managed to gasp out "Yaz... I'm gonna shoot!" just a second ahead of that happening. She responded to my warning by taking as much of me as she could between her lips as I felt the first wad of my semen rocket out of my erection. I saw her eyes widen briefly, perhaps reaction to the force with which I was emptying myself into her oral cavity, but she didn't falter — her lips remained wrapped around me as spurt after spurt of my teenage seed filled her mouth. Only after she was sure that I didn't have anything more to offer her did she swallow my hot spunk, then use her lips to milk the last few drops out of my cock before letting me slip from her mouth.

When she sat down and turned to face me, I saw how much it meant to her to do that for me — and get the results she'd wanted: I doubt that she could have looked any more pleased and satisfied than she did as she licked her lips to make sure she didn't let any of my semen escape. With a smile that threatened to wrap completely around her head, she told me "I don't have to ask if you liked that — that was the hardest you've ever squirted! And there was so **much** of it... I like how you taste even more now than I did before..."

Still a little stunned by what I'd just experienced, I managed to tell her "That was incredible; I never thought that someone using their mouth on me could feel **anything** like *that*! THANK you!"

Hearing that she'd made ME feel good in the process of pleasing herself only added to Yasmeen's happiness. As I lay there looking at her, I quietly resolved that if I didn't make her feel as good as she'd made me, it wasn't going to be because I didn't try...

After a bit, I was able to gesture that I wanted her next to me; she got herself turned around

again, and the two of us shared an affectionate kiss before she laid on her side next to me. She set an arm on my chest and rested her "top" leg on both of mine before letting her head rest on my shoulder. I got my arm around her, and rested my hand on her waist while softly stroking her skin with my fingertips. I heard her release a happy and contented sigh before she gave me a brief hug. Or is it half a hug if the other person only uses one arm?

I don't know how long the two of us lay there, comfortable and satisfied.

What finally brought me back to life was the faint touch of her pubic hair against my leg. It wasn't that her hair was tickling me, or anything like that; rather, it got into my head that it was her *pubic* hair — getting me thinking about how much I liked to run my fingers through it, and how it had been divided by her labia when I'd been playing with her ass... and that between and behind those lips was the tasty nectar that I liked so much.

Taking the hand that was on my chest, I lifted it to my lips and placed a soft kiss on her palm. She raised her head to look at me, and I told her "If you think you're ready, it's *my* turn, now."

It came as no surprise to me that she decided she was ready; she had a look of eager anticipation as she rolled over to lay on her back next to me.

I got to my hands and knees, then moved myself over her. The two of us exchanged several kisses that quickly grew in passion before I started kissing my way down her body. She had her hands in my hair while I delayed at her breasts long enough to bring both of them to dark points, glistening with my saliva, as she softly moaned her pleasure with what I was doing. Then it was time to continue my journey south, zig-zagging when I got to the smooth expanse of her flat belly. When I got close enough to my goal, I could smell the unique aroma of her increasing arousal while I enjoyed the softness of the hair on her pubis on my lips.

As my body had moved down hers, she'd parted her legs so that I could move between them; when my lips were on her mons, she brought her knees up and parted her thighs as far as she could in invitation for me to do as I wished with her.

After I'd lowered my body to the bed, I was again granted the most intimate view of her — the small dark vee that covered the base of her belly parted by her thick labia. At the top of the cleft, I could see that her clitoris was starting to make an appearance; at the bottom, her vaginal lips had parted enough to display that they were starting to glisten with the overflow of juices from the barely-visible entrance to her womanhood.

With my face that close, and the heady scent of her deep in my nostrils, I couldn't remember what my objections had been to using my mouth on her. Not quite sure what else to do, I began by trying to use my tongue to replicate what I'd previously accomplished with my fingers. I slipped the tip of my tongue between her labia at the bottom of her slit, dipping it a little deeper when I got to her opening to collect what I could of her tasty oils, and finishing by circling her clitoris a few times. Yasmeen had gasped at the first touch of my tongue, then moaned as it brushed across her opening — and groaned deeply in response to what I did to her clitoris.

After getting that kind of response just to my initial effort, I didn't hesitate to keep going. To my delight (and satisfaction, I have to confess), it didn't take long for me to have her moaning almost constantly... and her female refinery in full production of her oils for me to collect and consume.

Confident that I was getting things right, and with Yasmeen clearly pleased with my efforts, I began to branch out and try other things.

I'd already learned how not to hurt her, so I knew that the "worst" outcome of anything I did was that she simply wouldn't like it; ideally, I'd happen onto something that would excite her even more. Accordingly, I tried just about anything that popped into my head: trying to see if I could get my tongue into her vagina, and if so, how far. As it turned out, I couldn't... but she seemed to like the attempt. I put my mouth over her opening, and made a sincere effort to softly suck her juices out; she didn't object, but I could tell that it didn't do anything for her, either. I tried gently "nibbling" her labia with my lips; that met with only mild success. It was when I shifted my attentions to her clitoris that I knew I'd hit the jackpot — "milking" her clitoris with my lips had her arching her pelvis up in response, as did sucking on her clit as though it was a tiny little nipple. A little experimentation taught me that softly fluttering the tip of my tongue across her clitoris **dramatically** increased her arousal and the sounds she made. But it was when I tried a slow, gentle, rhythmic pressure against her little bead of flesh that I knew I'd found what I was after: it took only a few seconds of that kind of attention to get her to not just arch herself up, but hold herself that way; and open herself to me even more as she began muttering things between groans of pleasure. Somehow, I knew that what I was doing was going to bring her to an orgasm that would be deeper and more intense than anything else I'd tried.

So, of course, I kept at it. There were brief interruptions so I could quickly lap up the accumulation of her juices, but for the most part, my tongue was busy on her clitoris. It wasn't as fast as fluttering my tongue, but I could tell that it was steadily moving her closer and closer to one **hell** of a climax.

As she approached her release, it occurred to me to try slowing what I was doing while maintaining the pressure I was applying; from the way she felt under my hands, I knew that I was increasing the pressure building in her even more.

She'd lifted herself far enough off the bed that I was able to hold her ass in my hands as she supported herself with only her feet and shoulders when the dam burst: she practically screamed at the intensity of the start of her orgasm as she literally convulsed with the first wave of her release. If my head hadn't been in the way to prevent it, I think the people across the street would have been able to hear the sound of her thighs when she tried to slam them together. The thoughts I'd had of maybe trying to make her orgasm stronger or last longer were given up with the almost literal fear of what would happen if I tried anything like that: I could just see myself explaining to people that she'd had a heart attack or something because she'd orgasmed too hard.

After the first wave of her pleasure passed, I managed to get my hands off her butt before they could be trapped when she all but collapsed onto the bed again — just ahead of the next spasm of release paralyzing her. The second wave didn't seem to be as powerful as the first, and didn't last

as long; the ones that followed tapered off rapidly.

After I realized that her orgasm was over, I didn't delay about moving my body back over hers. When I looked down at her, her eyes were still closed as she panted rapidly. Not knowing what else to do in the situation, I finally settled on giving her frequent soft kisses at different places on her face. It didn't take many of those before she opened her eyes and looked up at me, much to my relief. I saw her eyes widen a second before she softly told me "What you did... it felt so good... I never thought it could **be** like that..."

Feeling bad that I'd done something like that to her, I told her "I'm sorry, Yaz. As good as you made me feel, I just wanted to do the same for you. I didn't mean to make it too much for you."

"No, David, don't be sorry! It wasn't too much... not at all! I knew that you were trying to make me feel as good as you could — I could tell that it was going to be more than I ever experienced before, and I was *happy* about that. Don't you think I could have said or done something if I didn't want it to happen?"

Hearing that I hadn't gotten carried away with what I'd been doing, or done anything to upset her, I felt a tremendous sense of relief. Lowering my head again, I lovingly kissed her — and was glad when she kissed me back the same way. After I lifted my head again, she looked up at me with affection as she told me "You did what I wanted you to; and it not only felt better than I thought it would while you were doing it, but you helped me have a climax that was better than anything I've ever experienced before. You make me **glad** that we're lovers."

We remained like that for several minutes, exchanging tender and affectionate kisses every so often. I delighted in the feeling of her breasts against my chest, in addition to her soft, smooth skin next to mine where we touched.

It was Yasmeen that broke our comfortable silence to tell me "Now that I'm recovered from that wonderful orgasm you gave me, there's one last new thing for us to do."

I smiled at her as I asked "You're ready for that now?"

"Yes — as long as you don't try to kill me with it!", she teased.

I knew she had to be able to feel that I hadn't *quite* recovered from the climax she'd given me with her mouth, and suggested "You've done me, and I've done you — how about if we help each other get ready?"

Smiling, she nodded before answering "Yes, I'd like that!"

In short order, we were in the classic "69" position with her over me. Taking the cheeks of her ass in my hands, I alternated kisses to the insides of her thighs while moving my mouth closer and closer to the damp core of her sex as she slowly stroked my penis. Even as I slid my tongue between the petals of her woman's flower, she took my slowly stiffening penis into her mouth.

For the next several minutes, the two of us took our time about getting each other aroused again... not just to enjoy what we were doing ourselves, but to bring pleasure and happiness to

the other, as well.

Yasmeen had gotten me fully erect (and made sure I stayed that way) before letting my cock slip from between her lips. Knowing what she wanted, I sat up after she got off of me; while she moved to lay down, I shifted so that I was kneeling on the bed. When she was on her back, she spread her legs to make room for me. When I was between them, she looked up at me to make a request: "Please, David... fill me, as only a man can do."

At fourteen, I was all too aware that I wasn't anywhere near the size a grown man would be. When Yasmeen and I had first started getting naked with each other, I'd even been embarrassed about my size. She never said anything to me about it, one way or the other; I had what I had, and that's all there was to it as far as she was concerned. Her calm acceptance of the situation had done wonders to relieve my fears and worries. So when she said what she did about filling her as only a man could, I wasn't worried in the slightest that I'd somehow disappoint her — she believed I could make her happy, so *I* believed it, too. That was just one of the many gifts I received from being with her.

Leaning over her, it was just a matter of a few seconds for me to get the head of my hard cock positioned against her opening. Our eyes locked, and after the tiniest of nods from her, I began to press myself forward.

From the times that I'd had a finger inside her, I knew that Yasmeen was small inside... and almost hot. But the feelings I'd gotten with my finger didn't even *begin* to prepare me for what it would be like to have my stiff dick in her: even as the head of my cock was starting to slip through the entrance to her vagina, the warmth of her was incredible. Then as my spit-slick penis moved farther and farther into her, I was treated to having it encased in her tight, wet channel. After pausing a couple of times to make sure I stayed lubricated with her abundant supply of oils, I had the full length of my cock through the portal to her womanhood. The sensation was similar to, but completely different from, how it had felt when she'd first taken me into her mouth.

With my penis fully encased by the sheath of her sex, I **had** to pause so I could try to get control of myself — the experience of being inside a pussy for the first time threatened to overwhelm me, and have me dumping my cum in her before I could do anything else.

I don't know if Yasmeen knew what the problem was, or she was simply that patient, but she waited the few minutes it undoubtedly took before I was able to get command of myself again. Once I was sure that nothing was going to happen prematurely, I began to move myself in her... slowly at first, savoring the experience of my very first fuck. Gradually, the novelty of the experience began to wear off, and my confidence began to grow. As that happened, I steadily increased the speed and length of my thrusts into her — and Yasmeen began to respond.

When she began to lift her hips in welcome to each penetration, I lowered my head so the two of us could kiss and our tongues could dance in each others mouths before arching my back enough that I could suck briefly on each of her dark nipples. Once more, I had to use the different things I'd learned about delaying my pleasure so I could continue to piston in and out of Yasmeen's hot

core as her arousal steadily increased, and she began to make all manner of joyful sounds. She brought her knees up and spread her legs even more, so that the last fraction of an inch of my hard penis would slip into her. I could feel her fingernails digging into my back as she started to say things that I can only guess were in Pakistani; and her hard nipples dragged across my hairless chest in time with our movements.

I didn't know what was going on when I felt her vagina begin to get tight around me again, and the increase in her juices caused our joining to take on a distinctly liquid tone as I continued sliding my cock in and out of her. All I knew was that I was fighting to keep from letting the increasing pleasure cause me to empty myself into her.

It was a fight that I lost when she suddenly clenched around me in what I belatedly recognized as the start of an orgasm.

Not only did I have my cock buried in the hot and tight wetness of her, the muscles of her vagina began a milking sensation that ran from the base of my penis to the glans. Coupled with everything else that I was experiencing, it was more than enough to trigger my own release. Pressing myself into her as far as I could, my penis began to try to coat her insides with spurt after spurt of my teenage semen in one of the most intense climaxes I've ever experienced.

I can only figure that Yasmeen could feel me erupting inside her, because she released a deep, loud groan immediately after the first deposit, and pressed herself up against me even harder.

I was still trying to get my wits about me when Yasmeen wrapped her arms around me and began showering my face (and anything else she could apply her lips to) with kisses. When I was mostly coherent again, I saw how joyful she was between her attempts to kiss me to death. She finally saw that I was looking at her, and let her head fall back to the bed so she could tell me "Oh, *thank you*, David! It felt so nice to have you inside me, and to be making love with you — and then feel you shooting inside me while I was having my climax! I used to like the physical part of being married, but what happened with us was so much better... because it was **you** that was making me feel so good."

I managed to ask her why it was that *I* made it better, and the look she gave me let me know that she thought I was being particularly dense before she answered "Because of the things that we did before. You let me learn how nice it is to use my mouth on a man, and gave me your juice. Then you helped me learn how it felt to have that done to me, and helped me have that wonderful orgasm. And we did that together before you were inside me — and that made it SO easy for me to feel good when we were making love that I was able to have another climax... and then you shot inside me and made it even better."

Hearing that, all I could do was let her keep thinking that way; *I* didn't think I deserved that much credit, but didn't figure I could argue her out of it.

I started to move off of her, and discovered that my mostly-erect cock was still inside her even as she told me "Stay with me... please", followed a few moment later by saying "It feels nice, having you still inside me — even though you're not hard or as big as you were, I like the

feeling. And when you hold yourself over me like now, I... I know that you care for me, and that I've made you happy, too, because you want to stay with me, even afterwards."

I'd caught it when she'd said that we had "made love", and then to hear her say that she knew I cared for her... it gave me something to think about for a bit. When I looked inside myself, I had to admit that the desire and lust I'd started out feeling toward her had become something else that I hadn't examined too closely. After a little introspection, I knew that what I felt toward her easily qualified as "care" — and perhaps something more. While our physical relationship had grown and developed, so had the emotional (and even mental, to some extent): we had our private jokes, we were comfortable with each other without having to have something going on all the time, there were times that we almost read each others mind, and a lot more that suggested we weren't just **physical** lovers — we were well on our way to being close *friends*, too.

When I came out of my little reverie, I saw that Yasmeen was looking at me intently with a mix of concern and expectation. My smile visibly relieved her before I said "It's okay. I was thinking about what you said — about how we made love, and knowing that I care for you." She started to look worried, and I immediately told her "Don't worry; I **do** care for you... a LOT. And I'm glad that we did make *love* together."

It was easy to tell that my words meant a lot to her. As she tried to blink back the tears that were forming in her eyes, she told me "Thank you, David. At first, I thought that us being together would just be a chance for me to learn about the physical... *sexual* things that I didn't know and wanted to learn about. But that isn't all that I've learned. I've learned what a good person you are inside — honest and playful and sincere and caring and so many other good things; and as I found those things in you, you were also showing me kindness and that you were concerned about me, and that you were actually interested in me... as another person, and not just so you could touch my breasts or play with my butt", making me laugh with her.

She went on to say "All the things that you've done for me — not just helping me with this house, but us being together like this... you've shown me more care and honest affection than I've had since I was just a little girl. At first, I just liked you... but now, what I feel is more than that. That's why it meant so much to me when I felt so good while I was with *you*."

Hearing that the feelings I had toward her were returned in full made me feel happy, and to learn what she thought of me gave me a sense of pride. I didn't know what else to say, except to tell her "If I've been that kind of person for you, it's only because you deserve it — and more."

Before she could actually start crying, both of us felt my cock finally pull free. I was surprised to see her suddenly blush furiously, then feel her insistently nudging me to get off of her. I did as she wanted, and she immediately cupped her hand against her crotch. When she did, I realized that she was concerned about my cum running out — which she indirectly confirmed when she told me "Wait here... I'll be back in a minute" and hurriedly got out of bed and made her way into the bathroom, where she firmly closed the door behind her.

As I waited for her to come out again, I thought about the things she'd said, and how I really felt

about her. Too, I thought about where our relationship seemed to be going... which got me contemplating my future, and hers.

It was actually several minutes before the bathroom door opened again, and Yasmeen reappeared. In one hand she had a small towel; the other held a damp washcloth. When she got close, she answered my confused look by explaining "I thought that you would like to clean up a little bit, too..."

I thanked her and said that I would, but when I reached for the items she held, she just shook her head and said that she'd do it. After the things that she'd said to me, it only took me a moment to understand that she wanted to be the one to clean me off as a gesture of her love, and to demonstrate her appreciation of how I'd pleased her. As she tended to her self-assigned task, I quietly resolved to reciprocate as soon as I could; when she was done, I took both of her hands and kissed them before thanking her. Her smile and the look in her eyes told me that I'd touched her heart in a special way.

Once she was back in bed with me, the two of us spooned with her in front of me. I held her breast in my hand, with her hand on top of mine, while the two of us talked.

The rest of the time that my folks were gone, Yasmeen and I worked on the a couple of the last few projects she had for the house during the daytime, and spend our evenings much more intimately. One time, we had raw unbridled *sex* that lasted damn near an hour and left both of us exhausted. Satiated, but exhausted. Another, we spent a like amount of time **making love** — slowly and gently and tenderly. I surprised the hell out of Yasmeen by making breakfast in bed for her (I did know how to cook a little bit)... something that also pleased and delighted her. Each of us got a LOT more familiar with each other's bodies, and took advantage of the chances we got to refine our respective oral techniques. I quickly adapted to remaining naked once we were indoors for the evening — greatly inspired by Yasmeen's example. That it gave each of us ready access to the other's body for kisses, fondles, gropes, caresses, and general grab-assery was an added bonus. When we found it appropriate to clean up, it was always together... showers were invariably playful, erotic, arousing, and affectionate. By the time my folks got home from the cruise (both of them happier than I'd seen them in a long time), Yasmeen and I were easily as close to each other as any married couple, despite the difference in our ages — or, perhaps, because of it. Somehow, being around Yasmeen encouraged me to a greater maturity, while I seemed to inspire her to give in to her more youthful and carefree side.

The rest of that summer, Yasmeen and I took advantage of every opportunity to not just **get** together, but *be* together, as well: when we had the chance, we fornicated like a couple of newlyweds, but we'd also just sit and hold hands (or each other), enjoying our time together.

We also talked to and with each other. One thing that Yasmeen was adamant about was that when school started again, I should make every effort to meet and spend time with girls my own age. I mostly understood why, but she elaborated the reasons, anyway.

"David, we *can't* have your only female interest be ME — people would notice, and you know

what could happen then. Besides, you're still fourteen, and you should learn about girls your own age... what interests them, what they're thinking, how they act, and all the rest of it. It's a part of growing up, and as tired as you may be of hearing this, it's good for you. I know you may find one you like, and want to spend more time with her, and that's fine. Better than fine, even — it would be *wonderful* for you and for her. Don't worry about it if you don't come over here as much; for **us**, that's a good thing, as I'm sure you can see. I've told you how nice it feels for me to be with you, so do what you can to make THOSE girls feel nice, too; and if you get the chance, do for them what you do for me. Help them learn what a guy **should** be like, so they don't have the problems that I did until I met you. Even if you start loving one of them, don't feel bad or guilty; I'm not going to be upset or jealous, because I know you'll still love ME, too, just as I'll always love YOU."

So when school picked up again, I paid attention to the girls. I was pleased to discover that the confidence I'd gained from being with Yasmeen stood me in good stead: I wasn't afraid to talk to the girls, and ask them out — and didn't take it too hard the times I got shot down. The "dates" I went on, I was as attentive and considerate with the girl as I'd be with Yasmeen; and just as gentle and affectionate, if she was agreeable. I never got as far with any of them as I did with Yasmeen, but that was okay... I was careful to never ever "push" them, or fail to be patient and understanding when we got to her limits. I found out later that my attitude and actions resulted in my getting something of a reputation as someone nice to go out with. By the end of the school year, I was surprised to realize that I was as comfortable about going out with girls as I'd been nervous about even talking to them a year earlier.

The summer between middle and high school, there were a different set of reasons for me to be going over to Yasmeen's house — general maintenance. I trimmed trees and shrubs. I took care of the lawn every week. When she decided she wanted to paint all the rooms, I helped with that.

When it came time for my folks to take a week's vacation, it didn't take much for me to convince them that they should go alone; between reminding them of how much fun they'd had on the cruise, and (politely) explaining that I wasn't real wild about the idea of going to the kinds of places THEY liked to visit, they eventually agreed to let me stay home. The clincher was when Yasmeen explicitly asked if they'd mind if I helped her add a couple of the add-on options to the grill — it was several days worth of work, and she couldn't get delivery of the materials before then.

With admonitions to behave myself and mind my manners, Mom and Dad took off on a week-long cruise to the Bahamas, leaving me to stay with Yasmeen.

We weren't any less careful about following the instructions, and the finished product showed our attention to detail; but the actual work involved in upgrading the grill didn't take anywhere near the time it could have. That, of course, left plenty of opportunities for Yasmeen and I to enjoy ourselves (and each other). We fucked. We had sex. We made love. We did it in her bedroom, the kitchen, the living room, the bathrooms, the dining room, and even the garage. Supper was almost burned one night when I picked her up and set her on one of the kitchen

counters so I could eat her pussy after she started cooking. I had to re-assemble some of the mechanical stuff for the grill after Yasmeen gave me a *hell* of a blowjob when I was putting it together the first time. She sat on my lap with my hard cock in her pussy and me playing with her tits while we tried to watch a movie (a hard "R"). We even dared to enjoy a leisurely session of lovemaking out in the back yard one night. We did it standing, sitting, kneeling, and laying down; me on top, her on top, me behind her, me in front of her, me on one side or the other of her — we tried pretty much any position that let us get Tab "A" into Slot "B". We had different opinions on the different positions, and that was okay. Sometimes she took care of me, and sometimes I took care of her, and sometimes we took care of each other, and that was okay. When we woke up together each day, both of us smiled when we saw the other one, and that was wonderful.

And between all the sex, we hugged and held and touched and caressed and patted and fondled. We also talked, and were quiet. We readily helped each other with whatever needed doing, and thanked the one assisting. All in all, it was the best week of my entire life, bar none, for all of those reasons.

When I started high school, I wasn't anywhere *near* as nervous as the other kids my age. A few of the older kids tried to intimidate me, but let it go when I wouldn't back down — something that impressed one of the girls that witnessed it. She asked **me** if I'd like to go out, and I agreed; the two of us had a nice time, and I was the one to ask her out for our next date. When I was old enough, I got my driver's license and permission to drive the family car if I wanted to go out (limited to just a couple of school nights). With that additional freedom, I was able to get more involved with girls... not just taking them out, but what the two of us did if the dating went on long enough. Yasmeen was not only supportive, but continued to encourage me. When she told me that there was a guy that had asked her out, I wasn't reluctant to suggest she accept.

In my Junior year, there were a couple of girls that I was going out with regularly; each knew about the other (I wasn't one to pretend that every girl was my One True Love), just as I knew that each of them sometimes went out with other guys. That was also the year that I realized that the guy Yasmeen had been going out with was spending the occasional night at her place. I was surprised, but not hurt or jealous; I had apparently absorbed Yasmeen's attitude by osmosis, or something... I was actually happy for her.

The summer before my Senior year in high school, I was again dealing with the upkeep of Yasmeen's yard, and the two of us continued to enjoy our time together — but I think both of us recognized that we were starting to grow apart. We still cared for each other, deeply, but it wasn't with the passion and intensity we'd had. It was during one of our last conversations that she told me "David, the time we've had together, and the things we've done... all of it has meant a lot more to me than I could ever put into words. When I moved into this house, I had no idea what I was going to do, or if there would every be anyone I could love and care about again, or if there was anybody that could feel those things about ME. That first time you came over and helped me get things moved around so I could unpack did wonders for making me feel better. Then you kept coming over, and I knew there was something special about you. It wasn't until later that I

really understood just HOW special, and that was when I started to fall in love with you — even though I knew that we couldn't have the kind of relationship that I wanted. But what we DID have was more than enough. I knew that if someone as young as you could treat me the way you did, and care for me and love me that much, and do what you did for me... well, if you could make me that happy, then I knew that it could happen again. All of the little things that you've done for me like the little kisses at the right time, or letting me know you really *understood* the things I told you — you've helped me feel better about myself, and understand that good things happen to me because I deserve them. And because you've shown me that YOU think I'm attractive and sexy, I **feel** attractive and sexy. You've done so much for me, in so many ways, I could never have the words or do the things to make you understand how very much I appreciate them, or how important they — and you! — were to me."

After I'd thought about it for a couple of seconds, I answered "It wasn't just me, Yaz. Anything you may think that I gave you, it was only what I got from you in the first place. And I've learned as much from you as you say you did from me, just as you've done as much for me. I think maybe I was an okay kid, then... but thanks to you, I hope that I'm a GOOD young *man*, now — and I know that I'm damn well going to at least TRY to be the kind of **grown** man that you'd be proud of."

I could see the tears in her eyes when she told me "You already are, David."

That was a lot of years ago. Before I finished high school, Yasmeen was engaged to the guy she'd been seeing; she was married the following summer, and asked ME to be the one to give her away at the small ceremony. Her own parents were horrified that she was going to marry another American, and refused to attend.

I settled on one of the two girls that I'd been seeing, and we became steady with each other. She gave me her virginity the night of our Senior Prom, and seemed quite satisfied by the experience afterwards. We went on to attend the same local college, and remained a Couple. After all that I'd done with the various projects at Yasmeen's house, I realized that I liked the process of building things that people used, and majored in Civil Engineering. My girlfriend wanted to be a teacher, and focused her attentions in Education. Shortly after we graduated and got jobs, we got married. I had to travel more than I wanted to at first, but the welcome home sessions with my wife made the separations easier to tolerate.

Now I'm a professional Civil Engineer with enough seniority that I only go out into the field when I want to. My wife looks every bit as lovely to me as she did the day we married, and we still enjoy our frequent intimacy. Our oldest son will be graduating college with a Math degree before long; our youngest daughter has her heart set on being a nurse, and is at the top of her high school class, which will be graduating in a couple of months.

I can't say that my life would have been any more happy and successful had I never met or become involved with Yasmeen — but there isn't a doubt in my mind that it would have been less so, and I'll always treasure my memories of her.