

Swim Coach

by Mindsparks

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Chapter 5

I couldn't wait for practice the next day, though when I got there I learned that Matt was out sick. I was disappointed by his absence and recall that some of those butterflies of doubt seemed to reinvade my belly. My practice was lack-luster and I think I must have been pretty moody because Beth called me on it after practice. I told her that nothing was wrong but I could tell she didn't believe me. I really felt the need to talk to Matt so I did something that I can't imagine myself doing now.

I looked up Matt's name in the phonebook and got his address and phone number. He didn't live too far from school, but it was in the opposite direction from my home. Determined, I set off on foot and walked to his place in the cool evening air of an April evening. I was dressed in standard 80's gear - white sneakers, tight, button-down jeans, an oversized 'Cure' t-shirt that I covered with a jean jacket. If I'd thought about what I was doing I certainly would have tried to dress up a bit more but this was one of those acts spurred by hormones, not rational forethought.

I found his place, a small craftsman-style bungalow on a street filled with similar houses, and a small bodega at the corner of his block. It wasn't till I reached the gate that I actually began to consider what I was doing. I had no idea why I'd come beyond wanting to talk to Matt, or maybe just to see him. My feelings for him were so dominating my thinking that I hadn't considered what it was I actually wanted to talk to him about. I reached for the gate on the white picket fence, then turned away at the last second quickly walking up the block to the bodega. I was suddenly so nervous - what was I going to do? What if he wanted to do things that I didn't want to do yet? What if he didn't? I wandered the narrow isles of the bodega for a few minutes fretting over just about everything that was (or wasn't) going to happen. Passing by the small display of condoms at the end of one of the isles just added fuel to the nervous fire burning in my belly and head - what if he just expected me to have sex with him? To know what I was doing? What if he didn't? What did I want? What did I expect? I was so confused, not having the answers to any of these questions.

As I left the Bodega and began to walk back towards Matt's place I reconsidered what I was doing and decided that showing up on Matt's doorstep, unannounced, wasn't the best idea I'd had. So with a reluctant hitch in my step I walked past Matt's little cottage and walked back home, trying to figure out what it was I wanted.

Practice for the rest of the week was a comedy of avoidance. I did everything but bury my head in a towel to avoid Matt. I was beginning to feel embarrassed by what had happened, and by my feelings for him and it seemed to me that avoiding Matt was the only way to cope with those feelings. My swimming actually seemed to get better as keeping my face in the water and doing nothing but swimming was the easiest way to avoid him. When Saturday rolled around and it was time for the big meet I was eager and ready to swim. We were competing against the two best teams in the northern half of the state. I'd be competing against a senior who had the best time in the state at that point in the season and who had won the championship last year. Sally spoke to me in the locker room before the meet, reassuring me and calming my ever increasing nerves before my race. Before she left me she mentioned that Coach Matt wanted to see me. Just what I needed! More nervous energy.

Grabbing my cap and goggles I walked out to the pool. Sitting at the team bench I saw Matt yelling encouragement to a teammate during his race. He looked so intense and animated - unlike I'd seen him before. It was obvious that this meet meant a great deal to him. He was jumping into the air before the race ended and as our swimmer touched into second place he let out a woop and ran to the pool's edge where he happily greeted his successful swimmer. I walked over and congratulated the swimmer as well, trying to act cool around Matt though I felt nothing like cool. He finished with his congratulations and as my teammate left Matt turned his attention to me.

Looking down at me he said, "How you doing kiddo? Nervous?"

"I guess so Coach... I've never swum in such an important race you know?"

"Amy, you are going to kick some butt. I just know it. You remember how we practiced your starts? Just don't think and you'll be fine. I know this." He looked at me in almost exactly the same way he had looked at me in the shower. I felt a shiver followed by a rush of adrenaline. My vision tunneled and all I saw was his face. He could have told me to strip for him right there and I probably would have. Thankfully he didn't and the jostling of my teammates coming to congratulate our last swimmer jostled me out of my zombie-like state.

When it finally came time for my big race I was really nervous, but still in control and brimming with energy. The last thing I really remember clearly is stepping up onto the block. Then next thing that I remember is being nearly yanked out of the pool by Matt. Almost unable to breathe and because Matt was hugging the stuffing out of me. Beth was there hugging both of us and Sally was looking on with this huge smile on her face. In fact the entire team is there hooting and cheering. I must have done well.

"What happened Matt?" I ask him as he is patting my back.

He releases me and holding my shoulders he holds me out at arms-length from him. "You don't know? You just won the race. Hell, you just set a state record, girl!"

I look at Matt, then Beth, then Sally, and then the blood decides that my brain has had enough of it and completely leaves my head. I begin to wobble but Matt and Sally catch my arms and quickly sit me down on the bleachers.

"I won?" This really is hard for me to accept. I have no memory of even being in the water.

Sally replies, "Amy you didn't just win, you destroyed them. You beat second place by almost four lengths! You beat the state record by a full second!"

As it finally begins to settle in a huge smile settles across my face and I feel this amazing burst of pride and happiness swell inside. I am so happy that I honestly don't know how to react to all that is going on. Beth moves in beside me and hugs me hard, whispering in my ear that I'm the studliest swimmer in the pool today.

The rest of the day is mostly just a blur. In my second race I swam well, coming in second but it didn't matter. The team went out for pizza that night, hosted by our coaches. We had come in second as a team during the meet, our best showing ever against those two teams. We had a lot of swimmers who came very close to winning races but I was certainly the 'big news' for the day. Sally celebrated my victory by ordering me a huge banana split, which was shared by all.

Just before Beth and I left, after most of the team had already gone home, Matt came over to me. "Hey Amy, I just wanted to let you know that I'm really proud of how well you did today. Sally and I knew you could swim great, but perhaps we underestimated just how well you can swim."

I looked up at Matt, the excitement of the day only slightly diminished, and blushed, "Thanks Coach. It really means a lot to me that you guys trusted in me, and that I was able to do that well. You really can't believe how excited I am."

"I can believe it kiddo. My first big win is still one of the brightest memories I have. Enjoy it, ok?"

I looked into Matt's eyes. My knees suddenly felt like they were going to give out on me and I felt my head spin as I looked into his blues. "Matt... ummmm." I was nervous now too. "About that time in the pool. I wanted to apologize to

you. I didn't mean to put you in a bad place." As the words came out of my mouth I realized that more than ever I wanted to be in that place with him.

I was really surprise by his response, "Amy, there's a time and a place for everything. You are a very beautiful woman and I'm sure you'll find a time, a place, and the right person for you when it all comes together at the right time. I don't know any of those answers, only you do. I'm not upset about what happened. Things happen and we all deal with them as best we can. Right? Anyway you're tops in my book so just keep on doing what you're doing. See you at practice."

Chapter 6

So the next few weeks went by quickly. I swam very well at the next three meets, winning most of my races and consistently swimming at times that were the best in the state. It was all a bit strange - I'd never been the focus of attention in anything I'd done but now, at least as far as the swim team went, I was the queen bee. Youngsters on the team would ask me for advice and help. The coaches were all giving me much more attention, trying to give me any advantage that they could. Sally mentioned that a few college coaches had called and were asking questions about me, even though I was only a junior!

Beth and I began planning for our prom which was quickly approaching. She told me that she and Mike seemed to get closer and closer to doing it every time they went out. She said that he had been asking her to have sex with him, but she said she was scared now. She'd wanted to for the longest time, and it seemed that now that the opportunity was there that she was realizing that it was a bigger thing than she had anticipated.

"I mean I don't want it to be in the back of his car you know, and I don't think he even cares about that kinda stuff. You know its scary." she said.

"Well Beth, actually I don't know, but I can imagine it would be. Do you think that he'll wait till you are ready? I mean Mike is such a nice guy that its hard to imagine that he'd turn into a prick about this." I was confused by the dynamics of their relationship.

"I hope he will. You know guys change soooo much when it comes to sex Amy. Its like when we are at dinner he is the coolest, funniest guy in the world and I so want to be with him. But like when we are in his car at the end of the night its like all I can do to stop him and I can tell that he gets frustrated and mad at me. But I can't do it like that and he is just soooo, sooo different when he gets worked up." She sounded sad over the phone.

"Anyway" Beth said, "What about you? I heard that Pete Standowich was thinking about asking you to prom. Do you have a date yet? Would you go with him?"

Pete Standowich was a very quiet guy in our class. He wasn't a swimmer but was on the track team and ran distant events. He wasn't all that cute, but he always seemed really nice and he hung out with our clique of friends at lunch and in the library often. He was pretty funny though and would often come up with the joke that ended up with somebody shooting milk out of their nose at

lunch. I considered what Beth was asking, knowing that this was Pete's way of asking me out safely; If I told Beth that I'd go with him then she'd tell him (or a friend of his) and then he'd ask me for real. I didn't really want to go to prom with Pete. I wanted to go to Prom with Matt, but I realized that there was no way that was going to happen. So my alternatives seemed to be going to prom with Pete, going alone, or not going at all. I really wanted to go though, so of the two options I thought it best to go with Pete. He was such a nice guy that I didn't think that the night would end up as it had with Richard and I'd have a date and could at least appear to be normal.

"Yeah, sure, that would be great if he asked me. Do you think it would be a good idea?" I asked my friend.

"Oh yeah. Pete is so cool about things so that even if you two don't like make a love connection he'll still be totally sweet, ya know?" as she lapsed into a bit of her Valley Girl talk.

So the date was eventually made and in three weeks time I went to the prom on a Saturday night with Pete. We made all kinda plans and doubled with Beth and Mike. It wasn't a fancy affair or anything - no limos or hotel rooms. Pete drove us in his old Chevy Nova. He and Mike both rented tuxedos - Mike wore tails as I recall. Beth and I both wore poofy-shouldered dresses that we thought were the absolute best things ever, though I still cringe at the photos from that night when I see them.

The night went by quickly for Pete and I, there wasn't a love connection, but as Beth had promised he was really nice to me and didn't seem at all put off when he dropped me off at my place and only got a quick kiss on the cheek before I ran inside. Beth and Mike disappeared about an hour before the end of the dance - I had my suspicions about what they were off doing but would have to wait till Sunday afternoon to find out.

Beth called that afternoon. She told me that Mike had gotten them a room at the local Ramada Inn and had taken her there. I asked her if she was surprised by this, but she confessed that they had basically planned it for some time. She had decided that she was ready and knew that she didn't want to be in a car and didn't want to have to leave him afterwards to go home. I hoped that she'd tell me all about it, and Beth, true to form did.

"Well, so we got into the room and he'd gotten me a dozen roses in a vase and put a bunch of rose petals on the bed. It was really sweet of him." she said.

"Were you nervous... what happened next?" I was so very curious.

"He had some champagne, and we had a glass. It was sooo nice Amy, he was soooo nice. He told me he loved me." I could hear just how crazy in love Beth was by the sound of her voice. "We started kissing and then ... I think he was shy and didn't want to push me too fast, but I was ready. I sat him on the bed and I took my dress off for him." she giggled a bit.

"Oh my god! You stripped for him?" This was a side of Beth I'd never have suspected.

"Yes, No... I mean it wasn't like in the movies or anything. I'll admit it was totally hot. The way he looked at me. It felt so good. I mean it wasn't like anything really sexy, or raunchy, I just slowly took off my dress and my hose and shoes for him, kinda moved sexy."

I knew what she meant about that look. It was the same look that Matt had had in his eyes.

"Oh my god Beth, that sounds so cool."

"It was Amy, it really was. So I walked up to him and we started kissing, then we were rolling around on the bed and well... you know." Beth seemed embarrassed.

"Actually Beth, I don't. Did it hurt?" I really wanted to know that.

"It did hurt a little, mostly at first, but he was really gentle and I didn't really mind."

"Beth you are so lucky to have found him, and he is so lucky to have you. That's a really awesome story." I think my voice cracked a bit. I was a bit jealous of what Beth had and Matt now seemed farther away than ever.

"It was sooo nice Amy, and I think I'm learning about how cool Mike is. How did things go with Pete?" She asked hopefully.

"It was ok, but nothing happened. I just don't think he is my type."

"Well there are plenty of fish in the sea. Ughhh, did I just say that? I'm sorry Amy. You deserve to find a great guy. You really do."

I really did, and thought I had. Unfortunately it was beginning to seem like he was completely out of reach.

Chapter 7

The season ended really well, though it was a bit of an anticlimax. I won at the state meet in my main race and came in second in my other race. I didn't break my own record but was really happy with my performance as were the coaches. The team came in second place overall - a best for us and for Matt. He decided to celebrate our season with a big party at his place next Saturday where he would hand out awards for the season.

After thinking about things long and hard I decided that the party on Saturday would be the last time I'd try to see if there was any way that Matt and I could be together. I wanted to look really good so I got my hair trimmed and also got my legs waxed, though this time my mom wasn't there so I had them do a little more around my bikini line. I bought a nice pair of low heeled shoes and a blue mini skirt that would go with them. I got a nice pair of white lacy panties and a matching bra, though I felt a bit discouraged that I could only fill a B-cup. Well, nothing I could do about that now. I found a nice silky blouse that I really liked and that went well with the skirt.

When Saturday finally rolled around I spent most of the afternoon hanging out with Beth. We put on some make-up in typical 80s fashion - Beth had an awesome shade of red lipstick that we both applied and then we kissed my mirror, leaving lipstick kisses that would stay on that mirror till I move away to college. We were in a great mood as we got dressed and got ready for Mike to pick us up and drive us to the party. Beth had invited me over that night to sleep over after the party so I grabbed a small bag with my stuff and we headed over to Matt's place around 6pm.

There were about 50 people at Matt's place. It was the first time I'd been there and it was really nice. His living room which was furnished with a worn sofa, a very worn recliner, a large TV and VCR, and incredibly large speakers that were hooked up to an overly large component stereo system which was pumping out tunes loud enough to shake the floor. None of the furniture matched. The wood floors were bare except for some dust bunnies in the corners and a pot that might have held a plant. It was messy - there was a pile of swimming magazines piled haphazardly in one corner, several pull buoys and broken kickboards in another. A hallway led towards the back of the house and I could see a door to the back yard where most of the team seemed to be hanging out on a warm May evening.

A decent sized kitchen was sectioned off from the living room by a bar-style counter, complete with two well-worn bar stools and a brass rail along the bottom for your feet. The kitchen looked a bit messy as well, though nothing that required a health inspector or fumigator. There was a poster of Mark Spitz on

one wall, a poster for the NCAA swim meet was framed on another wall (I assumed it was from the year when Matt had won his races), and a couple of framed Patrick Nagel prints. The first was a print of three women in swim caps and goggles (or maybe the same woman three times) and it seemed so right that Matt would



have that image on his wall. It was the other poster that completely caught my attention though. The model bore a striking resemblance to me, her hair was almost identical to my own though perhaps a bit darker. Her lips were similarly shaped as were her eyebrows. Our eyes had nearly the same shade of green although the shape of our eyes wasn't too similar. There was also the apparent difference in our bosoms - she was at least a C-cup or larger. As I took in the image I felt a rush of adrenaline surging through me as I began to wonder about how much I looked like this woman and the fact that she was prominently displayed on Matt's wall.



Beth and I helped ourselves to some sodas and walked out to the backyard. Matt was at the grill cooking hot dogs, hamburgers, chicken and corn. There were a few picnic tables, most already filled with team members, their dates, a few parents (mostly of freshman). We walked over to Matt to say hi and he greeted us enthusiastically with his 'kiss the cook' apron. He looked like he was having a really good time and complimented us both on how nice we looked, though he never seemed to even so much as glance at Beth. He offered and we accepted some food which we took inside to eat.

While we ate Beth remarked about how much the Nagel print resembled me. I blushed and told her that I'd noticed that as well, but didn't know that it really meant anything. She asked if I still had a crush on Matt. I would have tried to put on a poker face and denied it, but I couldn't hide anything from Beth so I simply said yes and sighed. I'd promised myself that today was the last day I'd entertain my little fantasy about Matt and didn't really think that anything would happen.

Beth surprised me though, "Amy, I think you need to try and talk to Matt about this. And do it soon. He is a hot guy and you are old enough to know what you are doing." She paused, as if thinking about something. "I tell you what, Mike and I will leave before the end of the party and you can use that as a way to talk to Matt after the party. You'll be alone and it won't be at school or anything. If it doesn't work, just call me and I'll pick you up. This is such a good plan." She was beaming.

I was caught totally by surprise. It seemed like a very bold way to handle things. It would force the issue but in some ways I was actually beginning to think that it

might be better to just let it go and just hold on to the idea that Matt liked me in the same way that I liked him instead of having him reject me as I suspected he would. Nevertheless, I answered Beth, being quite amazed at my response, "Wow... you'd do that? You wouldn't tell anybody? I think it would be perfect and at least I'll know, right?"

"AMY! Of course I wouldn't tell anybody it. I just hope that it really works out for you and is just as nice as it was for me."

She was thinking that we would have sex. I guess I'd kinda been thinking that when I'd gone to all the trouble to dress up for the party, but my thoughts had always been unspoken and far less concrete than they were as Beth said what she said. I gave Beth a hug, thanking her for being such a good friend. We finished our dinner laughing and gabbing and gossiping.

Somebody, probably Matt, rang a gong or something in the back yard and the few of us inside the house joined the rest of the team in the back yard. Matt had us gather 'round a big cardboard box that he stood next to along the fence of his yard. He quieted us all down and began, "I'm not the greatest emcee but you'll have to put up with me for a few minutes here. The first thing I wanted to do was to thank my assistant coach." He turned to look at Sally who had brought her incredibly hunky boyfriend with her, the guy looked like he was a linebacker for the Bears or something.

"Sally, I'm going to be in your debt for a long time with as much help as you've given me and the team. We wouldn't have been nearly as strong if you weren't out there pool-side everyday working with the younger ones and pushing each of us to do their best. So, in honor of your work for the team I got you this." He held up a nice silver necklace with a blue stone pendant that dangled from the chain. The stone was shaped like a dolphin. Sally hugged Matt and put the necklace on.

She turned to the team and said, "I want to thank all of you for working so hard this year. Coaching good swimmers is fun, but it's even better to coach good swimmers that want to win, and it's even better to coach good swimmers who want to win and are such really cool people. So thank you all and next year we'll win it all!" Applause and hooping and hollering were offered up by the team.

Matt took over again and started to hand out awards. Each senior got a bar for their letter (or their letter if they hadn't already earned it). He gave each of the captains, both of whom were seniors and leaving the team, nice t-shirts with our logo that had been signed by the entire team. He handed out certificates to medal winners and record setters. He then started to hand out varsity letters to

those who'd earned them. One sophomore got his letter and many juniors got theirs, including Beth. As he began nearing the end of the list of people who would be eligible to get a letter I began to get a bit worried that I wouldn't be getting one. Maybe he was pissed about what had happened, or maybe he just thought I hadn't earned it.

"Well, that just about wraps it up people. I've got just one more award to give out tonight and then we can get back to the party. The final award is kinda this MVP/most improved thing. Everybody on this team swam up to their potential this year, with one exception. This person swam way beyond their potential or at least what Sally and I thought was their potential, which is a really good thing because if they hadn't swam that well we probably wouldn't have made third place this year. So for our MVP this year I have this nice shiny new letterman's jacket and as you can see it clearly has the swimmer's letter here. And if you'll also notice there are captains bars on the letter as well. I'm sure you know who I've been talking about..."

I was looking all around to see who was walking forward to get the jacket when I noticed that everybody on the team was staring at me, including Matt. Oh my god. Adrenaline coursed through my body. Me?

"As you can see, Amy is pretty genuinely modest too. Get up here, captain!" He was holding open the letterman's jacket for me. Beth pushed me and I found my feet, I walked up to Matt and couldn't help myself and just threw my arms around him and thanked him over and over. He finally pried me off and hung the jacket over my shoulders. "Way to go Amy, you worked really hard for this." He kinda awkwardly shook my hand, and announced to the crowd, "well, this is still a party so have at it. Don't forget to do your workouts over the summer and we'll see you back here next year."

I slipped the coat on, taking so much pride in what it meant. "Thank you coach. This is sooo cool. I didn't even think I was going to letter." I'm sure I must have been both blushing and smiling to beat the band.

Matt's smile was completely irresistible to me. He looked really proud and happy, "kiddo, you earned that jacket, the letter, and those bars. You're a smart, mature young woman and are our best swimmer now."

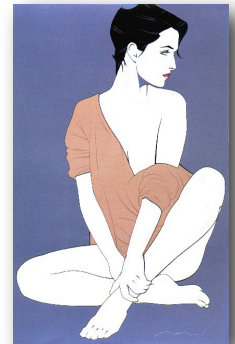
"I dunno about that, but I'll try hard. But I guess you already know that." I felt that dizzy feeling again, the tingle deep in my belly that made me want to hold him close to me and feel his lips on mine. It seemed to come rushing up as if from no where.

"Of course you will. So are you enjoying the party?" He looked a bit unsure of himself.

"Yeah coach, its totally bitchen. The chicken was really good and I think everybody's having a good time."

We continued to chat for awhile till some minor annoyance pulled Matt away from me. I headed inside where most of the team was now hanging out. The younger swimmers and all the family members had left, and somebody had spiked a bowl of punch. Nobody was getting sloppy drunk but the punch was bringing out smiles and laughter as people started to dance. I hung out with Beth for most of the rest of the night, but by 10pm people were starting to leave. Beth gave me a hug and whispered in my ear, "good luck tonight."

I hugged her back and all of a sudden I felt a bit nervous. I decided to take a moment to collect my thoughts, but found that the bath room was occupied so I headed upstairs to use the bathroom up there. I quickly peeked into Matt's bedroom and was a bit surprised by what I found. I had expected either a total mismatched mess or a swanky playboy style man's room, but it was neither. The furniture was all unstained, knotty white pine, including the queen-sized futon that was covered in a dark green down comforter. The comforter seemed to be deep, cozy, and warm and it was nicely accented with a host of purple and green pillows. It was a very inviting bed. He had managed to keep a couple of ferns alive up here, and they sat green and luscious by the window. He had a couple more Nalgae prints up here and they both had that same similarity to me. These prints were much racier than the ones downstairs and revealed a more intimate view of my twin. I looked at them, and his room longingly, wondering what it would be like to lie in that bed with Matt's arms around me.



While I was in the bathroom I took some time to redo my lipstick and straighten out my clothes. I was pretty nervous about all of this and was wondering what I was going to do when Matt and I were alone. I found out sooner than I expected.

When I returned to the living room everybody had left and I could hear Matt coming in from the back yard into the kitchen. I watched him for a moment before he looked up and saw me standing there in his living room.

"Oh, hey Amy, you are still here! I thought everybody had left."

"I was just upstairs in the bathroom and when I came down everybody had left. I can help you tidy up though." Without waiting for him to deny me the chance I started gathering cups and plates in the living room, but only after I had a half cup of the punch which calmed my nerves and relaxed me more than I expected. "It was a really good party ... Matt."

"Thanks Amy. I'm not used to throwing dry parties, but it was fun wasn't it?"

"Uhhh, Matt, did you have any punch? It wasn't a dry party." I laughed at him.

"No way... really?" he didn't look like he believed me.

I walked over to him holding out my cup, "Way... really. I think somebody spiked your punch. He took the cup from my hand, brushing my fingers as he did so and sipped from the cup.

"Hmmm... not bad. Vodka. Well hope nobody tells on me." I was surprised by his nonchalant attitude about it.

I continued to help clean up the house while he made trips to the backyard. I was trying to figure out a way we could talk about everything that I wanted to talk about but I felt so insecure about myself and my feelings. Since Matt had pushed me away in the pool I didn't feel confident enough to initiate anything with him, even talk. I got the living room and kitchen straightened up and figured I could at least set the stage for a discussion or whatever so I dimmed the lights in the living room and sat on the floor next to his records and CDs. I looked for something that would be nice to listen to and perhaps a bit romantic, and found Sade's CD which I put on just as Matt returned to the kitchen.

Matt peaked his head into the living room and saw me sitting there and said, "Find something you like?" He switched off the lights in the kitchen and sat down on the couch.

"Yeah, I love the Sade CD. Its so mellow and her voice is so sexy. I wish I could sing like that."

"She is great, isn't she?" He paused, seemed to consider his next words carefully and then spoke, "Amy, I'd like to talk to you about, ummmm, well I guess I'd like to talk about us." He patted the couch inviting me to join him.

As I stood I felt a wave of vodka, nervousness, and extreme excitement wash over me. It made my head spin and if the couch hadn't been right there I probably would have fallen to the ground. "I'd really like that Coach. I've been thinking about you a lot."

He smiled, "Jeeze, then stop calling me Coach, at least when it just you and me. So I'd really like to hear what you have been thinking."

I was almost as far away from Matt on the couch as I could. I took a pillow from behind me and hugged it to my belly as I took a deep breath. I wanted this to happen and realized that I need to just open up to Matt and let him know where I was coming from and what I wanted and how I felt otherwise it would never happen. "Matt, I think you know how I feel about you, but I'm going to say it anyway." I tried to look at his face but I was nervous and scared so I looked anywhere but his face as I spoke. "I've got the most intense crush on you, God, sometimes I think its love. I can't stop thinking about you and I really want to be with you. I'm not even sure what would be like but I don't really care. I know that we can't go out together and be a couple like other people but I don't think I care... you are sooo cool and handsome and... I just want to" I was at a loss for words, and only in this moment of desperation did I have the courage to look into Matt's face. I don't know why but I felt tears well up.

Matt sat there for a moment, mulling over what I'd said and considering his response. I took his silence the wrong way and the tears started to roll down my cheeks. I tried to hide them by looking down and away from him, and tried brush them away but they flowed faster. I felt Matt move towards me, put his hand on my shoulder. "Amy... its ok. I want you to know that I feel the same or at least I think I feel the same way. Please don't cry." He pulled me into him, wrapping his long, strong arms around me as my face pressed into his neck.

I honestly didn't believe Matt. I assumed that he was just trying to get me to stop crying, which he did. I'd never been this close to him and I could smell his skin and feel the incredible heat from his body as he held me there. I wiped my eyes and face dry on his tee-shirt and pulled away from his hug. "Thanks Matt. I guess I needed that. But you don't have to say those things just to get me to stop my blubbering. I'm a big girl and its going to be ok."

He smiled and took my hand in his. "Amy?" The tone of his voice was so different, I looked up. "I'm not just saying those things. I'm not sure that I love you, and I'm really not sure that you love me, but I want to find out and think you do to. You are so beautiful and bright and funny." He was looking right into my eyes, "I want you like I've never wanted a woman before."

The white hot intensity of those words and his eyes nearly made me explode. I felt that tingle in the lowest part of my belly like I'd never felt it before. My heart leapt, my nipples hardened, my vagina grew warm and damp, all in the space of a few seconds. I was speechless and could tell that he wasn't just trying to calm me down. I just looked at him, my mouth slightly open, longing for his lips.

He took my face in his hands, the gentle strength pulled me into him. His eyes never left mine until his closed and I felt the bristly hair of his mustache touch my upper lip followed by the soft warmth of his lips on mine. I felt my body melt as our lips touched and his hands caressed my face and neck. He was so gentle but so strong. Our lips explored each other for what seemed like forever. As we kissed I felt his hands move from my face to my neck and then down my back and he held me close. As we kissed I focused on the sensations on my lips and then as he held me closer the feeling of his body against mine. I could feel the way his body would tighten and relax as he moved, the feeling of our chests rubbing together, his hard and wide, mine softer and narrower.

Sitting on the couch was awkward, but he didn't seem to mind. I moved back a little inviting him in closer. His arms surrounded me again and we kissed, this time his mouth opened and I opened mine. He became more intense as we both became more aroused. His tongue began to explore the sensitive skin of my lips, and I met it with my own. I opened my mouth wider, inviting him into me, wanting the experience of the metaphor to reassure me about the real act which I felt certain was to happen soon. He responded quickly, his tongue dancing with mine as our lips began to redden with the friction of our kiss.

I felt his hands move slowly down my back, his fingers pressing my skin along my spine as they moved down from my ribs, to my lower back and finally slipped between my ass and the couch. For the first time in my life I knew what it meant to be touched. I'd had boys grab me before but Matt's hands touched me. Over the thin fabric of my skirt his hands first cupped the rounded hills of my fanny, then he began to kneed the muscles there. He didn't try to slip under my skirt (though I'd never have stopped him) but simply alternated between his strong massage and the gentle exploring touch that seemed to drink in my curves.

As my desire for him increased so did my desire to explore his body. I was caught a bit between not knowing exactly what to do and wanting to touch him. My first tentative try met with success as I placed my hand on his chest. I felt the hard curve of his pecs under my palm, the heat of his body radiating through his shirt. My touch seemed to embolden him, and his hands first massaged deeper into my ass and then moved up over my hips and up along my waist. He kissed me hard and I heard myself moan into his mouth, I'd never been this aroused by any man, and certainly had never been this aroused after drinking some spiked punch.

We adjusted ourselves a bit more as Sade seduced us. Matt's right arm hugged me closer and I felt his left hand move up from my waist to my ribs. I felt his hand gently run across my breast and I was so thankful that we were reclined on his couch as my head spun. I felt the warmth of his hand radiate through my

blouse and bra through to my breast and my painfully hard nipple. His fingers easily found my nipple through the thin fabrics and he began to gently roll the nub of my breast in those wonderful hands of his. I reached up with my hands, running them along the tops of his arms to his shoulders and then his neck.

It was right about this time that I had my revelation. I'm not exactly sure why or how it happened at this time, or for that matter why it happened at all, but when I had my epiphany lying in Matt's arms a large part of my sexual personality seemed to emerge and I'd always find myself behaving and thinking the same way in sexual situations. As Matt kissed me I realized that he really wanted me and that despite my complete inexperience he would find anything I did as sexy. I didn't fully realize it right then and there but the gist of the notion that I was in control, at least in some ways, began to seep into my awareness. I also realized that I wanted to make love with Matt that night, perhaps I knew we wouldn't be able to sustain this relationship for a long time and didn't want to risk never making love with him, perhaps I was just too uninhibited from the alcohol and events of the night. Regardless of the reason why I knew what I wanted. And I knew what I was going to do.

I felt my legs beginning to spread apart as Matt's weight shifted. While I wanted this more than anything I didn't want it to happen on his couch. I put my hands on his chest and pushed him back gently. "Matt..." He pulled back, blushing a bit.

"I'm sorry Amy, we aren't really talking, are we?" He looked genuinely concerned. "I just couldn't stop."

"Matt, its ok. We aren't going to stop. I just need to use the bathroom." Though I felt a sudden desire to scrap my plan and just let him take me on the couch. As he moved off of me I reconsidered, thinking that his big fluffy bed upstairs was far too inviting. Besides I had something else in mind.

Chapter 8

I got up, grabbed my new letterman's jacket from the arm chair in the living room and crossed over to the bathroom. Inside the bathroom I took a moment to straighten my hair and then to reapply my lipstick which had mostly been kissed off on Matt's lips. I felt so wonderful, feminine and graceful; I felt wanted. I looked into the mirror and unzipped the skirt, letting it fall to the floor before I gathered it up. I then removed the blouse, and stepped back to look at myself in the mirror. My shoulders were broad and strong from swimming, and I loved the way I tapered down to a narrow waist. My hips had been filling in slowly but I was still quite a bit narrower than were most girls my age. The lacy white bra looked nice against the very light tan that I had, and I could see the darker skin of my areolas was visible through the lace and I could see the fabric pointed outwards from the stiff nipples underneath. I really loved the matching lacy panties. They were cut high and made me look a little bit less skinny. The waxing I'd got left no hair peeking out, though I could see a darker patch through the lace. I reached down and felt the wetness soaked into the material.

After kicking off my shoes, I did a quick mental check and realized that I felt much more confident about this than I'd ever have suspected I would. I slipped into my new letterman's jacket, making sure to keep it open enough so that Matt would be able to see that the skirt and blouse had disappeared. 'Here goes nothing' I thought to myself. I turned off the light and opened the door to the living room. Matt was on the couch fooling with the remote to the stereo, but looked up when I opened the door. I moved out of the bathroom and leaned against the wall, the jacket falling open a bit more to reveal more skin and more lace. For good measure I took my skirt and coyly dropped it on the floor. I then turned away from Matt and climbed up the stairs to his bedroom.

I was almost all the way up the stairs before I heard Matt get off the couch and walk across the floor to where I'd dropped my skirt. I walked down the dark hall to his bedroom, walked in to his room, and then quickly considered what to do next. I didn't really know what to do, so I simply walked over to his window and looked out as I heard Matt coming up the stairs behind me. I really couldn't believe that my longing for Matt was finally to be answered.

I heard him come into the room and turn on a small lamp in the corner. I turned to him and he was looking at me in that same way he had in the shower. I felt him look almost through me, so intense was his gaze. I felt the power of his presence and his desire for me, it was so strong that I almost felt scared in his presence. Had I not known how gentle he was I probably would have run away from Matt as fast as I could. I wanted him to take over now, no long so sure

about what to do. I wanted him to guide me and teach me. He must have sensed this, and he sat on the bed and patted the comforter beside him. I walked over to him without really thinking, though I did decide to drop the jacket from my shoulders as I approached. His jaw dropped a bit as he looked at me, no longer pretending to not gaze at my body. I sat on the bed beside him, feeling nervous and excited by the entire situation.

"Amy, are you sure about this? I don't want to do anything to hurt you."

He clearly meant that he didn't want to hurt my feelings - I doubt that he thought I was a virgin. "I know you don't, Matt. I am sure about this. We have the whole night and I want to be with you more than I want anything."

He pulled back the down comforter as he said, "I was really hoping you were going to say that."

I rolled into the bed, "this is sooo comfy Matt. I can't imagine this being any better."

Matt was taking off his shoes and socks, "I was so conflicted that day you kissed me in the pool. I felt badly for pushing you off. Then I wanted to kiss you more, that's when I came into your locker room. When I saw you standing in the shower Amy, I honestly haven't ever seen a more beautiful woman." He turned to look at me. "I really wanted to walk in there right then and there, but I couldn't. It just wasn't the right thing to do then and there... besides I was worried that the janitor would catch us." He smiled and I giggled. He took off his shirt.

"You don't have a maid, do you?" His pants dropped to the floor as I looked on. He was wearing blue boxers. In the dim light I could see a large bulge in his shorts.

"No, and I'd tell her to take the night off if I did." He crawled into the bed, lying next to me.

"The entire night?"

He laughed this time. "And perhaps tomorrow as well." He was so close now I could feel the warmth of his body. He gently pushed me back into the pillow with his kiss.

The rush I felt as his lips touched mine while we lay there made me feel more alive than I'd ever felt before. The passion in our kisses rose and our tongues began to explore again. I felt Matt's hands run down my arms to my hips. His hands were strong and he was touching me less hesitantly now. I felt his mascu-

line energy flowing from his hands, his lips, the bulge in his shorts that pressed into my legs. All these feelings were so new to me that they might have completely overwhelmed me. I think Matt sensed this in some way and while he did nothing to hide his passion or stop the flow of his energy, he did manage to keep me relaxed and without any apprehensions. Perhaps it was the way he would stop every so often and look into my eyes, or the slow pace with which he made love to me. Whatever it was, it worked. Never once during that night did I have a real doubt about what I was doing there.

It seemed like we did nothing but kiss and touch for an hour or more. Matt began to kiss my neck and nibble at my ear lobes - no guy had ever done this before and I was surprised by how vigorously my body reacted to the feel of his lips and hot breath on my neck. I felt my panties grow wetter each time his teeth grazed the skin on the nape of my neck. I grew bolder as a result and began to let my hands explore his chest, arms and back. His skin was warm and soft to the touch and I loved to feel his muscles flex and bend under my touch as he moved next to me.

Matt's hands found my breasts time and time again. He was so gentle with them, cupping me as if they might break. He found my nipples and played with them in such magical ways - for a moment I thought they were directly linked to the tingly feeling in my belly. He began to kiss down my neck to my chest, his tongue tasting me as his hands moved behind me to unclasp the lacy bra. I pulled off the limp fabric as he unhooked it and felt his lips on my nipple. Then his tongue. Then the gentle bite of his teeth on my hard, hard nipples. I felt that tingle in my belly grow.

He rolled onto his back, his hands pulling my hips onto his so that I was straddling him. "Don't stop." I implored. He never removed his mouth from my nipples as his hands ran up and down the long expanse of my back. He kissed every inch of the skin on my chest and then returned to my nipple as his hands slid down to my the muscular curves of my ass. My tingle grew. I felt them explore me there, at first over the fabric of my panties then more bravely sliding between the lace and my skin. He bit my nipple again and moved one hand from my butt to my breast where he gently kneaded the mound of my breast. Feeling his hips between my thighs made me ache for him, a feeling only intensified by the bulge of his cock that pressed into my leg and mons.

The tingle grew again and I realized I was drawing close to having an orgasm. He seemed to sense this and his hands seemed to take in more of my skin. I looked down at Matt, his beautiful lips sucking on my nipple, and he looked up at me as he pulled the nipple gently with his teeth. I think it was his gaze that put me over the edge and I felt myself coming.

I ground my pelvis into his legs and bulging sex as I clenched my legs together and cried out, never looking away from his eyes. "Matt.... oh my god... Matt... I'mmm.... ohhhhh." I wrapped my arms around him pulling his head into my chest as I felt the warmth of my orgasm spread throughout my body and mind. "Ohhh Matt."

I collapsed on Matt's chest, the euphoria of my climax leaving me limp, satisfied, and perhaps a bit embarrassed. I'd never come with anybody else before and I felt self-conscious. His arms were wrapped around me, holding me on top of him, our chests pressed together, my face in his neck, his smell strong in every breath I took. "I've never had anybody make me feel that way Matt. That was amazing." I honestly would have lain upon his chest for the rest of the night. "I wish you could have felt that."

He held me for a long time, then his hands started to slide up and down my back. I loved it when he would reach the top of my ass and then press his hands into the small of my back or cup me with his warm palms. "I think I am already feeling a bit of what you felt." His touch was driving me again. I kissed his neck and pushed myself up, off of his chest. His hands were on the lowest part of my waist, over my panties. I looked into his eyes and as I did so I felt my pussy grow wet yet again.

"I want to make you feel good Matt." I leaned down and kissed him hard on those perfect lips of his. My hands running across his chest. I began to slide down his body, kissing him where ever there was skin. I didn't really know what I was doing though I had a general idea - a host of teen movies from the 80s had given me more than enough of an idea about how to do what I wanted to do next. As I slide down I had to raise my hips off of him to allow me to pass over the swollen, warm bulge in his shorts. I'd look up at him occasionally and see him smiling down at me with big beautiful eyes. I let my tongue explore his belly button as I found my hands on the waist band of his shorts. Feeling a bit coy, I looked up at him as I kissed the head of his cock through the fabric, "You know I've never seen a man up close and excited like this before." He didn't say a word and I felt as though I were the only thing that existed for him right now.

I could smell his sex as I slid his shorts down, over his hips. He helped by bridging himself up a bit and soon the shorts were pushed off under the covers and I was face to... face? with his sex. Beginning to panic a bit I quickly grasped it and began to stroke it as I looked at it with utter fascination. I was amazed by how large he was. My hands weren't big, but I could have double fisted his cock and still seen a bit of his head which was dark red and tipped with a few drops of clear fluid. More impressive than his length was the girth which I felt pulse in my grasp. My fingers could just barely wrap around it and touch - making me wonder how much pain would come later. It had a wonderful texture - soft,

smooth skin that slid over the hard muscle, the spongy head, the large, loose sack that held the firm egg-shaped balls. I kissed the head, the shaft, his balls.

I looked up to see if I was doing ok. He was intently focused on me, expecting something, wanting something. I slid my hand to the bottom of his cock and placed my mouth at the tip of his head where his precum was dripping. I opened my mouth and slid it over the head. It felt so warm and the taste of his salt was unlike anything I'd ever had before. I let my tongue run along the bottom and tried to slide him deeper into my mouth. I took a few more inches and felt my lips stretch around him. Looking up again I saw his eyes closed and a huge smile on his face - I was doing something right. I began to slide those first few inches back and forth across my lips getting used to the feel of flesh. My hand felt him grow just a bit harder when I started and I figured he was as large as he would get.

I continued to stroke the base of his cock and tried to take a bit more of him in as I bobbed down on him. I felt his head begin to push farther and farther back in my mouth as his hips started to thrust a bit in time with my bobbing head. His hands reached down and I felt him run his fingers through my hair and then grasp my head and begin to pull in down on to him. I was scared at first, the loss of control frightened me as I didn't know what I was doing, nor what would happen. I didn't want to disappoint him though so I let him control the situation as much as I could. I felt his cock press deeper and deeper on each thrust and my jaw began to ache a bit - I'd heard so many times that I couldn't let my teeth cut him so I kept my mouth wide open. His thrusts became more urgent and I could taste more and more of his salty fluid. I felt he was close but each time his cock pressed into my throat now I felt like gagging. I so wanted to make him happy but a panicky 'can't breathe' feeling had started to creep into my mind and I wasn't sure I'd be able to take it much longer. I also had no idea what it would be like when he did have an orgasm... would it be a small mouthful or several, would it taste like the precum or different, would it shoot out fast, or spill out more slowly or just kinda seep out.

I got my answer much sooner than I expected. As I worried about all these issues I heard Matt groan then call my name as he pulled my head down onto his cock. A moment later I felt a hot forceful spurt hit my throat, instantly causing me to feel like I was choking. I tried to pull off but was slowed by his grasp and felt another spurt flow into my mouth over my tongue. Then another and another... far too much to swallow and I felt it leak out around his cock, over my lips. I finally pulled off of him and the last spurt landed on my lips. I could taste the salty, musky, metallic cum on my lips and tongue. I looked up at him, his sperm dripping down my chin, hoping desperately to see him look happy. I was rewarded perfectly. He looked down at me and I saw him totally wrapped up

in what he saw. I licked my lips clean for him, knowing somehow that this would make it even sexier for him - the taste wasn't great but knowing that it was his taste made it delicious. I wiped the excess from my chin and from his softening cock. "Did you like?"

He didn't answer. He pulled me up and pushed me onto my back and then kissed me hard and deep. He must have tasted himself but didn't seem to mind at all. The kiss was long, passionate, deep and assured me that he had appreciated everything that had just happened. I felt his hands on me again, his kisses becoming more passionate. So much had already happened that night - my mind was racing.

"Matt?" I whispered into the cool air.

He stopped, knowing that something had changed in the mood we had set. "Amy? Are you ok?" He rolled onto his side next to me, his head propped on his arm.

"Oh my god am I ok. Matt ... I'm completely overwhelmed by all of this. I feel soooo good. I don't want it to end." I dared look into his eyes at the end of my declaration and saw his passion burning.

He reached out, traced a line down my nose, across my lips, my chin, my throat and neck, between my breasts. "It doesn't have to end, does it?"

I rolled on to my side so that we were now face to face. I realized that any self-consciousness I might have had about my body had evaporated - I was actually enjoying the attention he was giving to my body. But a discussion about my self-consciousness wasn't what I had in mind. "Matt, I dunno how to say this so I think I'll just say it." I looked into his eyes, worried and self-conscious of the truth I was to speak. "Matt I've never done any of this before."

A confused look flashed across his face before the smile replaced it. "Amy its ok. The first time I slept with my coach was really weird too... and he was a guy." The widening smile on his delicious lips betrayed his joke.

I can't believe that I did this, but my reaction was to smile at him while I punched him hard in his chest. "No Matt." I rolled my eyes at his teenage boy humor. I realized that I had to just say it. "I'm a virgin. I've never been with a guy, no guy has ever even felt me up before tonight. I've never given a guy a blow job before, or anything like this."

His attitude changed instantly from playful to concerned. "Ohhhh. I ... errr" His look was changing from concern to terrified in front of me. I felt my own confidence implode as his look changed.

"Matt... listen. I want this. I want you and I to be here tonight. I'm totally sure I want to be here right now, with you. I just wanted you to know. Because I'm not at all sure what I'm doing and I'm also a bit scared about what is going to happen, you know?"

Concern was returning to his face as his had reached out to caress my cheek. "I think I know - I mean I can understand you being scared." He paused as he seemed to consider what to say next. "We don't have to do anything, you know that, right?"

"Yes. But I want to."

He leaned forward and gently kissed me. I realized that I was in control of the situation and considered what I really wanted. I did want to become a woman that night - I really wanted to feel Matt inside of me as he held me. I wanted to gain that knowledge of bodies that adults have. I also realized that I had already had so many new experiences that night that I was completely overwhelmed by them. His touch on my body, his kisses, my orgasm, the feel of his cock, the way he tasted, his cum, the intimacy of the blow job. I checked myself and realized that the late hour and all the events of the day had left me tired.

"Would you be mad if we stopped now and just slept? I want to sleep on this before anything else happens."

His response was immediate and without any trace of disappointment. "Of course Amy. If that is what you want I think its a really good idea." I smiled at him, then kinda pushed on his shoulder so that he would lie flat on his back. I scooted in close to him, put my head on his shoulder, my arm across his chest, my leg over his.

"Don't you have to go home? I don't think that you staying out all night at your coach's house is going to go down well."

"Don't worry Matt. They think I'm at Beth's house. She knows I'm here, but don't worry - she would never betray me. I can stay here till tomorrow afternoon and not even have to worry about it." His arm curled around on my shoulder, clutching me tight. He drew up the covers.

"Amy, you are an incredible woman, and I trust you and your decisions." That made me glow more than my orgasm or any of the feelings I'd experienced. I was head-over-heels in love with Matt at that moment. Of course it was the love of a teen, easily given but deeply felt, all encompassing, and a more than a bit crazy.

I didn't sleep all that well that night. I don't think that Matt did either. Just sleeping with a new person in the bed was completely different to me. I kept remembering what had happened and how it had felt. I kept relishing the feeling of my new love. I finally did fall into a deeper sleep just as dawn sky was beginning to lighten. I had these wild dreams that puzzled and delighted me until I woke a few hours later. Matt wasn't there when I woke, but I heard him downstairs. I used the bathroom and quickly returned to his fluffy comfy bed. I heard him coming up the stairs.

He came into the room with a tray that he put on the bedside table. He was wearing a tee and the same boxers he'd been wearing last night. He smiled and handed me a glass of OJ. "Sleep well beautiful?"

Taking the glass from him I sipped it first. "I only got to sleep a few hours ago. Guess I've got an energy running through me." The juice tasted good. "This tastes great, much better than the taste I woke up with." I smiled at him letting him know I was joking.

"I squeezed it myself - thought you might like some. And so you know - there are women who would pay to wake up with my taste in their mouth." He smiled glibly.

"I suppose there are Matt, but I'm not a 75 year old widow in case you haven't noticed." I laughed hard enough to risk spilling the juice at my own joke. He just smiled and turned a bit red.

He offered me a cinnamon roll and I took a few bites as he sat on the bed. It felt a bit awkward - I didn't know what to talk about and had begun to feel a bit self-conscious as I ate, bare-chested, in front of him. I passed him the plate and finished most of the juice. "So you aren't going to make me go to the pool now and do laps, are you?"

He set the dishes back on the tray and took off his shirt. "No, I was thinking about some other form of exercise actually." He was grinning in a goofy, innocent way.

"Were you?" I giggled and made room for him.

He slid in beside me and took on a more serious air, "Amy?"

"Yes?"

"I know that you are a virgin and that this is scary, but I really care for you and I won't hurt you. I'll be gentle and you are in control, ok?"

I felt that love feeling swell in my chest again. He could have just bent me over and taken me dry right then and I would have thought him an angel. "Kiss me Matt."

He did. God did he ever. He completely overwhelmed me with the passion of his kisses. His tongue on my lips then in my mouth, dancing with mine. His hands holding my head close to him as his kisses drove me into a frenzy. I let my hands roam across his warm chest and arms, feeling the muscles move under a thin layer of hair and skin. I felt myself grow wet as Matt pushed me onto my back and began to kiss my neck. He grasped my wrists, gently but with enough strength so that I couldn't move. He looked up and whispered, "just feel this, don't do anything."

He continued to kiss me, working down to my breasts which lay flat upon my chest, only the nipples standing up proudly over the flat plain of my chest. I whispered back, "Ok Matt, but I want to be naked with you." He immediately let go of my wrists and reached down and slid his boxers off, revealing the long, thickness of his manhood. I could see his balls hanging down from his body and felt a longing to touch them. He then grasped the sides of my panties, completely soaked I was sure, and pulled them down the length of my legs. Once he had them off he just looked at me, my arms still up by my ears though he was no longer pinning them there.

I looked up into his eyes trying to understand what he thought. His eyes moved slowly from my toes up along my legs, to the sparse dark triangle over my pussy. He reached out and stroked across the upper part of my thighs, through the hair, and up to my navel, his eyes leading his hand. He reached my breasts and let his eyes linger there as his hand caught up, his fingers drawn to the dark, peaked nipple. He gently toyed with my breast as he looked into my eyes. "Amy, you are so beautiful." I felt beautiful there... in his gaze, under his touch. I knew that I was beautiful if only to him at that moment and nothing could have made me happier.

I reached up to grasp his face in my hands, wanting his lips on me again. He slid between my legs as I pulled him into the kiss. I spread my legs as I spread my lips and felt his lips touch mine as I felt his cock touch me. I wasn't sure what to do next so I just kissed him. He kissed back and I could feel his cock pressing against the outer folds of my sex. He reached down and ran his hand from my waist to my breast and let it stay there, teasing my nipple and drawing a moan from my lips. He adjusted his hips somehow and I responded by spreading my legs farther apart for him. He was ready I could feel it, and I thought that I was too. I wanted to feel him in me, spearing up through my virginity, filling me, fulfilling me.

Instead he began to kiss down my body again. This time he stopped only briefly at my nipples while he let his hands run down to my waist, my hips and then one of them found my sex. I'd never felt anything like his touch on me, it tickled in the best way and the gentle, assured movement of his caress drove me wild. I felt him slide a finger just inside me, dipping into the flow of my cum that would have allowed a sandpaper tube to slide into me easily. He kissed down to my belly as his fingers found my clit and began to work around it with the slightest, most exquisite pressure. He slid down on the bed and I looked down to see him looking up at me as he spread the flower of my sex apart and leaned in to kiss me.

A spark like none other I'd yet experienced raced from my pussy to my belly to my head and back again. His tongue flicked across the nipple-sized bud of my clit and I moaned out, then called his name. He continued to lick me there, and I felt my cum drip down from my sex to my thighs and ass. His tongue and lips continued to bring me head-long towards orgasm as I felt him slip a finger between my lips and deeper into my sex. It seemed they only penetrated an inch or less before I felt them hit the obstruction of my hymen. I'm not sure how long he stayed there, but it only felt like a few seconds before my orgasm surprised me with its intensity as his tongue continued to flick across and toy with my bud. I screamed out, some awkward string of vowels that ended with "ohhhh Matt... ohhhh god."

He moved off of my soaking pussy and slid up along my body over me kissing me from time to time until we were face to face again. I could smell my sex on his lips and I kissed him hard, tasting my own salt on his lips as I wallowed in the glowing warmth of my orgasm. "That was incredible. I never thought it could be sooo... Oh god Matt."

He smiled and kissed me, and I realized that my legs had spread again for him and felt him pressed against my sex again. I looked down between us and saw his hardness poised at my sex. I looked up into his eyes, he looked into mine, questioning me. Without saying a word I gave him the permission he sought, reaching out to hug him close to me, wanting to feel the safety of his body next to me. He fell into me, his weight a blanket of desire and lust. I kissed his neck and whispered "yes" as I felt his thickness press itself between my wet lips. His hips adjusted themselves a bit and I felt him slip in a bit deeper. He withdrew completely, leaving me longing for his warmth again, but then pressed in to me again quickly.

This time he slid in deeper and I felt myself spreading to accommodate his incredible thickness. I spread my legs a bit more hoping that would ease things, but not sure I was going to be able to consummate my love for Matt as his size seemed insurmountable. Again he withdrew and pushed back in, this time he

slipped in deep enough to press up against my virginity. I felt the pressure against me down there and knew it would hurt when he pushed through. I began to get that panicky feeling again.

"Matt. Stop... please... wait." He instantly withdrew leaving me empty again. He rolled off of me and caressed my face.

"Are you ok? Did I hurt you Amy?" He looked so concerned.

"No... no you didn't. I just kinda freaked out. I'm sorry Matt - I want this sooo badly. You are being so good to me."

He leaned forward and kissed me as I moved to face him. We were lying side by side, the covers down by our ankles. "Do you think it would be better if you were on top? You could control things that way, you know?"

I considered this for a moment, "That sounds like a good idea but I think I'm mostly just scared because I don't know what I'm doing. I think being on top would make that even worst. I'm sorry Matt..."

He pressed a finger to my lips, looked deep into my eyes. "Its ok. Look we don't have to do anything, right? Maybe we should just hang out, you know?"

I kissed him. He was giving me exactly what I wanted which just made me want him more and more. I kissed him harder, letting my tongue dance across his wonderful lips. I rolled onto my back, pulling him on top of me as I did so. That wonderful weight pressed back on me. "No Matt, I want this. I want you. Just hold me close."

He looked at me for a long time, then kissed me as he ran his hand up and down the side of my body, from my hip to my waist to by breast to my neck. We kissed again, our lips locked as if providing a conduit for our passions. I felt his cock press against me again. He gently bit my neck just below my earlobe and whispered "wrap your legs around me."

I was already spread for him but readjusted myself, tilting my pelvis a tad and wrapping my long legs around his narrow, strong hips. The angle changed and he instantly slipped into the folds of my pussy. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, now my whole body was in contact with him. His kisses drove me wild as I felt his cock slip in deeper and press against the barrier of my virginity again. He kissed me again, withdrew and slid in again, this time more pressure against the thin but defiant membrane.

He whispered, "I don't want to hurt you Amy, are you sure?"

"Yes Matt, please..." I felt him push forward, a moment of hesitation as my body tried to keep the skin from breaking and then a pinch that really surprised me with the sharpness of the pain. Without the barrier to keep him out and with the amount of my cum and his precum mixed with the blood he quickly slid almost all the way into me. The length and thickness of his organ filling me more than I ever expected I'd be filled. I cried out as my hymen broke and felt my fingers dig into the strong, muscled skin on his back.

His cock pressed forward just a bit and I think I felt it press against my cervix. Matt didn't move it as he pulled back from our hug and looked into my eyes, concern and lust mixed in equal parts in his gaze. "Are you ok?"

"Yes... I felt a tear roll from my eye. I'm fine. It hurts, you're really big in there... but it also feels so good Matt. Just go slow, ok?"

He smiled more with his eyes than his lips and I felt him pull out and then press in again. The feeling was sooo odd - a mix of pain from the torn skin and pure sexual sensations unlike any I'd ever felt before. When he pressed into me I'd feel this blissful tingle as our pubic bones met and spread a wonderful pressure into my clit. I couldn't stop looking at his face as he slowly made love to me. I touched his chest, his lats, his back but never stopped gazing into his beautiful eyes. The pain began to go away and the pleasure began to increase. I felt him holding back as if he wanted to go faster but had been reigned in.

"Its ok Matt... I feel better now. Do you want to go faster?"

He looked at me like I'd given him a present. I felt his press his hips into mine with more urgency. His thrusts grew faster, deeper and I'm not sure but I could swear I felt his member grow larger in the narrowness of my pussy. He lifted most of his body off of me, occasionally he would look down between us and I would look at this novel new sight too. I could see his arms and chest muscles flexed while my breasts lay relaxed and my nipples grew redder. I watched as his cock disappeared into me and then was revealed again when the tangle of our hair separated when he pulled out.

"Matt this feels so good... Oh my god..."

I felt him really thrust in to me hard, my breasts rolling about on my chest. He grunted softly and I saw that his balls were no longer hanging down from his body, and the shaft of his cock, slick with my fluids, red with my blood, slid fast and sure into me. My head began to spin with the sensations. I looked up into his eyes. He was so intently focused on me that when our eyes did meet he cried out, "Amyyyy..... uhhhhhhhhhh" and I felt his hips slam the long shaft of his cock deep into me and then felt it twitch and twitch as the tension in his face

changed from the tight intensity of lust to the gentle softness of what I thought must be love.

He collapsed onto me and I felt a few drops of cum and blood leak out, dripping down my ass. I held him tight against me. Stroking his back and drinking in all the feelings both physical and emotional that were racing through every inch of my person. I was a woman now, at least by one definition and I felt so good I thought I might burst. My pussy felt a bit tender but I was tingling there too. Matt's cock shrank inside me and I felt more of our mingled cum slide out of my cleft and down my ass onto his sheets. Matt kissed me and looked into my eyes, "Thank you."

I was confused by this, "Why?"

"You gave me something that you can't ever give again. You are beautiful and sexy and I just wanted you to know how I feel." He rolled off of me, stretched out beside me. I looked down and saw his cock, much smaller now, and covered with my blood.

I didn't know how to respond to those words, they actually confused me a bit. I felt more blood and cum leaking out of me though. "Ummm, Matt? I think that I'm staining your sheets. I didn't realize that there would be this much blood."

He sprang out of bed and fetched a towel, gently wiped me down with it and then placed it under my hips. It was probably already too late though, I'd bled more than I thought I would and the sheets were stained with it.

Matt drew my attention away and reassured me when he asked, "When can I see you again Amy?"

I smiled, thinking that I didn't ever want to leave. "Well, how 'bout Wednesday night? I could come over for a few hours. I hadn't planned on leaving quite yet though."

"I know... I'm not throwing you out, I just wanted you to know I want to see you again."

"I'd like that Matt, I'd like that a lot." I laid my head on his shoulder, feeling more alive and feminine than I'd ever felt in my life. "Matt? Did you like it? I mean, did I ... ummm... was I ok?"

He stroked my hair as he breathed slowly under my head. "Amy that was beautiful. I enjoyed it like you can't imagine."

I stroked his chest, running my hands through the hair there. "But was I, like good? I mean did I do anything wrong? You know I'm kinda unsure about this stuff."

He chuckled a bit, "Kiddo you didn't do anything wrong. I think you were really nervous because it was your first time and that made you a bit stiff, but that's ok. I think everybody is that way their first time. Its like swimming - you gotta practice to be comfortable and good. And you know it doesn't hurt to have a coach...."

"Oh really? Are you going to make me do laps around your bed, coach? Going to blow your whistle the next time you are in me?" I slapped my hand down on his chest.

"Drop and give me 20 kiddo."

"20? Only 20? If you are going to dream, you might as well dream big coach. Why not 50? or 20 and a blow job while I'm down there?"

"Damn, I knew you would make a great captain. 50 and a blow job it is."

We lay there together for awhile then fell asleep. I woke up a few hours later. Matt was spooning me, his arm draped over me like a blanket. It was another new experience - feeling the warmth of his body next to me, the slow steady feel of his breath on my neck, the feeling of safety and tenderness. He stirred and pressed in closer to me, I felt his sex, now soft, press against the cold skin of my ass. I pushed back a bit, want to feel more of him. I did feel more of him but he began to stir from his sleep. He didn't say a word as he moved his hand from my belly up to my breast, cupping me gently. He kissed my neck and I could feel his breath hot on my neck. He gently tweaked my nipple as he kissed my neck, then my ear lobe. His hand left my breast and slid down to my hips, then back to my ass. He let his hand explore the curves there, even sliding into the crack and across my back door. I felt a rush of excitement as he did so, thinking how I had no secrets from this man, and also sensing a physical pleasure as his hand placed even the slightest pressure against me.

His hand worked between my legs to my pussy which he began to stroke gently. I felt his cock grow hard against the small of my back but didn't want to do anything - I was enjoying the way he was paying so much attention to me. His hand began to work its magic on my pussy and I grew wet again, my smell obvious to both of us. He slipped a couple fingers into me and began to tickle me in the most amazing way. The movement of his fingers in me was so different than the movement of his cock and his fingers were harder and less form fitting.

I heard a few moans escape from my lips as his kisses became more urgent and his hips began to press his now fully hard cock into me.

Stopping him, I rolled over and pushed Matt onto his back, his eyes happy with me. I kissed him on those beautiful lips and straddled him, the shaft of his cock just touching my ass. He looked me up and down and it was so plain that he enjoyed looking at me. This was quite the ego stroke for me as I'd never thought much of my small breasts and thin hips. He began to say something but I pressed a finger to his lips. I replaced the finger with my lips and reached down to grasp him.

His cock felt good in my hand again. I was in awe of its ability to change from a stumpy little tube to the thick, long muscle. I stroked it a few times and then lifted my hips off of Matt's, and placed the fat head of his cock against me. He pushed his hips up, trying to get in, but the angle wasn't right. I stroked the head of his cock across my lips then shifted my hips allowing his cock to slip into my folds. He looked into my eyes as I let go of his shaft and pushed my hips back a bit. God the look in his eyes was just as good as the feeling of his cock as it slid into me. I sat up straight on his hips, his cock almost fully inside my pussy and looked down at him. His eyes were dancing across my body and were soon joined by his hands. They ran across my breasts, sides, waist, belly, hips, and ass as I began to wiggle my hips back and forth as I was impaled on the shaft. As we fucked I realized that from this angle his cock pushed in deeper into me - his head brushing against my cervix after almost every stroke.

Our pubic bones ground into each other perfectly at this angle and I soon felt my excitement rising. He grasped my hips and started moving them back and forth - the urgency of his movements betraying his rising level of excitement. I started to moan and put my hands on his chest, then leaned forward to kiss him. Leaning forward began to push me over the edge... I felt myself closing in on my orgasm.

"Matt... oh my god... I'm cumming." I felt so filled, so happy, I wanted him to be there with me. "Cum with me Matt... cum in me."

He thrust hard and deep into me as I began to cum, crying out as the emotion and sensations completely overwhelmed me. He was moments behind... I felt him pressing his hips in and as the twitching throb of his penis gently kissed my depths I convinced myself that I felt his jetting cum spray into me. I held his head against to a breast as I came down from the high of my orgasm. He kissed me gently, the sweat from his forehead cool on my chest. "God, I never thought it would feel this good." I whispered into his ear.