

Elly Coming of Age (MF, 1st time) by Frier Dave



I opened my eyes wider and scanned the crowded Sunday-morning siddy a neighborhood that's almost all Polish, Italian, Irish and Latino means the sidewalks are Mass confusion, if you get my drift. And I was not all that fully awake anyhow, having finished Saturday night only six hours before.

"David!" The voice was right in front of me nition came slowly. I blinked. "Elly?"

She smiled prettily and hoisted herself up and gave a little jump to plant a light kiss on my beard, catching me by surprise.

I stared at her. "You look unbelievable," I said, with complete sincerity. And her appearance was more than half the reason I hadn't recognized her.

I hadn't seen Elly in about 18 months. She'd just turned 19 a few weeks before we'd last bumped into each other. She'd been pretty much as she'd been the first time I'd met her, three years before. Elly was very short -- four-foot-seven, I learned later -- but not petite by about twenty pounds. Elly could have stood to lose that much and maybe a couple of pounds more, because a great deal of baby fat still clung to an otherwise fine-boned

frame. She had a pretty, round face and Big Hair and seemed determined to dress as unattractively as possible. The last time I'd seen her, she was still just the plump, sweet, smart kid who sometimes needed someone with whom to talk.

Elly had made some serious changes. Make that Changes, with a capital "C."

The change that was unavoidably obvious was her figure. She'd done away with most of the weight; the rest had been redistributed. She'd always been buxom; now she'd melted the baby fat and what was left was just busty. Even dressed to de-emphasize it, she had an astonishing bust, the more so for her otherwise-slender frame.

She was dressed to de-emphasize it, but nothing could hide it. Elly had a figure designed by the feverish imagination of a 14-year-old acne farm. She was very slim-hipped. She had no waist at all; the way she cinched her fashionably cut loose jeans betrayed that. Her waist couldn't have measured more than 18 or 19 inches.

But even the oversized flannel shirt (it was spring, but the Weather Gods had left some nip in the air to remind us that winter wasn't very long gone) and the oversized vest, unbuttoned, couldn't hide her the swell of her breasts. Words like "massive," "huge" and "coconuts" came to mind. I probably could have worn the shirt she had on and I'm a size 42; she still couldn't button the top three buttons over those tits.

But as fabulous as her figure was, as radiant as her newly slimmed and well made-up face was, it was her vivacity that commanded attention. She was glowing and vibrant and gushing with news. She'd just signed on for a co-op in Flushing and then she'd lost her job at Shearson Lehman -- but it didn't bother her. She was looking for work as an administrative assistant and was sure she could find it quickly. I agreed. Best of all, she'd done something I'd nagged her about in most of our last conversation -- she'd had the doctor do a biopsy of the cyst in her uterus -- and it had been removed early enough to insure that she was healthy and free from The Bastard That Kills.

Damn, she looked good! Her jeans clung to slim



hips and legs that were just a shade too short for her diminutive height. She'd had her hair cut differently, a bit longer and fuller. Her eyes sparkled and her lips and nose were perfect for her face. Elly had turned into a little beauty.

But she wasn't happy. She'd been taken with this fella for the past couple of months, an Afghan refugee, and she had the distinct feeling that he wouldn't be devastated if she left him. That, to her, meant he didn't care much.

We talked and she told me she had a job interview for Tuesday morning and she was tickled at the idea of meeting me for lunch when she was done. I sensed a tingly tension with her. She'd gone from a pudgy sixteen-year-old to a devastatingly sexy twenty-year-old and I wanted to explore it more.

She called at noon and I had her come to my office, in the Village. I brought my company's job listing with me and took her to a good neighborhood restaurant, China Bowl. Their prices were reasonable, the ambiance was unhurried and a sign in the window proudly proclaimed that they never used MSG.

Our waitress, who went by the name of Alice, was familiar to me. Alice and I had played trade smiles and try-to-catch-the-other-one-looking games for about three months. Alice, who was about Elly's height, came over for our order, took one look at Elly's preposterous bust not-too-effectively hidden by a very conservatively cut neck-high collar and gave me a look that said she was sure she could never compete with THOSE.

Elly and I had a pleasant lunch and she thought my suggestion was nice -- that she stop by my place later in the week and see what I'd done with it.

She rang my bell at 8:03 on Friday and I buzzed her in. She was wearing jeans again and a simple, plum blouse under a loose cardigan. The blouse was tucked into her waistband and when the cardigan came off, it looked like she'd stuffed a pair of cantaloupes into her blouse.

I gave her a glass of white wine -- her choice -- and the two-bit tour. She thought my alleged cat

was cute. She admired the photo montages of friends and family and the cat.

She enjoyed the stereo -- choosing a recording by Kitaro, much to my surprise and pleasure -- and oohed and ahed at the little study I created; it's the place where I write.

In the living room, she admired the nude torso framed on one wall. She asked; I told her: "Yes, that's her. It was taken by one of her former lovers." But what got her was the opposite wall:

"Did you READ all of these?"

I am always surprised when someone is impressed by Library Wall in the living room. I explained to her that if you read for an hour a day, you read a couple of books a week. In thirty years, that's around three thousand books. If you save some books -- well, you pretty quickly end up with the Library Wall. My living room is only twenty feet long, so a wall of books isn't that big a deal.

But Elly was impressed. We sat, drinking wine and talked. I asked after some of her friends. One was dying of AIDS.

"I'm glad I got out of that crowd," she said. "When they started getting into stuff past a few joints, I got scared. He was doing needles, so I guess that's where he got it."

"There's lots of ways to get it."

She drained her glass. "Don't I know it! When I went to get tested for it -- "

"You did?"

She nodded, eyes wide, as I poured more wine for her. Of course she did, she said -- as if there were no other reasonable course. She was crazy about her Afghan refugee. "You think I want to take a chance on killing him? No way!"

Which was, I told her, exactly the way my Significant Other and I felt and why we'd gotten tested.

The talk moved on to cheerier subjects and later, after more chatting and catching up -- and her



doing in two-thirds of a bottle of wine -- she started examining the titles of the books. She asked if she could look at one on a high shelf. I started to get up from the couch.

"I'll get it. I just wanted to know if it was okay to look at it."

"Sure, help yourself." She got the little folding step-stool from the corner and set it up. It's only a four-step job, so she had to stand on the top. I went to steady her -- remember that wine -- and as soon as I got there, she turned half-way and started toppling.

I caught her, with my hands at her trim waist. Her cheeks were flushed and the redness was spreading down her neck and throat and into the vee of pale flesh exposed by the three unfastened buttons.

She put her hands on either side of my face, bent and kissed me. Her breath was sweetly tinged with the wine and her lips were taut and urgent. They opened immediately and her tongue danced with mine, teasing, then searching and demanding. Her tongue was rather long, too, she seemed to have no difficulty running it over the roof of my mouth and I know it reached farther than any other I'd encountered. It was somehow making me even more aroused.

Without breaking the kiss or moving my hands from her waist, I lifted her off the step-stool. She wrapped her arms around my neck and I had to bend to maintain the kiss as I stood her on the floor.

I put my arms all the way around her and pressed her up and against me. Her breasts, so huge and full, were crushed against me. She was arching her back deeply to catch my leg between her thighs and rub her denim-clad crotch against me. I ran my hands up and down her back, then reached down and covered her ass, one hand to a cheek. Her hips were so narrow and her butt so tight and hard that I was momentarily taken aback; it was almost like squeezing a preteen girl's ass. (Not that I've ever done that)

But there was nothing kid-like in the heat or



experience in her hungry kiss or the way she was writhing against me. And there sure as hell was nothing childlike in the massive pressure of her firm, bounteous breasts against me.

When she finally broke the kiss, she leaned back in my arms, otherwise remaining pressed against me and letting me support most of her weight. Her eyes were closed and there was a small smile on her flushed face.

"I have wanted to do that for four years," she said. "And I've wanted you to do that, too." Her eyes opened. "Did you know that?"

I shook my head.

"And you don't remember the time I told you that one of the things I liked best about you was that you'd never tried to come on to me."

Again, I shook my head.

"And you don't remember telling me that you liked me and thought I was cute, but that I felt bad about myself and that was why I was overweight."

I was starting to remember something, now

"And do you remember telling me that if I was a few years older and about 20 percent thinner, then you'd have more of a problem not making a pass at me?"

"Uhhhh --- Well -- "

Her smile widened. "I'm a few years older and a lot thinner -- mostly -- and just like you said, you're making a pass at me. And guess what?"

"What?"

"Pass received." She brought one hand up and quickly unbuttoned her blouse. The bra she wore wasn't meant to be sexy. It was meant to contain and support breasts that belonged on an over-endowed woman a foot taller and thirty pounds heavier. It wasn't containing them, though. Her tits swelled up and around the edges of the cotton, creamy swells of billowy pale flesh that was just tinged with a flush of arousal. And that made it a VERY sexy damn bra.

I swallowed.

Her fingers went to the clasp between the two overflowing cups. Her fingers moved. The clasp released. The bra slid back partly, unable to deal with the pressure of her large breasts.

"Did you ever suspect that sometimes when I called you and asked about relationships and how they could be, I was sitting in my bathrobe?"

"No, I never -- "

She was shimmying her shoulders and the bra was opening wider and wider.

"Or that sometimes, when we were talking, I was getting wet and starting to touch myself, imagining what it would be like to have you making love to me?"

"Not even once."

She shimmied and the cups fell back from her breasts. They were magnificent. The bra hadn't been able to contain them and judging by the firmness of the twenty-year-old tits jutting up at me, it hadn't been absolutely necessary for support, either.

"I used to imagine you kissing and licking my breasts -- not like the grabby guys my own age or the dirty old pigs that were always copping feels -- but just sweetly, lovingly, hungrily devouring my tits ... Would you like to do that?"

"Guess what, Elly?"

She frowned. "What?"

"Pass received." I lifted her easily and turned, setting her tiny butt on the arm of the loveseat, then I bent slightly and began kissing and licking her magnificently excessive tits, trying furiously to live up to the lurid imaginings of the pudgy sixteen-year-old who'd encased this gloriously sexy twenty-year-old.

I tried to guess what she'd fantasized, planning to live up to it if biologically possible -- but abandoned that effort in, oh, five sixteenths of a



second. So I just went with instinct and Me.

I bent and licked her shoulders, then down her arm. I trilled my tongue in the hollow of her elbow and watched the goosebumps rise and felt her shiver. Then I went to work on her breasts.

Twenty years old or not, tits that big are required by Gravity to have some sag to them and hers weren't lawbreakers -- but they were bending the rules pretty good. I licked the underswells of each gorgeously curved mound and then kissed along the outer edge. Her aureoles were no larger than twenty-five-cent pieces, making them oddly tiny in proportion to the her tits, but the nozzles themselves were outstanding. They swelled up and out, stretching easily three-quarters of an inch and as thick as pencil erasers.

Her hands had come up to either side of my head and she was trying to force my mouth onto her nipples. I let her -- but my mouth wrapped over each one, open, and I withheld my tongue, so no matter how much she pressed my face into the firm, fragrant abundance, her nipples were untouched.

She was moaning for me to attend to them, but I had another idea. I figured a girl with such huge, gorgeous breasts probably had her nipples grabbed by every moron who got his digits near them. I also figured that absence makes the frond grow harder. So I stayed completely away from touching her nipples.

It made her crazy.

But while my lips and tongue were busy with her abundant upper attractions, my hands had been steadily caressing and stroking her curvy, slim legs. My right hand was gently moving up and down over the denim-clad chub of her mons. I could feel the heat through the fabric of her jeans and whatever else she was or wasn't wearing beneath them.

I unsnapped the waistband of her jeans and lowered the zipper. I could almost feel the humid heat rising in waves from the v-opening. I began kissing below her breasts, working my way down over her abdomen. That's what you call that part



of the torso on a woman in her condition "abdomen." "Belly" is too soft a word. From the definition of the muscles crisscrossing her tummy, it was obvious that she'd been burning calories with serious exercise. I could easily find the ridges of hard muscle beneath the smooth, minimal layer of normal, healthy human fat by tracing and exploring with my tongue.

That's just what I did: explore with my tongue. I traced and delineated every smooth ripple of firm abdominal muscle, always working lower, and as my tongue finally found and reached the limits of her opened zipper, her hands came down to either side of my head, pushing me lower, always lower.

As deep as the V went, it didn't reach deep enough. I couldn't even touch pubic hair with my tongue and had no choice but finally to halt and stand.

"Put your arms around my neck," I whispered -- mostly because my voice wasn't working quite right at that moment -- and she complied willingly. My plan was to stand with her hanging on me and push the jeans down off her narrow hips. Would've worked, too.

But she also put her legs around me, just above my hips, hooking her ankles behind my back.

"Bed?" she breathed and pulled her mouth close to my ear. Her tongue, wet and serpentine, wriggled into my ear. "Bed?" Her breath was fire on me.

"Buh," was all I could say. I cupped her tight little jeans-clad ass in my hands, one paw under and covering each cheek, and walked through my home office, down the hall and into the bedroom. She was kissing my beard and ears all the way.

I bent at the foot of the bed and braced myself with my hands. She released her leglock on my waist and brought her hands down over the front of my shirt, undoing buttons as she went. When I straightened she rolled lithely to her knees and pushed my shirt back. Her blouse and bra were in complete disarray, her lush breasts exposed and quivering. Her nipples -- I can't stop thinking about how her nipples looked with those nubbly aureoles and the immensely swollen nozzles

turning almost purple.

Her hands were busy, unsnapping the waist of my slacks and dragging down the zipper. She pushed the jeans down and then my briefs and my dick popped free, standing straight out and pointing at her face like some turret gun tracking its target.

She grabbed my penis and for the first time, after knowing her for something like four years, I realized how small her hands were. True, my dick is a bit on the thick side -- about an inch and three-quarters in diameter -- but that's within the standard variation. No one has ever swooned at the sight. And her fingers barely reached around it.

She rolled onto her side at the foot of the bed, putting my dick almost exactly on the same level as her face. Her mouth, to be precise. She ducked her head forward and began moving her tongue around my glans swirling. That's something you may have heard of, but let me tell you: I've been with a few women and the awkwardness of the movement usually restricts it to something that's really pleasant, but not accurately described as "swirling."

She swirled. Her tongue was agile, experienced, limber and long enough to do the job. Not to mention, tireless. She moved it around and around my fat dick head, all the time moving her lips closer and closer to my glans. Her slim little fingers were gripping the base of my cock, her tongue was swirling, her lips were nearing, and from time to time she'd glance up at me and her eyes would sparkle.

Her other hand? She was playing with her breasts, caressing them briefly and spending a lot of time pinching and twisting her nipples a lot more vigorously than I would have. Even laying crossways on the bed, she could almost have straightened her lithe legs. I reached down and caressed her face. She closed her eyes dreamily and pushed her head forward a little more and fastened her lips around the head of my dick. She let go of the base of my cock and reached up to rest her delicate hand on my hip. She guided me toward her a little bit, then back. As I pressed forward, she took about half my cock into her



mouth.

Her tongue did amazing things to the underside of my shaft, and her cheeks were drawn inward with the force of her sucking. I caressed her face again and she shivered slightly. I traced my finger around the side of her mouth, up her jaw to her ear, then back down to where my dick was outlined through her concaved cheeks.

Her flush had spread to her fabulous breasts. My hand went farther. I caressed the beautiful swells, using just my fingertips to glide over the silken, full flesh of the undercurves -- or what would have been the undercurves. They were already firm; aroused and laying on her back, they stood up like pale hills.

Still, when I touched her like that, she sucked even harder and her tongue did amazing and mysterious things. I brushed my fingertips across her hard little belly, then began pushing her jeans down over her hips. She wriggled, sinuous and smooth as an eel, and then she wore only pale blue -- sodden -- panties, cut high across her thighs. I pushed them down, too, and then she was naked before me on my bed. In the dim glow that filtered through the blinds, I saw that her pussy was topped with a small tuft of fine sparse curls, but the border was too uneven for it to have been trimmed.

I knelt astride her head and slid my hands under her butt. I couldn't believe how tight her asscheeks were! It was exactly like holding two little mounds of hard foam rubber...but considerably more pleasant. I began kissing and licking just above her knees. When I slid my hands to the back of her knees and pulled her legs open, her sucking hesitated. When I pressed my lips to the taut flesh on the inside of one shapely thigh, I felt her groaning around my turgid dong. The vibrations were excruciating on my swollen, oversensitized cockflesh. My balls were starting to tighten ominously.

I licked higher on her thighs, forced by the disparity in our heights to slide back until my dick was threatening to pop out of her mouth -- which was the idea at the moment: I didn't want to cum so quickly.



But Elly had other ideas. She arched back and up, maintaining her lip-grip on my glans as long as possible. And she was clamping her thighs back together as my tongue approached her barely furred cunt.

I slid back a little farther and my dick popped out of her mouth. I licked around the edges of her pubic hair and then pressed my tongue down between her tightly clamped thighs to brush as much of her labia as I could. Her musk was almost dizzying in fresh sweetness.

She gasped and her hands came down to push my head away.

"Stop!" she hissed. "You're starting to lick me... down there."

"I know," I said. "I'm trying to."

This seemed to stun her. "You mean -- you want to lick me down there?"

"You betcha. Or don't you like it?"

"Well, sure, but -- you really want to?"

I knelt upright and locked down, past my throbbing cock, at her. "Been craving it."

"But then I can't suck you! I'm too short to -- "

"I know, but if you keep doing those lovely things, I'm going to cum in your mouth ."

"Ooooo...I hope so!"

Her hands were back on my hips, anchoring her so she could pull herself up and get my dick back in her mouth from underneath. "I want you to cum in my mouth," she breathed hotly onto my glans, her tongue flickering onto the underside of my shaft for unnecessary emphasis. She used her hands to urge me to lay back. She rolled to her hands and knees on the bed. "I want you to lay back and let me suck you and -- "

Who was I to refuse a lady? Especially since as she talked about it and as her tongue touched my cock, her hips began to move as if she were being soundly fucked. She was, I realized with a dull

thud, one of those women who gets off on sucking cock. Heh.

I sprawled crossways on the bed, with my legs hanging off at the knees. She scrambled over me, brushing me with her luscious tits in the process, and arranged herself perpendicular to me. Her face was at my groin.

She took my cock into her hot mouth again and this time she moaned as she sucked it slowly into her face. My dick hit the back of her throat and she groaned, backed off, then shifted her angle a bit. She took it slowly back in and kept gulping until she had her lips into the coppery hair around the base of my cock and her nose was pressed flat against my abdomen.

This time I was the one who groaned. She sucked powerfully on me. She began to back my dick out of her throat. When only the head remained between her lips, she slowly pushed her face down again. I reached down with one hand and caressed her hair and her shoulders, then slid my hand over her torso and squeezed her cute little butt. I brought my hand under and around to cup one big tit.

She quickened her pace slowly, inexorably. As she came down, my hand was pressed between her breast and my abdomen. I could feel her swollen nipple grinding hot and pebble-hard into my palm. I rubbed a little bit and she groaned. Her groan vibrated my dick, eliciting an answering groan from me -- which seemed to excite her still more. Her hips were hunching slowly, almost grinding at the empty air. She was sucking harder and bobbing a little faster.

I felt the tingling buzz through me and whispered, "I'm cumming now, Elly."

She moaned loudly and her hips pumped rapidly, demandingly. She sucked hard and her hand came up between my shaking thighs. Her fingertips grazed my balls and I could hear and feel her gasp as her ass lurched and then she got my cream in her mouth.

I came like a newly released convict. The stuff erupted out of me into her mouth and when the



first spurt splashed into the back of her throat, she started to shaking all over. She sucked harder, almost frantically, and a second geyser flooded her mouth. She swallowed and dived her head down and back up halfway, working her throat and lips and tongue over my pulsing shaft, milking my dick and balls. I had the presence of mind -- barely -- to pinch her nipple sharply and her hips jerked sharply, rapidly, as she drank my cum and had an orgasm.

When she got the last of my cum, she slowly relinquished my limpening dick by pulling her still-sucking mouth backward, her tongue all the time working wildly on my shaft and finally on my glans. When my shriveled dick finally popped out of her mouth, she used her tiny fingers to raise it. She lapped at my cock like a kitten getting the last of the milk from a saucer. When her tongue rasped over my glans, I almost screamed from the sensation; my dick was much too sensitive at that point.

She flopped on her side with her cheek on my abdomen and her face toward me. Her hips still moved, but now languorously. I rested my hand on the side of her face and caressed her.

"C'mere."

She frowned. "Why?"

I pulled her up to me and forced her to sprawl across me. Her breasts were crushed -- but not nearly flattened -- against my chest. I moved to kiss her, but she jerked her head away.

"I've still got some of your stuff in my mouth!"

I took her head in my hands and forced her face toward me. I kissed her as sweetly and gently as I could, on the eyes and nose and finally on the lips. She kept her mouth tightly closed for a moment.

I pulled back. "I want to kiss you, Elly."

She looked bewildered, but relented. Our tongues danced for a few moments. She was telling the truth; she still had some of my semen in her mouth. It didn't bother me in the least, but she seemed to get uncomfortable and I was beginning to have a suspicion of why.



I let her back away from the kiss. She looked at me strangely for a moment, then: "Can I ask you really personal question?"

I grinned like a damn fool. "Gee, I'm not sure we know each other that well, Elly. A personal question? Gosh, I dunno. I mean, it's not like we've ever shared any intimate moments."

"Is that your sarcastic way of saying I can ask?"

"Exactly."

"Are you bisexual?"

I stared at her. She had honestly stunned me with that one. I just shook my head, numbly. Finally, I managed to ask: "Why?"

"Well, you just came in my mouth and wanted to kiss me and it's like you don't mind the taste of, uh -- "

"Semen. The word is `semen.' Or `cum.'"

"Well?"

"It's not my favorite taste, but I don't mind it -- at least, not my own. I don't think I'd be so tolerant of another guy's semen." I ran my hands down her back and pulled her closer. "But, Elly, you don't seem to mind the taste; why should I?"

"That's different." She said it as if it was something that was self-evident. "I'm a girl."

"A woman."

"Whatever."

"There's a difference."

"I had big tits when I was thirteen, and I'd already started to have my period."

"And you were still a girl, then. Did you always like the taste of semen?"

"Well, sure, it's okay. I guess."

"Do you like it?" I put the emphasis on "like."

"Not particularly," she said, "but I really don't mind it."

"But you had an orgasm when I came in your mouth."

Her eyes got suddenly heavy-lidded. "Oh, yeah, well, I really like feeling that in my mouth, all that stuff spurting so hot and thick, and feeling you moving and hearing you groan and knowing that I'm doing that to you, making you feel like that while you give me the cum right out of you, like you're feeding me and -- "

She shivered and I could feel her nipples hardening against my chest. Her legs had parted; her thighs were opened to either side of my left thigh and she was slowly rubbing her mons up and down against my leg. Thinking and talking about sucking me off was turning her on. I had the brains to realize it wasn't me, in particular, but the mere idea.

Now, let me set the record straight here on something. It may sound like she's some not-too-bright young Polack bimbo with big boobs and a bottomless throat. Yes, she's Polish, young, has big breasts and a bottomless throat. But she wasn't and isn't some bimbo. She was a bright kid and she's a smart young woman. She's always been -- at least, for the four years I've known her -- smart and sensitive and sometimes startlingly perceptive and introspective. She'd graduated high school with her peers after being left back twice in grade school (parochial, of course) for something called "defiant and insubordinate behavior" and dropping out of high school for a year. Yet she was bright enough to catch up on the earlier stuff and return to high school and graduate on schedule.

But she had the idea that it was dirty to have a man give her pleasure with his tongue and mouth. At the same time, just the thought of swallowing semen had her hot and ready to rock and roll again.

When I awoke, I lay there for a few minutes trying to sort things out. The clock said 9:08. After reminding myself that this was a Saturday and I did not have to go into the place I laughingly refer to as "work," I began to wonder: Had I dreamed it? No; there was a wet spot where she'd lain. And



I became aware of the aroma of fresh coffee (half-Sumatra, quarter-pound each of French-roasted Mexican Altura and French-roasted Colombian, dripped in a Braun Melitta-filter pot) I rolled to my feet, pulled on my faded blue terrycloth robe, slipped into my slippers (clever name for them, eh?) and thwap-thwapped into the living room.

Elly had opened the shutters and glorious sunshine was pouring in through the fourth-floor windows of my tenement apartment. She was doing wonderful things for my old, blue Dior robe (the tattered one that came halfway to my calves). A cup of The Good Stuff was on the battered old oak table next to the love seat and she'd switched the stereo to play through the living room speakers, the ones in the books shelves. It was something called "LITE FM" and I hated it. "LITE" means no calories and calories are a measure of heat; no one was ever going to accuse Ann Murray or Kansas of generating heat with their music.

On Elly's lap was the three-ring binder in which I keep photo-copies of my published stories.

She looked up as I entered. Her eyes were red-rimmed; she'd been weeping. "Oh, David," she said, "I can't believe you wrote these!"

"Why not?" I already knew which one had elicited that response. "Because I like to fuck?"

Her expression collapsed. "Why do you have to spoil it?"

"I'm a package deal. With the beautiful story comes the guy who supported himself for a couple of years by writing brilliant, sensitive stuff like 'Lezzy Bitch' and 'Mom, Sis And Every Body'. And if that disappoints you, think what it does for me, okay?"

She looked down and pursed her lips. I tried to ignore the Parting of the Robe. She murmured, "I guess that's fair. I mean, you'll take me as a package deal, I guess I have to do the same. You don't mind being with a slutty bimbo who loves being fucked and cumming all the time." She looked up at me, beautiful blue eyes wide and bright.

"I don't mind and I don't think you're slutty."



She closed the binder and set it aside. I was disappointed that She wasn't compelled to finish what She was reading. She leaned forward and I got a good view all the way down the front of her robe. She opened mind and sucked my cock, still coated with our juices from the night before, completely into her mouth and began using her tongue to wash it.

The inevitable happened quickly.

She pulled back and released it and looked up at me. "I get off sucking cock. Drinking semen makes me get over."

"I know. So does being licked or having a cock inside you -- "

"That's different. Then I can't stop cumming and I don't want to. But drinking it, getting off that way -- then it's just once and I'm in control."

"And the other way you're being controlled."

"No -- no, the other way I'm out of control, I can't control myself. That's why I started studying Yoga when I was fifteen -- to help me learn to control myself. I controlled my eating and stopped smoking and never do drugs anymore and hardly ever even drink. And I never, ever masturbate. That way nothing controls me but me and no one can control me or hurt me or take advantage of me."

"That's why you want it to hurt you when you fuck."

She nodded gravely. "If it doesn't hurt -- well, you saw what happened." She was blushing. "I just keep getting over..." She dropped her eyes. "It's not natural to be such a slut. That's why you're the first man I ever let lick me and that was just because I like you so much."

I frowned, pulled my robe closed and sat down in the rocker facing the couch. "Last night you told me you liked it -- before I licked you."

"No, I didn't -- "

"You're not a good liar."

"But you are the first -- "

She stopped and tears welled up.

"How old were you when you let a woman lick you?"

"A year before I met you, my cousin and I, we -- we --"

"You liked it."

"Yes, dammit!" She shouted and then looked away. Softly: "I used to masturbate and get over every night before I went to sleep. But when Adele licked me, I went nuts. I licked her, too, and she went nuts, too. That's when I realized what a slut I am, because she was the biggest slut you ever saw and I was getting over just like her."

"How do you know she was a slut?"

"I'd seen her doing it with guys and men. She'd do it with any guy she saw, sometimes whole bunches of them. It was like she couldn't get enough, like she was an addict."

"Sounds like she was a sex addict, alright. And a slut. But you're no slut."

"How can you say that? Only a slut would get over the way I do.. "

"You're saying that every woman I ever cared about is a slut?" I growled, as menacingly as I could. It must have been pretty effective because her eyes widened, she jerked back on the couch and cringed, holding the robe closed. I'm terrific at terrifying insecure women under five feet tall.

"No! I just meant -- "

"The hell! You said a multiorgasmic woman is a slut and every woman I've ever cared about has been multiorgasmic."

"But -- "

I pointed at the frame photo of a nude torso on the wall. "You've met her. Is she a slut?"

"Her?" Disbelief.



"What about Livinia?"

"Who?"

"The Filipino woman who used to work in the laundromat. Is she a slut?"

"But she was always nice and pleasant and polite and never -- "

"That's two. You've met both of them, talked with them. By your definition, they're sluts -- because they're multiorgasmic."

"I don't understand," she whispered.

"You read a lot, Elly. There've been hundreds of articles in women's magazines about women being naturally multiorgasmic."

"I don't read those articles. They start me thinking and then I want to get over too much." She blushed. "Even just talking about it, now, makes me -- you know."

"Horny."

"I can probably get over just by thinking about it and imagining it, I think."

I stared at her for a long time. "Elly, I know women who'd kill to be able to do that."

"Really? Are they slutty?"

"Nope. Elly, what do you do when your sweetheart wants you? Make him hurt you?"

"He can't help it. He's so, you know, big that it always hurts to have him inside. We hardly ever do that, because he likes to have me suck him off. I like that."

"I know."

Her eyes were open, but she wasn't seeing me at the moment. Pornographic images were in her field of vision. Her nipples were swollen points jabbing the front of the tautly held robe. Considering that the robe is terrycloth, that's pretty impressive.



"And I like you," she said suddenly. "You listen to me and talk to me. But you're telling me to take a chance and give in to being a slut."

"When you wanted to lose weight, you didn't stop eating completely did you?"

She shook her head. "I just learned to eat regular meals and eat the right stuff."

"Same thing. Get crazy only when it's right for you and do what feels good with the right people. Use your head the way you did when you were dieting. You're acting like an anorexic -- someone who's compulsive about not eating so he can avoid being fat."

"So you're telling me that you don't think I'm a slut, that it's natural for a woman to get over so much and that the way I'm doing it isn't really healthy for me."

"In my humble opinion."

She looked up at the Library Wall. I watched the robe, to see if the nipples were going poke holes in it. I didn't think so, but I wasn't willing to put money on it.

"I don't know," she mumbled.

"Think about that while I get some coffee."

"Mm-hm."

I stood and went over to stand before her. She refocused her eyes on me. She was slightly flushed and her breathing was shallow. "And one other thing," I said.

"What?"

"While I'm drinking my coffee in the dining room..." I took her hand put it over her cunt and squeezed. She gasped -- but didn't try to stop. "I want you to touch yourself."

"I don't know -- "

"Please, as a favor."

I didn't have to wait for a reply, because her fingers were al- ready moving of their own

accord. I would have preferred to stay and watch, but I wanted my coffee -- and to keep the conditions I'd set.

I fed to so-called cat and sat down to drink my coffee. I did not look at the clock and tried not to scald myself with haste. I also tried not to visualize what was going on in the living room.

I remembered Elly as I'd met her. She was mentally rather mature for her age -- 16 -- and sold donuts at a local store, over near the subway. Her poise and perception and literacy had impressed me. Becoming acquaintances and even friends was odd.

Odd because I am truly repulsed, physically, by overweight females. (Don't take this as sexist, please; I suppose that the vast majority of women are repulsed by overweight males, too.) That made it easy to be a friend to her, to be a confident and, occasionally, an advisor -- because I knew I'd never be tempted to hit on her and she could sense that I was safe.

As time passed, she would sometimes call me late at night, after her strict (Old Country Polish) mother had already turned in. She knew that I stayed up late and I encouraged her to call. There was something fragile about her. She needed a friend, a man whose interests weren't confined to fucking her, or who -- like me -- wasn't at all interested in fucking her. Considering her weight, that was no problem for me.

After she left the donut store, sometimes we'd bump into each other. More often than not, it was at the local video store. We'd chat a bit while we walked as far as my corner (she lived much farther east, in the old end of the neighborhood) and one night we stood and talked for almost an hour. Neither of us wanted to stop sharing of ourselves.

She'd ask about my girlfriend -- though "main squeeze" was more like it, since my girl and I had sort of an open relationship -- and I'd ask what new love was in her life. She was a hopeless romantic, falling in and out of love weekly, but usually had to worship from afar. Eventually, we simply lost touch with each other.



Her footsteps in the hallway snapped me back to the moment. I finished my coffee and looked up, expecting to see her come into the dining room. Instead, the steps changed direction and then I heard her bump into the door jamb -- she is Polish, after all -- and then heard her hit the bed. I heard sheets rustle.

Then: "David, please come here." Her voice had a quaver in it. Being not nearly as dumb a I look, I immediately went to her. When I got there, she had the covers pulled up to her neck. Only her flushed face, framed by disheveled hair, was visible. Her hands were moving beneath the covers, though, clearly cupping and gliding over her breasts, then sliding down her torso to move at the juncture of her thighs.

I closed the door and looked down at her from the foot of the bed. My cock was already throbbing hard beneath my robe.

"I just kept getting over until I had to have you. Oooo... What would make you hot?" she breathed. Her eyes were half-closed. The heaving of her breasts beneath the light blanket increased. "C'mon -- tell me."

I walked around to stand beside the bed next to her head. She started to reach for me.

"No -- keep touching yourself."

"Does that turn you on?"

I opened my robe. "What do you think?"

She licked her lips. "Whatever you like ..."

"I want you to -- " I stopped, watching her reach between her legs under the covers. Her legs parted wider and she hunched her shoulders. Her breathing deepened.

"You want me to what?"

"It turns you on having me watch you, doesn't it?"

"Yeah!"

"I want you to cum for me while I watch you."

"I can't -- "



"Yes, you can."

"But I want you inside me, where it aches -- " She kneaded her cunt frantically. "I need it so baaaaad inside me..."

I reached behind me and into the top drawer of the dresser. When she opened her eyes, they widened. "I want to watch you using this."

"I couldn't -- "

"That's what would get me really turned on."

"I can't -- " But even as she objected, her eyes were locked on the very realistic eight-inch dildo. I pulled back the bedcovers, exposing that magnificent young body. She started to remove her hand from her soaked pussy, but I covered her hand with mine and then kissed her slippery fingers. She barely hesitated in her furious masturbation. She was holding her labia apart with the fingers of one hand and furiously rubbing her clit with the other thumb while trying to force two fingers deeper into that sweet, syrupy little slit.

I stood and took the K-Y from the same drawer and smeared a liberal dose on the dildo. She focused on it like a bird watching a cobra as I brought it slowly down between her thighs. When I put the tip against her exposed cunt, she jerked. "Cold," she said.

"It'll get warm fast."

She rolled her hips and pressed her pelvis down and toward the dildo. I pushed it a little and she gasped as it began to slide in. Her fingering of her clit speeded up. I worked the latex head back and forth a few times, watching her rhythm alter. When her cunt was reaching for it all the time, I pushed the head all the way in. She gasped and then groaned and began revolving her hips around it. She took the labia parting hand away and began caressing her breasts. I was jealous.

"It feels so big in there, so good and big and stretching me so muuuuu..."

I led the tit-fondling hand down and placed it on the shaft, then took my fingers away. She worked

it back and forth experimentally a few times, then began slowly pumping herself with it, taking the inch-and-a-half thick dildo deeper each time.

"Oh, yeah, this feels so good, feels so good, feels so good," she breathed, chanting in time to her thrusts. Her hips were taut, now, and she was starting to arch her ass from the bed. Suddenly, she arched higher and rolled slowly over onto her belly. She pulled her knees up, leaving her shoulders and face flat on the bed, and began pushing that latex prick deeper. Whatever she was muttering was lost in the pillow.

I looked at her in profile. Her face was turned toward me and was totally slack with pleasure. Her hair was a singular, disheveled mess. Her position was crushing her over-sized tits so they bulged out to either side of her. She had her knees pulled up so far that her knee-caps were pushing against her breasts. Her sleek little ass was out-thrust beautifully. And her hand, still gripping the base of the dildo, occasionally appeared briefly between her taut thighs before disappearing back between.

I reached out and began lightly caressing her back. After about twenty seconds, she was cumming -- hard. She kept pumping her pussy with the indefatigable dildo and her pussy kept pumping right back: She kept cumming. I took my fingers from her back and she moaned, "Touch me Please!" She was cumming faster now and I didn't want to spoil the mood or anything, so I accommodated her. It was a great sacrifice.

I traced my fingertips on the overflow swell of her left breast and she continued pumping, now with less regularity. She was starting to lose her coordination and all self-control. I leaned forward and kissed her hot cheek gently and whispered, "You are so beautiful and wonderful. You're turning me on beyond belief!"

She just moaned and continued getting off on what she was doing.

I went to the foot of the bed and bent and began kissing and licking the small of her back. Inches beneath my chin, she was thrusting the dildo harder and harder into herself. I grabbed her



buttocks and gave them a squeeze, then spent so time nibbling lightly on them, then kissed and licked them. My hands stayed busy on her hips and thighs, caressing. She was moaning softly and continuously now and her whole body was shaking.

I licked down the sweet, narrow furrow of her tiny, taut ass and when I got to the opening, kept right on licking. She was quivering all over, cumming without pause, now, and with growing intensity. I located the K-Y, and lubed up a finger while rimming her teeny little asshole. I thrust my tongue against pinpoint opening, then licked up and down and kissed the inner swells of her cheeks again. Then I put my slippery fingertip against her anus and slowly massaged the K-Y into it.

"Yesssss...." she hissed loudly. I pressed the fingertip in to the first knuckle. I could feel the dildo pumping through that thin membrane separating the channels. Her ass clamped down on my finger and spasmed powerfully as she continued cumming. I worked it in farther and then carefully moved it in and out. I thought of how it would feel to have my prick in there and regretted that she was so tiny that my dick would hurt her too much. Doubly regretted it, because she was obviously enjoying what I was doing back there and she moaned when I removed the finger.

I went back to the side of the bed and rolled her onto her side. She slowed her pumping and looked up at me. Her eyes focused for a moment and she said in a distant, amazed voice: "I just can't stop getting over, David! I just keep cumming!"

"It's so wonderful," I answered. I rolled her over the rest of the way. She reached up with one shaking, juice-soaked hand and grabbed my stiff prick.

"Please?" she said, pulled me toward her face. "Please?"

I straddled her and felt the her huge breasts brushed the backs of my thighs. Her nipples were stiff as spikes. I lowered my cock to her eager mouth and that long, limber tongue flickered out



to guide it the rest of the way to her welcoming lips. She locked on to my dick about halfway down. I leaned forward, onto my outstretched arms, and looked down to watch as I slowly, carefully, pump my dick in and out of her mouth. Beyond that, her wondrous tits thrust upward, capped by outrageously swollen nipples. And beyond those, I could see her hips canted up, her knees wide and feet flat on the bed. She was holding the dildo almost motionless and fucking it with urgent thrusts. Every half-minute or so, she would hold herself still and catgut taut and cum in shuddering waves. The room was ripe with the smell of hot pussy.

It was too much for me and very quickly I was pulsing in her mouth. I didn't have to tell her I was cumming; she knew it was imminent. She sucked maniacally, cumming constantly as she did.

When I finally began spurting in her mouth, she gobbled my cock to the back of her throat and gulped me right down and in. I felt like all my semen was exploding out of me in one long, uninterrupted stream -- and she was drinking it all and cumming so hard that she was arching on the bed beneath me.

She drained me dry and kept sucking. I pulled my spent dick from her lips and rolled to one side. She continued cumming, her hand a blur as she rubbed her clitoris, her hips chattering up at the dildo held in fast by the other hand.

She was gasping a word. I put my ear close and finally made it out: "More...more...more..." Each time it was a little explosion of barely modulated breath. I leaned down on the bed and began licking her breasts and then suckled her. I ran my hands lightly all over her. She was cumming constantly now, without interruption. I licked lower, over her abdomen and then around her mons. I caressed her thighs and reached beneath the lightly cup and squeeze her ass. Her buttocks wee in constant spasm as she came.

I leaned farther and she grabbed my hair and forced my mouth down to her clitoris. As she kept grinding her cunt on the dildo, I sucked her clit carefully into my lips and began lightly running my tongue around -- but as fast as I could:

swirling. I wrapped my arms around her slim hips and grabbed her ass and bore her back down to the bed.

"YES!" she screamed suddenly, loud enough to scare the neighbors dog into barking. Her body began writhing, serpentine, beneath me. She wrapped her arms around my waist and pulled herself to me so tightly, I thought one of us was going to break. Her mouth was against my abdomen and I felt her screaming nonstop against me as she came.

She came harder and harder and then, abruptly, went silent. Her hips hunched and then relaxed and she fell shiveringly limp. The dildo was pushed ever so slowly out of her cunt, followed by an enormous accumulation of Elly juices that seemed to pour out of her. Even as I rolled away, hearing her panting slow, she shuddered and came again.

I sat up with my back to the wall and looked at her. Elly's body continued, slowly, to shake with pleasure, as if echoes of the orgasms were still bouncing around in there. The flush was just beginning to fade from her chest.

I stretched out beside her and took her into my arms. The bedside clock said noon. I nestled her, spoon-fashion, against me and kiss the side of her neck. She smiled in her sleep. I smiled back, anyhow. When she woke I would tell her that she had helped me realize a fantasy I've had since I was eighteen: To be with a woman and help her cum so hard and so much that she passes out from the sheer pleasure of it.

Forty-five minutes later, I was awakened by the sound of the shower running. I donned the ratty old robe, creaked out of the bed- room and knocked.

"Come on in!" I heard her drawing the curtain.

She had drawn it open. Elly stood there with her hair in the incredibly stupid pink showercap I keep for guests, with water sluicing off her incredible little body. I had great fun watching her use the Ivory Soap on the astonishing curves, and my cock had even more fun in mind. She spotted



the growth and her eyes half-closed and her nipples began to swell. Her hands dipped between her legs and started moving, then withdrew. I started to pull off the robe.

"Don't," she said softly. "I have to get going."

"Don't you want me anymore?"

She grabbed my hand and put it between her legs. I slid a finger deep inside her. The hot moisture in there wasn't from any shower. "Desperately," she said softly, putting a kiss on beard and pushing my hand away from her cunt. "But I have to run some errands and do some housekeeping."

"Still think of yourself as a slut?" I whispered.

She laughed and straightened, completing her rinsing. As I watched her towel herself dry, she said, "Right now? No. But when I want to, I'll be a slut, alright. Like before." She shook her head in amazement and wrapped the towel around herself. "I never would have imagined I could ever cum so much! I actually passed out from it!"

I walked her to the bedroom and watched her dress while I told her about the fantasy.

"That's the kind of fantasy I would've thought you had, David." She was wearing her jeans and had her bra on, but not clasped. She leaned up to kiss my chin. "It's too bad that once you do something, it can't be a fantasy anymore."

"Naaaah. I'd like to do it again -- lots."

"Really?"

"You betcha."

"Me, too. The same goes for my fantasy."

I frowned as she hooked the bra and reached for her plum-colored blouse. "What's that?"

"The one I've had since I was sixteen -- about you."

"I'm ready."

She gave my stiff dick a squeeze. "So I noticed." She buttoned her blouse, saying, "And I've had



other fantasies, but I've always suppressed them."

"I'd love to hear them."

"I'll tell you mine if you'll tell me yours -- that is, if you've got any left."

"Don't worry. I've one or two left, maybe even three."

She cocked an eyebrow at me. "'Lezzy Bitch' was it? How many of those books did you write?"

I made a face. She laughed as she bent limberly and straight- legged -- as if to taunt me with her body -- to pull on her sandals. She straightened and said, "You know, I really would like to see that book."

"'Lezzy Bitch'?"

"No, the one on the shelf -- 'Fear of Flying'."

We went into the living room. She retrieved her handbag (which is what they call a canvas steamer trunk with a strap on it) and I gave her the book.

At the door, I asked, "Can I count on getting this book back?"

"Hand-delivered," she said and started down the stairs. She waved from the third-floor landing.

END

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