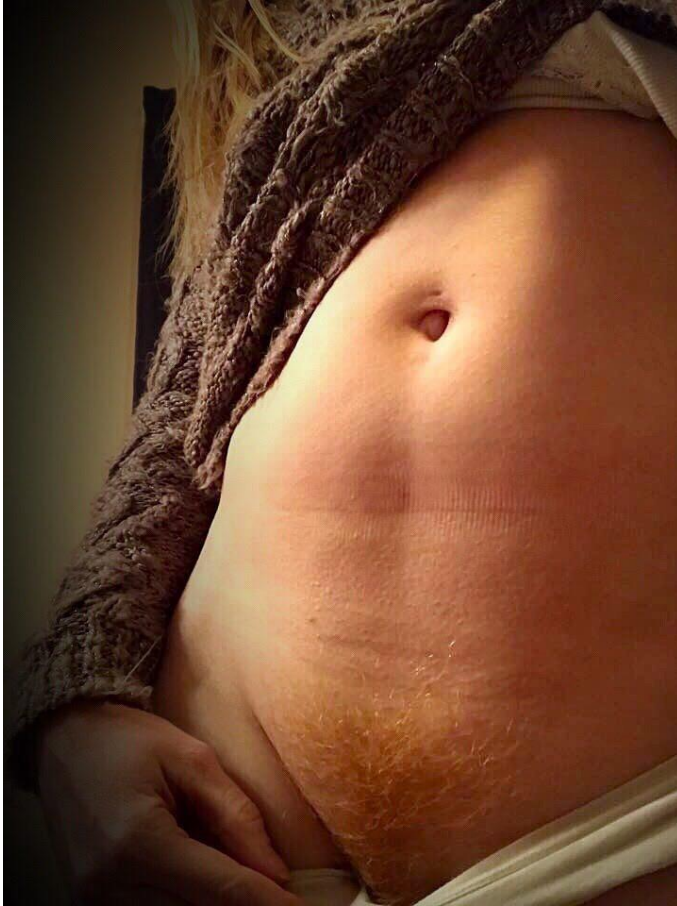


Happy Birthday, Darlin



He could sense that she was nervous. She smiled, but as she drew closer to him, he could sense her trembling ever so slightly, even though the room was not cold. She wore a long t-shirt and cutoffs. The shirt fabric was thick, but her nipples poked through it and seemed enormous. The light was dim. He turned it up.

“I want to see you. Come a little closer, please.”

He was sitting on the edge of the bed, wearing jeans but no shirt. He wore no underwear, and as she approached, he felt his scrotum tightening and his penis filling with blood and moving around so that he had to adjust himself.

She saw that somehow.

He moved his legs apart and then caught her hips between them.

“I need you to show it to me,” he said.

At this she smiled shyly, and though she had been staring at him with the full force of her grey gaze, she looked down.

“What did you want to see?” There was a bit of a giggle there.

He nodded in lieu of an answer, and raised the hem of her shirt. Her cutoffs were slung low, and were a touch loose. The waistband sagged and he could see the lower curve of her abdomen leading down to the mons, though none of the hair was visible.

For some reason, this caused an involuntary spasm in his own middle region. His muscles made him close like a jackknife and made him squeeze her hips between his powerful thighs.

She made a little noise that suggested she wasn't displeased.

He straightened himself up and raised the shirt some more. She bowed her belly toward him. Her navel looked like a little rosebud inside of a rubber band. She sensed that he liked it. She put her finger on the bud and moved it around a little bit.

That was enough.

She raised her arms and he pulled the shirt off. Her breasts were large, sank a bit, and were gloriously white, with blue veins apparent beneath. Since her hair was light brown and she had been blonde as a child, her aureolas were a light pink with the nipples, now quite swollen, a slightly darker pink. He cupped one of them in his hand and set his lips around the nipple and aureola and felt the nipple harden in his mouth even more. She shivered a little.

Then they were eye to eye, and then he went back to the wonderful sensation of the velvety breast inside his mouth. She then cupped his face, pulled it away from her breast, closed her eyes, tilted her head, and put her tongue in his mouth, still smiling.

He wanted to pull her shorts down quickly, but sensed that she might appreciate a slower pace. As the fabric fell to the floor, he saw that she was wearing remarkably low cut



underwear. The fabric was thin but not sheer, so that it encased her mons and the cleft and showed the fine pattern of hair between skin and fabric.

This was almost his favorite moment. As her tongue flickered inside his mouth, he slid his right hand between her legs and ran a finger inside the

fabric and then between the lips, which were warm and very wet. Then with the other hand he slid the undergarment down and allowed her to slip out of it.

“Everything looks in order,” he said, as he pulled his mouth out of her kiss. She moved up on his finger, squatted slightly, and guided his thumb into her. He turned his thumb slightly so as not to scrape her with his fingernail.

“Everything is here working just for you,” she said. He could feel her vaginal sphincter tighten around the base of his thumb as the first orgasmic wave shot through her. He could see the navel poking out a bit, involuntarily, as she arched her back and then bent forward.

“I want to do that again,” she said. She held his hand with both of hers, removed his thumb, and guided one, two, and then three fingers into her. She then pressed her legs together and began to grind.

“Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh,” she said as the second orgasm wave shuddered through her. She went limp in front of him briefly and then stood up.

“Would you like to lie on your own bed?” he asked.

“Would you like to be out of uniform, sir?” She smiled at that. “I believe you have a tip for me.”

He was slightly embarrassed as he pulled his own pants down. The preejaculate had already begun to seep from the head of his penis and the glans was becoming sensitive. His balls hung down and his penis stood up, shaking ever so slightly as its freedom allowed it to stand at full attention.

They sat back on the bed together and then lay down.. She put her head on his chest and snuggled, moving down slightly so that she was able to grasp him in her somewhat small hands, penis in left, balls cupped in the right.

“I’d like my tip now,” she said. She moved her head down toward what she grasped, and she then took his penis in her mouth. She got up on her knees and gently slid the entire shaft down her throat.



“Linda Fucking Lovelace,” he said.

“OrmOhrm,” she said. She then moved her bottom toward his face so that he could see her vulva with its light trace of hair and slightly parted pink lips upside down.

(This is one of the nicest sights in the world, for those who have never experienced it.)

He inserted two fingers and she clenched down on them as if she had been doing kegels since she was a teenager. She was very, very wet, and in her excitement, she emitted a not-unpleasant scent. He removed his fingers, grasped her hips with both hands, and lowered the vagina and lips down onto his face. She had an unusually prominent labia minora, and her clitoris was a tiny but bright pink in the approximate shape of her nipples.

He did not wait for an invitation but made sure that the clitoris was in his mouth and began to suck it gently. Her hips wiggled and she ground down on his face. His "popped out of her mouth as she arched her back and came again. Hard, hard, hard.

"I can't stand this anymore," she said. She extricated herself from him, grabbed his penis by the base, and inserted it into her vagina. He swore that he could feel her cervix.

"I'm not very deep," she laughed. "Not vaginally, anyway."

"May I?" he asked.

"Yes sir," she replied. He grasped her at her waist and pulled up on the skin of her stomach a bit. The belly was curved and a bit hard under the navel, which was protruding all the more prominently with his help.

He went for long, slow strokes. There were some noises that she could not hear as she put her head back. Her vagina remained remarkably tight, warm, and wet. As he swelled even further into her, he felt her shudder and come again. Her lips settled down on his shaft and touched his public bone.

He tried hard to avoid coming, but he could not help it. The ridge at the bottom of her vagina had simply rubbed itself too well against the soft skin under the glans, and he felt hot, dark, salty semen boiling up from his balls and shooting its way through the shaft into her. Miraculously, she came again.

It was as though someone had hit him in the head with a taser. "Oh," he said.

"Ohohohohoo." He pulled her down so hard on top of him that he was afraid that he might hurt her.

He spasmed. He felt another surge through him.

"I am sorry that I did not last long enough," he said.

"Don't be ridiculous,"

she said. "We're just

getting started." She

smiled. "How long

would it take for you to

recover?"

"Well, no longer being

seventeen, it might

take a few hours. Even

longer."

"I'm not quite done," said with a little laugh. "My magic number is ten."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to stretch me. Your fist. I will do everything else."

"I don't know about that," he said. "I'm afraid I'll hurt you."

"Sweetie, don't be concerned," she said. "You're talking to a girl who once had the end of a boat oar in there. Needed a little lubrication, but it was incredible."



“Ok,” he said. He lay down with his head on her hip. Her belly seemed a bit hard. She took his right hand and guided his first, second, and third fingers into her.

“God, doesn’t that hurt?” he asked, sincerely.

“Boat oar,” she said. “Boat oar. I nearly woke up my cousins. We were camping. What can I say? I was sixteen.”

He felt her shuddering and moving on the fingers as she reached for his thumb and gradually worked it in. Then the littlest finger.

His fist was in there. He could feel the vaginal muscles contracting around it. He could not believe this.

“Not bad for a pregnant girl, is it?” she said, out of breath, as she worked down on the fist again.

He looked.

“Kidding,” she said. “But if you want to be together, that would be a nice state to be in.”

“Ma’am,” he said with mock solemnity, “I am living in a state of wonderment at your sweet little self.”

“I hope you mean to describe my sweet ass,” she said.

“Clever girl,” he said.

“I’m thirty-five,” she said.

“Like I was saying,” he said. “Clever girl.”