

Chapter 1:

Meatballs before you meet my balls

I have lusted after Dave for so long and he knows it. We have had a couple of encounters that have left me believing he likes me too. He is quite the flirt and even though he doesn't say anything directly to make me know his feelings, it seems to me that he likes me from his playfulness and facial expressions.

I was so scared that I was going to be making a huge mistake in asking him to come over for an evening. The last thing I wanted to do was to chase him away because my desires exceeded his. Ok, that is a lie. The real last thing that I wanted was to be a notch on his bedpost to be forgotten afterwards.

I text Dave my invitation for a home cooked meal and a 55 inch TV in which to watch our favorite television show together. It had taken all my courage to text him to ask. When he said he would love to come, my mind immediately corrected the spelling in his text to "cum."

I have it so bad for him. Now mind you, he is not "the guy" that I want to spend my life with. I just need some incredible sex for a few months before he moves on to someone new and I start looking for Mr. Right, right before my thirtieth birthday.

I don't think he has the potential to make any woman the center of his world for longer than a few climaxes at a time. However, I would love to be that woman for a while.

Yesterday, I had grocery shopped early in the morning. I had decided on spaghetti and meatballs, French bread with no garlic and wine. I picked up a frozen chocolate pie for dessert; I needed a reason to have spray whip cream in the house, just in case!

I fretted for quite a while regarding candles. If I light them, he will know I am thinking romance and sex. If I don't light them, I risk him leaving me as untouched at the end of the night as when it began.

I opted for candles lit throughout the living room, dining room, kitchen and bathroom. I had a ready-made excuse that I stained a dresser yesterday and didn't know if the scent still lingered.

When my countdown clock read half an hour, I checked my list of things to do. Light the twenty two candles; check. Put the muted television on the correct channel, check. Put placemats and wine glasses on the coffee table; check. Damn, I really should have put "breathe" on the list.

With just ten minutes to go, the doorbell rang so I yelled, "It's open, cum on in," and giggled at the pun.

He made his way to the kitchen where I was stirring the angel hair pasta. "Something smells incredible!" he announced while kissing my cheek.

I blushed and said, "You said you like vanilla candles so since I already had them, I lit them for the scent."

"They do smell nice but it is something else," he teased with wiggled eyebrows. Then he scooped up some sauce with a spoon and ate it. Before I could say anything he kissed my neck and said, "There is the source, and the sauce is good too."

My knees got weak and my nipples firmer, I was going to turn around but felt his hands on my hips and I froze. He must have sensed my situation and decided to use it. "I see we are having meatballs before you meet my balls," he whispered in my ear before he took his hands away and backed up.

I grabbed the pot of noodles but with the shaking of my hands, I set it back down on the stove. He put his hands over mine and said, "Allow me! The first of many things I will do to thank you for tonight."

He released his right hand and allowed me to move out from between his arms. I began slowly putting the meatballs and sauce into the awaiting bowl as he did the same with the noodles.

We fixed our plates, I grabbed the already open bottle of wine and we went to the living room. I turned the volume up on the television and poured the wine.

“I think your balls are about the same size as mine,” he announced while examining a meatball on his fork.

I think Dave timed it so I was balancing the wine bottle over his glass. The visible shaking seemed to be amusing to him as he took pity on me and took the bottle from me.

He shifted in his seat on the couch next to me and said, “I want you to know that I want to be with you very, and I do mean very, much,” dramatic pause no doubt for my benefit. “I want you to tell me what you want so we are not uncomfortable when we wake up for breakfast in the morning,” while looking at me intently with shining eyes.

I stuttered, “You want me? Until breakfast?”

“I have wanted you for a long time, I don’t usually put so much effort into moving slowly but you seemed to need baby steps. Now that I am here, alone with you, I am not sure how much self-control I will have. So I really need you to help me out here, and here,” Dave said as he pointed to the sizeable bulge in his pants.

All I could do was look at my folded hands in my lap as I spoke. “This isn’t like me; I don’t do things like this. I am very uncomfortable voicing how much I want to be with you.”

My mouth hung open as he began to speak, “So I was right, you do want to be with me? It hasn’t been my imagination, I am so relieved,” as he collapsed to the back of the couch.

With a heavy sigh he continued, "You just don't know how many blind dates I have backed out of in the hopes that you feel the same about me. I have always felt you were worth waiting for," his lips visibly shaking much like my hands earlier.

"I promise to take us step by step, I don't even care if we don't go all the way tonight," he said just above a whisper, "I need for you to know how special you are to me. We have worked together all of these years with me admiring you from a distance because I was not sure how you would take it if I made a real pass at you."

He reached up and put a hand on each side of my jaw line. Looking in my eyes, Dave leaned closer than he has ever been to me, our noses met. I was so scared he would see a fire in my eyes that I closed them tight. "Please open your eyes," I did, "I can't promise you that I will ask you before every move, or go as slow as you need. Please tell me if you need me to slow down. I have wanted to kiss you since we first met all those years ago. I have kissed you in my dreams many, many times."

He used his thumbs to push the sides of my mouth up to form a smile and I giggled. "Please don't look so scared, I would never hurt you," then Dave wiggled his left eyebrow and joked, "Unless you beg me to."

I started to open my mouth to speak but before I could, he kissed me. He was so tender and his lips so light against mine. "Are you ok, honey? Breathe, please breathe," he was clearly enjoying himself showing off his boyish charm.

I leaned forward for another kiss, this time encouraging him to press harder as I put my hands on either side of his face this time. His face twisted slightly to the side as his tongue pushed past my parting lips. The only sensation I could feel was our mouths pressed tightly together.

Suddenly, Dave jumped off the couch and put his hands to his temples chanting, "What the hell? What the hell was that?"

Tears filled my eyes; my whole body began to shake as I watched him.

“Honey, oh no, no, no it is not you! Come here,” he lunged at me, taking me in his arms. “This is so embarrassing,” he whispered.

I started to ask what was wrong when he hugged me tight and told me not to look at him yet.

What seemed like a couple minutes went by before he loosened his grip. He pulled away slightly, “I have never gotten that close to cumming without being touched, I almost couldn’t stop it.”

Dave looked so wounded, like a scolded child. This man who I feared yet needed, this strong secure guy was visibly altered by his emotions.

What is a lady to do? I broke out in the most contagious laughter. I laughed so hard I snorted. He burst out mimicking my most unlady like sound. That led him to tickling me, at which my legs started flailing around, knocked over the wine bottle which luckily was empty near the full glasses.

“Behave or I will turn you over my knee young lady,” he exclaimed.

I gasped loudly and started to protest, “You wouldn’t da...” when I realized that issuing a dare to him would not be in my best interest. I jumped off the couch and I tried to divert his attention by pointing to the TV screen. “Our show is on, shhhh,” as I put my finger to my lips.

“Come here and sit next to me, I would like to hold you while we watch. I won’t try anything,” he smirked, “until a commercial.”

While we sat snuggled together watching the show, he smelled my hair repeatedly. The first set of commercials started and Dave angled my body across his, chest to chest, so he could kiss me. When he went up for air, I slyly asked if kissing was such a good idea. He smiled and said he was willing to risk it.

He kissed my forehead and then each closed eye. “Open your eyes back up. Can I ask you something?” he inquired with an odd tone.

I shook my head as cautiously as I could, not knowing where this was going. “If my hand had rubbed the side of your breast when I was rubbing your side and

back when we were watching TV, would you have been upset?" he asked in all seriousness.

Focusing on his eyes and not blinking, I took his hand and placed it over my breast and squeezed it for him. I felt his penis push up into my back where I leaned across his lap. "It is my turn to ask if you are ok?" with a giant smirk on my face as I moved my back to show I felt his erection.

He leaned forward while cradling me in his free arm and pulled me closer. "I am going to kiss you now and I am going to keep my hand on your breast. I am not going to stop until you are comfortable enough for me to take your shirt off," he warned.

My head was spinning, I couldn't think straight. I was being poked in the back; his hand was gently kneading my breast nonstop while his tongue searched for something unfound in my mouth.

I began to moan, quite loudly and every time I did, I felt his penis react. It was his turn to start moaning as he began pinching my nipple thru my bra and shirt.

I broke the kiss and blurted, "Please!"

"Please what? What would you like?" he asked while panting.

I stood up and removed my shirt then sat down to straddle his legs facing the television. "Our show is back on," I announced as he moaned, in disappointment this time.

He pulled my hair over to one shoulder and began kissing the nape of my neck. Both my nipples were hardened to the point of pain as the sensation made my whole body sensitive.

Both his hands ran outlines around my bra cups. He began slipping his fingertips under the straps as he continued kissing and licking my neck and bare shoulder. "You're missing the show," I managed to say without moaning.

“I found a better one, you watch and tell me tomorrow what happened,” he growled between kisses. His fingers were securely tightened around the front clasp of my bra as he asked, “Is it ok if I open this?”

“Uh huh, it’s ok.” I whined as the straps were sliding down my arms before the hooks were released.

With my chest completely bare he asked that I put my arms up around his neck. As I joined my fingers together with my forearms resting on his shoulders, he let out an unsettling groan. “Wow, you have the most amazing tits!” he said in awe.

I started to turn around and he tightened his grip on my hanging breasts, telling me to keep watching the show we planned on. His hands were back to caressing all over both of my breasts, lightly pulling on the nipples, then twisting them different directions.

“Did you know that you stop breathing when I do this,” as he pulled the nipples straight out.

“And I love how deeply you breathe when I do this,” he held up both breasts like he was checking the weight of fruit before letting them drop.

“What happens when I do this?” he put two fingers from his right hand in his mouth. He pushed two fingers from his left hand into my mouth. Withdrawing both hands he pinched both nipples with the wet fingers, causing me to begin my praying to God for the evening.

“The lady likes it,” he growled, unable to contain his excitement.

“Commercial!” he shouted, “Turn around, if it is alright if I suck on these lovely things,” his begging voice making my insides turn to jelly.

I stood up and turned around to straddle his legs, his crotch pushing up into mine. I expected him to immediately begin his feast but he just sat there with his head leaned back on the couch.

"Is something wrong?" I asked as the insecurities crept their way into my soul.

I could see his Adams apple bob up and down a few times before he spoke. "You have no idea what you do to me. I have counted to ten more than a dozen times trying not to scare you. Hell, honey, you just have no clue, look at you. How did I finally get you to let your defenses down and let me get close to you, I really need to know."

My shocked look must have confused him; because he started touching my chin and running his fingers back both sides of my face to my ears. His light touch traveled down my neck to my cleavage and back again.

"Talk to me, I don't want any secrets and no dishonesty between us," he begged through half closed eyes.

I started whispering, "I have been attracted to you since we first met. You are so out of my league, I still cannot believe you are here. You are here with; me!" I started to get choked up but continued, "I haven't told anyone that I have a crush on you because I didn't want them laughing at me. I finally decided last week that I needed to either make a move causing me to risk embarrassing myself or stop pining away for you."

He giggled, "A crush on me? Are you kidding, you are so beautiful, intoxicating even. And funny, better than that, you are fun to be around."

I play slapped him on the chest chastising him for laughing at me. He trapped my hand between us by pulling me to him and locked eyes with me. "I was not laughing at you, I was laughing at the word, crush. It sounds so high school, but I like it," he winked, "I have a crush on you too,"

"I am glad you think it is cute, what word do you want to use to describe; this," I used a hand motion to point to the two of us.

"I will have to get back to you on that, I just know that, this is something that scares me just as much as thrills me," he confessed.

“If it is alright with you, I would like to take advantage of your partial nakedness now by burying my face in your cleavage,” he said with a hopeful voice.

I lifted my breasts to his mouth, squeezing them together so that he could take in both nipples at the one time. “Oh, have mercy!” he exclaimed as he closed his lips around the offerings.

The harder he sucked the wetter my crotch became. The more time he spent sucking on my “tits”, as he preferred to call them, the more his penis rose and pushed against my damp jeans.

Faintly in the background of the sucking and moaning noises that filled the room, was the ending song to our TV show.

“The show is over, are you interested in going to my bedroom to be more comfortable?” I asked with more confidence than I realized I had.

As he lifted his head, I could see a change in the lines across his forehead. I do not know him well enough to know what that indicated, maybe I should not have offered. Damn, why am I pushing so hard to keep him interested. I have epically failed at knowing what to do to make him happy.

As frightened as I was due to thinking I made a mistake, it made his questions to me all that more profound.

“Do you know what you are saying by asking me that? The first thing I will want to do is undress us both. I won’t be able to wait more than the blink of an eye before I will need your lips on my cock,” he growled.

My mouth screwed shut and my face must have gone pale. “Did that scare you? You look terrified,” he cringed with regret.

He looked so cute with his concern for me, “I have never heard anyone call it a cock before, that’s all, I want to taste you, and I need to. It is why I asked about going to my bed, I want to be naked with you,” I boldly announced, meanwhile wondering where the tone came from.

I felt his cock hit my crotch so hard that I got a funny feeling in my lower abdomen. I announced with a smile, "Your cock is moving."

He laughed a very deep down laugh and said we should do something about that. I stood up in front of him, suddenly shy due to my sagging breasts and tried to cover them with my hands.

"The only reason your hands should be on your breasts is if you plan to play with them in front of me," I quickly dropped my hands to my sides and he laughed.

"Wow, you are fun, did I tell you I enjoy how fun you are?" he questioned as I smiled and acknowledged that he had.

He stood up from the couch and then leaned forward a bit while wincing. I learned something; a hard penis does not like to be suddenly trapped and squished. I had to giggle as he adjusted himself. I giggled and ran down the hallway after he playfully slapped one of my breasts out of revenge for making fun of him.

Clothing hit the walls and slid to the floor of the hallway as we made out on the way to my bedroom. By the time we were both near my bed, neither of us had anything left on.

As he stepped towards me for what I knew was going to be my most sensual embrace, ever, I held up a finger and said, "Hold that thought." Then I scurried back down the hall we had just passed through.

"Safety first," I yelled as I quickly moved candle to candle, blowing them out.

When I turned to leave the bathroom and the last dying candle, he was standing in the doorway. "You are hired!" he announced while his "cock" seemed to be dancing to its own tune.

I smiled to hide the fear swelling inside of me. There he was, ready for me to take him in my mouth as he so crudely joked. He has no idea that I have only

done that twice before. Both times were in the dark and certainly never with a man as appealing as he was.

I tried my best sexy walk to him and grasped my moving target firmly. It must have been the right move seeing as he threw his head up to look at the ceiling and gasped through gritted teeth.

I slowly and loosely moved my closed hand up and down his beautiful shaft. It is amazing how something can be so soft and hard at the same time, like velvet covered marble.

His hardness seemed to increase as I leaned forward to look closer. I wanted to see where the juice was that was bubbling out of it.

I stretched my tongue out so the flat end covered the slit, having found the source of the lust juice. "That tastes good," I whispered as I brought my head back up so I could see his face.

My line of sight was diverted to his hands; he was white knuckled, holding onto the door frame. It was an incredible sight. The pride swelled inside of me as I thought about how I caused that reaction, me, inexperienced me.

I leaned up to kiss him, not thinking of the juices lingering in my mouth. He spun me around and pinned me to the door, kissing me with more passion than I have ever felt before.

"I taste good on your lips," he grinned. "How about some more," and he looked down. I followed his eyes and saw a big strand of juice hanging off the end of his penis.

This time, I squatted down to not only capture the leaking fluid but also put my mouth over his powerful rod. As he lost his balance, his shin gently rose to my pussy, as I am guessing he would call it.

He seemed to be pressing his leg against me to prevent from falling over. I don't know if he knew but it was rubbing on my clit. Up and down, back and forth, we mirrored each other's efforts, his leg and my mouth.

“Please stop baby, I don’t want to lose it here in your bathroom,” he painfully announced. “Can you go lay on your bed for me and give my dick time to settle down, please?”

I stood up quite confused on how his dick, he is now calling it, would settle down if he is going to make love to me.

I climbed up on the bed, spread my legs and pointed to the condoms on the nightstand. “I don’t need that,” he proudly stated. As I started to protest, it suddenly became clear why he did not need a condom at this time.

No one has ever put their face in my valley before. I was not sure I was going to like it and almost asked him not to.

When he nibbled on my left lip, my breathing became choppy. I felt the pressure of his forehead purposely pushing down on the top of my mound, squashing my clit in place. My breathing pattern changed to fast and shallow as he blew cold air gently across my lips.

Suddenly, he lifted his head away, “No, don’t stop,” I desperately cried out.

“If I keep going, you will climax and I want to pleasure you longer before your first one. I want it to be the most ferocious one you have ever had,” he declared.

He climbed around the side of me and laid his penis on my lips. I decided to torment him as he had just done to me and deny him what he needs for a little longer.

He started swaying his hips, causing his pleasure stick to rub all around my face. I laughed when a string of juice landed in my open eye, which gave him a window of opportunity.

He nudged my head to face him and slid his cock in my open laughing mouth. I checked to see how far down I could go without gagging. I took my mouth completely off and did it again. This time I let the gag reflex do what it

does and choked, making my second unladylike sound of the night. “That is so hot, I love to hear you make that sound, it is so sexy!” Dave said.

It was hard to go down on him with as much pressure while I was still reeling in the compliment and smiling.

I pulled back and ran my tongue under the ridge of his mushroom shaped head. I swirled around and around, fast a few times, then crossed over the tip, scooping up juices before I switched directions.

He seemed to really like when I wrapped my hand around the base and squeezed as my hand met my lips which were locked over the head.

I moved so I was on my back with my nose below his balls as he still stood over me. I have never seen shaved balls. When I stretched my tongue up to taste them, he groaned and rocked his hips. I suctioned on one of the balls to pull it deep in my mouth while I stroked his dick using the leaking juices as lotion.

Suddenly, I felt pressure entering my vagina, ok-pussy, along with a sloshing sound. I tried to lift my head to look but he lowered his balls firmer onto my face.

I lapped at his balls as rapidly as he thrust inside of me with what felt like two fingers. I could feel the tension starting to take hold and my first “man-made” orgasm approaching. It was so much stronger than when I make myself cum when I am alone.

I began whimpering as the buildup was almost too much to handle. He lifted off my face and moved to my side while his hand continued to pound away.

“Open your eyes honey,” he whispered; he was mere inches from my face. When I looked he was so close that I had trouble focusing on him. “I want to look in your eyes as you cum, cum for me darlin’, cum for me,” Dave chanted.

My orgasm swirled through my body, leaving no area unaffected. My toes curled, my back arched, and the remainder of my body shook. I had to clench my teeth to avoid biting my tongue. I have never been so completely taken over by such an explosive orgasm.

Tears started dropping out of my eyes and just as quickly he wiped them off of my face. "Let it out baby, just let it out, it is ok," he calmly whispered.

It seemed to me that I was calming down for half an hour. His smile kept me from absolutely freaking out, along with him stroking my hair.

Dave was still so turned on. That was obvious by the hard penis wedged between our thighs as he lay up against me. I was caught off guard when I heard him ask, "Are you ready for more?"

I burst into laughter and shouted, "No!"

He kissed me on the mouth, tender at first then with much more force. As I kissed back, I could feel my insides stirring up again. How does he do that I wondered; I was completely spent just moments ago.

I felt his fingers start lightly touching me on my hand and working his way in little circles to my elbow as he continued kissing me with different degrees of aggressiveness and gentleness.

What kind of voodoo magic is this? He is making me crave another orgasm.

I reached my other hand out to touch his very wet penis and began stroking it. He leaned away slowly so he could lie on his back while I continued my manipulations.

I scooted up on my elbows to be closer to his manhood. I put my mouth over his cock and didn't stop until I reached the back of my throat. I had so much saliva built up in my mouth that I tried to swallow while his dick was still deep in my mouth.

"Oh, fuck, oh fuck," he screamed, "What was that, I almost shot my load when you did that!"

I pulled off his dick long enough to say, "The man likes it," I rebutted back, turning the quote he used on me earlier back at him. Then I engulfed his cock once again and proceeded to suction hard as I moved up and down his incredible dick.

“Please, I need you,” he begged.

“You need me to what? Tell me what you want,” I teased proudly as I recalled another line of his to throw back at him.

“I need to make love to you, but I have to warn you I may not be able to stop myself from fucking you. I am finding it very difficult to stop myself right now,” he explained in a strained voice.

My mind started racing, I have never done it on top. Under the covers missionary with the lights off, there lies my experience. If we were only going to be together this once, I wanted to try it. I was not sure I could satisfy us both but I wanted to at least try.

How do I ask? Am I really that big of a hussy? Hell, I have never even put a condom on a guy. If I am going to end up just a notch on his bedpost, I need to try everything I can.

I reached over to get a condom off the nightstand. I started to open the foil wrapper with my teeth. Ok, lesson learned, never do that, the feeling was not pleasant.

He was laughing at me as he reached for the square package. Using both hands he ripped it open and handed the contents to me.

I was hovering above his shaking pole trying to slip the hood over his cock when he reached out and said, “Let’s do it together.”

He helped me coax the thin shield down his long shaft. He started to sit up so I pushed his shoulders back down to the bed. His face lit up as he knew what I intended to do.

I stood up and straddled his body. As I began to lower myself, I started wondering how I was going to manage not to fall and hurt both of us.

I decided to kneel over him and back up onto his steel tool. Once in place, I leaned over and kissed his soft lips while I lightly squeezed his nipples. “Look at

me, open your eyes,” I begged as I began to thrust myself down on his rod, fully intending to not stop until I bottomed out.

His eyes flew open as soon as my pussy touched his dick. A soft grunting quickly turned to loud groaning as I took in more of him.

I stayed still, feeling the fullness. I brought my hands to my breasts and began rubbing, twisting and pulling on my nipples as he had done earlier. I let go of one of the breasts and reached behind me to feel his balls. His eyes rolled back in his head, while his mouth silently hung open.

I began lifting off of his cock very slowly as he made noises that sounded like he was crying out in pain. When I stopped midway, he put his hands on my hips and slammed me back down on his manhood, piercing me straight to my soul.

He sat up and shifted the angle of his stiff cock buried deep in my pussy. I began cumming once again as I wiggled around on the joystick. He leaned forward just a little and bit my breast. He bit just enough to hold on as he screamed into it that he was cumming. He thrust two maybe three times before he released my now tender tit.

Our panting sounded more like sobs as we both came down from very intense orgasms. It was not until he laid back down that I dismounted and lay next to him.

I handed him a tissue to wrap his used condom in before putting it in the trash next to his side of the bed. A few minutes of silence had passed and I thought he had fallen asleep. I shifted and curled my back up against his side. He moved to behind me, wrapped me in his arms and covered us with the chenille blanket. I had not felt that satisfied, relaxed and safe in a very long time, if not ever before.

I have not slept that soundly and restful as far back as I can remember. I felt at peace even when I realized I was waking up, alone. What a night! That was

incredible, not like what I thought was good sex in the past. I pity the men I encounter from here on out as I search for Mr. Right. That is going to be a hard act to follow.

I lay in bed with the sexy details of the night replaying in my head. My mind, picturing all the things I have never done before but now crave to do again. My body was working with my mind to come alive with passion.

I decided to grab a shower and go weed my flower garden. Get some sun on such a beautiful day as it appears to be as it peaked through the curtains.

I gathered some clothes and accessories to head to the shower. A tube top for no tan lines and some shorts with my hair up should give me the best shot at some coloring today.

When I started the shower, I did as always and put on strictly the hot water. I love a steamy room while I take a shower. I will eventually lower the temperature to make it tolerable for entry.

Before the moisture took over the mirror, as I brushed my teeth, I glanced and saw the light markings of teeth on my breast. I ran a finger over each of the notches.

What a great memory, I almost wish it was more permanent. That was our final sex act, when I came while he was inside me as he held on with his teeth and came. It was the closest I have ever felt to someone.

"Did I do that, I am sorry," Dave apologized from the open doorway.

Partly startled, I quickly looked up and with a shy grin I said, "It is ok, I think it is beautiful." I gave a seductive look as I continued touching the indents.

"If you keep that water that hot, I will shrivel up and be no good to you," he said pointing to the erection in his gym shorts.

"I did not know I had a shower partner for this morning," I stated while raising one eyebrow.

He looked wounded as he asked, “Did I misread something? I thought we were doing breakfast? I just got back from picking it up; you were sleeping so soundly that I didn’t want to make noise fumbling around in your kitchen.”

“No! You didn’t misread anything and breakfast after shower sex sounds fabulous,” I declared while rubbing his shorts firmly and kissing his neck.