

# Chapter Five - The Walk Under The Moonless Sky

Harrod

I won't bore you with the dinner details, and it wasn't a dinner anyway. That's just what I had to tell Siobhan so I could get a date with her. She wouldn't have agreed if I had asked her outright. She was a beautiful girl, but I knew her beauty wasn't limited to her looks. During the dinner, I found out more about the person she was, and it was every bit as lovely as her face.

There was modesty in everything she did, from the way she dressed to the way she talked. She had great self-control and discipline, qualities that are rare in my circle. She was exactly the woman that my dad would approve of. Her big brown eyes were surrounded by long lashes, which drooped halfway after two glasses of wine and reflected the candlelight. She had a small mouth, her lips were pink and her nose was like that of a baby. She carried herself with simplicity. What attracted me to her, even more, was how she thought of herself as an ordinary girl, in spite of having a congresswoman as her mother. Usually, these things go to people's heads, but she wanted to do something on her own.

After dinner, we went for a walk out in the gardens, under the cloudy sky. I discreetly guided her towards the back gardens, somewhere that held the hope of privacy and where we would not be illuminated by lighting infrastructure that belonged on the set of star wars. She had relaxed by then. I grabbed her hand and intertwined my fingers with hers. She was laughing now, giggling, a semi-smile fixed on her face. She had left her sweater in the dining room – exposing her curves from the front and back – and was shivering a bit. I pulled her close, putting an arm around her.

“You are warm,” she said after a while, nuzzling against me, wrapping her arm around my back. Her skin smelled of strawberries and was soft to the touch. She kicked her heels off and left them behind. “Dang, I can't walk in these.”

“Why do you wear them then?” I asked.

“I'd be a midget next to you without them,” she said. “Besides, they make my hips look smaller,” she added, a little self-consciously.

“It wouldn’t make me like you any less if they looked bigger.” I kissed her head, rubbing my nose in her hair, taking in her feminine scent, reaching for her plump ass. Her ass did look bigger, almost swollen, now that her heels were off.

“Jesus, the grass feels so good under my feet. The earth is so soft. I can’t remember the last time I did this.”

“You should come here more often, then.”

“I just might,” she said, skipping three steps ahead of me. I caught her from behind and pulled her close, my hands under her heavy bosom. “This seems like a great place to unwind.”

“You bet.”

We were quite a distance from my home when it started drizzling silently. We ran and found refuge under a tree. I sat with my back against it and she sat next to me, shivering violently now.

“You’re barely wet,” I said.

She got up and walked under the large bough, then turned toward me.

“I am totally dry,” she said sarcastically, with mocking laughter.

Her bare arms glistened in the faint light. The rainwater sprayed sparsely through the leaves. Her blouse was totally wet from the front, pressed tightly against her big boobs. I could see her nipples, her tits perked up, peeking out from her now see-through top. She rubbed her hand on her arm as a shiver ran through her.

“Come here,” I said, taking her hand and pulling her close.

She hugged me tightly. “God, I’m freezing,” she whispered through chattering teeth, her eyes closed. In the serenity of the moment, I closed my eyes and found her lips with mine. I kissed her lightly, a mere peck on the lips. Then I kissed her more romantically, my tongue pushing into her mouth slowly. She didn’t resist. I pushed my hand up her shirt, traced her spine with my finger, pushed into her skirt and grabbed her plump, soft ass. She didn’t stop me.

“Siobhan,” I whispered into her ear, knowing it would turn her on. “If you don’t want to—”

She pushed me back and raised her arms. “Help me get out of this, I’m cold.” Now she was playing the game. I pulled her shirt off and she took off everything else. She turned around for me to unbuckle her brassiere, and doffed it off as soon as I did. Then she turned to me with the smarmy smile of a seductress. I tossed my shirt

off and shucked my jeans. I hadn't had time to put on boxers. I pulled her close, her large breasts pressing into me.

"My body is taking heat from yours—" she began, but I interrupted the science lecture.

"Your body is about to take a lot from me."

"Is that so, big boy," she said, daring me.

But she was cold and I wanted her to get comfortable first. I sat again, my back against the tree, and pulled her between my thighs. Her cold back pushed against my chest and my cock was pointing straight up, sandwiched between my stomach and the cheeks of her large ass. I wrapped my arms around her, cradling her pair of Double Ds; I cupped each in my hands, my fingers massaging her softness, my thumbs toying with her horny tits.

It's partially true when they say men think with their dicks, because right now all my blood was rushing down to my lovestick. I pulled her closer, sandwiching my sausage tighter.

She turned back her head and whispered, "I can feel it, you know." She didn't meet my gaze.

"What can you feel, Siobhan?"

"I can feel your..." she trailed off. Her pale cheeks turned pink as she blushed, shy. I knew she was talking about my cock, but I wanted her to say it. That would turn me on even more. But I knew she wouldn't. She was too modest and prudish for that.

"You know what I can feel," I whispered, pushing my hand down to her glans.

"Mm-hmm."

"I can feel your pussy, Siobhan. I can feel your flesh, tight and ready to be fucked."

"You wanna do it now?" she asked, her voice slightly unsure.

"Do what, Siobhan? I love foreplay and talking dirty."

"Mmhmm."

I turned her around to face me, sat her on my thighs and pulled her close, my rod between our stomachs now. I sucked on the soft skin of her neck, ran my tongue along her collar bone.

“Tell me,” I said, biting her ear, flicking my tongue into its creases. “When was the last time you got fucked? When did you last take it up your curvaceous ass?”

“I...” she hesitated. “I’m a virgin, Harrod.”

# Chapter Six - On The Grass, Under The Tree

Harrod

I massaged her back gently, my fingers pressing into the smooth skin of her neck. I didn't know how to proceed with this buxom beauty. What did she want me to do? Her head was on my shoulder, her rising and falling stomach stroking my cock softly. The rain was pouring hard, the clouds thundering.

"Siobhan," I said, pushing her back on my knees, looking into her big, brown eyes. "You wanna do this?"

She avoided eye contact and got off me, then knelt between my legs and took my cock in her small hands. She stroked it softly with one hand, the other pressed against my stomach.

"Easy there," I said, as she pulled down, stretching my foreskin. Her face was filled with desire, her eyes unsure. I put my hand over hers and guide it. "This is how you do it."

"You want me to..." She looked at me.

"Do whatever you want," I said.

She went lower, my cock still in her hand, and opened her small mouth. She took the tip in her mouth uncertainly, and I felt her tongue taste my skin. She stroked the shaft with her hand and began sucking, making a moaning sound, humming. She tried to take it in deep, but the head of my cock was too big for her throat. I tried to push in lightly, but it didn't go in any more than 3 inches.

She stopped, looked up, kissed me, her hands around my shoulders, and then got back on her back. I climbed on top and buried my face in her well-endowed tits. I wanted her first time to be good. I wanted her to remember it for the rest of her life. I kneaded her tits with my hand, sucking on the other one, switching now and again, giving equal attention to both her tits. Kissing her on the mouth, I licked her from her chin to her navel, my tongue pushing. She let out a small laugh. "It tickles," she said.

I licked her down to her sparsely-haired pussy, moistening her already wet labia with my tongue. Her body tensed as I pushed my tongue into her virgin pussy, but I worked down her until her body relaxed again. Her juices were trickling down. I spat on my finger and pushed it inside her, relaxing her even further. I got back on top and buried my face in her tits, pushing another finger up her cunt. She let out a

small moan when I pushed in the third finger, her body responding to the fingering, her breathing getting heavier. I stopped when she got close, wanting an explicit response from her.

“Harrod,” she said, in a quivering voice.

“What?”

“Please don’t stop.”

“You want me inside you,” I said, forcing her to look at me. She nodded. I pushed my cock between her legs, pressing her legs closer together, rubbing the entire 7.5 inches against her virginity, giving her a taste of what’s to come. Her flowing juices lubricated it already. I knew she was ready.

I towered over her and spat on my cock, rubbing the head against the pink folds of her opening. She arched her back, desperate for it. I pushed inside her slowly, just the head. Her hand shot up and pressed into my chest. “Stop,” she said, moving her ass to force my cock out. “It hurts.”

“It will be alright,” I said, reassuring her. Her pussy was too tight and my cock too big for it. “Trust me,” I said.

She nodded. I got on top and pinned her in place. I covered her mouth with mine, “Trust me.” I didn’t move until she stopped squirming under me. Her pussy was so tight that my cock was squished tightly into it. It was almost uncomfortable for me. Her insides were stretched, pushing to return to their normal position, putting pressure on my cock from all sides. She moved slightly, a gentle motion with her hips. She was ready.

I didn’t want to cause pain or damage. I remembered my ex-girlfriend had to see a gynecologist for vaginal tearing after her first time. When she was ready, she wrapped her arm around my neck and pulled me close, bringing my mouth to hers, kissing me. I started moving slowly, focusing on her pleasure. The more she responded, the faster I fucked. All the while my mouth was on hers. She kissed me tightly, passionately, the intensity of her mouth reflecting the speed of my thrusts. I could feel myself dripping pre-cum inside her. Then I picked her up, my cock still inside her, and pushed her against the tree. We didn’t talk. Her eyes were closed. I started fucking her harder and she suppressed her moans at first. Her breathing got heavier and her moans got louder. Her nails started digging into my back, scratching along the length.

“I’m close,” I said. “Fuck, I’m gonna come. I’m gonna come inside you.”

“Harder,” she mumbled in a quivering voice, her body tense, ready for release.

I pushed her back on the grass and started fucking her the way she wanted me to. I pulled all the way out, leaving her empty for a second, then pushed in with a swift thrust. She was enjoying this, I could tell from her face and her moans. In and out, faster. The water splashed as our wet, naked bodies came close to relief. She wrapped her legs tightly around me as she reached her orgasm, shooting her warm juice onto my cock. I wanted to pull out but I'm so close I couldn't stop myself. She moaned loudly as she came, and I panted heavily, climaxing, shooting my load inside her in three huge spurts. I crashed on top of her and planted a kiss on her cheek.

"That was..." she struggled to find words.

"Amazing," I said.

I turned around and brought her on top of me, her cheek pressed against my heart. We laid there until it got too cold and wet. When we got up, she was a mess. Her body had dirt all over it, and there was grass in her messy hair bun. She got up and struggled to walk, and it looked horrifying for a second. She couldn't walk straight. But she smiled at me and I knew it was all right. She picked up our clothes and walked back to me with a lopsided gait. I saw our mixed juices flowing between her legs. She pressed her hand to her pussy, then squints to look at it.

"I am bleeding," she said.

"I'm sorry," I said, planting a kiss on her forehead.

"It's okay." We started walking back naked. There seemed to be no point in putting on the wet clothes now. She took six steps and stopped "Harrod, I can't walk. It hurts."

"Don't worry, I'll carry you."

"My clothes are wet. What are we gonna do?"

"Walk back naked," I said with a grin.

"What if someone sees us?"

I scooped her up in my arms and carried her back. "Who cares?"

When we reached the stairs, I put her back on her feet. We ran back inside, laughing, soaking wet, dripping on the carpet all the way until we reached my bedroom. I followed her into the shower but she told me she wanted to shower alone so I left her and filled the Jacuzzi instead. I laid back in the hot water, picturing her washing herself. I wondered how she felt. She stepped out of the

shower, a towel wrapped around, her curly, wet hair falling to her side. She sat on the side of the Jacuzzi and tested the water with her finger.

“This is nice and warm,” she said.

“You’re welcome to join. We can do it all over again.” I was getting hard again already.

She shook her head. “I don’t think I can do it again for a month.”

“Come on in,” I said, grabbing her arm. She squealed as I pulled her in.

“No sex,” she said.

“Okay,” I said. She was back on my lap again, my hard cock pressing into her back. “Let’s just have this bath together.” I massaged her supple, tired body.

“That was incredible,” she said.

“If it was then why don’t you want to do it again?”

“I do, of course. I just...not right now. I’m really sore.” I massaged her pussy softly with my fingers. I could already feel that it wasn’t as tight as it was moments ago. “You’re a cool guy,” she threw in as an afterthought.

We got out of the bath. “I don’t have any clothes for you,” I said. “But Gabe will have them washed and clean by the time you wake up. Until then, you are sleeping with me, naked.”

“That sounds nice,” she said.

Once we got in bed, we made out for a while. I wanted to take her from behind, slap her full ass-cheeks as I buried myself inside her, but I knew she wasn’t up for it. Then I remembered coming inside her.

“Sorry I came inside you, but you wrapped your legs around me. I couldn’t pull out.”

“It’s fine,” she said dismissively. “I’ve read stuff. Nothing happens if you don’t wear a condom once.”

I woke up before she did in the morning, with morning wood. I knew that Christmas was still a few days away but that day felt like Christmas. That sense of trembling anticipation that children have when they have awaited the arrival of Santa, when they can’t wait to unwrap their presents, I felt it then, deep in my bones. I haven’t desired a woman so much ever before, but then no woman has



ever said no to me. She hasn't really turned me down, though. I understood why she couldn't fuck again just yet. Although heaven knows I wanted nothing more than to unwrap my present and devour her right there.

Gabe took our clothes to the laundry, and we headed down to the dining room for breakfast in towels. The towel was too small for her, and half her cleavage was already hanging out. It kept falling off until she finally threw it aside.

We waited until she got her clothes back, lying on the sofa, whispering sweet nothings to each other. She left soon after her clothes were returned from the laundry.

“It was really nice, Harrod.”

“What was?” I asked.

She blushed. “You know what. All of it.”

“Likewise.”

“So, I'll...see you around?” she wagered.

“You bet you will.”