

CRAZY 32

Chapter 32 The Story That Got Her We

According to the publishing rules, everyone in these stories must be at least 18 years old, so even though the story is completely fictitious, everyone in it is at least 18 years old. Enjoy.

~

You know how sometimes you can be dreaming and a word pops into your head and you think to yourself "I wonder what the meaning of that is? I'll "Google" it in the morning". Or it's a place name and you will need to know where in the world that town is. You think, "If I don't jot that down or look it up now it'll never happen, and I'll never know".

It happens to me all the time and most times I'll roll over and go back to sleep never finding the answers to all those little unanswered questions that live in my subconscious.

It was last summer that I had the idea for a short story that just popped into my head one hot night. As if it wasn't hard enough trying to sleep with this heat, now I had this urge to get up and go to the computer and start.

So picture this. Young guy hunched over a computer. Its 1a.m. in the morning and my fingers are flying over the keys trying to get all the words of the story down before all the other things in my environment got in the way. Like my nagging need to empty my bladder, my rumbling tummy and my empty cup of coffee that needs filling. No, if I get up that will be it and I'll lose it, the theme of the story.

So I kept going and the words just kept pouring out of me. It was morning before I knew it and the dawn chorus of birds broke into my consciousness with their insistent and constant chirping and the sound of the breakers hitting the beach. I hate being distracted. I think it may have something to do with the touch of ADD that I have.

Well it was finished, apart from doing a spell check and another read, but the words were there. I got them down and out. I felt great and gave up a big sigh.

Just here I should point out that the story was about young love and at points it had the writer near to tears, well choked up anyway. (No guy will admit to tears). I had taken my time with this story and it just cascaded from deep within me. All my feelings for women and the love I had for them, all the deep feelings that a young man feels for his first love were all there between the pages.

I'll need to pass this along to my editor for reviewing. He was always surprised at my talent for writing. While never going to win a Booker Prize I was successful enough.

Maybe I'd ask Stacy my friend to just have a quick look at it for me, before forwarding it on to my publisher. She was coming over later for lunch and a swim; she lived in her own flat in town not near the coast.

I got up and stretched, really needing to relieve myself and get some caffeine into my brain.

My house was on the coast and while not big, just 3 bedrooms, it was all mine thanks to a string of short stories and a few novels that had hit the bookshelves. My writing was well received. Meaning I could survive by writing and be quite comfortable too. My publisher was overjoyed at the demand for my books and had engaged me for some book signings and an interview or two. The doorbell chimed and I heard the sound of Stacy calling my name.

The doorbell chimed and I knew it was my sister Stacy arriving for a morning swim, and then heard her calling my name.

"Chase, are you there?"

"Come on in, I've just made some coffee. Grab a cup. I've got a surprise for you."

Stacy was 20, but was so petite that she looked like a 15 year old. 5'2 foot tall and slim, she always had to show her ID for proof of age. She had a boyish figure, cute A cup breasts with a small tight butt probably due to all those years of ballet and Gym classes.

Stacy came in and gave me a quick kiss and a look. "Why are you so happy?" she asked

"I just finished my latest novel, and I want you to be the first to see it."

"Oooh, could I read it?"

"I was hoping you would and maybe give it a proof read while you're at it."

"It's on my laptop in the bedroom."

I followed her along the hall as usual relishing the sight of her tight figure and long legs. I could feel my dick stirring in my shorts.

On entering the bedroom Stacy said. "I love this room, with its big double doors opening on to the terrace and the view of the ocean and the soft breeze billowing out the curtains. I would love to wake up here to the sound of the waves on the beach."

Laughing I said "sit down and I'd get the coffee."

She went to the desk and brought the laptop to the double bed and sat there in the sea breeze. I wanted to let Stacy get well into the story before disturbing her, so I busied myself with all the things that a bachelor has to do and put on a load of washing and tidied up the living room before Stacy had a chance to have a go at me for the typical untidy bachelor pad.

I got two coffees and headed for my bedroom. As I stepped through the door, I looked over at Stacy and was again amazed at how beautiful she was. Sitting there on the bed in a light cotton top over her bikini, small bare feet delicately crossed, legs pulled up under her small frame. She looked so delicate.

I made room on the desk and put the two coffees down and sat watching her from my chair. I could do this all day.

Time passed and I had finished my coffee and hers and she was still reading. I noticed at times she would sigh and other times she would smile that lovely smile of hers. Now she had tears running down her cheeks.

I could see her getting hot and sweaty and wriggling her hips on the bed. The sun was up and coming in through the window. It was going to be a hot one.

I left her a note and went down to the beach. Just a short walk through the last dune and I was there. Still too early in the morning for the crowds of this seasons tourist throng to get up and come down with their bright umbrellas and noise. I had it all to myself.

I started jogging first slowly then faster as I pumped my legs down on the harder sand near the water. I was lost in my thoughts as I neared the end of the sandy strip and the rocky cliff started.

I had come a long way and should get back to see what Stacy thought.

As I began to head back I was thinking of Stacy and her petite form. I had heard that some girls had a delayed start to puberty, especially gymnasts. I thought back to the times I had seen Stacy in next to nothing: leaving the shower in our parent's house getting dressed for a school dance and sunbaking in her costume on the weekends when our parents brought us here to the beach.

We grew up seeing each other naked and always felt that it was no big deal. Once I snuck in while she was in the shower and turned off the hot water and ran off to the sounds of screams as the cold water hit her.

We had once done some experimenting and fooled around and had even come close to making love after a huge tickle session in our bathers which had led to some heavy petting and my first feel of a pussy and Stacy's first look at an erect cock.

That day had meant a lot to both of us and had cemented a special bond between us.

I entered the house reveling in the coolness it offered and glad I had thought to put some cold drinks in the fridge. I got two and went to bedroom. I drank mine and had a quick shower. Stacy was still reading as I stepped out. Dam, I knew it was good but thought she would have finished it by mid morning so we could have a swim before the heat of the day got too much.

I had just put her drink down on the bedside table, when she gazed up at me with a look of both wonder

and something else I couldn't place. Looking at me she came over putting both arms around me and giving me the deepest kiss I had ever had.

The kiss was very special as it was given with more feeling and warmth than a boy and a girl when they are children. This was a lover's kiss, where both know just what the other wants and both give it back with love.

"That was incredible." she said "and I don't just mean the kiss."

"That story," she said pointing to the laptop "has a magic that few books have. At times I felt that I was there with the characters, feeling all the love that they were experiencing. Wow, your good! Now I'm talking about the kiss."

With that, we kissed again slipping our tongues against each other and both slowly lay back down on the bed.

She was so turned on by the story that I could feel the wetness on her legs as I slid my knee between hers held her around her athletic waist and smelled her scent, the smell of a woman in heat.

Stacy POV.

She marveled at the muscular chest he had developed and his rippling abdomen, his skin warm from the sun. He must have been on a run. She could hardly control her urges at this stage and thrust her hip against his, feeling him get hard immediately.

know we've never spoken about this, but I know that you love me and I love you and I want to take it to the next level. The story has pushed my feelings to the brink and I just have to touch you and hold you.

We had always both been close Stacy and I, and after our parents died, we became nearly a couple. We were always being seen out together, holding hands, relying on each other for support. There had been some talk in our small sea side community and we thought it best to keep our feelings quiet and to ourselves.

Now here we were in the quiet of my room letting our feelings for each other overflow.

~

For my answer, I rolled on top of her and lightly ran my fingers through her hair and around her face.

I often thought that we should have done this and I now know that it just had to happen. And with that I began kissing her deeper, our tongues running wild.

My hand went to the tie of her Bikini top and released breasts to my view. I lovingly licked and sucked them. Blowing my hot breath on her nipples and feeling them harden in my mouth. I pulled on the

strings holding her bikini ties releasing her bikini bottoms and easing them off.

We kissed again as I stroked her pussy lips with just the tip of a finger and she took a quick intake of breath and this had the effect of raising her chest pushing her extended nipples into my chest. I was quick to kiss her breasts and felt her small nipples harden and poke against my lips.

I kept up the kissing going lower across her midriff to her bald pussy. I could smell her vanilla body wash and took big sniffs. I loved everything about this girl.

I slid off the bed and positioned myself between my her legs and knelt there, inches away from the best looking pussy ever, small moist, and quivering to my touch. I blew hot air against her Labia and watched them moisten and open like a flower. I put my finger to her clit and slowly moved it lower across her lips till I could insert into her fiery depths.

I brought my lips to her mound and licked up and down and inside. She smelled of s*e*x but tasted of honey, sweet and edible. I rotated my finger till I could feel her G spot at the entrance to her tunnel and began a slow stroking there.

My tongue gently tasted her wet and throbbing pussy, as my tongue moved faster, my lips were biting down on her clit just hard enough to give pleasure. I sensed her body tensing as her orgasm approached.

She came so quickly and so much that I was unprepared for the copious wash of her female love juice I received and started to lap her nectar with a need that surprised me.

After a minute or two of lapping all the fluid and sensing that Stacy was regaining her breathing, I climbed to my feet and removed my shorts. I leaned back over her resting my hands at her sides and looking down at her face.

Oh, the look on her face was worth all the tea in China, and that post orgasmic smile sent joy to my heart. She was glowing. She looked back at me and pulled my naked hips to hers, my cock lay stretched along her belly.

"I want you inside me. Fill me. Make love to me like one of the characters from your novels."

We kissed and cuddled and between kisses I positioned myself at her opening, gliding the head of my cock over her juice covered lips to wet it for the assault on her moist pussy.

The opening to Stacy's pussy was so small I had trouble putting the head of my cock inside of her without a little force. With a gentle shove I gave her the head and after she got used to this I moved inch by inch inside looking at her face the whole time trying to see just how much of me she could take. As she gave a sharp intake of air I stopped "just stay like that for a bit. It feels so big."

I lay there in a press-up position relishing in the warmth of her loins and the touch of our hips pressed together.

I could feel her muscles relaxing and stretching around my member. The feeling was incredible. I moved slowly wetting my shaft and going deeper on each downward thrust till I was entirely ensnared and nudging her womb.

"Your there. I can feel your touch, deep inside just at the apex of my core."

We both looked down and saw that there was still another inch or so of me left to go. She was so incredibly small and tight. Her inner muscles squeezed my cock and almost sending me over the end.

Her arms came up around my back and held me close. Her nails giving me a teasing scratch.

"Go on. Give it to me." she said playfully. "Give me your man meat."

"Oh, quoting from my own book now I see."

We laughed and we could feel the ripples move through her stomach and into her pussy and we both moaned.

I moved slowly now, back in then, pressing down, getting nearly all the way out and then stopping for a brief second , then in again. She was so tight that we were both going to quickly reach an orgasm and being such a small girl my shaft thrust into her wet flesh until I found her cervix with the head of my penis.

I'm not one for talk during s*e*x. I prefer to look and listen to my partner for those little signs that tell me what my next move should be to increase her pleasure; and so it was with great care I brought her to her next orgasm.

Stacy POV.

He was so good, so attentive to my needs that I could only hold on and experiences everything he had to give me. He was near to giving me his full length now and his movements were quicker. With each downward move I felt I could now push back with my hips. Feeling our pubic bones touch for a brief moment, grinding my Clit on him, hard and feeling his balls slap against my rear.

The heat of the day was making us both sweat, but I loved his smell. The sound of the waves crashing on the beach and the heat of the morning all brought my feelings to the surface and had me reaching my peak and I shuddered and came with a gush, wetting the bed and spraying his balls.

~

Wow. I had never experienced the tightness of a pussy like this. The suction of it as she came sent me over the edge and I swelled inside of her emptying my sperm deep into her womb again and again till I was left panting on top of her. I was done, totally drained.

I rolled over, pulling her so that she sat over my hips and while still hard I made slow deep thrusts in her feeling her warm juices flow down across my thighs.

I couldn't believe all that had happened today. That all my wet dreams about my sister could be fulfilled and that I could show her the love I'd had for her all this time, both physical and emotional.

Well we never got to have that lunch or a swim but I'm not complaining.