

My 1 of beautiful friend

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Right, so my name's nit. I'm eighteen and about to graduate from high school and hopefully I'll get to do some college time after, but all that's not important right now. What you're about to read is a little slice of my life; a few of the things I get up to. Technically, not everything described in here is entirely legal, so I hope you keep your eyes open and your mouth closed, for my sake.

This is how it all started.

So priya's my neighbor's daughter. She has short blonde hair, the most beautiful blue eyes you've ever seen and freckles across her little nose and cheeks. She had just hit thirteen, I found out, when she and her parents moved in some months ago. We live in a nice neighborhood in the suburbs, so it didn't take long for our families to get close when they first moved in. Priya's a beautiful girl. She always wears those tiny shorts that show off her legs and is always outdoors. Whether she's reading or playing or doing nothing, she just loves to be outside. She'll even rake the leaves just to find an excuse to be out. She doesn't have any siblings, so I find myself talking to her quite often and we've become good friends. She's a major tomboy; never afraid to stand up to any kind of challenge, and fortunately for her parents, that intimidates the boys in her grade, whom she finds very boring. When most girls her age are painting nails and chattering on the phone, she'll be on her back porch reading one book or another, or holding a soccer ball and taunting me to come play.

But behind that façade, she hides some emotional problems. Most of her friends, even the close ones, find it hard to relate to her aggressiveness and lot of people don't like her simply because she's a beautiful blonde, which makes her resent any hint of vanity showing in her. But she doesn't need to be vain to be beautiful. That's what I tell her whenever we talk about those girls who try and screw with her mind, trying to make her shave all her hair off or something like terrible that. But I tell her that even if she shaved all her hair off, she would still be way out of their league, and that always makes her smile.

Whenever I come back from practice, Phoebe comes up to me in my back yard and I play a little bit of soccer with her to teach her a thing or two. She loves the game and doesn't go down without a fight, so after these afternoon games we'll be so worn out that we'll both crash in the shade to cool off and enjoy the breeze for a bit. Naturally, with my perverted mind, I find it hard to tear my eyes away from her shirt, which by then will be soaking wet. For a thirteen-year-old, priya's well on her way to a perfect rack. I imagined I could cup my hands around her tits and they would fill them out almost completely. I've

noticed that she hates wearing bras at home. Her parents will have to work on that, but in the meantime, that's all the better for my viewing pleasure. While she stares into the sky, talking about some book she read the other day, my eyes will drift down to the wet fabric that clings to her perky breasts, forming those two beautiful, feminine contours, which will taunt and tease me until my dick is stretched to its limit. Several times I imagine myself just picking her up and just fucking her senseless right there. Social norms should burn in hell.

I came home from practice early one Tuesday to baby-sit priya because her dad, who was usually home in the afternoons, had to go see to some business out of town. When I got to her house he was already in his car by the curb with the engine running. His wife was going to be back from her day job by five, which was in about four hours. I went into the kitchen to fetch some food for Taffy, their cat who looked quite hungry meowing over her empty bowl, when I heard Phoebe upstairs, singing in the shower. As I began to imagine what the scene looked like up there, I sighed.

Moral dilemma again. Why do I do these things? She's just a kid. Phoebe's barely a teen and I'm already having fantasies about seeing her naked body in the shower, with water running through her hair and down her body, her hands rubbing her firm tits and puffy nipples, dripping down her crotch, over her sweet vagina

Oh, what the hell. You can't blame a guy who has a prick for brains.

I walked out of the kitchen through the living room to the stairs. I gingerly climbed up each step; I was scared as hell. When I reached the top, I had to find the shower. I had never been up there before because I never needed to. It was right across from the top of the stairs and curiously, the door was slightly ajar. It had no keyhole, so that was a relief. I couldn't see anything immediately looking through the crack, but I readjusted my position when I noticed a mirror right beside the door. Looking through the mirror, I was bummed to see a shower curtain between me and the Promised Land, but I could still see a faint silhouette of her body through the curtain. She had stopped singing and turned off the water, then she began talking;

"I want you bad," she moaned and brought her hands to her breasts. "I've wanted you to touch my body for a long time now."

What the fuck? Priya? Am I dreaming?

"I love you so much. Just take your time and touch me all over," she continued, and ran one hand down to her pussy. She moaned and moaned and let out the most adorable girly whimpers as she masturbated and played with her tits.

"Touch me. Oh, touch me "

I never would have thought that Phoebe was this horny. Maybe my fantasies can come true after all

I was about to whip out my dick and score one for the team, but my gray matter kicked in before I soiled their carpet with my man juice.

Damn! I'm sitting front row center to the most erotic show on earth and I can't even jerk off! This is crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! I banged my fists on an imaginary table, and then quickly turned back to the show. I thought I was gonna cum in my pants just watching priya masturbating and making love to her. After her climax she leaned her back against the wall and slid to the floor of the shower and sat there breathing heavily.

Swoosh! The shower curtains parted! I nearly fell down the stairs as she got out of the shower and grabbed a towel. I half-tumbled down the stairs on my hands and feet and collapsed into the living room.

Did she see me? I lay there for a few seconds and grabbed my thumping chest as she dried herself upstairs. I scrambled to my feet when I heard her coming down the stairs only a few moments later. Skidding into the kitchen, just as she reached the bottom, I proceeded to look for poor Taffy's cat food. As she walked into the kitchen she stopped for a second and seemed startled to see me.

She was wrapped in a very short towel, which covered her tits and ended right below her ass. Her hair was wet and so were her bare, slender legs. She was dripping a little on the kitchen floor.

"Hey," she started, "my dad's left already? I didn't think he'd be gone so soon."

"Yeah, he seemed in a hurry. He left like two seconds after I got here."

"I'm just getting a glass of water," she explained.

"Yeah, sure," I replied as I browsed through the cabinet.

All of a sudden, I had the craziest idea. I was gonna have a little harmless fun with her. She hadn't washed her hands after that little episode upstairs; she came straight out of the shower. First, a quick test: I asked her to get the can opener for me. She gave it to me with her left hand. I then asked her to toss me a napkin. Again, with her left hand. I smiled on the inside.

"Priya, show me your hands."

“Wh-what?”

“Your hands. I just remembered something I read about people’s hands in a magazine.”

Before she could move away I picked up both her hands and continued.

“It said that you can use the horizontal lines to tell what kind of job you’re gonna wait a second. Your hand smells good. Did you just eat something?”

By this time she was attempting to retract her right hand, which had begun to tremble. “N-n-nothing, no, no,” she stammered.

“Wow, this smells like may I?”

And before she could ask ‘May you what?’ I put her forefinger into my mouth and sucked on it. I closed my eyes and went ‘mmm’, and pretended like I tasted something; but she had already wiped her hand dry with the towel so there wasn’t much left to taste. But, of course, that was the last thing on her mind.

When I opened my eyes, and saw her eyes wide open and her mouth slightly ajar, she looked like she had passed out standing up. Her hand was on her chest and she didn’t seem to be breathing at all. I could almost hear her heart thumping in her chest. My heart was beating very fast. I usually do stupid things like that without thinking and have to face the consequences a few seconds later. Although we’re very close, it should have struck her that what I just did had gone a little bit over the ‘okay, that’s weird’ line. She might have, too, but again, that would have been the last thing on her mind. I could practically see the replay of the whole thing playing across her face. Feeling her moist, sticky juices on her fingers as they heated things up between her legs, then seeing her hunk of a neighbor (humor me) sucking on those fingers just minutes later. That just had to be turning her on. And in case she was getting suspicious, I quickly took the spotlight off myself.

“That’s just amazing,” I said, letting go of her hand, “what is that?”

She stared at her hand, which remained in the air for a few seconds, then suddenly began to panic.

“I-I-I I don’t I-I’m not I-“

“Hey, you don’t have to tell me now. Maybe it’s something special to you. But promise me you’ll let me have some later.”

She nodded slightly and said, very softly, “promise.”

I was satisfied beyond anything I could have expected for that afternoon. Priya just promised to let me eat her pussy, well at least to herself. That had to mean something, right? Priya walked out of the kitchen without her water, obviously completely clueless as to what had just happened. If I played my cards right, I could get myself some serious action this summer.

She went upstairs to change and when she returned a few minutes later everything returned to normal. We made sandwiches and stayed in, watching cartoons for a change, but later we both admitted that playing soccer was better.

Her mom arrived at five and thanked me for watching her. When she went upstairs, I knew she was going to get money to pay me, so I left before she got back. But before I left I reminded Priya about her little promise. Several times that night I jerked off just thinking about her response.

“Don’t worry,” she said, biting her lip for a second and staring into my eyes. “One of these days, I’ll show you where I got it,” a devilish smile crept onto her face, “then I’ll let you have all you want, any time you want, anyhow you want ”

Only common sense stopped me from lifting up that blue flowery skirt and fucking Priya’s brains out on the doorstep right there and then. But I just played dumb and threw in one for her,

“I can’t wait,” I said with a smile “I’ll eat it all up anytime, you just tell me when.”

With that I turned round and left the house. I immediately went up to my room to tend to some urgent matters.

Priya went off to some camp over the next two weeks, and the entire better; I had to study for my finals. During that period of time, masturbation was the last thing on my mind, so by the time I was done, I had got myself a pretty heavily loaded weapon in my pants and even the slightest erotic thoughts would aggravate my little man. But as I usually do on the few occasions when I have a build up, I decided to save it for a female, so I could fill any hole of my choice to bursting with my man juice. Unfortunately for me, at that time, my ex-girlfriend had quit buying the booty calls, so I was a desperate man running out of time and options.

On a Friday, a few days after I finished my papers, Phoebe and I were in my backyard playing soccer again. That game was really tiring because we hadn’t played in a while, so as usual, we crashed in the back and I even took a little nap right there. I woke up and saw Phoebe lying down on her back, right

beside me in the shade of a large tree in the afternoon sun. Her eyes were still closed but she was awake. Looking at her face, she seemed to be in another world; she bit her lip slightly. I looked down at her breasts and her chest as it moved steadily up and down with her breathing. I wanted to touch her. I wanted to be the one to give her that feeling; that heavenly feeling. I wanted to make Phoebe feel that intense sexual pleasure and satisfaction that can only come from sexual intercourse with another person, someone who means more to you than a pussy or a prick. She and I are close, she tells me things that she doesn't tell her best friends, and so I knew that she had some love and respect for me. I knew I could fuck her and make her feel so good that she would constantly crave my gentle touch on her tender skin and cry out my name in her dreams. Yeah, I know I can talk crap sometimes, but you'd feel the same way in my place. The idea of me making little, sweet, young Phoebe; my neighbor's little girl, with her sweaty naked body on top of mine, scream in ecstasy during an orgasm was all that I would need to drive my cock through her tight, wet, little pussy and deep into her belly. My poor cock couldn't take it anymore. I had reached my breaking point.

I stared at her crotch.

"I really want to fuck you," I told her and sighed. My prick had taken over. Again.

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She opened her eyes and looked at me.

"What?" She replied.

I remained as I was; my eyes roamed across her body like that of a predator trying to decide which portion of meat it would indulge in first.

"I want to touch your body", I said.

I placed my hand gently on her belly and slowly moved it downwards, lightly passing between her legs and stroked her inner thigh.

"Priya," I said softly, "you're so young, so tender. I love you a whole lot, you know. But you have no idea what runs through my mind when I look at your beautiful body. There are a whole lot of dirty things I want to do to you. I want to touch your special place, I want to lick your nipples, and I'm absolutely dying to shove my dick into you."

That wasn't so hard.

I slowly ran my fingers up her body from her thighs.

“And it’s all because I want to make you feel a wonderful feeling you’ve never felt before,” I continued.

Her legs quivered slightly when my fingers went near her pussy.

“Oh god. You have no idea the dirty things that run through my mind. I want you so bad,” she replied looking into my eyes. Her chest began to move up and down faster. “I’ve wanted this for a long time now. I love you so, so much.”

She closed her eyes. “Please touch my body. Just take your time. Touch me all over my body.”

Holy crap, I knew I should have done this much earlier! So that was me she was fantasizing about in the shower. Well, that just made my day!

This was amazing. Within the space of a few seconds I had managed to get myself the beautiful young body of a thirteen-year-old lying in front of me, submitting itself to my every whim.

I was going to make that girl cum right there.

I put my hand into her shorts and into her panties, which caused her to let out a tiny squeal. My fingers brushed past a light layer of soft pubic hair. I slowly slid my fingers back and forth over her moist cunt. I began to feel her fluids oozing out onto my fingers. She placed her hands on top of mine and began to move her body with the motion of my massaging. She was slowly grinding her pussy onto my fingers and was letting out her adorable little whimpers and moans. When I slid my middle finger into her pussy she let out a cry as she tossed her head back and jutted her chest out.

I reached out to grope her breast when I was brought back to reality by the sound of her dad’s car pulling into the driveway. Hell, I grabbed it anyway and continued to fuck her with my finger and rub her nipples, even though her dad was just in the front and would be coming out to the back to see if I was taking care of her. If you ask me, I was taking very good care of her. I think she called me daddy.

The car door opened and closed. He stopped to answer a call on his cell phone. As he talked, I thrust my finger faster and faster into his daughter’s wet pussy.

“Dad here please stops,” she begged, as she was winding her waist on the floor. I was having none of that.

I listened to his voice, which was not getting closer, so I thrust my finger in

and out, faster and faster, harder and harder. I was really enjoying seeing my sweet little Phoebe on the ground with her back arched and her pelvis gyrating, gasping in a desperate attempt to stifle her cries of pleasure. It was so fucking erotic: the man was in the driveway, probably leaning on his car, engrossed in some business matter while just a few feet away, a guy was driving his thirteen-year-old daughter out of her mind with his middle finger up her wet pussy. I kept ramming it in and out, as deep as it would go, until finally she reached the peak –and grabbed my free arm, digging her nails into my skin and gasping as her whole body quivered, then collapsed, dribbling her fluids all over my hand. I pulled out of her shorts and sucked all her pussy juice off, licking my fingers. I looked at her limp body on the floor and bent over and kissed her on her pussy, then on her lips for several seconds and quickly got up. Her dad came to the back to find Phoebe and me sitting against the tree talking about Pride and Prejudice.

I was sorely tempted to release all the sperm I had in the bathroom that evening, but the thought of all the insanely nasty things I could do with Phoebe was all that kept me from wasting it. I knew now that she was ready and willing to fuck, so at least there was a payday in sight. I couldn't hold out for much longer, though; I definitely had to fuck her within the next few days. I had it all planned: one of these days I was bound to get some free time with her. Then I would get her into a nice comfy room and fuck her until I was ready to come, then I would unload everything down her throat and watch her swallow it all. I sat by my window looking into hers. It was quite close to mine. We sometimes even had conversations across the window. I watched her silhouette through her curtains and gently stroked my cock as she undressed and changed into her pajamas. I thought of all the different things I could try. From getting her in the basement to fucking her in a shower. But it had to be special for Phoebe also. I didn't want to deflower the girl in a toilet or anything depressing like that. I was gonna make her remember the day she first got a man's penis shoved into her abdomen. I fell asleep, having no idea what dirty things Phoebe herself was capable of, and was planning at that very moment

I woke up Saturday morning with an enormous boner. One cold shower later it stared me in the face. I had to walk funny the whole morning just so my parents wouldn't see it and freak out. I was eating cereal and watching TV when my mom gave me a little stapled note.

"It's from Priya," she said.

I opened it up. I read it.

"When are you gonna fuck me?"

I nearly choked on whole grain fibers and milk.

“What’s the matter, Jason? You alright?”

“Don’t worry, mom, I’m fine,” I said as I headed to my room to flush it down the toilet.

As I was leaving I noticed Priya standing by her window looking at mine. I slowly walked up to my window, wondering what she was up to. She seemed to be wearing nothing but an extra large T-shirt and a very naughty smile. She grabbed the bottom of the shirt and began to pull it up. Slowly, it uncovered her thighs, and I stared intensely as each every inch of skin was uncovered, until the shirt reached where her legs met, and stopped. I looked up at her face, she was truly enjoying watching me go crazy over her precious body.

Damn if I was in that room right now, that girl would be screaming like – she pulled the shirt higher. A red panty with a very thin waistband covered Phoebe’s little pussy. The shirt moved up, over her navel, showing her belly. I wanted to touch her warm skin so badly. I grabbed my cock, and she licked her lips involuntarily when she saw my hands go into my pants. My cock was an iron bar and had been rock solid since the minute I woke up. I slowly stroked it. Phoebe raised her shirt over her chest and over her head – she wore a red bra, which covered up almost everything. She let the shirt drop while staring into my eyes and stayed that way for a while, to let me fantasize about her half-naked body. She slowly turned round and I found out, to my surprise, that what she was wearing was actually a thong. My eyes widened. I stared at her bare ass, which I had never seen until then. I placed my hands on the windowpanes, absentmindedly trying to grasp Phoebe’s perfect ass.

I am going to her house right now to screw the living daylight out of that –Priya reached her to her back to her bra strap. Now I licked my lips involuntarily. She pulled the strap apart and let her bra drop to the ground. I was now staring into Phoebe’s window at her bare back and ass and contemplating going up there to fuck her that moment. As I waited for her to turn around and jiggle her tits in my face, she drew the curtains closed behind her. I stood at the window for a while, staring at her curtains. I have never got a striptease that messed with my mind as much as that one did and definitely never from a thirteen-year-old. She was purposely driving me out of my mind so I would get as horny as possible.

She really wants me to fuck her out of her mind. She has no idea what she’s doing to herself. She’s gonna make me lose it any moment now, but I have to hold out, I have to

I collapsed onto my bed after standing behind the window for a few minutes. So many thoughts ran through my head. I was about to fuck a minor. I could do serious time for that. What if one of the neighbors popped in to say hi and

saw Phoebe riding my cock?

No, no, no, it's not likely. How often does that happen? They'd ring the doorbell anyway. Look, if she's driving you insane just make love to the girl and get it over with.

I sighed. I knew I was going to fuck her no matter what came up. I got out of bed and walked outside to my back porch with a book, and sat down, enjoying the cool morning breeze in the backyard. After a few minutes of reading, I got some company. Phoebe came up to me with a girl I hadn't seen before and they perched in the seats across the table from me.

"Hey, nit," Priya said with a coy smile. "This is my new friend Lana."

"Hello, Lana," I said, trying to be seem interested, when I had other things on my mind.

"We met in camp and I found out she lives in our neighborhood. Just around the corner. "

Lana smiled and nodded.

Phoebe whispered something into Lana's ears and they both giggled. I kept my head in my book.

"So, nit," Lana began, "priya's been telling me that you know how to do something really cool with your hands. Can you show me, please?"

I raised an eyebrow. I was not amused.

"Umm " I began. "What exactly did she tell you?" I frowned at Priya, who was beaming.

"She didn't tell me anything. She just said it was very cool. Could you show me please?" Lana begged as if she knew what she was talking about.

"Maybe another time, okay?" I replied. Priya raised an eyebrow. "Maybe another time."

A cell phone rang. Lana picked it up. She had to go home for a while. I was relieved. I had to get to the next phase of my plan. Priya followed Lana out and came back to where I sat. As she walked back, I studied her. She was wearing a tight white top with sleeves up to her forearms and if you looked real close, you could see the red bra she wore.

She came and sat down on my lap.

“Oh, my gosh!” She exclaimed when she felt my hard cock under her. “Holy smokes. What the heck is that?”

“Hey, what are you doing? Your folks are around, my folks are around, and you want to get me jailed?” I was startled by her carelessness. She was young.

“Don’t have a cow,” she said as she returned to her seat. “I was only trying to help you get your penis hard. I see now that you don’t need my help.”

Oh, no. This is all your doing, Evil One.

“Look, just don’t do that when it’s not safe okay?”

“Okay, sheesh. Anyway, I was only doing that ‘cause just wanted to get you ready ”

And just like magic, before I could ask, Phoebe’s dad called me over to their yard.

I stood poker-faced as he explained to me that he and his wife were going away to relax for the weekend and needed a stay-in sitter for Phoebe and Taffy, of course. They made the decision only that morning and I was the best and most reliable person they could find to do such a hasty job. And besides, I lived right next door. I usually hate to take money from them, but the amount he put into my hands as a down payment for my trouble was more than a teenager could refuse. Her mom took me through all the things I had to do. Phoebe would eat at my place, but would sleep in their house. Sleep. What a joke. This was quickly turning out to be the very best day of the entire summer.

Priya, Taffy I stood in the driveway waving at her parents Ford Explorer as it rolled down the street. Thankfully they didn’t see Phoebe grab my ass and squeeze several times earlier and even as we waved at them.

I looked at Priya, smiling at her.

“Priya, you have got me so fucking horny right now. I am going to fuck you all day and all night. What do you say to that?”

“What are you waiting for?” She said with a naughty smile, “I’m not wearing any panties.”

They’ve left me all alone with a nympho. Who said Christmas comes only once a year? I must have been real good because this time, Santa got me just what I ordered!

We both walked/jogged quickly to her house and as soon as we were safely inside, I picked her up and placed her on her back on the kitchen counter. I parted her legs and pulled up her skirt. I stared at Phoebe's bare, sweet, pink pussy for the first time, and then bent down towards it. Her breathing got heavy and fast even before my tongue started lapping against her clit and darting in and out of her hole. I had to hold her waist down because she couldn't keep still as wave after wave of electric pleasure surged out from her pussy and rippled through her tender female body.

She moaned, and groaned, and cried on the kitchen counter.

It was so fucking erotic.

I raised my head and wiped the fluids off my mouth and chin. Her top and bra lay on the floor and her pink nipples stared at me. I let her catch her breath for a second, then slowly began penetrate her vagina with my forefinger and middle finger together. I entered her hole and slowly pushed inwards. She held my hands to guide me so I wouldn't hurt her and helped me go deeper.

When we had established a reasonable comfort zone, I began the finger fucking. She grabbed my free hand and held on to me as I kept sliding my fingers in and out of her pussy. I bent over and bit on her nipple, still fucking her, and licked her tits, causing her to moan and grab my head. As I began to fuck her deeper, she began to moan louder and louder. I looked up to watch her face, her movements, and was timing her then I saw it coming. Just as her she arched her back, I thrust my fingers into her tight pussy as deep as I could. She grabbed her tits squeezed them as she screamed. When I pulled my fingers hand out of her pussy, they had some blood on them. That was done. She gasped and jerked when I licked a nipple once more and smiled.

Priya lay on the counter with her legs open and her eyes closed. She was breathless and in heaven, but I was still in on fire in my pants, even more now than ever.

"Okay, Priya let's take a break. You can go upstairs to the shower when you're ready for me to fuck you."

Nit she asked. "Do you love me?"

"Yes, I love you, Priyary much" I replied as I held her hand.

"Does that mean you'll cum inside me when we fuck?" She asked.

"Oh no Priyaat's dangerous." I replied. "You could get pregnant. I have to pull out of you before I cum."

“Please don’t, nitshe whine as she squeezed my hand. “Please leave it in me. I want your sperm in me so badly, nitwat if I want to get pregnant? I want every drop you squirt to go inside my pussy. Please don’t pull it out, okay? I’m begging you ”

I couldn’t resist her pout face, but there was no way I could do that. But I couldn’t tell her that either.

She got up a few minutes later and walked upstairs, dropping her skirt on the ground along the way. I picked up after her, just as her mom said to, then stripped in front of the bathroom door where it all began weeks ago. Phoebe was in the shower when I entered. I had a condom in my hand, which I began to unwrap. She turned the water off and stuck her face out the curtains, asking me what I was doing. I realized it would have come off in the shower. I would put it on when I really needed it, anyway.

She pulled the shower curtain away and I beheld, for the first time, her beautiful, fully nude body. I took in everything. From her hair, to her freckles, to her nipples, to her belly, to her pussy, to her pretty, pink toes.

You see what makes our sex so amazing is that I’m not only sexually attracted to Phoebe. Yes, she’s really beautiful, but she is one of the loveliest and coolest people I have ever had the known and certainly beats any girlfriend I have ever had. And anytime we have a sexual encounter, I am thinking mainly about what my little Phoebe is receiving and not just what I am getting. It’s a weird feeling. She has very strong feelings for me, so by fucking her I am giving her one of the highest forms of her pleasure she can organically receive, and I enjoy doing it.

“Wow.” Priya stared at my cock. “It’s even bigger than I thought.”

“All the better to fuck you with, my dear” I replied, with a grin.

I walked up to her and kissed her. I climbed into the shower with her and turned on the water. Warm water ran down our skin as we touched and stared into each other’s eyes.

“Nit, do you love me?” She tiptoed, whispering into my ear.

“Yes, Priya I love you very much.” I whispered back.

She pulled back then put her face in right front of mine and stared me straight in the eyes.

“Then fuck me now.”

I grabbed her ass and lifted her up against the wall. I directed my dick to her pussy, and then entered her slowly.

It was so warm and wet inside. Her pussy muscles gripped my cock.

She wrapped her legs around me.

I moved myself in and out of her warm pussy gently.

“Yeah, oh, yeah ” she moaned.

I began to move faster.

I managed to shove my entire shaft into her body. Then I did it again and again and again. Each time she would let out a cry.

When she learned to fully take in my cock, I began to bang as hard as I could into her pelvis. I held her up by her thighs as I impaled the young girl on my spear. I wanted her to feel my cock inside her body as much as she possibly could.

In a little while she was screaming my name as I fucked my little, sweet Phoebe harder and harder and harder and harder.

I thought for a second about the way she felt about me and all the things we had been through. She had taught me that little girls can be as tough as any boy, and didn't have to be what anyone else thought they should be. I was her comfort when she was down and gave her faith in herself when most of her friends rejected her. She confided in me her some of her most private thoughts and through our friendship she developed such a major crush on me that she would even masturbate, fantasizing about me. She loved and respected me for treating her not like a little girl, but as a real, special person.

And now she was naked and crying out on top of me. I was fucking her in a shower.

It was so fucking erotic.

The water coursed in between our hot bodies as I rammed my rigid cock repeatedly up into her tight pussy. Her wet, hard nipples rubbed against my chest each time I lowered myself to thrust upward into my girl once again

All of a sudden she gripped my body. Her legs tightened around me. She cried out and arched her back. She was flying through the stars – she was cumming. Her pussy was squeezing hard on my cock. I began to lose it.

“Oh shit! Oh Phoebe! I’m cumming” I cried

“Yes! Cum inside me please cum inside me!” She cried as her pussy muscles kept pulsating around my shaft.

I just couldn’t stop myself.

In one final powerful thrust I released all the sexual pressure that had built up inside my balls over the last few weeks.

I came, flooding wave after wave after wave of my hot, thick, creamy sperm into Phoebe’s tight, little pussy, filling her belly with my sperm as her beautiful orgasm burst into a rainbow of intense, sweet pleasure surging through the inside of her beautiful nubile, body.

I sat down with Phoebe on the floor of the shower, still in our sexual embrace, with my limp cock inside her. My sperm slowly seeped out of her onto the floor and slowly washed away into the drain by the warm showering water. She sobbed as she held on tightly to my body, and I held on tightly to hers. Several teardrops rolled down her freckled cheeks, then slowly washed away into the drain by the warm showering water.

We remained there for some time, enjoying the precious moments and the feeling of each other’s skin. I was enjoying her naked body on top of me, and she was enjoying being on top of my naked body. After the sobs subsided, she remained silent for a while, resting her chin on my shoulder.

She raised her head and slowly whispered into my ear.

My cock began to harden very rapidly inside her warm, wet pussy.

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