



SECRET SURPRISE

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My
SECRET VALENTINE

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Secret Surprise

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

My Secret Valentine



SECRET SURPRISE

Victoria Blisse

Dedication

To My dearest Husband, Kev. I want to always be the one to accompany you on your journey , I want always to have you by my side. Thank you for your love, inspiration and support. I could not write without you.

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Chapter One

Six o'clock in the morning is not a good time to be up and about any time of the year, but in the winter, it is just plain miserable. It's dark, cold and today it was raining, what a fantastic way to start the day, eh?

Living at home whilst commuting to university had seemed such a fantastic idea when I'd made the decision. It's only a couple of buses, I'd thought and it would save me a lot of money, and really and truthfully, that was the only way I'd be able to do university at all. I had to work to pay the tuition fees, and I'd not have time to study if I had to work to cover rent, too.

So hence, the six a.m. at the bus stop started. I needed to get into Manchester at seven-thirty to do a couple hours in the newsagents before lectures, and I had to get two buses, the first of which due at five to six but was barely ever on time.

That day it was late, and I was cold and wet. My umbrella was fine, and my waterproof was waterproof, but the wind drove droplets into my face and against my exposed legs, and the impervious items just weren't really working right. I told myself for the hundredth time that I needed to buy some new tights. I'd laddered those I'd gotten in September, and for the last couple of weeks, I'd had to do without them. I was just loath to spend more money on those horrid torture devices, and I was hoping to see signs of spring soon. February had not obliged up until that point.

The bus finally pulled in, and I leapt on eagerly. The young driver smiled lazily as I flashed my soggy pass.

"A bit wet, eh?" He grinned, his eyes travelling down to my soaked legs.

"You could say that," I blushed, "and it doesn't help when the bus is late."

"Sorry." His stubbled cheeks turned a little pink and his conker-dark eyes shone as he shrugged. "I was a little late getting in this morning."

He pulled shut the doors with a swoosh and his engine rumbled louder. I walked to the front seats and sat down behind the driver's cab and the stairway. *Wow, he's bloody good looking*, I thought to myself. Well, as bus drivers go anyway and much younger than the

usual guy who'd never once said a word to me in all the time he'd driven the bus. I really hoped this new guy would become a regular on this route.

My cold legs started to tingle as the circulation came back, and I bent down to rub them, to make them warmer. I let out a soft whimper as the heat flooded back into my limbs as I scrubbed one leg all the way up to the knee and back down to the ankle. I moved to the other, aware that my touching was heating me up in more ways than one! What a hussy I was—a virgin hussy but a hussy all the same.

I looked up as I caressed the skin just below my knee and saw the driver's eyes fixed on me through the mirror. It was probably just a coincidence. He must have been looking at the traffic out of the back window, right? It was uncanny how his eyes felt like they were literally on me. I felt as if he caressed me with his gaze, and although I knew it should probably creep me out, I actually found it turning me on.

I sat up and pulled the zip down on my waterproof. In the heat of the bus, my body was overheating. Remembering my mum's sage advice, I took my coat off and lay it over my bag beside me. I glanced back as I did so and noticed there wasn't another soul on the bus. That was not unusual for this time of the morning, though.

What *was* unusual was that when I looked up again the driver's gaze was on me again, and it seemed as if he was looking into my abundant cleavage. The shirt I had to wear for work had quite the plunging neckline. I had complained about it before, a girl with so much boob needed a higher-necked shirt, but the shop owner just shrugged and told me, "No exceptions."

The bus driver was looking at me, I was sure of it. Every time I looked up, I saw his eyes. His dark, piercing, sexually sparkling eyes had me squirming in my seat. I might have been a virgin, but I was not frigid. I'd been aware of my sexuality for a few years but unfortunately had not found anyone willing to search it with me. I was late jumping on the bandwagon, hence my virgin status.

But his gaze rested heavily on me, and it was arousing much more than just my curiosity. A wicked idea flashed through my mind, and I wondered if I could actually go through with it. Wouldn't that be a surprise for him! I supposed it would let me know if he was watching me or not. I parted my legs a little more and rested a hand on one of my knees

then after checking out the window for bus stops and seeing none, I hiked the skirt up my leg an inch or so and exposed the bottom of my thighs.

I heard a groan, a definite reaction from the driver and lust shot up from my hand to my pussy. I didn't risk looking up. I didn't want anything to break the spell. I put my other hand down on the edge of my skirt, and I pushed down and yawned as if I was only stretching as I pulled back the material even further, bringing the edge of the scratchy material to just below my crotch.

I risked another glance up and sure enough he was looking at me again. It was thrilling. I realised it was dangerous. There used to be a notice on all buses warning you not to distract the driver from his duty, but as he was crawling along at a sedate, country-lane kind of pace I didn't feel too bad. I watched under hooded eyes, and he did look away, concentrating on his driving once more. Confident that he was not going to crash us, I continued with my game.

I stretched out my legs then parted them further and exposed my cotton-covered pussy. It was a shame that I was wearing practical, plain-white knickers that day, but from the gasp I guessed the driver wasn't particularly bothered by their utilitarian look.

I'd always been the good little girl, and I realised with a shock of sexual pleasure that being naughty turned me on. I panicked as he pulled into a lay by, but I looked out of the window and saw there was no one there.

"I'm, er, ahead of schedule." I could tell by his voice he was making it all up, "We'll just wait here for a few minutes, you know, 'til you're, I mean, we are done. I mean, 'til we can go again."

I nodded and smiled wickedly at the hesitancy in his voice and ran a hand down to my crotch, my longest finger caressed the centre of the wet material there.

"Okay, driver," I purred and continued to stroke my straining pussy lips and slit through the drenched cotton. I couldn't believe I was being so wanton. There was a little voice, really little voice that squeaked about respect and propriety and anyone could walk past, but I ignored that voice and listened only to the call of my cunt, which was completely on fire.

When I masturbated at home, I liked to imagine situations between myself and some hunk or another, but what got me off the best was when I imagined him whispering into my

ear as he fucked me. As I would get closer and closer to coming, his words got filthier until they were but a string of profanity and coarse descriptors of the male and female genitalia.

I pulled the white cotton away from my slit, held it firmly in my right hand and exposed myself to him. I opened my eyes, all timidity gone, and he was watching, oh fuck, was he watching. His eyes were fixed on my wet slit and the finger I traced up and down between the puffy lips. His face was etched with intensity, his lips were slightly parted and although I couldn't see anything more than part of his shoulder, I knew he was wanking.

Another fantasy that was sure to make me come involved watching a man wank. Knowing he was doing that made me sigh and slip my finger inside my clenching hole. I rammed my fingers into me, almost hard enough to hurt. I whimpered as I seesawed in and out of my cunt, imagining his cock inside me. I kept my eyes fixed on the mirror, though they sometimes closed against the intensity of sensation zipping through me. He always looked back at me when my eyes opened, and when I saw his tongue nip out and wet his lips, I felt juices gush all over my fingers.

I needed release. I tugged harder on the panties, pulled them even further away from my cunt, I stretched my legs wider as I pulled out and pressed my sticky fingers to my swollen clit. I rubbed up and down rapidly and fought to keep my eyes open as my orgasm approached.

His face was a picture of lust, skin flushed red, his eyes fixed on my wanking fingers. His chin set and his neck tensed. He was waiting for me, holding back. I could feel the strain from here, and I knew he was wondering what my hot cunt would taste like and how it'd feel wrapped around his cock.

"Yes," he gasped as I groaned and rubbed all the quicker. "Yes, do it." He moaned and just as my eyes closed as pleasure exploded through me I saw him throw back his head, and as I shuddered and moaned, I heard him roar, and it sent a new wave of tingles through my pelvis to flood my whole body.

I pulled down my skirt as I heard a harsh rap on the door.

"Shit." I heard from the cab, and after a second, the door opened to admit one elderly lady.

"I thought you'd fallen asleep," she grumbled. "Why are you hanging around here? You're late."

"Yes, I'm sorry about that. I was having some technical troubles, but they seem to be all fixed now. Erm, had you been stood there long?"

"A few minutes. Took me all my time to read your number on the front. My old eyes aren't what they used to be."

The lady sat opposite me, and the bus moved off.

"Had you been there long?" the lady asked me. "I didn't realise there was anyone else on."

"Oh, five minutes or so." I grinned, cheeks flushed and hands firmly crossed in my lap.

"I don't know what the world's coming to." She tutted and tightened the scarf under her chin, pulling it tighter over her permed white hair. I smiled politely and waited for my heart to run back to a more normal level. My pussy still throbbed, and my fingers were still sticky. I wondered if she could smell what I could smell or if I was just sensitive to my own musk. I wasn't sure as it all felt so very surreal. I got up at the bus station and moved down the bus. As the doors opened, I smiled at the driver, who winked.

"Thank you." I nodded and he grinned.

"See you tomorrow," he replied and blew me a little kiss. "This is my new permanent route."

* * * *

Those words trundled around my brain all morning.

"Jane, wake the hell up." Joan snapped her fingers just in front of my face.

"Oh, sorry." I pushed up, took my elbows off the desk in front of me then stroked my fingers over the covers of the newspapers I'd leaned on.

"If the boss catches you like that, you'll be fucked."

Joan was not the kind of woman to mince her words.

"I know. Sorry." I sighed. "I'm just not quite with it today."

"I noticed. Did you get a shag last night?"

"What?"

Joan rolled her eyes at me, "Oh, you heard me. You've got that just fucked look."

"I have no such thing." I humphed and turned my back on her to straighten up the alcohol bottles on the shelf behind me.

"Oh you do, young lady." Joan's voice was laden with sarcasm that had been built up over many, many years. "But if you're too embarrassed to tell me..."

"Nothing happened last night." I turned and looked into her mascara-rimmed eyes. I was telling the truth. I was not about to tell her I'd masturbated for the stranger who was driving the morning bus. She'd never have believed me anyway.

"Fine, whatever you say, love." Joan gave me the know-it-all smile and turned to serve a customer while I got back to daydreaming and wondering about what might happen tomorrow morning.

Chapter Two

It wasn't raining the next morning so that was an improvement, but the bus was still late. I knew exactly how minutes late it was, too. I'd been counting the seconds. I forced myself to stand still because if he came round the corner to see me dancing around with nerves, he might just think I needed a wee. I needed relief, but not that kind of relief. I'd been fantasising about what might happen. In fact, I'd bought a packet of condoms last night, and I had one tucked in the side pocket of my bag just in case.

I'd not really thought out the logistics yet. I was pretty certain there was no way he could drive and fuck me at the same time, but it was better to be safe than sorry, right?

I heard the rumble of a large vehicle approaching, and I was thrilled and a little shocked to see that it was in fact the bus.

"Morning." He smiled as I walked on and flashed my pass. "Not so wet today, I see."

"Just a little damp." I winked, aghast at my own flirtatious behaviour. I sat down at the front again but was dismayed when I saw an old gentleman sat a couple of seats behind me. No fun and games would go on with someone else in tow. I looked up and into the mirror. He looked at me, and I shrugged my shoulders. He sighed dramatically then smiled.

That smile was quite something. A little lopsided and thin, you got the barest flash of his teeth but his lips seemed to plump up and you could really see it in his eyes. That smile made me want to do naughty things even with the Old Age Pensioner present.

Unfortunately the pensioner didn't get off the bus until the last stop with me.

"Be at the stop early tomorrow. I'll be waiting for you," the driver said as I got off. I looked at him, confusion etched on my brow.

"Please?" he added. He pushed out his lower lip in a pout, and I instantly wanted to take it between my teeth. I nodded, trying to cover my lascivious thoughts and blushing cheeks with a polite smile.

How was a girl meant to concentrate when such a promise has been made? Time crawled as I doodled on my pad all the way through my English lecture. As Mr. Hughes dismissed us, I realised I really hadn't heard a word of what he'd just said. Oh well, unless he

was explaining how I could fuck a bus driver on his vehicle whilst he drove it and transported the public I had to say I wasn't interested.

By the time I crawled into bed, I'd decided to fuck the general public, well not literally obviously. They just didn't fit into my fantasy. I stroked my thighs beneath my cotton cartoon character nightie as I once again planned out how it would go in the morning.

The bus would arrive bang on time and the doors would slide open. I'd walk in all casual like and smile and he'd nod and I'd see that heavy lust in his eyes. There would be no one on the bus and he wouldn't stop for anyone. I'd stand in the aisle and drop my bag and coat to the floor.

I'd stand exactly where he'd be able to see me best and I'd unbutton my blouse. He'd pull over into a secluded lay-by as I'd pulled off my skirt, and by the time I'd slip down my bra strap he'd be out of the cab and standing before me.

My fingers fucked in and out of my creamy slit as the fantasy continued.

He'd cup my breasts as they're released and kissed me. He'd ravish my mouth and slide a hand into my knickers as I ripped and tore at his shirt and pants, needing to feel his naked skin against mine.

As my orgasm built—I am not a slow, sensual masturbator. I'm a fast and furious wanker—the action slid and, in my mind, I was on the floor with my legs spread wide. He was between my thighs, cock in hand, and I rubbed on my tiny clit, begging him to fuck me. His cock pierced my hole, and I yelled as he filled me, taking my virginity and making me come.

I removed my fingers from their slick resting place and shuddered. I couldn't help fantasising, but really, I couldn't see me losing my virginity any time soon. Surely he was just teasing me or maybe he wanted to talk, possibly arrange a date? I didn't know. He was hot though, and I just couldn't see him being interested in chubby old me.

* * * *

I arrived at the bus stop fifteen minutes early. It was foggy, and the clouds hung around the trees and encased the streetlights. It gave a soft, fluffy edge to everything, which I thought was very fitting for Valentine's Day—it is the softest and fluffiest day in the

calendar. It was beautiful, with tinges of pink starting to delicately trickle out through the sky, but it was bloody cold. My nose was probably still attached, but I hadn't been able to feel it properly for a good ten minutes. All I felt was an intense stinging over my cheeks. In my rush, I had forgotten to pick up my scarf. I did however have the Valentines card in my bag. I had spent hours picking it out. I had to get it right, just right. I couldn't get anything too sloppy, and I couldn't get something too funny, as I didn't know his sense of humour. I had to hit just the right note. Eventually, I'd found the card that did that.

It had a keyhole on the front and an eye behind it, peering through.

"I've had my eye on you..." it said and I thought it was pretty apt considering our situation. Inside it said "...and now I'd like to get my hands on you." It showed a little picture of a hand clasping a single red rose in the centre of the card and finished off with "Will you be my Valentine?" and I signed it "The wet girl on the bus."

I still wasn't convinced I'd be brave enough to give it to him.

A loud car horn made me jump. I looked around to see a small, white car parked near the bus stop. A familiar face appeared at the window.

"Your bus shrunk." I smiled and walked over.

"I took the day off sick," he replied.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Are you going to the doctor?"

"No," he laughed. "I'm playing hooky. Wanna join me?"

"Oh, no," I exclaimed and shook my head. "My boss would go crazy..."

"Your boss can't shout at you for being ill, come on, it'll be fun."

There were a million and one emergency sirens going off in my mind. I couldn't just climb into a stranger's car, could I? I couldn't fob my boss off with a lie, could I?

"What should I say I have?" I shrugged.

"Oh, cramps or something. Make it a woman's problem. If your boss is a man, he'll not ask you one thing about it."

"How'd you know?" I laughed, still trying to decide if I should do it or not.

"I've seen it used to good effect. Unfortunately, I don't have the right equipment to pull that off."

I shook my head and bit my lip. I really didn't know if I should go with him, but I really wanted to. I was the one who always played it safe. I didn't take risks because I had my head screwed on straight.

"Are you getting in or are you going to get the bus?" he asked with a pleading hint to his voice.

"I'm getting in." It was a split-second decision and I hoped it wasn't going to be one I'd regret.

"I need to ring work." I threw my bag into the back and clicked in my seatbelt.

"I'll leave the engine off whilst you do, or it'll give you away. Now remember, sound sick."

"Urgh, I'm no good at this."

"You'll be fine." His hand smoothed down my arm, and I held in a groan of pleasure. His touch was as delightful as I'd imagined. I fumbled my phone out of my work bag and flipped it open. It took me a moment to find the number and dial it. I was incredibly nervous as it rung.

"Hi, hi is this Mr. Mason?" I spoke hesitantly into the phone, frowning and holding my stomach and play-acting I really was ill in hopes it would come through in my voice.

"I'm afraid I can't come into work this morning. I woke up with the most incredibly painful stomach cramps, and they just won't go away."

I winced and groaned just for added effect, and as I looked at my bus driver, he put his thumbs up at me and smiled his lopsided smile. I wished I knew his name.

"I'll ring you this afternoon. Yes, I hope so, too. Bye."

I clicked off my phone and sighed with relief.

"He bought it, then?"

"Yeah." I smiled. "Erm, I just realised something."

"What?"

"I don't know your name."

"Tim," he smiled, "and you are?"

"Jane," I replied. "Nice to meet you."

He held out his hand, and I shook it. His grip was firm and warm, and it made my heart beat ten times faster at the very least.

"And very nice to meet you." He turned the key in the engine, and it purred. The indicator tick-tocked, and we were off.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Somewhere secluded," he replied and I gulped.

I sat in silence for a bit, the worry building in my mind. *Somewhere secluded he said. He's going to want to have sex, isn't he?* And as much as I fancied him and fantasised about him, I didn't know if I could do it. I twiddled with the handle of my bag in my lap and glanced over at him. He was concentrating on the road ahead. In that split-second, I made my decision.

"Erm, Tim," I verbally prodded,

"Yes, Jane," he replied with a wink.

"Well, erm, I just need to sort of tell you something."

"Go on."

The silence stretched between us as I tried to think if how to word what I wanted to say.

"I'm a virgin." I finally blurted unable to take the silence any longer.

"Oh," he replied. "Oh, all the better then."

"No, well, thanks but what I mean is that if you're planning to you know, do things, I'm not so sure I'll be able to. I'm a bit nervous you see."

"I'm not a monster, Jane. " His tone was soothing. "I'm not going to rape you or make you do anything more than you're comfortable with. I've not stopped thinking about you and the show you gave me the other day. I just want to get to know you better and what better day to do that than Valentine's Day, you know?"

"Oh, oh, okay," I stuttered, my heart still pounded and my knickers felt damp as I remembered the show I had given him. It seemed so much more real as I sat beside him once more. He was here and he wasn't just a fantasy.

"Have you had breakfast?"

"Well, no, not really," I replied. "I'm just not that hungry this early in the day."

"No problems. I know this great little café near where I live. We'll go there for a proper breakfast."

"Sounds good." I nodded and decided that his plans must have changed. A café didn't sound all that secluded to me. We pulled down a dinky side street and stepped out of the car.

Tim strode towards the Main Street, and I followed. He stopped after a moment and held his hand out to me. I took it and he squeezed my cold fingers in his large, warm hand.

It was an upmarket kind of café, and as we walked in the smell of real coffee blended with aromas of bacon and sausage frying and made my stomach growl. Tim walked us over to a table in the back corner and pulled out a shining silver seat for me. I sat down and thanked him. My little hand felt cold again as soon as he'd let go of it.

"What would you like?" he asked and I skimmed down the menu.

"A bacon buttie would be great and a cup of tea, please."

"No problem, love." He walked towards the serving counter, and I looked around. It was fairly busy for such an early hour. There was a group of men in white overalls by the window and a gentleman with a fluorescent waistcoats on—maybe he was a builder—sat on the opposite side of the room, engrossed in his newspaper.

I pushed my bag under the table with my foot and undid my coat. I was very aware of the card I'd written out, and I wondered if this was the right time to give it to him. I decided to leave it where it was for a while longer. I didn't feel confident enough to pass it to him yet.

It was cold and damp out but lovely and cosy inside. I pulled off my coat and left it on the back of my chair. When Tim returned, he sat down next to me and took my hand in his again, joining us below the table.

"It'll be over in a minute," he said and gently squeezed my fingers.

"Oh right, how much do I owe you?"

"A kiss." He smiled, cheekily.

"Wow, no wonder this café is popular!" I quipped, but my pink cheeks gave away how surprised and nervous I felt. "Now, what kind of kiss?" I stalled for time, it seemed ridiculous that I felt so worried about a little lip-to-lip action when he'd seen me fingering myself to orgasm. Somehow though, a kiss seemed far more intimate.

"A slow, sweet, gentle kiss," he whispered against my ear.

"Oh, well, yes, that seems reasonable." I turned to look at him and found his face turned to me. His soft lips were less than an inch from mine. I took a deep calming breath then pushed my head forward just as much as it took to press my smile against his.

His lips gave sensually, and sparks of passion flew around my body. My lips heated to the point that, like fingers grabbing something hot, I had to move them, to give myself relief.

I palpitated my lips against his and his moved in rhythm with them. His hand tightened around mine and his tongue touched the back of my bottom lip, making me open wider to accept more.

A loud but polite cough pulled us apart.

I bit my lip and looked down as Tim moved his hand from mine to take hold of the plates and teacups.

"Enjoy your breakfast." The middle aged lady smiled warmly and I muttered a "thank you." I did not look up from the plate in front of me.

"You have the most wonderful lips," Tim whispered then took a sip from his mug, "Two sets of wonderful lips, in fact. I can't wait to kiss the others."

I looked up at him, my eyes wide with shock. I couldn't believe he was talking like that in this place, in public.

"Er, um, thanks." I managed to stutter then I sunk my teeth into the toasted sandwich in front of me. "Nice bacon." I nodded my head then took another bite.

I'm not a person who can handle silences, and as Tim shovelled up forkfuls of his full English breakfast, I found myself more and more desperate for conversation.

"So, do you enjoy bus driving, then?" I asked. It wasn't a great question, but it was all I could think of.

"It's all right for now," he replied then fixed his dark gaze on me once more. "It's paying my way through college anyway."

"You're at college?"

He looked relatively young, but he didn't look to be around eighteen like me.

"I'm one of those mature students," he smiled, "at the grand age of twenty-three."

"Oh, right. What are you studying?"

"Law," he replied. "I wanted to do it after my a-levels but, well, circumstances meant I couldn't." His eyes grew dull and a frown slipped down onto his lips. I wondered what had saddened him.

"Wow, you must be busy, then."

"Yeah, it's all work and very little play right now, but it'll be worth it in the end. You're at uni too, right?"

"Yeah. Is it that obvious?"

"Well kinda, and I've seen you around campus before."

"Really?" Now there was a revelation. I was pretty sure I'd never seen him there.

"Yeah, once or twice. You're doing English, right?"

"That's right." I nodded.

"I have to walk past the English halls to get to class. I've seen you through the lecture room window – you always sit at the front near the door."

"I do." I chuckled. "I'm a bit claustrophobic. I like to be close to the door."

"And that works well for me," he replied.

I blushed and continued, "but why haven't I ever seen you?"

"Probably because I'm always late for lectures. I'm a full time student and a full time driver. It can get more than a little hectic at times."

"So, you recognised me when I got on your bus?"

"Yes, it was a dream come true for me. I'd been lusting over you for weeks."

I really just couldn't get my mouth to work properly. My jaw just kinda hung loose and then incomprehensible sounds dropped from it.

"Oh, boy," was the only sensible part sentence amongst the dross. It was hard to grasp the idea that this guy liked me, fancied me even. I could just about find it easy to believe that my intellect, charm and wit could win some guy over but just glancing into a room and seeing me? I've never seen myself as that kind of strikingly pretty girl.

I startled at the feel his fingers on my knee. I looked up and he smiled at me, inclining an eyebrow in a wickedly cheeky way. I returned the smile and giggled nervously then reached down for the last half of my crisp bacon sandwich. As I took a delicate bite, my teeth slipping through the soft white bread and piercing the crackly bacon in between, the fingers on my knee burrowed beneath the edge of my skirt. I paused mid-bite then continued to munch as the fingers crawled up my thigh. I put the booty back on the plate and chewed slowly. My stomach was tied up in knots and my throat was tight. I didn't know how I'd swallow and digest with all this nervous arousal streaming up my thigh, into my wet pussy and throughout the rest of me. The hand cupped my upper thigh. The fingertips just brushed gently against the small strip of damp material between my slightly parted legs.

"Open wide," he whispered in my ear then kissed my cheek. Miraculously, I found myself obeying. His hard fingertips stroked up and down the material between my thighs,

contacted my plump lips and tingled over my sensitive clit. I bit my lip just before I let out a moan of pleasure. It was not exactly busy in the café, but still, I needed to keep quiet.

"You're so wet, oh yeah," he groaned quietly and pushed a fingertip between my folds, pushing the soft cotton of my knickers a little way inside of me. "Don't you think that sex in public is a turn on?" he whispered conspiratorially in my ear. "It gets me extra hot to think we might get caught or someone might get off from watching us."

"I don't know, Tim," I gasped as his finger pressed deeper, "I don't know if we should be doing this here."

"Tell me you don't like it," he said as he pulled his finger back, leaving the material wedged inside of me. "You can't can you? I can feel how turned on you are." He pulled the material away from my crotch and ran his finger up and down my naked slit.

"What if someone sees?" I whispered urgently, and he slipped his finger up to caress my clit.

"What if? I don't know, but if you want me to, I'll stop right now."

I didn't know what to say or do, I wanted this to go on forever, but as I nervously glanced around the room, I felt like everyone knew what was going on, and I panicked.

"I'm sorry. I'm not comfortable."

He pulled his fingers away, making my heart sink and my pussy complain. He squeezed my thigh then, and as I looked up, he smiled at me.

"It's okay, Jane, I don't want to push you too far, you know? I'm just so eager to touch you."

"It's okay." My cheeks had flushed so red I could feel the heat radiating from them.

"I'll pay the bill then we'll get going, 'kay?"

"Okay," I replied and watched him walk across the room to the counter in the corner. I was torn apart with conflicting emotions. I was horny and upset that I hadn't come but relieved that he didn't force me to do that here, in public. And he said he wanted to touch me. Maybe it was time to give him the card?

"Are you ready?"

I nodded and stood. I picked up my coat and shrugged myself into it then carefully pulled up the zip.

“Where are we going?” I asked as he held open the door for me and I walked in to the coldness of a British February.

“Oh, I don’t know. I’d not really thought that far ahead. What do you fancy? Do you want to see a film?”

“Oh, I’d like too, but I don’t have enough money for the cinema. I don’t get paid ‘til the end of the week.”

“No worries. I’m skint too. How about we get a DVD and a bottle of something or other and take it back to my flat?”

“Yeah, that sounds good.” I smiled. “I think I can afford half a DVD.”

Chapter Three

"So what do you fancy? Comedy, adventure, horror?"

"Anything but horror," I replied and pulled a face. "I am such a wimp."

"Okay, so not horror, then." He laughed and walked towards the latest releases shelf.

"Tim," a bright giggly voice shouted. "Hey, fancy bumping into you here." I looked up from my perusal of the back of a DVD to see a very slim, very blonde, very perfect girl walking towards Tim.

"Hey Charlie." He smiled and she lifted herself on her tiptoes to place a lingering kiss on his cheek.

"How are you?" she asked and ran a hand down his arms. She flirted like crazy, her bright blue eyes heavily lidded and the smile on her shiny lips suggestive. I hated her instantly.

"I'm great," he said, not once looking over to me. "You?"

"Oh, you know," she said. "Single. Are you going out tonight?"

"Erm, no, I don't think so," Tim replied.

"Well, that is a shame." If that girl climbed any higher up Tim's body, she'd have been sitting on his shoulder. "I remember how well you dance."

He coughed and blushed, and she rubbed against him even more. I was seething. He did nothing to stop little-miss-look-at-me from rubbing herself all over him. He obviously enjoyed it. He'd not looked over at me once—well of course not. Who'd choose to look at a plain Jane like me with her in the room? I felt like crying. Maybe he was just using me for easy sex in between sessions with the slut over there.

"Anyway, I've got to dash. I'll catch you later. You've got my number." She was brazen and kissed him again. This time she laid the kiss so close to his lips she was nigh on lip-locked with him. I dashed a tear away from my eye with the back of my hand. I was angry, and it always showed through tears. I'd thought Tim might have been someone special, someone I could trust. It seemed he was just a user with a string of women queued up to

hang on his arm. I didn't even know why he'd bothered with me. Maybe all his other girls were otherwise engaged, and I was just a backup plan.

"So, what do you fancy?" he said, and I shrugged.

"How about a classic?" He confidently walked over to a shelf and plucked out a DVD. "Flash Gordon. It's my favourite."

"I've never seen it," I said and held in a sigh.

"Well, there you go then."

We walked to the till, and he paid for the DVD. I opened my bag and ignored the card staring out at me. I'd make a fool of myself giving him that now. Why would he want my touch when he had the perfectly manicured hand of Charlie willing, eager and able to touch him? I took out a fiver and passed it to him.

"Will you need any more?"

"No, we should get a good bottle for that." We walked into the large off license next door and he began looking through the wines. I walked over to the chocolate display. I needed some desperately.

"Jane, come here." I walked over to where he stood holding two bottles in his hand. "Red or white?"

"I don't mind," I replied. I rarely drink wine and would happily drink either. "Pick what you want. I'm going to get some chocolate."

"Hang on," he put down the bottle of white and followed me, "I'll get you these."

He picked up a box of Rose's chocolates and smiled at me. I managed a thin smile back.

"Thanks."

Maybe it was his way of letting me down lightly. We'd watch the DVD, he'd pass me the chocolates then announce he's off to that party to have hot sex with Charlie. I sighed deeply.

"What's the matter?" Tim asked as we walked out of the newsagents and back towards his car.

"Nothing," I lied.

"Oh, come on. You've been really quiet since we went into the video shop. Oh..." It was as if the penny dropped, and he wrinkled his brow. "You haven't met Charlie before, have you?" I shook my head and he opened the car door. "Hop in." he said.

He put the shopping on the backseat and settled himself behind the wheel. He was going to tell me now that this was all a mistake or that he has a harem of women, Charlie being the head whore or something. My insides wrapped themselves in knots as I waited to see what he would say.

"Look, Jane, Charlie is a pretty girl." *Here it comes*, I thought to myself, *wait for it*. "Well, at least she thinks she is. She is all over every guy like a rash. She moves from one to the other with alarming speed and we all know she's just a user."

"But she's beautiful so you take it anyway?"

"Some guys do. Some guys are fucking shallow, though. I can't stand her and it only seems to make her worse. The less I respond to her flirting the more she flirts with me. I'm sorry. I should have explained. Did you think Charlie and I...?"

I nodded weakly. "She's so gorgeous, and you did nothing to stop her."

"I'm an idiot," Tim said and put a hand on my thigh. "I'm sorry. I should have done something, but she freaks me out and I never know what to do to stop her so I just seize up like she's a wasp. I stand still, my skin crawling, and I hope she'll hurry up and fly away and leave me alone."

I laughed, my heart expanded, and it was as if a fog had lifted.

"I'm so sorry, Jane. I want to spend time with you. I want to touch you, not her."

His other hand came up to rest on my cheek, and he pulled me closer to him, before I fully realised what was happening his lips were on mine and suddenly the anguish of the last twenty minutes melted away as if it had never existed. His lips were insistent, his hand on my cheek comforting. I felt a little droplet roll down from my eye and his thumb moved to wipe it away.

"I'm sorry, Jane, really."

"I know. It's okay. I understand now."

"I'll make it up to you," he said, smiling and waggling his eyebrows.

"I'll hold you to that," I replied, with a cheeky wink.

"Good."

The drive back to his was genial. We chilled and chatted, and I actually felt relaxed in his company for the first time that day. It was still in the back of my mind that he could just be using me, but I pushed that way back. It was obviously just my lack of self-confidence

speaking. I suppose there was a slight possibility it was the voice of my common sense talking, but I was not willing to listen. I wanted to be wanted by this sexy stranger. I wanted everything he told me to be true. I wanted to fuck him, although I was scared of the intensity of emotion running through me, and I was worried that I'd disappoint him. I wanted him. It was as simple as that.

"So you don't live in digs, then?" he asked as we walked across to the tall block of student flats.

"No, I can't afford to so I'm still at home with Mum and Dad."

"That's why I never saw you round the usual student haunts then, only in class."

"Yes, once I've worked in the morning, done a day of lectures and another few hours of work in the evening, I'm too pooped to go out anywhere. I have to face the long journey home."

"That must be tough." He held open the door for me then walked beside me up the stairs.

"Yeah, I guess. I don't think I've made a single friend since starting in September, but at least, I have a familiar bed and a cooked meal waiting for me when I go home every evening."

"Yes, you're lucky to have that." Again I saw a flicker of pain in his dark eyes but he hid it again. "Social lives are over-rated. I drive, I study and I drive some more. That's it."

"Well, least you meet interesting people in your job."

"Hmm, that's very true." He purred and squeezed my arm. "I really do."

I blushed, and he winked at me. "Though I don't lust after all of them."

"Just a few of them." I giggled.

"No, only you," he replied and my stomach flicked over in pleasure. I was completely thrilled with this easy and seemingly sincere compliment. Even if it wasn't true, I wanted it to be, so I quickly convinced myself he was actually telling the truth.

"Here we are then," he said and put his key into the dark brown door that looked identical to every other door we'd been past. "Welcome to my mansion." He held open the door and swept his spare arm forward towards it like a grand gesture made by a ringmaster at a circus.

I walked into the small room. There was a small kitchen directly in front of me. It consisted of a microwave and a couple of those electric hobs one uses when in a caravan and a tiny sink, which seemed to double as a bathroom sink as well. The toilet was down the corridor somewhere.

The walls were uninspiring magnolia but spotted around were artistic black and white photos in frames interspersed with posters from magazines and brighter works of art. I liked the eclectic mix and looked more closely at several of them as I walked across the room.

On one wall was a desk with a laptop on it and a small plastic chair slid beneath it. On the other wall was a single bed.

"I'm afraid I don't actually have a TV, but my laptop does the trick. Is that all right?" he asked.

"It's hard cheese if it's not really, isn't it?" I laughed and unzipped my coat.

"Here, let me take that for you." He slid the coat slowly down my arms and when he'd pulled it off he took it over to behind the door and hung it on a hook there.

I stood awkwardly in the middle of the room. I knew I would have to sit down on his bed, but it seemed an awfully intimate thing to do so I stalled for a moment. "So your folks live far away then, since you're living in digs?"

"My parents are dead," he replied then in the same breath he added breezily, "Sit down and make yourself at home. I'm going to get some glasses and pour this wine. I'm afraid they're not particularly posh glasses," he commented as he bent down and clanked about in his cupboard. "But they'll do." He pulled out two straight-edged glasses then rifled through a drawer and withdrew a corkscrew.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I blustered.

"It's okay, really. It happened many years ago. I'm used to people asking now."

I sat down on the edge of the bed and waited anxiously. No wonder he seemed envious of my familiar bed and cooking. My heart overflowed with sympathy for him. He pulled the cork from the bottle, and I took a deep breath. We were here now, in his room. I was even sitting on his bed! My hands shook I was so nervous. I tried to calm myself down by telling myself we were simply going to watch a DVD. Nothing nerve inducing about that.

As soon as he put the wine glass in my hand, I knew we were not just going to watch a DVD. The look that crossed his face as he slipped the cup into my hand and watched me take my first hesitant sip was pure lust, and I heard him purr as I licked my lips nervously.

"It's good," I said.

"Excellent. I'll put the film on." He smiled and walked over to the laptop. I took another bigger sip of the wine for fortification and winced slightly. I've never been a big alcohol drinker and although it tasted good, it was strong. I took another sip and watched Tim load his computer and insert the DVD into the player.

"Okay, I think we're there," he said and pulled down the blind at the window, cutting out a lot of the light. He pressed play on his way over to the bed and the screen flared into life. He picked up his drink and sat directly next to me.

"Sit back, make yourself comfy," he said, leaning past me and picking up his pillows. He leant one against the wall and beckoned me to sit back. I did so and felt the soft cushion giving behind me as I settled down. He propped the other pillow up beside me and leant back against it. His arm rub against mine as he lifted his glass to his lips.

"Are you comfy?" he whispered and I nodded my head.

"If you need an extra pillow, use me, okay?"

"Okay." I smiled and took another gulp of the wine. It was only as the film started that I realised how strange all this was. I had headed to work that morning planning to pass over a Valentine's card to a bus driver I'd masturbated in front of and had ended up sitting next to him on his bed sipping wine and watching a DVD. Very strange indeed.

The wine started to work on me. My cheeks were flushed and hot, and my head was beginning to feel a little fuzzy. I reached over the side of the bed and put down the glass. It only had a little bit left in the bottom. I decided to leave it. I didn't want to get drunk right now. I wanted to savour the moment. As I sat back up I felt a little dizzy and so leaned over and rested my head on his shoulder. He turned and pressed a gentle kiss to the top of my head.

I rested there for a while, comfortable and warm. I watched the film but couldn't keep my mind on its simple plot. I was simply aware of his body so close to mine. I saw his chest lifting and falling and felt his warmth and hard body through the T-shirt material covering his arm.

"Hmm, let me just move a little. My shoulder's falling asleep," he said.

I don't know if he meant it or if it was just an excuse to slide his arm around me. I found myself leaning against the top of his chest, just in the sensual curve of his neck. He smelled so good, musky and spicy and wonderfully masculine.

"Are you alright?" he asked, and I nodded my head gently, enjoying the stimulation of skin against his skin.

"I'm very comfortable, thank you, are you?"

"Oh yes," he replied and stroked his hand down my arm then squeezed me. "I am very comfortable indeed, sweetheart."

I was happy where I was, embraced and relaxed but underneath the peace and comfort ran a live wire of arousal that meant I wasn't truly relaxed. I wanted to reach my hand over, to rest it on his crotch, to open the zip and touch his naked cock. I wanted to kiss his neck, to nibble the flesh and maybe even leave my mark. I wanted him to reach over and caress my breast or for his other hand to slide down from my shoulders to my waist and lower to squeeze and later spank my arse. I furiously boiled away inside and I didn't know what to do. I was afraid to make the first move. I was petrified of upsetting or hurting him.

"Jane?" His voice startled me from my thoughts and I lifted up my head.

"Yes—"

His lips fell on mine and he kissed me. I can't say that we kissed. I was too shocked to join in. He kissed me. He pressed his lips hard against mine, and I took the heavenly pressure and tried to gather my thoughts. His hands wrapped around me, one rested on the back of my neck and the other cupped my waist. I pressed my hand out, almost in panic but instead of pushing him away, I ran my hand slowly across his chest.

The hand at my waist crept higher and it carried the light, scratchy material of my too-tight work shirt up my body with it. His fingers whispered over my flesh and I moaned with delight, unable to hold it in. His kiss deepened, his tongue slipped out into my mouth and tentatively, I wiggled mine in response, rubbing it against his.

I wanted to feel his skin, so I slipped my hand down to the edge of his T-shirt and slipped my hand beneath it. It was his turn to moan as my fingers crawled up over his stomach and chest. He felt good, hard but soft enough to give a little under my fingers. A few

hairs tickled my fingers round his chest and his nipples felt hard and gritty as I experimentally swept my fingers across them.

"You minx," he gasped. "My turn now." He pulled away from our kiss and moved both his hands to the front of me. He fiddled with my buttons and eventually got each one undone. I watched him and helped to slip off the shirt. Before I could feel the cold air, his arms were around me and he was pulling apart the clasp of my bra.

"Tim," I exclaimed as I felt it pop loose and my breasts dropped a little without the lifting aid of the bra. I was scared he'd hate the sight of my large breasts. They were nowhere near perky and perfect. I was worried he'd be disgusted.

"Shh, it's okay, sweetheart. I want to see you and feel you. Please?"

I nodded my acquiescence, and he pulled the bra forward and slipped it down my arms. "Oh God, Jane, you're beautiful." He ran his fingers down my chest and around my breasts, teasing the skin and zoning in on my nipples.

"So soft, so creamy, what beautiful breasts." His eyes focused on my chest, his tone conveyed deep delight and his fingers worshipped my flesh. I felt elated and in a contrast to moments earlier I pushed my chest out wantonly and gasped as he took my nipples in his fingers and squeezed and tugged at them. A second later, he was man-handling one into his mouth. The feel of his suction drove me wild, and I groaned to let out some of the sexual pressure building up inside of me from his examination and gentle but demanding fingers.

He pushed me. I squealed as I fell back onto the mattress as I was taken totally by surprise. I pulled my legs up onto the bed and lost myself in a tangle of limbs, but after a moment of confusion Tim was above me, his legs between my thighs and his body above me.

"You scared me." I slapped his arm. "Why didn't you warn me?"

"It's more fun this way." He laughed, and before I articulated a reply, his lips hit mine and I forgot what I was going to say. "Hang on," He pulled away and sat back on his heels. It took him a second to pull off his T-shirt, and I got the most amazing view of his tight chest as he peeled away the material and threw it to the floor. "That's better."

He fell over me again, holding himself up on his arms. His kisses sprinkled over my brow and my cheeks, and I giggled then gasped as he slipped off my chin and onto my sensitive neck. His chest gently pressed against my breasts, and with each move, the fine hairs tickled my breasts and made my nipples ache with need.

His lips on my neck felt divine. I had never been kissed there before and so was completely unaware of how much of an erogenous zone it was. With just a few kisses and nibbles, I was mewling and pushing up against him, more and more ready for him to fuck me.

His kisses carried on, carelessly meandering down over my chest and moving from one breast to the other, feasting on each nipple and making my mind turn to goo. I was incapable of speech or even real thought. All I could do was respond to his kiss caress. I was taken over by a fever I had never felt before, even when I received my first, hesitant kiss. That guy did not approve of body touches, though. I think he was missing out.

Tim slipped down onto his stomach and lay kisses all over mine. I felt uncomfortable at first, my stomach is rounded and full, not flat like Charlie's but apparently that did not faze him as he kissed and caressed my tummy and belly button with as much eagerness and passion as he did my breasts. My skirt had rolled up as he threw me to the bed, and it was only a moment's work to lift it up to reveal my cotton-encased pussy.

"Oh, yes," he groaned and ran a finger down my slit through the damp material at my crotch. "Beautiful." He contented himself with running his fingers over me with my knickers as a barrier for a while. I was aroused and frustrated. I wanted to feel him on my skin again. I wanted to feel his finger inside me once more.

He soon relieved my frustration though. He slipped his hands to my hips, grabbed my panties at each side and pulled. I lifted my hips and helped. He slid down to my ankles then unhooked one side, forgot about the other leg and left my knickers pooled around my left ankle. He slipped back up the bed and before I could feel embarrassed he was between my thighs again, urging them wider apart with his hands.

I had never been so inspected before, and I bit my lip anxiously. I enjoyed his gaze on my intimate places, I felt wanton and sexual, but I was just slightly worried that he would find my bits repulsive.

He moaned and moved his finger up and down my slit again, and I knew he did not find my pussy to be unattractive. He kissed my thigh gently and at the same moment slipped a finger inside of me. It felt amazing. I had fingered myself before, many times in fact, and so there was no barrier to his probing and I felt as if he were disappearing deep inside me with

every thrust. I knew then that I really wanted his cock inside me. If one and then two fingers felt so good, I could not wait to feel his cock.

What happened next took me totally by surprise. I was completely inexperienced, and so when his lips came into contact with my aching clit, I was shocked in the most erotic way. I did not realise people kissed other people there. I mean, I knew about blowjobs. I'd never given one, but I knew girls that had, but I had never heard once about a boy repaying the favour. It felt divine.

I was now completely incapable of thought. I felt, I enjoyed and I luxuriated in the lapping of his tongue on my clit and the intense fullness of his fingers as they moved inside of me, but I had no real thoughts. I just wanted to come, and I knew if he kept up his current pressure on my clit, it would not be long until that happened.

He carried on lapping steadily and squeezed another finger inside me. That was it. That was all I could take, and I screamed out my orgasm with an explosive "Yes!" and I felt his fingers slide away from me and his tongue slipped down lower, seeking out my juices as they spilled from me. As my body spasmed, he licked and sucked to his heart's content.

"Wow," I said when he pulled away from my sensitive pussy and scrambled up to his knees. "That was...wow."

"It was," he replied, and I sat up to move my legs from around him. He leaned forward and kissed me, my legs spread around him still. He tasted good, he tasted of me, sweet and musky, fruity and light. I eagerly kissed back and enjoyed the taste I had never thought to try before.

As he left my lips, I scrambled my legs up and turned to sit with my back to the wall again, my legs dangling over the side of the bed. He sat beside me, and we continued to kiss. I was very aware of the fact that he was still horny, and in the sexual haze of an amazing orgasm, I did not worry about disappointing him. I just slipped my hand down to his waist and popped open his button and fly.

He was hard, really hard and he helped me pull down his trousers and pants so I could free his cock. It was inspiring. I had never seen a naked cock in person before. Sure, I'd seen the odd one online. It's amazing where porn pops up with a quick Google sometimes, but a cock in the flesh is not something you can imitate online.

This was a moment I didn't want to forget, and so I gently ran my fingers around the base of it, tickling over his balls and making him moan with a mixture of frustration and delight. The flesh looked dark and brooding. I saw veins underneath the reddened skin and it looked to me to be almost painful. It strained straight up as if pointing at me and from the wrinkled skin around the top a not quite clear liquid seeped. I pressed a finger to it and lifted it to my lips. It tasted salty.

To his credit, Tim just sat there and let me explore him. He must have been so turned on at that point but he was still patient. He let me run my fingers up and down his shaft. He watched as I clasped my hand around him to make my fingers and thumb touch together. He only began to feel any relief when I began to run my gripped hand up and down gently.

"You can squeeze harder than that," he moaned, "if you want. You won't hurt me, it can take much more pressure than that."

So I tightened my fist and squeezed as I pumped. I thought he was going to go off like a rocket in one of those silly, slapstick cartoons as he moaned and cursed and encouraged me to keep going. Looking back, I am sure he was about to come when I decided to let my grip loosen and inspect his cock with my mouth. I thought it only fair, considering.

He gasped in frustration, but a second later, he moaned encouragingly as I dropped my head to his crotch and started to pepper his cock with gentle, teasing kisses. I loved the heat and the give of his skin even though he was so stiff and hard below the surface. I kissed from the base of him to the head and lapped up more of that sweet-salty mix that wept from the tip of his dick.

After whirling my tongue around his head like it was delicately flavoured ice cream, I actually encircled his cock with my lips and slipped down. He cooed encouragingly, "Yes, that's it sweetheart, yes that's good."

I continued to explore the variations with my mouth and lips on him to find what I liked and he liked the most. I went from loose lipped to tight-lipped quite quickly and soon moved a hand to the base of his cock to steady myself and to enjoy the heat of him there.

I kept wiggling and moving my tongue, wrapping it around him, twisting and tickling as I moved my head up and down. I soon established a rhythm and his hand stroked up and down my back at a similar speed, encouraging me to keep it up.

I felt him tighten, not just his cock and his balls, but his stomach muscles and leg muscles too. I knew something was changing, but I didn't know quite what until he shouted out, "Oh, fuck, Jane. I'm going to come, oh yes, I'm going to come."

And not knowing what else to do, I kept on sucking and within seconds I was taken by surprise by the shot of warm liquid shooting out of his tip and into my mouth. It slipped down my throat, and I just gulped down each shot of hot cum.

I licked my lips as I pulled his softening penis from between my lips.

"Mmm, rather tasty," I purred.

"Wow, Jane, that was awesome, the best."

I rested my head on his shoulder and he wrapped his arm around me.

"Thanks," I giggled, my cheeks hot with pleasure. "I did okay, then? That was my first try."

"Go away," he exclaimed. "That was the first time you gave a bloke a blowjob?"

"Yes," I replied and looked up at him. "Was it okay?"

"It was bloody brilliant," he enthused. "I thought you'd long practised your technique to be honest."

I looked at him indignantly then laughed.

"No, you're my first. You're my first anything sexual." My cheeks grew redder, even though I didn't think that was possible. I was glowing like a gas fire in mid-winter.

"Wow." He leant down and kissed my lips. "You're a natural then, sweetheart, a natural. You blew me away."

I was pleased at his words and cuddled him close as he kissed me, full of joy and satisfaction.

"I'm going to take the film back a bit," he said. "I think we've missed an important part."

He got up and kicked his jeans out of the way then walked over to his laptop. He moved the film back then grabbed the box of chocolates off the side.

"I don't know about you, but I need some sustenance after that."

I agreed, and he opened the box and offered me one. I took a bright, purple-wrapped sweet and settled back to continue watching the film.

I didn't feel any different in a major way. I was still me but somehow I felt more whole, even more like myself for being with him. I was still technically a virgin, but I was no longer inexperienced.

I settled into his shoulder again and his arm wrapped around me once more, I shivered. The room was cold and I was more or less naked. I found it strange that I had become so relaxed about being nude in front of a man, but I thought that it was silly to hide my body after such an experience. He had shown me that he appreciated it, every inch.

"Cold, love? Let's get under the duvet." I liked how he didn't suggest we get dressed. I stood up, as did he, and pulled the dark blue blanket back. I sat back down and straightened my pillow. He snuggled in beside me and threw the duvet over us both. Our feet and calves stuck out at the bottom of the blanket, but the extra warmth to my upper body was comforting.

We'd watched another twenty minutes or so of the film before my feet got to feel so cold that I had to lift them up and tuck them under the cover. I turned side on to him and slipped my toes up onto the bed, bending at the knees.

"Do you need warming up?" he asked.

I nodded. "I've gone cold."

He needed no further invitation. He took my lips to his, and the spark of lust ignited us both. I was amazed by how turned on I felt again so soon after such an explosive orgasm, but I wanted him and as I pressed harder and harder against his lips, I lost my balance and fell onto him. We laughed as he shifted around to lie next to me, his legs stretched down towards the head of the bed covered with the duvet just like mine. I was laid out, sandwiched between his hard chest and the wall. Fitting two grown adults into a single bed is not easy but we found it very stimulating.

Our lips didn't stay separated for long, and after a matter of moments, our hands began to move up and down each other's arms, hips and thighs. Our chests were squashed tightly together. and as our legs entwined, his cock pressed into my pubis.

"Jane, I want you," he gasped. "Oh, God knows how much I want you, but if you don't want to, let me know now, darling, because I don't know if I'll be able to control myself after this."

I looked into his eyes and saw the lust burning and boiling in my body reflected in his turbulent eyes. I was nervous, but not afraid. I was ready for him. I wanted him to take my virginity.

"I want you," I whispered. "I want you inside me."

He moaned and sat up.

"Hang on," he said and reached up to the little cabinet beside the bed and returned with a silver packet in his hand. I was glad that he had protection and ashamed to think that I hadn't even thought about it in that very important moment.

"Are you ready for me?" he asked, and I nodded. I was ready. I could feel the juices between my thighs and the need to feel him inside of me was so strong it was almost painful.

"Okay." He took the condom out of its packet and slipped it below the duvet and onto his cock. I wanted to see that in more detail at a later date. I wanted to help him, but at that moment, I just wanted him ready to enter me.

He ran a hand down my body then moved over my leg and between my thighs. His fingers gently stroked my breast as he used his other hand to move his cock up and down my slit. I moaned with delight.

"I'm going to be gentle, sweetheart," he crooned. "Please, please tell me if it hurts."

His gentle consideration made my eyes well up, and I nodded. "I'm ready," I said and fixed my gaze to his. "Fuck me."

He groaned, and his cock pierced me. I gasped. His fingers had recently filled me and my passage was still slick with juices, but it felt so large. I had never taken anything so bulky inside of me, but it wasn't painful. It felt divine.

He slipped in slowly, not breaking eye contact once. My mouth formed a shocked "O" as I grew accustomed to him stretching me open. It felt so right, as if we were fixing the last piece of a jigsaw into a puzzle. I felt complete as his pubis knocked against my clit, and I yelped from the joy of the stimulation.

"Are you okay?" he asked, his brow wrinkling.

"Perfect," I groaned. "This is so..." I searched for an adequate word to explain the ecstasy and rightness that I felt and failed miserably. "Great. So good."

He smiled and pulled himself back before plunging into me. I clasped my thighs around him, wrapping my ankles around his back, and he slowly lowered himself over me.

He took his weight on his arms and bent forward to kiss me. It was a brief contact, but my lips tingled with it. I closed my eyes then as the sensations flooded my body.

He moved a little quicker with each thrust. I reached out and grabbed at him. My hands ran up and down his back as I mewled, yelped and groaned. Words were beyond me, but I just could not keep quiet. His body inside and against mine felt so good that I had to let the delight out somehow.

And although I had never experienced an orgasm without direct stimulation of my clit, I felt a coil inside my stomach tightening with every press forward of his body. His pelvis struck my clit, and that slight contact combined with the friction of his cock inside of me built me up to a massive release.

"Oh, Jane," he moaned, his breath tickled my cheek. "Oh, Jane, you feel so good around me, squeezing me. Jane, I'm going to come inside of you. Oh, Jane, I can't hold back."

"Don't!" I cried the one word, any more froze on my lips as I found the tightened coil unwinding at great speed and releasing a powerful orgasm that rampaged through my body like a spinning tornado.

"Jane," he gasped as I tightened and pulled him harder into me. "Oh, Jane." And then he too was shuddering and shaking, and his cock widened inside me as he came. I shook all over as my orgasm extended and eased into every last part of my body. I dug my nails into his back and held onto him tightly as he slumped against me, panting.

"I think we missed the end of the film," I giggled as the credits music rolled on and on.

"Fuck Flash Gordon," he replied.

"Hmm, kinky. I didn't realise you swung that way, too," I teased, my eyebrows wiggling.

"For you sweetheart, I'd do Flash Gordon, and I'm really not so keen on blonds."

We laughed and kissed, and he rolled to the side of me. I moved over and onto my side quickly before Tim fell off the edge of the small bed and we snuggled together happy and replete.

Chapter Four

Later that evening, Tim dropped me off at home, and just before I left the car, I passed him the Valentine's card. I was thrilled as well as surprised to get one back. I couldn't open it straight away as I had to go and eat with the folks and ring work to let them know I'd be in the next day. It was only as I climbed into bed that I had opportunity to open in.

It was exactly the same card I had picked out for him, exactly. I laughed and blushed as I read the short but sweet message that let me know he wanted to know me more. He did know me more by that point, much more.

I was so glad I had lost my virginity to Tim. He'd been kind and patient, and our lovemaking had blown me away. I lay in bed and recalled it all, writing down every action in my diary. I wanted to remember that special day and preserve it in my mind always.

The next day, I was all smiles although I tried to look a little wan and belaboured at work. Nobody seemed to question my illness, though. I guess that was the bonus of being a good girl. I spent most of my time daydreaming and remembering back to seeing him on the bus that morning. I had worked myself into a nervous frenzy, worrying about what he might say or if he'd pretend he didn't know me or something daft like that, but when I'd walked onto the bus, he'd smiled and greeted me with a wink. I'd shown my pass and he'd blown me a kiss before I'd walked to my seat. He'd watched me for the whole journey again and said, "see you later," when I'd hopped off the bus at my stop.

In class, I found it hard to keep my mind on the work, and I wondered if Tim had been past the window. I kept looking over, just in case, but I never saw him.

At lunchtime, I actually ventured into the canteen. I wanted to see him and that seemed like the most likely place to find him. I hated the hustle and bustle of there so usually I avoided it like the plague. I looked around, examined tables and people in the queue, but I couldn't see him at all.

I walked back into the corridor thoroughly deflated. I couldn't believe I'd not asked him for his phone number, maybe I could just turn up at his room after classes. I needed to see

him, to confirm that the events of Valentine's Day had actually happened and weren't just figments of my imagination.

Just as I turned the corner to wander out into the quad for my lunch, I saw him. My face broke into a huge smile, but his name stayed anchored to my lips. Just as I was about to speak up, I noticed who was with him. Charlie. She wore a tiny, pleated skirt over thick tights and her legs looked as long and shapely as a model's. I wish I had walked away then, I really do, but I was determined to walk past them to get to my desired destination. Which, at that moment, was as far away from Charlie as I could get.

I stepped forward, and I saw Tim's hand on her arm. It felt like someone had thumped me in the stomach, but I took another step. Then their mouths came together and there was a kiss. My heart tore apart in my chest.

"You bastard!" I cried as I ran past him. I had to let out some of the pain and hurt and loathing that it bubbled up inside me and flooded my body.

I think he called my name, but I wasn't going to stop running until my lungs burst or my legs gave way. The pain of exertion seemed a fitting penance for being an idiot and losing my virginity to a player and a user. Out of breath, I finally stopped running and slumped down on a bench. It was biting cold, and I'd lost any appetite. The sun shone, mocking my pain, and I just let the tears slide down my cheeks. I didn't care if I made a fool of myself for everyone to see. I didn't care at all.

I'd seen all the danger signs the day before. I knew I should have run away. I knew it yet I hadn't and I regretted it. I regretted the sweet, patient, erotic passions of the day before and sobbed for the loss of my most precious commodity to a man who didn't deserve it.

Someone sat beside me, and I took my hands away from my face and made an attempt to wipe my tears. When I looked up, it was Tim beside me.

"Leave me alone," I hissed. "Don't you think you've done enough?" I sobbed again. I've never been good at containing emotion. Be it good or bad, it all flows out in tears and sobs and splutters.

"Just listen to me, Jane, just for a minute, please? Let me say my piece, and if you still want me to, I swear I'll go."

I nodded. I was too worn out to bother fighting. All my purpose had been drained from my body.

"Jane, you're amazing. I've not been able to get you off my mind since the first morning we met. I enjoyed what happened yesterday so much. It was the best Valentine's Day I'd ever had. You mean so much to me, Jane, you really do and..." He paused then. I looked at him, and he took a long, shuddering breath. "And I'm so sorry and I'm so scared that I've lost the best thing to happen in my life because I wasn't strong enough to push away a girl."

"You stroked her arm," I said. The sobs had stopped and numbness had set in. I knew it wouldn't last long so I spoke while I could.

"I know that is what it looked like, sweetheart, but no, I didn't. I was warning her to stop, step back, to stay away. She was talking some shit about missing me at the party and wanting to give me my Valentine treat even if it was a day late. I didn't want it. I didn't want her near me. I wanted to find you. I needed to see you and be near you. I wish I had told her that, exactly that, but she must have taken my hand on her arm as a signal that I wanted it—a misinterpreted signal, Jane, I swear. My skin crawled when she leaned in and pressed her lips against mine. I backed up, but she followed me. I shook my head and placed my hand on her shoulders to push her back. As I did so, I heard you and saw you run past. My heart broke."

It was his turn to cry. A tear ran down the side of his nose then another trickled down his cheek. "I'm so sorry that I'm not good enough for you, Jane. I want to be. I'm so sorry that I was weak and stupid. I really am. I'm so very, very, very sorry that I've hurt you, the one person in the whole world I care about. I'm sorry."

He wrung his hands together, and his leg tapped nervously. The tears still dripped down his cheeks. He was not a user. He was the used, and I'd jumped to a stupid conclusion through my own confidence deficiency.

"No, I'm sorry," I whispered and put my hand on his shoulder. He looked up at me. I reached forward with my other hand. I laid it gently on his cheek and stroked away the tears. "I'm sorry that I didn't trust you, that I didn't trust what we shared yesterday. I'm sorry I jumped to the wrong conclusion because I'm always convinced that I'm not worthy of good things happening to me. I'm sorry."

His hand came up beside my face, cupping it and mirroring my hand upon his cheek. He wiped away the tears with his thumb.

"It took less than a heartbeat for me to forgive you." He smiled.

"Same here," I replied, and I realised I was leaning forward. Our lips were mere millimetres apart. They met and entwined. I tasted the salt of our mingled tears as the kiss instantly deepened and my hand swept back and into his hair. His fingers echoed and we held each other together, hands behind heads as our lips kissed and devoured and took the comfort they needed from each other.

"I thought I'd lost you," he gasped as we came up for air. "I was so scared I'd lost you."

"I thought you'd lied to me. I thought I'd been taken for a ride. Stupid me. How could it have been a lie? It was perfection."

"It was," he said and stroked his hand down and over my shoulder. "Complete perfection, Jane. You're amazing."

I smiled then sniffled. The tears finally began to dry up. He rolled his hand into his sleeve and gently wiped my cheeks.

"Are we okay, now?" he asked and I nodded. He pulled me to him and I wrapped my hands around his waist as he cradled me in his arms.

"Come over to mine after class, Jane. Please say you will."

"I finish at three today," I said. "Then I work for until six."

"Then come over at six. I'll prepare you a meal."

"Okay," I replied. "I'll be over at yours about half past six. Will I be able to get a lift home?" I would simply ring Mum and tell her I needed to do some overtime. I needed to spend more time with Tim.

"Sure, no problem." He rubbed a hand up and down my back. "I'll see you at six-thirty then." He pressed a kiss to the top of my head. "Fuck knows how I'm going to concentrate this afternoon." He shook his head and stood. I followed him.

We walked hand in hand down the corridor until he had to go in the opposite direction to me. We parted with a passionate kiss and when I looked up the beautiful Charlie was scrunching her face up in envy. I laughed, then, wondering why I'd ever been so worried about her. She was ugly. It was written right through her like a cheap stick of rock.

* * * *

It was bitterly cold as I marched from work to the student digs. I moved as swiftly as I could, my uniform hardly any defence from the cold, my snugly university jeans still in my bag. I wished I'd changed into them after work, but I wanted to get to Tim's as soon as possible.

"Right on time," he trilled as I pressed the intercom. "Come on in."

The door clicked, and I rushed in. It wasn't much warmer in the hallway, but immediately I rushed up the steps. I was out of breath by the time I reached his door. It had been left ajar so I walked through it and pushed it closed behind me.

I dropped my bag to the floor and shrugged off my coat without even looking up.

"Fuck, it's cold out there tonight." I shuddered and turned to hang my coat on the door hook.

"Well, come here then. Let me warm you."

It was only then I looked up to see Tim reclining on the bed, in just his boxers, a single red rose, clasped in his hands. Candles of all shapes and sizes arranged along the small kitchen shelf and over the computer desk shed soft light over the room.

"Wow," I exclaimed. "This is wonderfully romantic."

"I wanted to do something special for you. Now, get out of those clothes and let my body heat warm you."

I blushed, but I was no longer scared to reveal my body to him. My fingers shook as I undid my blouse buttons, but that was because I had never stripped naked with someone watching me so closely before. Mostly, I was aroused and my body started to heat from the inside out.

"Oh, you're so beautiful," he moaned as I pulled at the zip on my skirt and flicked out of my shoes at the same time. My legs were still bare since I'd not managed to buy any new tights. At that moment, I was glad I wouldn't have another clumsy layer to strip off. I lifted my hands behind me and unclipped my bra. I watched him watching me as I slipped the straps off my shoulders and let the white bra slip off my arms and to the floor.

"Yes, yes, beautiful." He licked his lips, and I eagerly started to push the knickers off my hips. I skimmed them down my thighs and stepped out of them. "Come here, Jane. Oh, how I need to touch you right now."

I walked over to the bed and slipped onto it beside him. He passed me the rose which I held to my nose as his hands caressed my body. It smelled light and heady, like a sweet summer's day. I reached behind me and dropped it gently to the floor. Right now, I had other things I needed to do. I didn't have time to properly smell the roses, as it were.

"You are cold." He rubbed my arm and encircled me in his arms. He was hot, and I pulled myself closer to him by hooking my leg over his. I snuggled into him like a favourite duvet, and he wrapped me round in the heat of his embrace.

He kissed me and let his hands roam over my body, up and down my back, across the curve of my breast then his fingers traced circles over my hip.

"I wanted to make this so romantic. I wanted to seduce you slowly, but Jane, oh my sweet Jane, I need you now." He pressed his erection into the underside of my stomach, and I gasped. "I need to be inside you now. Forgive my impatience, please."

"I want you, too," I groaned and moved my leg away from his so he could pull down his boxers. "I want to feel you inside me, Tim. Fuck, I've missed you so much. It's been too long." And although it had only been a day, it had been. I wanted him so much right then. I was dizzy with lust.

As soon as he was loosed from his boxers, he pressed me down onto my back and slipped between my thighs. I gasped as he knelt there and ran his hands up and down my curves. He squeezed my breast and pinched my nipples then followed the contours of my sides down to my hips. He moved his hands inwards and pulled wide my thighs. I wasn't embarrassed by his brazen stare, and I was thrilled to feel his finger wiggle inside of me.

"Fuck, you're so wet," he moaned, pulling out and rubbing his fingertip over my clit. I just hissed my agreement and closed my eyes tightly to enjoy the tormenting tickle of his fingers over my clit. I was already so close to orgasm, and I ached to feel him inside me.

He removed his fingers from my body, and I opened my eyes to watch him pick up a condom off the sheets beside him, rip it open then slowly encase his gorgeous erection with it.

"Are you ready?" he moaned as he leaned in and pressed his cock against my wetness.

"Yes, fuck me, Tim, please." I did not have to ask him again. He slid into me with one smooth stroke and immediately pulled back again. He set a furious pace, and I linked my legs around him to hold on.

I slipped a hand down over my stomach and he hissed, "Yes, rub your clit, baby. Come for me."

I rubbed, I caressed and covered my clit with my juices. He collapsed onto me then, his arms took his weight and his chest pressed against mine. His pelvis pushed my finger harder against myself. I rubbed, knowing he could feel every movement of my finger as he pushed and thrust and whispered into my ear,

"Yes, oh fuck Jane, yes, play with that little clit whilst I fill you with my cock. Yes! Come all over me, baby. Cover me with your juices."

His dirty, sexy words made me croon with delight. I tightened my legs around his waist as I felt my orgasm build.

"Yes, that's it baby. Come for me. I'm going to come, too."

And I exploded. My muscles spasmed around him and pulled him tighter inside me. I felt him expand inside me as I heard his moan of release.

"Fuck," I moaned as my body shook with a powerful aftershock orgasm.

"Wow," he panted and rolled to the side. We arranged our bodies again so that neither of us would fall off and onto the floor.

"So, what's for tea?" I asked.

"Pizza."

"Frozen?"

"No, the pizza guy will deliver it. I didn't think it'd be very romantic to give you food poisoning on the second date by cooking for you."

I laughed. "So are we, like, boyfriend and girlfriend now?" I looked up into his dark brown eyes, and he smiled sweetly.

"I think we're far more than that baby, don't you?"

I flushed and nodded.

"Does this mean I get to ride for free whenever I like?"

He raised a brow and laughed. "You can get on me and ride any time you like, love, anytime you like."

We kissed. It was the beginning of a long journey, and I was really looking forward to the ride.

About the Author

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan and erotica writer. She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes and biscuits that make people happy. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life. If you want to know more about Victoria and her brand of rosy, raunchy romance please check out her website: <http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk/>

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