

Losing My Religion

by [abbeynormal](#)©

Any time of change in one's life can be scary as well as exciting. Ron Matthews thought of this as he sat in his assigned chair on the football field, preparing to walk across the stage and receive his high school diploma. His father had always told him not to be afraid of the future but to embrace it. Still, it was going to be difficult going from an eighteen year old high school senior and all-star basketball player at Northville High School to an unknown freshman at Mid-State University. He tried to push these worries out of his mind though and just concentrate on getting across the stage without tripping or dropping his diploma or doing something else embarrassing.

As they had done for their two older sons, Ron's parents held an open house and invited friends, relatives and neighbors to come help celebrate his accomplishment. Ron knew the rules. The guest of honor had to remain at home until 9:00pm. He really didn't mind since most of his friends were having their own celebrations and wouldn't be available for any kind of partying on their own until much later that night. When Ron got home from commencement exercises, he hurried inside to change into shorts and a T-shirt as he refused to spend the rest of the warm May afternoon in a shirt and tie.

As he was rushing out through the kitchen to the back yard, he nearly mowed down his neighbor, Melissa Roberts. This would have been bad enough, in and of itself but the fact that she was carrying a large bowl of his favorite potato salad would have compounded the accident into a disaster. Fortunately, he was able to stop short and managed to grab her shoulders firmly enough to keep her on her feet as well.

"Sorry, Melissa, I should've been paying more attention."

He gave her a sheepish grin and turned to walk out the door, holding it open for her to pass through as well. As she walked by him, she gave him a playful swat on the bottom, and admonished him to be more careful in the future.

"Yeah, and slow down. This is a party, not a fire drill."

Ron admitted later that the party was pretty cool. His parents grilled what seemed like a cow's worth of hamburgers and hot dogs and had plenty of other food to go with it. He enjoyed seeing his cousins and his older brothers were even being nice to him, which was a marked change from their normal sibling rivalry.

Later in the evening as most of the guests were sitting around the back yard enjoying their drinks and some quiet conversations, Melissa quietly took Ron aside to give him his graduation present. He looked at the festively gift-wrapped box in shock, as he wasn't really expecting her to give him anything.

"Well, open it!" she encouraged.

What he found inside made him grin broadly. Since he hadn't expected anything from her the contents of the box were especially exciting. His mother walked by and looked at it with a puzzled expression. She couldn't understand why he'd be so overjoyed to receive a maple bath brush with boar's hair bristles. Melissa smoothly interjected that when he'd stayed with her earlier in the year, she had extolled the virtues of the bath brush for getting hard to reach areas which was important to a young athlete like him who sweated a lot as it would help prevent body acne. His mom commented that she never realized her son was that interested in personal hygiene but let it go at that. Ron and Melissa shared a conspiratorial wink and then Ron noticed there was a small envelope attached to the brush. He opened it and found a gift card for a local store and when he saw the amount on it, his eyes popped wide.

"Oh wow, Melissa, no, this is way too much."

She smiled wistfully and put reached up to put a hand on his cheek.

"You know, since I never had the chance to have kids of my own, I've always considered all of you neighborhood rugrats to be my surrogate children, but Ron, you've always held a very special place in my heart. If I'd ever had a son, I would have wanted him to be just like you."

Unsure of just what to say, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into a tight hug. Mindful of the lipstick she was wearing, she kissed his cheek tenderly, trying not to leave an imprint on him. To her surprise, he kissed her as well; a soft, gentle kiss just under her jaw near her ear that sent a tingle running through her body. She sternly chided herself to keep her libido under control; that the placement of his kiss was simply awkward due to their height differences.

"Thank you, Melissa," he said as he pulled back but still held on to her. "I can't say that I'd necessarily want you as a mom, but you'd be a hell of a big sister."

She pulled back as well, looking up into his face to answer with a mischievous smile. "I think I like just being your friend."

At that moment, Ron's older brother, Steven, walked by... or rather staggered by as he'd been drinking heavily. Seeing Ron and Melissa in each other's arms, he clapped his youngest brother on the back.

"Hey, bro, good choice. Always best to lose your virginity to an older woman. They got the experience to break you in right."

Ron let go of Melissa and his face turned beet red. He wished that he were in a less well-lit environment so that she couldn't see his embarrassment but not wanting his brother to know, he simply acted annoyed.

"Yeah, well, when it happens to you, come tell me about it but for now just go find some place far away to sober up."

Steven was too far gone to truly understand the insult he'd just been handed and only registered his brother's annoyance with him. However, he did wander off mumbling about how he was just trying to help.

Ron's face was still slightly pink as he turned back to Melissa and he tried to think of some way to divert her attention from his brother's taunt but it seemed he'd used up his quota of glib remarks. She, however, misinterpreted his reaction and tried to ease his discomfort.

"Wow, he is really three sheets to the wind. You might want to keep an eye on him and make sure he doesn't try to drive anywhere tonight. The ER is going to be busy enough with seniors who are partying irresponsibly. They don't need another patient."

"Yeah," he said absentmindedly. "I'll make sure my parents are clued in."

She looked off into the distance as memories of years gone by came back to her. "When I worked at the hospital, I always hated graduation night. Teenagers think they're immortal anyway and the day they get that diploma, it just gets worse."

She pulled her attention back to the present and looked up at Ron intently. "You're not planning on doing anything stupid tonight are you?" she nearly demanded.

A few moments ago, his thoughts about what might happen later in the evening could definitely classify as 'stupid' but not in the way that he knew she was thinking.

"Don't worry. I'm not going to go out and get drunk or anything like that."

"Swear it!" she demanded.

He placed one hand on her forehead, a gesture that they'd shared for years when making solemn vows to each other. "I swear on your head."

They shared a conspiratorial smile in memory of all the promises they'd made to each other over the years, sealing each deal with the same ritual.

"Thank you, Ron. I'll sleep better tonight knowing you're not out among the crazy people."

"I won't do anything you have to worry about."

"Good," she stood on tiptoe and kissed his cheek again, this time very quickly before stepping away. "I should

go. I promised your folks I'd help with the clean up."

"Thanks again for the presents. Melissa."

"Use them wisely," she added as she turned to go into the house.

"Maybe I could come over some time this summer and you could teach me how," he called after her.

She merely smiled as she looked back over her shoulder at him while she walked away. Ron drank in the sight of her until she walked out of the illumination provided by the landscape lighting. The skirt of her cotton sundress moved gently in the evening breeze and he stared at her hips as the fabric emphasized their movement. He looked in the opened box at the brush she'd given him and wondered what it would be like to use it on her. Though she'd always been the one to administer the spankings to him, he wondered if she'd like to have the tables turned on her.

That night, as he tossed and turned in bed trying to sleep, he found his thoughts fixated on the events of the day. Graduating high school was actually at the bottom of the list. Granted it was nice to see his diploma with his Honors Seal on it because it was tangible evidence of all the hard work he put in through the years. Mostly his thoughts revolved around his brother's taunt. He knew he never should have said anything to Steven about still being a virgin. Not that he was ashamed of the fact that he hadn't yet done the deed and it certainly wasn't for lack of opportunity. He had that wonderful combination of brains and good looks that made him a magnet for young women everywhere.

He remembered talking to Melissa about it when the pressure seemed to be tremendously high. She told him she couldn't, in good conscience, tell him to wait until marriage since she hadn't but she did say that she felt sex was something that should be saved for someone you truly loved. Then she added that most sixteen-year-olds weren't mature enough to really experience the kind of love and respect that such an act required. 'You can have sex a lot of times over the course of your life,' she'd said, 'but you can only do it for the first time once. Call me old fashioned, but I think that your first time partner should be someone extremely special.' Two years later he still thought it was good advice.

This night, he thought more about it. Though it really hadn't bothered him that he'd graduated a virgin (in fact, it was an accomplishment that he felt few of his classmates could claim), it did make him consider just who in his life was special enough to share that moment with. Oh he'd had several girlfriends over the years but since he knew he'd be going to college and making an even wider circle of friends, he avoided getting too closely attached to any one of them. As Steven's words spun round in his brain again he thought more about Melissa. If there was anyone, outside of his family, who was more special to him than she was, he couldn't think of who it would be.

Ever since she'd jacked him off during a particularly wicked spanking last fall, he'd looked at her in a different light. Even though she'd been very matter of fact when she'd done it, it had still made him have an incredibly hard orgasm, harder and longer than any he had while just masturbating and fantasizing about her. There was something about her touch. Steven was right. She had the touch of an experienced woman and he was beginning to get hard just thinking about it.

A sound outside his window interrupted his ruminations. He listened carefully and identified it as someone getting into a car. The engine roared to life and then idled for a few minutes. Ron couldn't think who would be parked on the street so late at night so he went to the window to investigate. In the dim light, it was difficult to see but seconds later the car pulled away from the curb at a safe speed so he didn't think any more about it. What caught his eye, however, was that as the car left its parking spot, Melissa's porch light went out and seconds later the light in her bedroom turned on.

As he glanced at the clock, he thought it was awfully late for someone to be leaving Melissa's house, then realized that his mind had made wild supposition. More likely she had just gotten up to see what the noise was about as well. Even though he knew he should get back to bed, he stayed at the window and watched her house, imagining how she would look right now. When he stayed with her in the fall, there were few constraints between them so he knew exactly what she looked like when she went to bed and when she got up. He knew that she favored satiny nightgowns that fell to mid-thigh. He knew that she had a nightly ritual of washing her face, brushing her teeth and applying, as she called them, her various fountain-of-youth potions. In the morning, she would twist her long, wavy auburn hair and secure it to the back of her head with a large clip until she took her shower.

He could almost visualize her now and as that mental picture made his young cock twitch again, he had to admit that there was nothing he wanted more than to hold her tightly and fuck her hard and deep. He sighed as he acknowledged what a pipedream it was. Melissa wouldn't even look twice at him. He was too young and too familiar. Besides, despite giving her a kiss that should have given her some idea of how he felt, she said he was like a son to her and that she'd be happy just being friends. On the other hand, she wasn't the one who pulled away from their embrace when Steven came along and he had noticed her looking at him at various times through the night as they were cleaning up after the party. There was a softness in her gaze that he'd never seen before.

"No guts, no glory."

Ron spun away from the window to see who was speaking to him but found he was still alone in his room. Where had the voice come from? The last time he'd heard those words was just seconds before executing a very bold play on the basketball court which had won the game and sent the team further on in the tournament. He supposed it didn't take a rocket scientist to determine why the phrase was coming back to him now. One more look through the window confirmed that Melissa's bedroom light was still on. While he supposed she could have fallen asleep like that, something told him it was likely that she was still up. Before he could chicken out, he picked up the cordless phone from the nightstand by his bed and dialed Melissa's number.

The night had been an emotional roller coaster for Melissa. She tactfully declined the invitation to attend the graduation ceremony because she knew she'd be as weepy as Ron's mother, if not more so. When she told Ron that he was special in her heart, she felt like it was such an understatement. From the moment she laid eyes on the brown haired toddler, she was besotted. When she and Roger had talked about starting a family, she told him that she was afraid that she'd have a son who couldn't live up to Ron's young reputation. He chuckled at her and told her that he had faith in their parenting abilities and that their children would turn out just fine.

She volunteered to stay at the Matthews' house and get things ready for the party while Ron's family was at the ceremony and doing so gave her time to wander around Ron's room. She smiled and idly ran her fingers over the various basketball tournament trophies he'd won. How empty the neighborhood would be once he went to college. She made a mental note to talk to the guys at the fire station about getting help with her yard work this fall as well as snow removal. Ever since Roger died, his fellow firefighters were always there for her to help with any need she had. Over the past several years, though, Ron had been the one to mow her lawn and keep her driveway and walk shoveled. She smiled at the thought of her graduation gift to him. For six years she had tried to pay him for his labors and he always declined saying he did it out of friendship. So instead she set aside his "wages" and when the time came, she used them to purchase a giftcard at a large discount store and attach it to a maple bathbrush. It was identical to the one she used and hoped it would be a fond reminder of the times they'd spent together.

Once everything was ready for the party, she had a few moments to sit down and think. She recalled the two spankings she gave him when he stayed with her in October. The first time was a real eye-opener for her. Though she'd seen Ron grow up before her eyes, she hadn't thought about all the ramifications of 'growing up' until it was presented to her very blatantly. Without thinking about it, she'd taken down his pants to spank his bare butt and there she found a penis that was very large and thick even though it wasn't erect. She was so angry and disappointed in Ron that she didn't really think about it until two weeks later when she had to paddle him again.

The second time she couldn't ignore it. She was shocked that he'd be aroused at the thought of a spanking, especially one as severe as he had to know he was going to get but she hoped she covered her surprise well. As if that weren't enough he was still erect even after some time in the corner and at that point she had to wonder if his excitement was caused by the spanking or if he was harboring some sort of feelings for her. She knew that the feeling of him squirming over her lap had made her rather excited but that wasn't a painful situation for her like it was for him.

In retrospect, giving him the hand-job probably wasn't the best idea but she couldn't help herself. She was by no means celibate but the thought of even touching such a long hard, cock was absolutely irresistible. She tried to cover her desire with a humiliating lecture but as she looked back on it, she realized that he probably hadn't heard a word of it. He was busy enjoying the sensations as much as she was.

Melissa let out a soft sigh as she heard the noise of Ron's car coming into the driveway. Until now she managed to stifle the memory of those wonderful four weeks of him living under her roof. He didn't realize just how much pleasure she got from having a companion to talk to and share meals with nor did he know how much she treasured the moments when he would really open up to her about things that bothered him. Of course, the

quick glimpses of his naked body as he would run across the hall from the bathroom to the guestroom after a shower were just icing on the cake.

Now he had graduated and in a few short months would be moving away. She had to get used to the idea that she would be seeing less and less of him, which is the way it should be. A noise from the street caught her attention. The party must certainly be over by now, she thought, but curiosity led her to the living room to turn on the porch light and look out the bay window. She saw someone get into a car parked in front of the Matthews' home and heard the engine roar to life. She watched for a few moments until the car pulled away from the curb and once her curiosity was satisfied she turned off the porch light and returned to the bedroom.

She flipped on the lamp when she got back into bed. Knowing she wouldn't be able to get back to sleep easily, she picked up a book from the nightstand and started reading. Just as she began to get wrapped up in the story of mystery and intrigue her phone rang; startling her so badly that she nearly jumped out of the bed. She did fumble with the phone for a moment before she could answer.

"Hello?"

"Melissa, it's Ron."

"Ron? What's wrong? Where are you? Are you in trouble?"

Melissa's mind usually ran to worst case scenarios and assumed that the situation must be dire if he was calling her in the middle of the night.

"I'm fine. I'm at home and I'm not in trouble."

The news didn't stop Melissa's heart from racing.

"Then what's up?"

"Well, uh, I was having trouble sleeping and I saw your lights were on and I was hoping I'd be able to come over and talk to you."

Melissa checked the clock by the bed. Granted, she didn't have to be up at a particular time to go to a job but still it was the dead of night.

"I don't suppose this could wait until the daylight hours," she suggested.

While he knew that technically it could wait, he feared that if he delayed, he would chicken out.

"If you don't mind, I'd really rather do this now."

Melissa stifled a yawn. She supposed in the grand scheme of things, she had come to rely on him more than the reverse so it wouldn't hurt to give in to his request. She also knew that as he got older, he made few requests of her and assumed that whatever was on his mind must be pretty important if he wanted to talk about it at 2:00am.

"Sure, I'll unlock the front door. Just come on in."

"I'll be over in a few minutes," he replied before hanging up.

For a moment he considered leaving a note for his parents in case they got up and wondered where he was. On the one hand, he didn't want them to worry about him and yet, he couldn't really come up with a plausible reason for leaving the house in the middle of the night, even if it was to go to his neighbor's. On the other hand, there was every chance that she'd rebuke his advances and he'd be back in his own bed in short order. Better safe than sorry, he thought, as he pulled on a T-shirt. He thrust his feet into a pair of sandals and walked softly out to the kitchen, scribbling a note on the memo board that his family kept on the fridge before he quietly walked out the front door.

Minutes later he was at Melissa's house, his heart beating wildly in his chest. He realized that he had no idea how he was going to approach this. There was no plan; not even the vaguest idea in his brain. He only knew that this wasn't just a hormonally driven urge. His heart and his brain were as involved as his gonads. Taking a

deep breath to steady his nerves, he walked in and saw her sitting on the sofa.

As expected, she was wearing a short nightgown and her long auburn hair was pulled back into a loose ponytail at the nape of her neck. She sat in the corner of the sofa with her feet curled under her. Her hands were wrapped around a mug and Ron could smell the coffee it contained. Feigning a confidence he didn't really feel he walked to her and took the cup from her then set it on the end table. Without a word he reached and pulled her to her feet and then into his arms.

"Ron?" That was the only thing she had a chance to say before his mouth came down on hers. His kiss shocked her body motionless but sent her brain into a raging turmoil. Never in her life would she have expected this and even though she'd had the occasional fantasy about him, it simply didn't occur to her that he might have similar fantasies. She was too old for him to even consider and far too familiar. No, this couldn't really be happening. She figured that if she could just pinch herself hard enough she'd wake up and end this dream.

Ron expected Melissa to be surprised by his bold advance but he also expected that eventually she would reciprocate. When it didn't happen he wasn't sure what to do. She wasn't pushing him away or screaming at him, but she also wasn't responding. While he knew that there were some areas where his skills were lacking, he'd always been told that he was an excellent kisser and wondered what was wrong. Finally he released her lips but didn't let go of his hold on her shoulders.

Melissa fought the 'deer in headlights' look that she knew must be plastered on her face and tried desperately to think of something to say instead of blurting out the gibberish that her mind was spewing.

"I, uh, thought you wanted to talk."

Ron took a deep breath and let it out forcefully, hoping to release some of the nervousness he felt. For a moment he tried to come up with a glib remark and then decided that honesty would be the best policy.

"I do, but I had to get that out of the way first."

"I don't understand."

Again he fought to find just the right words, the ones that would convey his feelings and intent without being either too mushy or too crude.

"Do you remember a couple of years ago when we were talking about sex and you told me to wait for someone really special for my first time?"

"Um, yeah, vaguely."

"Well, I want that person to be you and I want it to be tonight."

There was a long pause as Melissa's eyes grew wide in shock.

"What?"

There was no anger in her voice, Ron noted, merely confusion. She stood on tiptoe and leaned in towards him sniffing delicately.

"Okay, you don't appear to have been drinking, and I'm pretty certain you don't do drugs."

"You know I don't."

"Then where in the name of little green apples is this coming from?"

Ron barely had time to open his mouth to respond before she supplied an answer to her own question.

"Is this about your brother's stupid remark?"

He fought hard not to let his face show that Steven's words bothered him as much as they did but he couldn't quite keep from squirming under her very direct gaze.

"Well, let's just say that this idea didn't start with him but it did kinda give me a virtual kick in the ass."

"Look, Ron, we've always been honest with each other and I'm not going to start lying to you now. I am very tempted but I just don't think I'm the right person."

"Why not? You said it should be someone special, someone I loved, cared for and respected. I don't know any other person in my life that fits that criteria."

"Okay, let's say for the moment that I accepted that argument, why tonight? Why is this night so important?"

Ron took a moment to think about it. He supposed it really wasn't all that important in the grand scheme of things that it happen immediately but he'd always been a *carpe diem* kind of guy and when an opportunity presented itself, he didn't back down.

"Because I'm tired of just fantasizing about you and then jerking off. I realized tonight just how much I want this to happen and when I have a revelation like that I don't want to wait."

Melissa pulled him into a tight embrace while she thought about what she wanted to say next. She should tell him to find someone closer to his own age. She should tell him that he was suffering from middle-of-the-night delusions. In short, she knew that she should say no and send him home but she couldn't. There was no way she could deny the fact that she wanted him as much as he claimed to want her. She looked up at him trying to phrase an answer but didn't have a chance to even speak a word. The look on her face spoke volumes and Ron did what he knew she wanted. He kissed her again, this time pouring his heart and soul into it reveling in her response.

She groaned low in her chest when his tongue traced the outline of her lips before he sucked each of them in turn into his mouth. Her legs quivered and her heart pounded inside her chest. Her initial qualms about breaking in a virgin were rapidly flying out the window as she ascertained that Ron wasn't completely inexperienced in the art of physical pleasure. In fact, as he hands slid up her flanks, grazing the sides of her breasts, she wondered how he managed to remain chaste for so long and couldn't believe some young girl hadn't simply knocked him down and fucked him senseless.

"Can I take that as a yes?" Ron asked, finally pulling his lips away from hers.

"Oh yes!" she breathed quietly.

"Good," he said softly as he leaned in for another kiss.

This time he didn't just stay at her lips but nibbled and licked his way to her earlobe and then down the side of her very sensitive neck. He could feel her shiver with excitement and her breathing become more rapid. Her right hand reached up to run her fingers through his short brown hair while her left hand snaked down to his well-muscled ass pulling him closer. His fingers lightly clutched her shoulders, gently squeezing them as his lips returned to hers and his passion grew deeper. He knew that with his pelvis held so firmly against her that she must be able to feel his erection. The thin fabric of his gym shorts wouldn't be much of a barrier and now that she was moving against him, her soft breasts rubbing against his torso, there was no way he could contain his arousal, even if he'd wanted to.

Without consciously thinking about it, he reached lower and grabbed her nightshirt, bunching up the fabric in his hands and then began to pull it up. Automatically she raised her arms and stepped back to let him slide the garment off her body. Once she was naked, she reciprocated by grabbing his T-shirt and pulling it up over his head. He helped by raising his arms and bending at the torso. As soon as his arms were free, he reached for his shorts; stripping them off his body as fast as he could.

Melissa suppressed a giggle when she realized that he'd gone commando but then remembered that he tended to sleep in gym shorts so he probably hadn't bothered putting on much else to come over. All feelings of mirth, though, were squelched as soon as he pulled her back into a tight embrace. The feeling of his young smooth skin rubbing against her body almost made her weak in the knees and her mouth nearly watered at the thought of the delicious things she could do to him.

Ron, however, had already partially mapped out his own plan. No stranger to the world of porn, he had a decent idea of what he wanted to do with Melissa and a former girlfriend had shown him a few things that he felt certain would have her wanting to crawl out of her skin with pleasure. As a dedicated guitar player, he kept

the nails on his right hand slightly longer so he could pluck the strings more easily and he knew that they could be used to his advantage.

While keeping her mouth busy with his own, he gave her a sharp smack on her behind. She jumped, pulling back slightly and was about to give him a piece of her mind when she felt him drag his nails across the now sensitized flesh. Goosebumps popped out all over her body and her nipples tightened even more, which she didn't think was possible.

"Ooh!" she exclaimed.

Taking that as a good sign, he did it again; this time putting more force behind the swat to be certain that it really stung.

"See? I did learn a thing or two when I was over your knee," he whispered in her ear. "I learned how sensitive an ass can become after it's been spanked and how good that can feel when you're taking care of other needs."

Melissa pushed him away far enough to look him in the face. "You mean you...?"

She couldn't even finish the question in her mind, let alone give voice to it.

Ron blushed lightly before pulling her back into his arms. "Yeah, when I was staying here last fall, I'd jack-off after you spanked me, and a few other times too. After all, I was staying with an incredibly hot woman who ran around in short nightgowns and treated me like an adult. Did you really think I wasn't going to get turned on under those circumstances?"

"Well, I can't say that I ever really thought about it," she lied, knowing full well that he had starred in more than one fantasy after the final spanking she'd given him.

"Okay, so think about this," he said as he bent over and put his shoulder into her torso.

Seconds later Melissa was unceremoniously slung over his shoulder and being carried back to her bedroom. She hadn't even had time to catch her breath before he gently lowered her to the bed she had so recently abandoned. Seconds later he was all over her, kissing her in random spots as the spirit moved him. His hands traveled as much as his lips did, stroking her wherever they landed and causing her to writhe in response to his touch.

When one hand slid between her parted thighs, she knew she had to make a strategic move or this was going to end all too soon and for his sake as much as her own, she wanted to draw out the pleasure. She pushed him away gently and guided him so that he now lying on his back. He tried to protest but she lightly pressed her fingers to his lips.

"Shhhh, let me have some fun for a while."

He looked like he was going to continue to struggle for a moment but finally gave in to her advances. Now it was her turn to kiss him all over his body, interspersing some licks and nips along the way. Melissa loved feeling his smooth skin pulled so tightly across his athletic body. His scent was heavenly and made her feel almost intoxicated. Though she discreetly managed to maintain an active sex life over the years since her husband's death, she couldn't recall ever having this kind of reaction to the smell of any other man. She supposed it had something to do with his age but whatever it was, she knew that it was something that would stay with her for a long time to come.

As she worked her way down to his groin, his natural musk was almost overwhelming. While she hadn't planned to stop here she found she couldn't quite bring herself to go on either. After deeply inhaling his masculine scent, she took a moment to really look at the long, thick, rigid cock that she'd jerked off less than a year ago. Even in the subdued light of her bedside lamp she could tell that he was just as well endowed as she remembered. There had been times when she thought she'd only imagined him being so big but now that the evidence was in front of her nose, she couldn't deny the fact any longer and it made her mouth water. She couldn't control herself and slowly licked from his balls all the way up to the leaking slit in the top of the head. That tiny drop of precum danced on her tongue like fine champagne and while she forced herself to continue her exploration of his body, she knew she'd be coming back to that spot soon.

Reluctantly, she went on to play with the rest of his body, making note of his reactions to the various stimuli

she applied in different spots. While it was obvious that he was no stranger to erotic stimulation, she could tell that there were some spots that no one had ever really taken the time to explore with him and she relished the thought that she'd be the one to do it first. When she finally complete her tour of his body, she catalogued about a half dozen different spots that she felt ready to exploit for their mutual pleasure.

She wasn't able to dive right into them though. Ron knew that if he didn't mentally change the subject quickly, he'd cum a lot faster than he'd planned. The moment she completely pulled away from him, he flipped over and began to ravage her, letting the sexual tension flow from his body as if he'd turned on a faucet. He left not even a square inch of skin untouched as his hands and mouth roamed all over her; kissing her here, stroking her there, tasting yet another part of her. When his mouth found its way to her pubic mound he paused for a moment. She parted her legs allowing him access but he didn't move in and she guessed why.

"Ron?"

"Yeah?", he answered looking up at her face.

"You know you don't have to do anything you're uncomfortable with."

He chuckled knowing that Melissa would always go straight to the heart of the matter.

"It's not about being uncomfortable. I'm just not sure what you like," he said, trying to cover for his lack of experience.

He had seen enough porn to have an idea of what was expected but watching someone else do something and doing it for the first time are completely different. Added to that was the fact that he really wanted to please Melissa.

She reached between her legs and gently parted her labia with her hands. Using one manicured index finger to point with, she tried to express what she liked.

"Well, I really like to be licked all over to start with, especially my pussy lips."

"Of course," he responded while nodding as if this were no surprise.

"Then once I'm warmed up I like a lot of licking and nibbling on my clit."

Ron was nearly mesmerized as he watched her gently stroke herself. It was the first time he'd been this close to a woman's genitals and the reality was far more erotic than any adult video could ever be. He swore he could see the heat shimmering off her engorged labia and the moisture that hung there glistened like diamonds. Tentatively, he stuck his tongue out and licked at the droplets. Finding them to be not at all unpleasant, he moved in more boldly letting his tongue wander to whatever space her fingers were not occupying. When he began to flirt with her clit, she gasped in pleasure.

"Is that okay?" he asked, somewhat startled.

"Oh God, it's more than okay. It's fantastic."

Needing no further encouragement, he enthusiastically returned to her clit. He licked, nibbled and sucked until she felt like she was about to crawl out of her skin.

"Ron... please... finger my pussy," she managed to grunt.

Her juice, mixed with his saliva made the way slippery and there was no resistance when he slid his index finger inside her. For a second he was almost taken aback by the amount of heat she was generating. Then he felt the muscles clamp down on him and he instinctively knew what she wanted. He began to slide his finger in and out of her, pumping away in response to the rhythm her muscles set.

Melissa couldn't believe how good he was making her feel. For someone who claimed to be a virgin, it appeared that he'd still had a lot of experience. His finger sluicing through her sopping wet pussy had actually managed to find her hot spot inside and she could feel the tension begin to mount.

The tension in Ron's groin was also rising. He was lying flat on his belly and his cock was rubbing deliciously

against her soft cotton sheets. Taking only seconds, he wrapped his arms around her legs and pulled her down to the foot of the bed then he knelt on the floor, his hips strategically held away from the covers and went back to work. Within moments he had her back to the fevered pitch she'd been at before the break.

"More please," she begged through gritted teeth.

"More what," he asked, lifting his head from her neatly trimmed gash.

"More fingers."

He began by adding his middle finger and when he felt she'd adjusted to that, he included the ring finger. Melissa felt like she was being stretched to the limits but she continued to breathe deeply and try to relax, knowing she'd have to be a little loose if she were going to take his large cock inside her. Just when she thought she was adjusting nicely, he curled his fingers up and began to rake them across the top wall of her pussy. This motion combined with his manipulation of her clit was far more than Melissa could take.

"Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she screamed as a thundering orgasm pulsed through her body.

Her muscles contracted with a ferocity she normally equated with ER patients who were undergoing defibrillation. The only difference was that her contractions didn't stop with just one shock and when the tremors finally waned, she was a limp, sweaty mass.

To his credit, all during her intense orgasm Ron never broke contact with her and now that she was panting and wrung out, he softly kissed her thighs and mound while slowly moving his fingers inside her. Small aftershocks coursed through her as he continued his gentle ministrations. Finally, he slipped his fingers out of her and crawled back to her side to cradle her in his arms.

"Holy spit!" she exclaimed weakly.

"Was I okay?"

"Sweetie, you were so far beyond 'okay' that you weren't even in the same galaxy."

Ron was unconvinced. He'd never witnessed a woman have the kind of reaction Melissa had just displayed and he wondered if she was putting on a show.

"Swear it," he demanded.

"Ron, I'm wiped out," she whined. "I can't even lift a finger, let alone a whole arm."

"Swear it," he repeated as he carefully lifted her right hand and pressed it to his forehead.

"I swear on your head," she promised. "Now, do me a favor and give me your hand."

"Which one?"

"The one that was inside me."

Unsure of what she had planned he tentatively offered it to her. When she slipped his index finger into her mouth and began to languorously suck on it, cleaning it of her juices, he felt his flagging cock spring back to life.

"Ugh!" He grunted at being taken by surprise.

When she added a second finger to her mouth his arousal came back to full steam and he was afraid of shooting his load into the air.

"Oh please stop!" he begged.

Melissa complied but made him pull his fingers out of her mouth. She released a sigh as he rolled over and tried

to compose himself. She also rolled over but towards the edge of the bed. Ron reached out and grabbed her wrist, preventing her from leaving.

"Where ya going?"

"To get some water. You want some?"

"Yeah but let me get it. You rest up."

At that point Melissa wasn't about to argue. Her legs felt like over-cooked spaghetti and she had considered the fact that she'd have to crawl to the kitchen.

"Whatever you say."

Having spent so much time at her house, he knew that she kept individual bottles of water in her fridge all the time so with somewhat rubbery legs of his own he staggered to the kitchen and retrieved four bottles, assuming that they'd need more later on. When he returned to the bedroom, he found her sitting with her back propped up against the headboard. Her long auburn hair hung loosely around her shoulders and her eyes were closed, giving her a somewhat dreamy appearance.

When she felt the mattress dip from his weight as he joined her, she opened her eyes and looked directly at him. He hesitated for a moment, trying to read the look she was giving him, and in that moment she reached out to gently clasp the back of his neck and pull him towards her. He didn't resist and was rewarded with a soft, sensual kiss that caused his heart to beat faster which seemed to pump blood only to his cock. When she released him, his head felt light and his hand shook as he gave her the bottle of water.

"You know," she said after taking a long drink, "I think you're more experienced than you let on."

Ron smiled at her.

"Well, it's not like Maya and I never touched each other," he said, referring to the girl he'd dated for most of the school year.

"I think you did a little more than just 'touch' each other."

"Yeah, but when it was clear that she wanted more than just touching, I knew it was time to let her go," he said before looking away and taking a long drink.

"So that's what happened? I didn't want to pry into your business when your mom mentioned that you'd split up, but I wondered."

"That's what happened," he said before taking another drink. "But in the end I'm glad I waited."

A slight blush colored his cheeks as he made his admission and Melissa reached out to touch his arm.

"So am I."

For a moment they sat there silently communicating things that they could never put words to and yet they both understood clearly. Ron finally broke the silence by leaning in to kiss her again. He tightly capped his bottle and tossed it to the floor so that his hands would be free to pull her to him. When she found herself being wrapped in his embrace, she didn't resist and just went with it. There was still a lot that she wanted to show him but it could wait and besides, she was a little excited to see what else he would come up with on his own.

For a long time he held her close to him and just kissed her. The scent of her skin, enhanced by whatever fragrance was in the moisturizer she used, was intoxicating. Her kisses, passionate but still soft and gentle were like nothing else he'd ever experienced before and he responded in kind. He let his tongue trace a lazy circle around the inside of her mouth before nibbling lightly on her lips. Melissa felt his breath ghost across her face as he pulled away slightly to and brushed his lips softly across her cheek to nibble on her earlobe and kiss her neck. The gentleness of his touch was very soothing and yet very arousing at the same time.

"Stay here. I'll be right back," he whispered in her ear before planting a kiss just behind it and then getting up.

She rolled over onto her stomach and stretched out languorously, completely trusting in his desire make sure that she was as pleased as he was. Completely caught up in her own thoughts and arousal, she didn't hear his footsteps as he returned to the bedroom and didn't even bother to turn her head towards the door and so she didn't see the maple bath brush that he held in his hand.

Ron made note of the position she had taken and smiled. Without even knowing it, she was playing directly into his plan.

"Here," he said, grabbing a couple of pillows, "let's adjust this a little bit."

Without waiting for her consent, he dropped the brush at the foot of the bed and snaked one arm under her pelvis raising it far enough to shove the pillows underneath her.

"Ron, what are you planning?"

Melissa's voice was deadly serious and her stern tone sent a shiver down his spine that started the blood pumping back to his cock.

"Something, I think you'll enjoy. And if you don't, just say so and I'll stop."

"This better not be anything crazy," she warned.

Ron suppressed a chuckle. This whole encounter could be considered crazy by most people. He, however, was only doing what felt completely right for him.

"Well, you tell me," he said as he raised his hand and then brought it down in a swift swat on her well rounded behind.

"Ow!" she cried as her head snapped back and she saw the evil grin on his face.

"Oh, now that wasn't really that bad. You've given me far worse."

"And you deserved every one of them too, young man."

"Well, I'm not so sure about that last one. It was pretty rough."

He punctuated his words with three more swats.

"And yet, you still found the energy and the composure to jack-off afterwards so it couldn't have been as bad as you think."

"Well, if I recall correctly, you were the one who got me off but then used the belt on me."

Melissa's face flushed deep red as she remembered that day. The truth was that she was on the edge of losing control when she whipped him with the belt and had only come to realize it later that night. She had really wanted to go to his room once he was in bed and inspect his bruises but she didn't trust herself with such intimate contact and instead simply inquired about them the next morning at breakfast. She suppressed a giggle as she thought about how much more intimate they'd been in the last hour and just where this was going to lead.

"Of course, you're right."

"Glad to hear you admit it," he said as he sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her over his lap. "Cuz you're going to get some of your own medicine."

"What?" she exclaimed just before she felt the bathbrush come down on her butt.

Her entire body bucked at the impact. She knew he hadn't hit her that hard but the shock of it made her jerk. Several more swats rained down on her ass cheeks and they twitched with every one.

Ron, for all the fun he was having, couldn't quite believe that Melissa was allowing him to do this to her. Yet she wasn't really protesting beyond a few weak grunts. After a few minutes of peppering her beautiful behind with

the back of the brush, he stopped and flipped it over, allowing the bristles to softly scrape again the pink skin.

Not expecting the sudden change in sensation, Melissa jerked so hard that she nearly fell to the floor. Only Ron's lightning quick reflexes kept her from sliding off his lap as he made a swift catch across her back and incidentally grabbed her breast at the same time. His inadvertent hand placement startled them both and in the end she did end up lying on the floor, laughing somewhat hysterically. Ron slid off the bed with her in a mostly vain attempt to at least slow her fall.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, unsure of why she was laughing.

"I'm fine sweetie. Are you okay?"

"I'm just worried about you."

"Well, don't be," she said, still giggling. "You did a marvelous job of keeping me from being injured."

Her continued mirth infected him as well and a silly grin broke out over his face.

"Gosh, I haven't fallen out of bed since I was in college," she admitted as she pulled herself together and stood up. "Come to think of it, that was the last time Roger and I tried to have sex in my dorm room."

"Oh?" Ron asked as he too got his feet under him.

"Yeah, let this be a lesson to you. Twin beds are okay for fucking but a lousy place for foreplay."

"I'll try to remember that."

Now that the mood he'd so carefully created was broken, Ron wasn't sure what to do next. Melissa, however, had more experience with these kinds of situations and seamlessly guided them onward. She took his hand and gently pulled him back into the bed, caressing his body while her lips claimed his in gentle kisses, which soon grew far more passionate.

Ron's hormones had been on a roller coaster ride most of the evening and it seemed that it was just going to continue. His cock had been in various states of erectness all evening, depending on what they'd been doing but the moment he watched Melissa fall from his lap, it went completely limp. Now that she was so expertly arousing him again, it came roaring back to life with a stiffness that he couldn't remember experiencing in a long time. Some part of his brain recognized that the moment of truth was at hand and even though he participated enthusiastically in the foreplay, a small ball of anxiety formed in the pit of his stomach.

He thought he was hiding it well but to a person as experienced as she was, it was as obvious as a flashing neon sign. Slowly, she pulled back from him, still keeping him in her embrace and looked him in the eye.

"Hey, what's up?" she asked.

Ron had no words to describe what he was feeling so he mumbled and stuttered for a moment.

"Cold feet?"

"Sorta."

She propped her head up on one hand, still softly caressing him with the other.

"Look, I told you before that you don't have to do anything that you're not comfortable with."

"Yeah, I know."

"And if you want to stop right here, I'm fine with that."

"But I don't," he reassured her. "I'm just not sure that you want it as much as I do."

Melissa had to chuckle to herself.

"Honey, if I didn't want this to happen, I'd have sent you packing a long time ago. I'm not going to lie here and argue degrees of desire with you. That's pointless. So just relax and enjoy the ride, lover. You're in good hands."

He embraced her tightly and held her that way for a long time; knowing what she said was the truth and that she was committed to making this whole evening as much fun for both of them as she possibly could. Melissa let him hold her close to him, feeling safe in his arms and contemplated her next move. She knew that if one of them didn't start something soon they'd both end up backing out and she didn't want that to happen.

"Roll over on your back," she suggested, whispering in his ear. "It's time to let me work my magic."

Stretching out his arm and carefully moving it from underneath her, he moved as she asked and cradled his head with his hands. Though he wasn't certain what she had planned, he trusted that it was something he'd enjoy thoroughly. His eyes were closed as he contemplated all the things that she might choose to subject him to and his breathing became more rapid as the thoughts grew more erotic.

For a moment she simply gazed at his long, lean athlete's body. The amount of trust that he so obviously placed in her made her humble and she realized just what a gift he was giving her. It wasn't just his body that he was offering up, it was a very integral piece of his spirit as well and so it was with reverence that she grasped his long thick penis and pulled it away from his abdomen.

Gently, she swirled her tongue around the silky head, reveling in the texture as well as the heat that emanated from it. Then, balancing the head with her left hand, she softly licked up and down the shaft in long wet strokes, stopping occasionally to plant a soft kiss in random spots along its length. With part of her brain attentive to Ron's body movements, she continued her oral adulation. She could feel his excitement rise as his cock grew even harder and his breathing became more rapid.

For his part, Ron felt like he'd never been so close to heaven in his life. No amount of masturbation or even making out with Maya had ever prepared him for the physical and emotional overload he was heading towards. Maya had tried once to give him a blowjob but her tiny mouth, so perfect for playing the French horn, was incapable of opening up enough to truly satisfy his cock. Melissa, however, had both anatomical knowledge and years of experience on her side so that when the time came, she was able to virtually unhinge her jaw and let her mouth open wide enough to let him slide in with just enough friction provided by her lips.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed as he felt her mouth fully encase him in a warm, wet embrace.

Her tongue lazily rubbed along the underside of his young prick and she nearly gagged as his hips surged forward, shoving himself even further into her mouth. Slowly, she pulled back until only the very tip of the head was trapped between her pursed lips. For a moment she used them to gently massage his cock head before she finally drew away, knowing he would need a few moments to relax before she continued.

In that time she rolled over and reached into a drawer on her nightstand to retrieve a condom. Ron opened his eyes as she moved and watched her closely.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Look, I know that it's highly unlikely that I'm going to get pregnant or that either of us would pass along some unwanted virus, but you might as well get used to using them now and using them every single time you have sex. Don't ever trust a girl who says it'll be okay to go without because the odds are not in your favor. If you use that gift card to buy nothing but condoms, I'll consider it the best gift I could give you."

Ron chuckled for a moment as he remembered how much money was loaded on to the card.

"Melissa, I don't think I could fuck that many girls in my entire college career."

"Don't sell yourself short, lover. When word of your talents gets around campus, you'll be beating them back with a stick."

They shared a friendly embrace and then Melissa helped Ron with the condom so that it was on securely. She had a brief moment of doubt that it would fit his girth but in the end, it fit him like the proverbial glove.. They shared a sensuous kiss and then she instructed him to lie back again.

Once he was settled, she straddled him and sank down so that his hard cock was nested between her warm folds. For a moment she just knelt there, letting him get used to the sensations of her pussy gently touching him. He moaned softly and reached out to stroke her thighs while pushing up his hips to press against her.

"Ready?" she asked.

He nodded his agreement and she raised slightly, allowing his thick young cock to spring upwards. In one swift and fluid movement, she captured the head between her labia and slowly slid down until he was completely enveloped in her hot wet, cunt.

In unison, they both gasped at the sensation of a long, hard, thick cock stretching the tight folds of a willing pussy. Melissa was nearly overcome with the desire to begin fucking him fast and furious but she waited until she felt he had a bit more control of himself. She knew he was riding the ragged edge and didn't want to push him over the cliff just yet.

"Oh, God! Don't move."

"Slow, deep breaths, Ron. Breathe all the way down deep into your gut and then slowly let it out. Think about relaxing and floating away on a cloud. Release the tension. We can always build it up again."

For several long minutes she didn't move a muscle, her abdomen barely expanded or contracted with her breathing. While she wanted to massage his young prick with her cunt, she held back until she knew he was safely away from the danger zone.

"Jeez, that was close," he grunted as he expelled a held breath.

"Okay, then I'm going to start out slowly but you're in charge here. Whatever you want from me, you just have to let me know."

Ron nodded and closed his eyes. The image of a naked Melissa straddling his groin was just too intense for him. Instead he pictured her as she'd been when he arrived; a silky nightshirt clinging to her curves, her hair pinned up in a clip and her eyes soft as she agreed to his request. Then that image became too real for him so he let himself drift back to one of his earlier memories of her when he only thought of her as a friend and not as a sexy, sassy woman. That image helped him regain a modicum of control and he felt like he could actually enjoy some of the sensations coursing through his body without being on the knife-edge of a climax.

He reveled in the fact that Melissa seemed as eager to have fun with this as he did. In all of his fantasies, she was a willing and wonderful partner and he supposed that those fantasies were at least partly fueled by some sort of intuition about their hidden desire for each other. None of his fantasies, however, prepared him for the physical and emotional sensations that nearly overwhelmed him. The feeling of Melissa's hot, wet cunt pulsing around his cock, even if a latex sheath covered it, was completely different than any hand or even her mouth.

After a few minutes of letting her slowly ride up and down on him, he could feel the tension in his loins growing once again and this time he didn't intend to hold back. In fact, he knew what he really wanted was to give her the pussy-pounding fuck of her lifetime. Ron put his hand on her hips and held her in place as she ground her pelvis into his. He grimaced slightly knowing that he was so close but after several long slow deep breaths while she kept absolutely still, he was ready to proceed.

"Roll over on your back," he said, looking up at her with a playful grin.

"You sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Okay, you're in charge."

As she dismounted he gave her a swat on the butt.

"And don't you forget it," he said with a wink.

"Good lord," she replied as she rolled to her back with her thighs spread, "I've created a monster."

He chuckled softly as he knelt between her widely parted legs. The laughter and the change in position dissipated some of the sexual tension that he'd built up but he was still almost aching for an orgasm. This time, he told himself, he was going to give into it.

With one hand, he parted her labia and then gently caressed her. Ron was amazed at the amount of moisture he found there and used some of it to rub on clit. Then, remembering what she'd done earlier, he held his fingers to her mouth and instructed her to clean them off. She complied, but did so gently, knowing he had to be way too close to a climax. The ministrations of her soft mouth on his fingers spurred him on and he steadied his long, fat cock with one hand as he quickly sank it into her steaming hot depths.

They both gasped as the sensation and Ron forced himself to relax and breathe deeply before he proceeded. While he knew he wasn't going to last long at this rate, he still didn't want to blow his wad too quickly. Melissa extended her legs straight up in the air, effectively lengthening her pussy and giving him more room to work with. Ron could feel the change, even through the condom and he smiled at the sensation, knowing it was time to get down to business.

He closed his eyes to block help him concentrate and started with a slow but steady rhythm, plunging in deeply and then leisurely pulling out. He wrapped his arms around her legs and hugged them tightly to his chest, occasionally planting a nibble and a kiss on her delicate ankle, which caused her to squirm in delight. As his excitement grew stronger, his strokes became faster and deeper, urging him closer and closer to the inevitable.

The sound of Melissa calling out his name made his eyes open. Even in the dim light he could see her face contorted in passion and her hands on her well-formed breasts, tweaking her nipples.

"Ron," she repeated, "Fuck me, harder."

He didn't realize until that moment that he had been holding back, afraid of hurting her but now that he knew exactly what she wanted he completely abandoned himself to his passion and pounded her like a jackhammer. He was so lost in his own enjoyment that he didn't realize that she was still raising her hips to meet every plunging deep stroke but he could feel her cunt getting tighter and tighter around his cock which seemed to correspond with the tension in his balls.

For a split second everything seemed to stop and go completely black but before he had a chance to even think about it, he was overwhelmed by an orgasm. He felt his semen gush out of him in time with his rapidly beating heart. A strange sound assailed his ears and he finally realized that it was his own voice crying out in short guttural bursts. Another high-pitched keening filled the air and he knew that it had to be Melissa but he couldn't focus enough to tell if she was wailing in pain or pleasure.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, his body and his soul were drained. He let Melissa's legs limply fall to the mattress and it was all he could do not to collapse in a heap on top of her. He did manage to fall to one side so that her breathing wouldn't be obstructed.

"Pull out, Ron."

His orgasm-addled brain didn't understand what she was wanting.

"Huh?"

"Ya gotta pull out before the condom slips off."

Even though he'd just had the most explosive orgasm of his young life, his cock was still quite hard and he was enjoying the sensation of feeling his blood pulse to all of his extremities, especially that one.

"It's okay. I'm fine," he tried to reassure her.

She mustered her strength long enough to give him a stinging swat on his butt to reinforce her message.

"Now, and make sure you hold on to the condom."

"Yes ma'am."

He would have saluted if he'd had the strength but it was all he could do to pull himself together enough to

follow her instructions. He rolled over on his side and she helped him by removing and disposing of the condom. As soon as that necessary piece of business was over he pulled her into a tight embrace and kissed her tenderly.

"Thank you, Melissa," he whispered quietly against her lips. "Thank you for everything."

Epilogue--

Ron and Melissa enjoyed each other's company, both in and out of bed, all summer. Often they would start their romps with Ron getting his butt paddled over Melissa's knee. She didn't entirely understand why he enjoyed it so much but she wasn't going to argue with the results.

Though he begged, pleaded and cajoled, she never let him spank her again... until the night before he left for college. But that's another story.

Dear Readers, I hope you've enjoyed the story of Ron and his spanking adventures. I know I certainly had fun writing them. My thanks and wishes for bright blessings to CB for his inspiration and assistance.