

Like a virgin

Mauro Paladino



Capítulo 1



1

"It was love at first sight, at last sight, at ever and ever sight".

I am here to talk about the love of my life, Hannah. She's cute. That kind of blonde any man would like to cuddle up to. But there is a problem: she was underage.

By the time we met, Hannah and I were only two strangers living in different bubbles: she shared the family home with her parents (strict, puritan), while I was caught in between four walls and a roof with my bold fellow students. We had little contact between us, but the times we used to run across each other (in meetings, for example) it meant everything to me. And of course, we were friends on social media. The only place where she could touch me however she wanted... How? Well, the absurd way all teens get in touch these days: without talking, just stalk from the shadows. I had to become some kind of photography model just to get her attention. Anyway, thank you dear for always liking the sexy photos on my Facebook, and for the little hearts you gave me on Instagram too. Despite this, we have never had a real conversation during the six months I spent living there. Not until that special Friday night that has remained in my blood since then. But let us introduce ourselves first.

I was born in Argentina. At that time with 26 years old, I was an exchange student in the city of Sacramento, California. This gave me the sweet opportunity to start a cultural relationship with the great country of the north. And also, to meet nice people on the way, like my roommate,

Mickey. He had a sister in high school, 10 years minor than me. If I had to make a quick description about her (quickly, because this story will be quite full with descriptions about the person in question), I would say that she was a serious and demure woman in public; and a one frisky -never standoffish- slutty girl in private. Sometimes she used to come over to see the melancholic brother in the company of her parents or mutual friends. Eventually, my pal started to visit the family home very often, and of course, he was not going to leave me at loose ends. This is how we started: gatherings with colleagues, birthdays, meals, tea time, everything was an excuse to meet eyes here and there with the adorable young lady.

Who am I talking about? The love of my life, of course, Hannah. Hannah Banana-Montana; Han, Hannie, Honey, Hannaconda... You name it. But I just preferred to call her, mi amor...

She wasn't very tall, but neither short. She was thin; nice breasts, nicer butt and porcelain hands. Her skin remained tan since the last spring breaks. Her light yellow hair was a beam of morning light, and her eyes were painted in the blue sky on a clear day. Her voice was soft and warm like the murmur of a summer breeze. She was just Hannah; my sin, my soul, my love, my life...

The school year was coming to an end, as well as summer was approaching. Flowering trees knew it, and I did too. My time in the US was about to expire. It had been six months of prolific studies, but I would have to go. At that time, one of those mutual friends decided to throw a party before the holidays, under the pretext of saying goodbye to the old comrades. I can't remember about the exact date, but we were invited to his house one of the last Friday of May (two-floor place, with barbecue, swimming pool, typical rich boy). Of course, my little darling was going to show up, accompanied by her brother and a couple of schoolmates. And now, appealing to my photographic memory, I will try to describe the events that occurred during that party between Hannah and I as fully as possible.

Warm night. The song of a numberless multitude of crickets had mixed with the noisy living room, through the open windows. I was chilling out with a couple of buddies, talking about college stuff, surrounded by booze, snacks and loud music. Though my eagle eyes were constantly seeking for the person my heart claimed for, there were not match available for a while. Until suddenly, as if it were a telepathic transmission, I felt a blue stare in the back of my neck. When I turned around, there was Hannah (casual, youthful white short dress)



chatting with her partners near the stairs, and she was also smiling at me. Quickly the naughty girl looked away, blushed on, and tucked a curl behind her ear. It may have been one of those moments when we both looked at each other, playing with the mysterious chance, hiding our dirty intentions under the veil of our eyes... You know what, guys? I knew she was mad about me. Now what was I supposed to do? I was aware of her minority, of her virginity, and I was just a law-abiding fool. But the desire

I felt for that provocative doll of curious, piercing eyes grew like the magma of a volcano about to explode from inside out of me.

I must admit that I've had sex with many girls before. All of them over 18, of course. However, this *hermosura de ojos azules* made me feel a tenderness that I had never experienced in my life with any of those ladies. She was a daisy; a cute little rosebud that no one had yet deflowered. But not everything was a bed of roses... She was pure, graceful, and at the same time, intoxicated by the desire to discover the alternative side of the puritan life that ruled at home. She had kind of an enigmatic personality, if you will. Hannah, the eternal follower of male models on social networks; the one who used to make a spicy commentary on the photos of her friends when parents were not watching. Eager to try sex, but maybe not sincere love; ready to experiment with the dark arts of romance (I was told by his brother, that once she was caught red-handed, cuddling with her best friend Carla in bed, a Colombian beauty that I knew by sight). How marvelous were the little stories that come and go once in a while! And what about that time in the middle of dessert, when mother made a tactless comment about the couple of times she caught Hannah masturbating? "That mischievous girl is a shame for our family values!", mom said. Who cares about values when it's time to get fun? Do me a favor and let the little rascal alone, please...

All these thoughts were swarming in my mind like a rowdy crowd. The ambiguous nature of the *señorita* was the key to drive me crazy. That longing to free herself from oppression, waiting for the right moment to find the lost paradise of carnal cravings. Well, let's see what happens next and you will understand what I'm talking about.

I spent several minutes musing, distracted by the desire she aroused in me. So there I was, tense, anxious, with a can of Budweiser in my right hand, but not drank; looking at Blondie gathered with her friends under the steps to gossip. She knew I was watching every move of her delicate hands, as she combed the wavy hair over the shoulders and bit her nails (come on, Hannah! Turn around and look at me again). I do not know how, but with a wiggle of her hips she played with the elegant dress, wagging the skirt and lifted it up a little, and I got a glimpse of the hidden groin. The inexperienced girl, made the mature man feel nervous. And all of a sudden, a sharp sensation that struck like lightning, I was assailed by the thought of giving that little maiden what she wanted: my big hands touching all over her private parts; to make her squeal the moment I thrust into Hannah with my dark warrior on and on, and...

Well, my friends, too much thinking. I was so distracted in those naughty fantasies, that I did not realize one of the drunk idiots around me had poured beer all over my shirt. You were lucky this time, Larry, because if I hadn't been so deep immersed in my love nebula, I definitely would have

kicked your ass! I decided to go to the bathroom upstairs. The host of the party told me to borrow some of his clothes up in his room (but he didn't tell me which one it was, so then I felt my way along in the dark). When I made my way to the stairs, I thought I could take a peek to my lady friend, but sadly, she had disappeared.

So I went up. I was not sure whose bedroom I got into (the hallway was really dark), but I turned up the lights and started to get undressed anyways. The door remained half opened behind me. Shirtless, my jeans unbuttoned, I tried to dry the beer off my six pack with the bed sheets. What followed next, it has been marked in me as the top notch moment of my young adulthood.

Suddenly I heard some little steps at the outside of the bedroom. I turned around and could see a silhouette. The blonde hair, the little hands, the nails painted cherry red... Any idea who it might be? Easy to guess, but hard to believe. A tremble ran through my spine as I realized how close I was from a big time...

2

She had the face of an angel, smiling with sin; she wasn't the first, she wasn't the last. She knew we was making love. I was so satisfied deep down inside, like a hand in a velvet glove.

Woe is me! Memories, sweet memories! They have come to hunt me down once again, to bend me over and pay respect to the desire that remains still intact in me...

Very good. I will try to focus and move onto the most enthralling part of the story. I remember I was half naked, in a strange room, and my heart was about to burst from my chest.

—That you, Hannah? —I asked while sharpening my sight.

The young girl blushed red when started walking into the bedroom, her eyes appointing to the ground.

—Well well well! Look who we have here?

—Hey, I'm sorry —she said—. I didn't wanna bother you. Just... ugh!

Her tongue got stucked, and sighed. You have no idea how much I adored her small voice and her shy eyes, trying to all costs to fell on me. I knew I

had to take the lead, so I walked towards the sweet intruder.

—Take it easy, darling —I said—. I was just changing my clothes. If you want to give me a hand...

Hannah's bright eyes examined my muscular, hairy chest with a wicked grin, still blushing a little, still irresistibly desirable.

—You like me, ain't you? —I insisted, and brought my mouth close to her cute hair curls.

—Yes. You're the man I've been dreaming of this last time. You know, the way a girl usually does to herself —she giggled.

Yes, reader, of course I sensed she was naughty in private. Maybe mommy was right after all. That gave me a shot of juicy adrenalin to start off with a sensuous foreplay.

So let us get started with the erotic job very delicately. The bright skin was reluctant; the pucker of my lips were approaching to her neck, while she told me in a tremulous, but pleading whisper, that would let me try to cop a feel (oh, my naughty little girl...). I wrapped my hands around her golden bare shoulders before the expectant blue gaze. Then they went on a trip along her hips, up and down repeatedly. Hannah was immobile. A beautiful wax doll: shaking her head slightly to both sides, eyes closed, biting her lips, enjoying the pleasure given through the honey skin. And meanwhile, I traveled in my magic carpet of desire around that body as a legendary lost city, feeling with my hands those wonderful, round and pointed domes of the breasts through the fine dress... I was a hot and robust sultan, and she was my lovely and pleasant concubine.

—Don't worry, sweetheart —I said with a soothing voice—. I won't bite you.

The way I said "sweetheart" with my Spanish accent made her tremble a bit. I followed by kissing on her left cheek, and stayed there, tenderly nibbling on the skin. She moaned, squealed lightly. And magically, like in the scene of a cheesy romantic movie, our mouths found each other and we kissed. Her fleshy lips, with mine thin; my soul, intermarried with hers.

For a few minutes we felt like kissing over the moon made of cheese, and streets paved with gold around us... But I was in a state of excitement bordering on insanity. Then, by a series of stealthy movements, and favored by certain frenzy-thirsty demons, I dared to get my hands under her skirt. She released a noisy gasp. Dang! I can't describe how turned on I was by those slim and golden legs! But at the same time I was terribly worried that she would freak out, and the wonderful expectations of an

intimate encounter collapsed like a house of cards.

But fortunately, she was seized by a great enthusiasm and did not complain. Furthermore, Hannah licked her lips when my explorer hands felt about the soft skin around the crotch. And when my tentacles arrived to the intimate area, she squeezed the legs by an involuntary movement, trapping me down in his warm, moisty cave of love.

—Easy, honey —I said—. You're in good hands. We won't do anything you don't want.

I want people to know that I am no pervert. I will never force a girl to have sex with me. However, I was dying inside to hear an affirmative answer on her part.

—Yes, baby —she moaned—. Go on. I think I'm ready to do this.

Music for my ears. A pleasant symphony that not even Mozart himself could have imagined.

Then I grabbed the flesh on her thighs, her booty, every fleshy muscle in her body. She hugged me to pressed herself against me. And I was a blind man, focused on the tactile delight of her youthful curves. And suddenly, my dear friends, she finally implored to be taken.

—I want you to make love to me so badly. I don't care anymore about my virtue...

According to the state of California, the age of consent for the sexual act is since 18 years of age. According to the Mother Nature, since the first menstruation...

I locked up the door. There was no way back. Both of us knew it, so carried on. She sat down in bed and I started to get undressed, feeling like home, quietly, but closely watched by a pair of clear eyes. Hannah was quite nervous. Her bare knees rubbed impatiently against each other while I took my pants off. Well, she finally saw it; a darkish erect scepter, adorned with a purple crown. The curious girl stared at it for a few seconds; sighed in amusement, covered her mouth in amazement, and made an effort to hold back the assault of a nervous laughter. What a cutie.

Then, I said without picking words that I would be nice and gentle, and also asked if she would let me undress her body. My hands proved they were experienced as I carefully let aside the strips of the beautiful summer dress; her golden shoulders looked like shiny mounds of sand, her breasts were rounded and firm, soft to the touch, unpolluted, as if they had never been touched before. Hannah remained standing like a

bronze statue when I slid her dress down in this order: waist, thighs, knees, and the shapely calves until it reached the ankles. On the descending path, the palms of my hands took a sample of the silky skin, recently depilated. But what caught my attention the most were the pink panties splattered with little hearts. So girly.

Despite my urgent needs to take possession of her body, I did behave like a gentleman, without rushing in vain like a vulgar man would do, getting to fourth base before to luxuriate in a first contact. Clever approach it's how I conduct myself in bedroom business. And I let her know exquisitely how. So I enveloped Hannah with sensual caresses on her lady parts that she enjoyed sighing with pleasure. At one point she confessed between soft moans that my male claws (as well as my tongue) had been the only ones to handle her rosy button of love.

For all of you to know, that was just a preview; the trailer of some rented dirty movie in a seedy motel. What I had experienced until there was actually the naughty finger that only takes the cherry on top before eating the whole cake. But Hannah, my dear, *dulce diablita* looked notoriously satisfied already. Though the main course had yet to come, and she knew it very well.

Finally, she laid down in bed once again and completely naked. I followed her moves and leaned on top of my beloved. I kissed the bright collarbones under the artificial white light above us, and slipped the tongue along her neck like a hungry vampire. My massive nakedness was getting closer and tighter upon her, and so, little by little, what had to happen, happened... Hannah gave herself completely to me.

My heavy erection was already inside her, and slid better than I thought through the gates of the small triangle. The wide jaw of my amorcito gesticulated in a grin of delicious astonishment, affected by a little pain after the initial contact. So to exemplify the feeling, imagine you're sleepwalking in darkness all the way down through a narrow, but well lubricated corridor... Temperature was rising, bodies started burning up, and I crushed out the throb of my infernal ecstasy against her chest, not being harsh at all, but subtle and gentle while I moved back and forth.

Now, looking back in cold blood, I can assure that Hannah was floating in red clouds of delight, slowly descending into the hell jaws of obscenity that parents had strictly forbidden, completely tried to erase from her life... I certainly believe that I was nothing but the runaway train to her boring routine (she wrapped her legs around my waist), a sweet taste of what it feels like to be free and wild. The magical realization of a fantasy (she scratched my back) out of a schoolgirl mind. And I felt like a teacher, eager to share knowledge about my dirty tricks. Is teaching a sin? Here I invoke the laws of nature (she yelled for more), prior to all social laws, the

only ones with the right to determine who is capable of mating in this corrupted world...

At that point, she looked absent-minded, hanging in an endless dream, surfing the waves of desire by inside, while I was about to feed her up with my milk for the first time in life... At last, moaning and panting in a wide compendium of onomatopoeic sounds of pleasure, she said it was very close to the end. Oh boy! We were so close indeed. I could feel it... just like I feel it in my guts right now. So, while I was dying inside, desperately eager, I released my river of life into her, and growled as the horny lion mating between the borders of its wild kingdom. You can call it a sin if you want, but I'll be damned if I deny that was the best experience in my whole life.

3

I looked and looked at her, and I knew, as clearly as I know that I will die, that I loved her more than anything I had ever seen or imagined on earth.

If there's a single word that could describe this moment, I swear I would pay one million dollars, cash, I swear it! But there is no word; in fact, there are dozens and dozens of words that will successfully suit the occasion, and it's impossible to keep only one.

Now, going back to our story, I have something to confess. She had tasted the forbidden fruit, delicious red apple of sinful delight; greedily grasped and bit into it. She liked it so much, that had no objection to trying one more time. And my gas tank was still incredibly full, ready to start another pleasure trip.

However, I'm not going to make a description about our second round. Time is a tyrant, I'm short on writing space, and at last, tears and exasperation do not allow me to bring one of those intimate times back again. Even now, my flesh still crawls as I remember the events of that night. I will say that Hannah felt more confident in herself, encouraged to try new things. Let us, for example, mention a new posture in bed, or just giving to the self-sacrificing teacher a sample of succulent gratification in his private parts.

Even so, I'm able to remember some of the tender —and slowly turning into sadness— moments that came after the Exhibition of Pleasurable Arts

of Coitus, Volume I and II.

I suddenly realized we had been in that seraglio for about an hour. The music, the clinking of bottles and glasses, and the cheering voices were still on. Meantime, Hannah was lying in bed, shrouded in white sheets (a beautiful nymph out of a Renaissance painting), staring at the ceiling, her breathing shallow but regular. That little grin of satisfaction on her face showed me that she had perfectly enjoyed the sexual intercourse. The messy hair was stuck to her forehead in sweat. Her smooth cheeks reddened, the lipstick had faded to the mouth edges (she had worked with it very well in the last encounter), and something was itching down there... I couldn't help but take a look to the rosy vulva: large drops of goo were dripping out the hole, like a slimy waterfall, even though she had came a while ago.

—It tickles! —the sassy girl giggled.

Rats! I don't remember seeing anything like it through my years as an amateur gynecologist...

So I laid down next to her. The cuddly girl rapidly tucked by my side putting the head onto my chest. As she was playing with the little curly hairs on my pectorals, looked up at me with her tired eyes, a deep blue ocean of sleepiness. I was afraid she fell asleep right there, in my arms, into my voracious appetite... Well, I did not pretend to overstep the mark and make possession of the weak body with perfect impunity... Those demons had played around enough already.

Therefore, I shifted my position to face her and pat her cheeks with my fingertips. Wake up, sweetie...

—Hey, stop it! —she said as she pulled the hair out my chest.

—Come on, babe. Let's shake a leg.

—For what?

I just kept quiet, lost in that picture perfect.

—You want a third one, don't you? —she smirked.

I was tempted to reply positively, but we had been long gone, and the tireless Johnson began to tire already. I just kissed gently on her temple.

Now I'm able to tell with a reassuring look back, that she's gained a lot of confidence in herself that night, and I certainly was expecting a nice declaration of love on her part. Yes, I was so gone for the little creeper, a sweet detective of the unknown pleasure. Hannah could own me at will,

take over my heart and soul, but unfortunately, she never realised how much I loved her (and still do), or even noted.

At that moment, my abject body was filled with incredible feelings of tenderness, and my eyes might have turned a bit glossy, with lost gaze.

—What's wrong, baby? —she asked with mellow voice.

—Just thinking, you know, about what will fate hold for us...

Hannah instantaneously dodged my eyes, and sighed. I couldn't catch the message of that reaction at the time, but I was going to figure out about the painful disappointment by parts.

—Well, never thought I had sex with an older guy... —she started to say.

"Oh, me neither, go on".

—But... It's only about that, isn't it?

"What? Yes, maybe it is, dear Hanny Bunny. Tell me more".

—This was awesome and everything —she continued—. You okay?... So... I mean we can't go further with... You know.

"No, I don't know, Hannahballs".

—We have different ways of doing things... Oh, don't look me like that!... I'm American, and you live so far away...

"At some point near the South Pole", she finally emphasized, but with some doubts regarding to my whereabouts. Then she stopped for a moment. And in my opinion, her statement sounded like the beginning of a sad parting. Little darling tried to go on though.

--I'm not up for a distant relationship.

Jupiter, give me strength!

—It won't do. I mean, it's crazy. Just think about it!... And why the long face?... You're so tender and gentle, but...

That was it! Before she kept talking I grabbed her chin and gave a sloppy kiss to her chattering mouth. Our lips, then, parted slowly, leaving a small strand of saliva on the way.

—Let's clean up this mess —I finally said.

Then we went to the bathroom next door to clean the evidence of any intimate contact on our bodies (all cream and honey; tousled hair and drops of sweat that still burned hot in our skin). While she tried to fix her hair, I quickly had to devote a dangerous amount of time to arranging the bed —still embedded in the libidinous scent of our intimate parts— to remove all evidence of my recent saturnalia with a teen girl. When Hannah came out of the bathroom, she prayed to God that nobody could discover what we did that night; I just wanted to scream so loud that the whole place could hear how satisfied I was. We both get dressed up quickly, and on the sly, stepped out of the room, and we made out for a minute, in the hallway. I couldn't release her. I wanted Hannah to be mine forever, to forget about our friends and relatives, to run away together to another city, state, country, planet... Anywhere the bloody hounds won't find us. Suddenly a drunk guy interrupted our sacred moment to wobble next to us on his way to the toilet. A few seconds later, we both heard with a grin of revulsion, that he was throwing up his alcohol, his guts, his soul...

—Well, this is the time when we must disguise —I said resignedly.

The party went on for a while, but we never had the chance to stay close again, until it finished. Inly dying, inly moaning, I was waiting to be in front of her pretty face once again. Should I have planned an escape route for both of us together? No. Too risky. She would not have accepted, but I still dared to hint at it.

When everybody was finally leaving, I rushed to catch up with her before she left. Hannah was about to walk to the nearest street corner. I grabbed her by the arm.

—Annie? —I said.

She quickly turned around, and looked at me with wide open eyes.

—Oh, we shouldn't talk here on the sidewalk —she said looking everywhere.

I knew that my little lover was somewhat concerned because mom and dad would surely come to pick her up at any moment. I felt like a pervert peeper.

—I know, I know, but I just came to say goodbye to the prettiest girl of the party —I continued, with a glimpse of hopelessness.

She relaxed, exhaled with a tender sigh, and took my eager hands. I squeezed those hot paws as if they were the last gift for a death row

inmate. And that was the time for my heart to release its last confession...

—Hannah, listen. Just tell me if you'd like to come with me, to do everything with me, to live and die together... —my voice broke.

I think I've gone too far. She gave a wry smile and shook her head in disapproval.

—You must know this is impossible. I cannot leave my family just like that. I just can't... —made a pause that lasted forever—. Besides, I am... And you are...

She groped for words. I supplied them mentally ("I am underage, and you're an adult guy").

—I think this wouldn't work well after all... —she finally sentenced.

My heart broke too. Then, my American lover hugged me for the last time.

—So, this is it... —I said in a trembling voice.

—Oh, baby! Don't worry, maybe someday we could...

I interrupted by taking my first finger to touch her lips. Why did I do that? I just didn't want to hear false expectations. But if you ask me now, I would still climb like a worm to her shoes, to hold on to the slightest hope she could give me before being crushed down.

Standing and hugging on that typical Californian street, she gave some pecks on my right cheek. My skin melted in the warm air of that spring night. Meanwhile, small raindrops started to poke on the cheekbones. Hannah's eyes got a bit glossy when she looked up, but suddenly we were able to catch a glimpse of the headlights of a car approaching us. Our hands slid as we walked away. We stared at each other for a last time before she entered the car.

"Adiós, mi amor".

That was my last farewell in whispers, as the love of my life drove away in the family car. Of course, that was the last time I saw her.

Oh, Hannah! Why cruel destiny has caused us to be born at different times? Why does that cruel destiny bring us together when our lives are falling apart? I was meant to fall in love with those eyes, that way of combing her hair, of biting her lower lip... All right, folks. Eyes too proud to weep tears, but with the heart beating in emotion, I declare, under

penalty of law, that I don't regret what I've done and I would do it again and again, because I loved her more than anything in this world...

And now, let me tell you something rather peculiar (or at least it is for me) before closing these pages of sorrow. According to one of my best Argentinian friends, a young psychology student in the University of Buenos Aires, I really need to convince myself that I have suffered a terrible crush on that girl. Sure! Why did I not think of that before? A hopeless, distressing, agonizing crush that left marks on my adult throbbing core... Although, on second thoughts, I don't think so, Diego.

To take a final look at the events of this story, I will say that all attempts to contact her after that night were in vain as I descended into madness for a while. Fortunately, with the right help I started to recover slowly and progressively. I eventually left my studies and the city itself after some time (I had nothing else to do there), and returned back to my motherland, back to my boring life again, to my odd job, to my irrepressible loneliness...

Present time. 5 years have passed in my life as a cold front of instability and unease. Even though I believe I've finally gotten over it, a salty tear runs down the sinuous road to my cheeks as I write these notes. All that remains are unforgettable memories of my first and only true love. My heart will keep beating for Hannah. I hope she will too.

THE END.