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Phoebe - 1 of 4 by [SailorVibe](#)

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Introduction:

Through family I meet a lovely 25 yr old stuck with a teenagers sex drive.

MEETING PHOEBE

Like many families, ours (the Strong's) had enjoyed a very close relationship with a neighboring family, the Post's. The relationship had spanned a few generations, having started when my granddad had dated the Post family's grandma. They never married each other, finding separate spouses and raising their families separately. For decades the two families had remained very close. There was hush-hush talk that granddad Strong and grandma Post had maintained a clandestine sexual relationship the entire time. The rumors made sense because, not only were the two families seemingly inseparable, but some of the Post children had the same unique facial features of my grandad, especially their eyes. They all had an unusual depth and clarity to them, memorable, unlike any others. The two families referred to each other with biological names like uncle, cousin, etc. even though there were no proven blood ties among us.

When I was in my middle teens, just entering puberty, my branch of the Strong family moved from our native England to the United States. My dad had left behind his siblings and parents for a lucrative teaching job at Princeton University in New Jersey. He also left behind the Post family. This was particularly hard on me at the time because I was madly in love with Lesley Post.

With my dad on the faculty at Princeton, I took advantage of his benefits and graduated from Princeton undergrad and Princeton Law School. The employee benefit package made my tuition affordable for my parents. When I graduated from Princeton Law, I joined the firm of Dewey, Cheatum & Howe, whom I had interned with my last two years of law school. D,C,&H was a prominent international mergers and acquisitions firm which afforded me the opportunity to visit foreign countries at the client's expense. Not a bad gig if you can land one.

Over the years, my dad had managed to take us all back to our native land every few years. Those trips were always special for me because I got to reconnect with my love, Lesley. We would always find time during the wild joint family gatherings with the Post family to sneak off and fuck each other silly. A few years later, Lesley got married to a brainy but dorky guy she met at her job. Turns out it was a drunken roll in the hay at an office Christmas party that turned into a nine month mistake. Lesley, out of moral obligation, and parental insistence, had married him. As they say, a ring never covered a hole, so it never interfered with my sporadic visits with Lesley.

My work with the firm took me to England, France, and Belgium a few times each year. On my trips abroad, I always found time to hook up with Lesley for some of our comfortable sex sessions. On some of my trips I would see my family and make arrangements to visit with Lesley's extended Post family, maintaining those relationships forged over time. It was fun to watch the British core of my family and the Post family grow together. On other trips I would find myself on a layover at Heathrow, usually several hours or longer. I would, all at client expense, rent a suite at the airport Hilton and invite Lesley to join me. She never failed me, always at the right place, at the right time. Once, I had a six hour layover, so I had the staff book me into a suite at the airport Hilton. Just the two of us, champagne, chocolate covered strawberries, bar cart, all top notch for a 6 hour coupling. Exquisite.

On a recent business trip to Belgium, my return flight took me from Brussels to London, then on to New York. I arranged my flight from London to New York for a week later to give me some time in London to enjoy with my family and the Posts. Lesley met me at Heathrow with a bear hug embrace and some serious smooching. She led me out to the parking structure, and I shoved my bag into the boot. Lesley got in the back seat and I followed suit. We enjoyed some crazy car sex before she drove me to my family's home.

Along the way she informed me that there was a joint two family gathering planned for the next day, sort of a "we ain't seen ya in a while, Sailor" thing. I was informed that there would be a few new "nieces and nephews" in attendance whom I hadn't met before. One such newbie was Phoebe, the granddaughter of Lesley's sister. Phoebe was in her mid-twenties, yet had the mindset of a young girl due to a brain chemical imbalance. The Post's had sent her away to a boarding school in Austria for special care. Lesley explained that Phoebe had heard all about me and was overjoyed to meet me. She also explained more about Phoebe.

"You see, Phoebe is 25 yrs old, but she has the mind and emotions of someone half her age. Although she grew up chronologically, emotionally she got stuck and never matured. Oh, and she has an active curiosity about sex. Like a fixation. I think she's still a virgin, but she asks all her aunties about sex. She talks about it constantly. Go easy with her. We all think she's about to fuck the first guy who shows an interest."

The following day was the gathering. It had been decided to hold it in the local park due to the large number of people attending. There were probably 35 or 40 people between the two clans. My aunt, whom I was staying with, spent all morning creating her food offerings, and my uncle was obsessed with tending to the chicken pieces he had been marinating since the day before. Mid-morning we set off for the park, arriving amid much fanfare. Initially, I was the center of attention, having last visited nearly nine months prior.

During the welcomes and greetings, big hugs, back slaps, "How 'ya been's," I noticed a lovely young lass standing off at the edge of the group, leaning against a tree, intently watching me. When all the folderol over me quieted down, I grabbed a drink and made my way over to her.

"Hi! I'm Sailor Strong. Who are you?"

"I know who you are. I've heard all about you, how you abandoned the family, moved to America, and pretend you're some high powered barrister."

A bit taken aback at her reception, I replied in as soothing a voice as I could muster "You must be Phoebe. I've heard a little bit about you, but I'd like to hear more. Would you mind sitting with me and talking for a spell?"

Phoebe shrugged her shoulders and sat on the ground, her back against the tree, and smoothed her skirt across her outstretched legs. "What do you want to talk about? I've got a lot of book knowledge but not too much real life experience. I've been hidden away in Austria for lo these many years. Can you tell me what it's like to have sex? You know, like I've read about it and stuff but, like, it's just not the same. What's it really like?"

Whoa! Right out of the gate and she asked about sex. Lesley had warned me that Phoebe had an active curiosity about sex, but this was in your face curiosity. "My goodness, Phoebe. You are direct, aren't you? I'm not certain that I'm the one you should be having that kind of talk with. In case you haven't noticed, I'm quite a bit older than you. Many people would find it inappropriate."

"Fuck a bunch of people. I don't care what they think. And, just for your information, I've asked my auntie's and they only tell me stuff that I've already been exposed to in my sex ed studies. I want to learn more, real life stuff. Are you willing to help or should I just write you off as yet another disappointing old fart?"

This encounter was taking a dark turn, and I had just met this lovely young lady. I wasn't sure how to proceed, given that we were in the middle of a large family gathering in a public park. I sipped at my beer and pondered my next move. I could shut it down, I could put her off until another time, or I could....

I was sitting on the ground, facing Phoebe leaning against the tree. She suddenly reached out and grabbed the beer bottle from my hand, raising it to her lips and chugged the last half. She pulled her knees up and spread her legs, giving me a clear shot of her smooth inner self. No panties. Just a delightful set of lips.

Phoebe was watching me intently, looking for any reaction. I, of course, looked at her snatch, then back to her pretty face. I was still dumbfounded, desperately trying to decide my next move. Phoebe made it for me.

"Go get a couple more beers and meet me in the loo. I'll be in the men's side, in the handicapped stall." She abruptly stood and started walking toward the bathhouse. She tossed her long hair as she turned to look over her shoulder at me, checking to see my reaction.

I was conflicted. Based on what Lesley had told me, I expected a demure twenty-something year old to ask some leading questions. But I never expected this. The conflict in my head resolved itself. Phoebe's come on had made me begin thinking with my dick, not my brain. I grabbed a couple of beers and headed to the men's room.

Fortunately, it was empty. I found Phoebe in the handicapped stall, sitting on the toilet, her skirt gathered at her waist with her hand working at her pussy. She was alternately rubbing her clit and sliding two fingers in and out of her cunt, then licking them clean. I looked the door to the stall and stood there, watching her play with herself. The vision of this pretty young thing, actively toying with herself, gave me an instant erection.

"About time you showed up. Now, give me that beer. Prove that you're not like all the other dumb farts out there. Everybody, in both families, treat me as some kind of pariah or something. Nobody will let me drink and nobody will talk to me about sex. What the fuck's wrong with them, anyway?" Phoebe reached out and took the beer, popped it open and chugged the entire bottle. Then, of course, she let out a whopping belch. Remembering the civility of her time in Austria, she gave me an innocent look. "Excuse me. Now, are you ready to show me what it's like to have sex?"

"It looks as if you're pretty well on your way, all by yourself there, Phoebe. How long have you been doing that?"

"Doing what? Getting myself all creamed up? I've been doing that since I had my first period. A girlfriend of mine and I used to show each other our privates. Then she read somewhere about what happens when you touch them. So, we started touching ourselves, watching each other. Once she tied my hands behind my back and touched me. Sailor, I thought I was going to go through the roof! It was absolutely the best feelings I have ever had. Then I was sent away to that horrid school in Austria. All I had was the good feelings that I could give myself. None of the other girls at the school would play with me. And I've only seen drawings of a man's thing, in the sex ed classes at school. I've never seen one in real life. Can I see yours?"

At this point, I had already gone too far. I was alone with a hot young woman who was testing her own emotions, watching her play with herself, and asking to see my dick. My brain disengaged and my libido took over. I unzipped and pulled him out. After watching her minister to herself, he was already rock hard, standing up, fully engaged.

"Oooohhhh ... Is that what they really look like? It looks bigger than in the drawings in school. And it's hard and standing up. Why does it twitch and jerk around?"

"It's just the way he works, Phoebe. He twitches around, even if he's in your mouth or in your pussy."

"In my mouth?!!! Are you sure? I've never heard of that before. What's it like?"

"There's only one way to find out. Are you interested in trying?"

"Of course I am! I want to know everything about sex. Bring him closer so I can touch him."

I stepped closer and Phoebe reached up and held him gingerly between her fingers as if she were holding a piece of raw meat. She twisted and turned him, examining him from all sides. Then she leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on his swollen head. At this, my cock jerked wildly, escaping her finger hold. "Whoa, shit! Is he afraid? Did I hurt him? Why did he jerk away?"

Rather than explain the intricacies of sexual response and sensitivity, I put my hand on the back of her head and simultaneously pulled it down toward my throbbing dick as I guided him to her mouth with my other hand. She trained her eyes upward, looking at me with fear, trepidation, and desire as my cock parted her lips. I gently pushed it in an inch or so, then began a shallow, slow mouth fuck.

After a few minutes of this I pulled him out and used my fingers under her chin to tip her face up to look at me. "Well, do you like having a fat dick in your mouth?"

Phoebe swallowed hard, pausing to gather her words. When she turned her fresh, pretty face up to me with those unmistakable Strong eyes, she said "It feels good so far. I think I like it. Let me try some more." She grabbed my rod and wrapped her lips around it. Her mouth was now wet with excitement, and he slid in two or three inches without resistance. She had either seen or heard about jacking off so she stroked her hand up and down the free part of the shaft.

I was engaged now and I wanted to fuck her pretty face with abandon. I used both hands to grab her head and started pushing my rigid cock in deeper. Three inches, four inches, in and out, holding her head still. Her hand dropped away and I was fully in, touching the back of her throat. Her hands were on the front of my thighs, and she was cautiously pushing against me as I went deeper. When my dick was tickling the back of her throat, her hands on my thighs started grasping, her nails digging into my flesh. Drool and spittle were dripping from her mouth, and her breathing was rapid and panicky.

"That's it little girl. That's it. Take that fat cock in deep. You're doing fine for a virgin. Just relax your jaws, relax your mind. Let my cock slide in and out of your pretty mouth. That's it, baby. Just relax and let me fuck your mouth."

Her shallow breathing smoothed out, and I could feel her jaws loosen as I continued to stroke my staff in and out. After 8 or 10 volleys, at the bottom of one stroke, I paused with my head pressed against the back of her throat. I took the opportunity to breach her deepthroat door with a solid, hard push as my bulbous head popped in and went down her throat. She recoiled and my dick slid out. I immediately rammed him back in, jabbing him past that tight seal, repeating this several times in rapid succession, pounding my cock down her throat, my balls smacking her chin. Her belly was heaving and her hands and fingernails were digging into my thighs as she pushed away, hanging on for dear life. Feeling my orgasm rising, I pulled my dick back so that it was only half way into her sloppy mouth. Her nostrils were flared and she was panting through her nose. Still holding her head, I emptied my cum load in her mouth. My spasms were strong and I knew that I was giving her a mouthful of jism to deal with. As I was shooting my load in her mouth, I noticed that her eyes were clenched tightly closed, taking whatever I had to give.

When I finally pulled out, a glop of my cum dribbled down her chin. She slurped and swallowed the rest. I used my cock to smear the cum on her chin around, poking his head back in her mouth a few times and spanking her cheeks with it. The look in her eyes told me that she had loved every second of it.

"Jesus, Sailor! Is that what sex is all about? I never imagined it was like that. I thought it only had to do with making babies and my creamy spot between my legs. Holy fuck. They never taught us any of that in sex ed in school. Are you going to teach me about the making babies part next?"

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WantSumCandyLittleGirl

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All praise to Dewy, Cheatum and Howe - the Howards would be proud.

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