

THE STORM: CHAPTER 1

A TALE OF TWO GIRLS

BY HAN TAMASHII

Characters:

Leanne

Gender: F

Age: 13

Hair Color: Brown

Hair Style: Long (middle of back), straight

Eye Color: Brown

Brynn

Gender: F

Age: 7

Hair Color: Brown

Hair Style: Medium (chin length).

Eye Color: Brown

Author's Notes:

This is based upon actual events that occurred in my youth. The story has been fictionalized and compressed to make it a more potent experience.

The events you will read about here are like the grain of sand in the center of a pearl. They have been surrounded by fiction and embellishments, so that they are now much smoother, prettier, and more valuable.

The characters are, likewise, fictional. The names, ages, physical descriptions, and personalities have all been created especially for this work. I did not intend to describe any actual persons.

I sincerely hope that you will enjoy reading this piece.

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My sexual adventures began when I was eight years old. That day, in the middle of summer, was beautiful and sunny. In my memory, the sky seems more vibrant and blue than it is today. The sunlight seemed warmer. And life, in general seemed happier. Easier.

I was in my room, on the second floor, getting ready to run through the sprinklers outside. I lived in an townhouse complex. A hundred units divided into quarters, separated by grassy fields. The fields had underground sprinklers. Dozens of them. When the sprinklers were running, it was better than any water park.

Looking outside my window, I was planning my wet adventure. My eyes, my breath and my mind stopped, caught in web of beauty. Two radiant girls had appeared, now frolicking through the dancing water. They moved with the grace of innocence. And I believe it was in that moment, which seemed to stretch into hours, that my admiration for young girls formed.

I dashed to out of my room and out of my home. My feet sunk into the wet ground, the short grass tickling, water splashing as I ran. As I approached, I wondered briefly how to stop on this slippery grass. Choosing the flashiest method I could think of, I leaped into a baseball slide that took me just under a beam of water being spewed out by one of the sprinklers.

The girls laughed openly as they watched me, and it took no further effort than that to join in their fun. We ran, jumped, twirled, and tumbled our way to exhaustion. Flopping on the cool wet grass, enjoying the summer breeze tickling our skin and the sunlight massaging our bodies with it's warm hands, we chatted a bit.

Leanne, the elder of the two sisters, was thirteen. Long, straight brown hair reached to the middle of her back. Her body, covered by a two piece suit, showed signs of maturity that interested me. Just small hints, really. Her breasts were still small and her hips had just a touch of curve to them.

Her younger sister, Brynn, was much more childlike. Brynn's body, at 7 years of age, was a model of the simple beauty of young girls. Soft, smooth skin, big bright eyes, even the carefree laughter and the scent of fruity shampoo combining to evoke from me a tender, protective urge from me. She was like a princess, and my duty was to keep her safe.

I invited the girls up to my room. There were no sexual intentions on my part, it was simply a change of venue. My room was cluttered with toys of all sorts. Truthfully, I was more than a little bit spoiled. I even had a TV and VCR in my room. A child could entertain themselves for months in that room.

We arrived in my private domain drying ourselves with the fluffy towels we'd snatched from the linen closet. Even at eight years old, I was envious of the places those towels got to touch. Watching my two adorable friends slide their towels along their bodies, I began to feel an odd, but pleasurable sensation in my penis.

Leanne noticed my eyes following the movement of her towel. I imagine she felt playful as she began giving me a show. She brought her towel to her chest and began rubbing her forming breasts. My eyes widened and Leanne became bolder. Her towel drifted down over her stomach, keeping my rapt attention, down and down between her smooth legs. She pressed the towel into her pussy and began a slight circular

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motion.

A quick glance at her face revealed that her eyes were closed. She was biting her lower lip. My eyes snapped back down to the action. The towel seemed to have slipped from her hand, but she hadn't stopped rubbing herself. I watched in complete fascination.

Leanne and I were startled back to reality as Brynn dumped some of my Lego onto the floor. Lego was my favorite toy, but at that moment, I wanted to watch Leanne touch herself some more. I looked up at Leanne to see if the show was over. Perhaps she noticed my disappointment, or my tiny hard-on. In either case, she smiled at me kindly and took me by the hand. Together we climbed onto my bed and under the covers. Brynn glanced at us, but kept playing quietly by herself.

Leanne and I pulled the covers right over us, making a little tent. A private space where we could do private things. We lay on our sides facing each other. Several moments passed as we looked into each other's eyes. I was nervous. And shy. I didn't make a move or a sound, so it was good that Leanne took the initiative. She reached out and touched me.

The warmth of her hand on her shoulder was soothing, yet exciting. Warmth that spread down onto my chest. Her fingertips brushed my nipples. She seemed amused by them and her touch glided over them several times. I'd never really even noticed my nipples before. They were more important to girls. But her light touch felt nice on them.

She stopped suddenly. My eyes, which had been running up and down her body, rose back to her face to find out why. They never made it to her face, however. Her hands were pushing the straps of her top down off her shoulders. She did this slowly, watching my face. Her left shoulder first, then the right. She sat up a bit after and turned her top so that the back was now in front. I saw a peak of her nipples as she did this, but her hands were soon blocking my view.

She waited, not hesitating, just waiting. Letting the anticipation build. I felt it building. Just as I was about to reach out and push her hands away, they began moving. She unhooked the top, holding it there a moment, and then let it drop to the bed behind her. One hand covered her breasts as the other one moved the top out of her way. And then she lowered herself back onto her side, and let her hand fall out of my line of sight.

I could do nothing for several moment except admire them. They were only small little mounds of flesh, but they stirred desire in me. Desire to touch them. Leanne, intuitively took my hand and gently placed it on her left breast. I looked at her eyes seeking permission, and she smiled at me warmly.

I touched her like she had touched me. A light caress, gliding my hand over her skin. My fingertips brushing over her nipples. She sighed happily, so I did it again. Her breathing quickened and her nipple became harder. Curiosity overcame my shyness and I squeezed her nipple gently. I was unsure and didn't want to hurt her, but she let a small, appreciative moan slip past her lips.

I continued exploring her nipple, so focused on it that I almost didn't notice her hand reaching out to touch me. Her touch was so light on my tummy this time that it tickled, but I resisted by focusing even more on discovering the mysteries of her

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body. As I moved my hand to her other nipple, he hand drifted down to my swim suit.

She began pulling it down, so I instinctively raised my hips to help. When she managed to slide them down to my knees, I used my feet to kick them off. She took that opportunity to slide her bottoms down and off. She did this quickly, not slowly like her top. I didn't recognize the signs at the time, but she was in need.

She raised one knee, and the movement drew my attention from her breasts down to her lightly covered mound. The hair was so fine you could barely notice it. A moment later, as she guided my hand down between her legs, I discovered how soft it was. And then I discovered her soft lips, already moist. Her scent filled my lungs. It was like how it smelled after the rain. Fresh. Intoxicating. Addicting.

Her hand gripped my hard appendage, stroking slowly up and down. I felt things I'd never experienced before. My mind was suddenly cast open to the potential pleasure my body was capable of. It was a moment that changed everything.

I was only as long as the thickness of her hand, so she used her index finger and her thumb. As I still do, to this day. Slowly up from the base. Slowly back down from the tip. And pleasure flowed in waves through my body, and hers. Ebb and flow. Washing over us. Baptismal ecstasy.

My fingers slipped between her lips, exploring her folds. One spot felt hotter and wetter than the rest. My small finger pressed on this spot and popped inside. Leanne gasped quietly. I wondered if I'd hurt her, but her free hand came to cover mine, pressing down to encourage me further inside her. The angle wasn't quite right, so my finger couldn't go very deep inside her, but she flexed her hips up and down, humping my finger in and out of her.

She had started to sweat now. Her eyes were tightly closed and lips clamped shut as she held in her moans. The hand stroking me stuttered as she lost herself in the pleasure, and then remembered herself. Over and over. It was like that for a few minutes. Her hips moved faster and faster, seeming to jerk back and forth.

Finally, she opened her eyes, staring into mine. I could see she was almost crying with desire and need. She moved my hand up to the top of her slit, and guided me, showing me how to rub her clit. Back and forth. Faster and faster our hands moved. She pressed my fingers harder and harder into her. Her body was beginning to shake. She pulled her hand away from my dick and covered her mouth with it.

And then she exploded. It's the only way I could describe it. Her body shook harder and harder and then went totally rigid. She stopped me from rubbing her and instead pulled me close to her. She could barely contain her passion, wanting to scream. I could see it. She was still looking directly into my eyes. I could see everything.

Through her eyes I could see directly into her soul, or so it seemed. At that moment what I saw was passion, affection, gratitude, and an even greater desire. I could see that she wanted something more, but was holding herself back. The intensity of these emotions stunned me. I suddenly wanted to feel what she was feeling. I wanted to share that with her.

After a few long minutes, she blinked. The spell binding and connecting us was broken. I looked away. Not seeing anything. I could hear her breathing slowing. I could feel her muscles become limp. I could smell her scent as if there were

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nothing else in the world. I suddenly wanted to taste her. My fingers gently slid through her sex, becoming slick with her juices. And then I tasted them.

Her flavor was subtle. I can't find anything to compare it to, but I savored it. I fell in love with it that day. The taste of a girl became imprinted on my mind. She looked shocked when I looked at her, fingers still in my mouth, and smiled. She smiled back at me, happy that I enjoyed her.

We spent some time just being close, after that. Not doing anything, or saying anything. Just enjoying the moment. Then we put our swim suits back on and peaked out from under our makeshift tent. Brynn had stopped playing and was watching us, eyes wide.

I felt a pang of fear and guilt suddenly at being caught, but Leanne was not concerned. She climbed off the bed and started playing with her sister. Just as if nothing had happened. Awkwardly, I joined them, but soon we were playing comfortably together. We laughed and had fun. It was really a good feeling.

When Brynn took two of my action figures and said, "Take off your clothes," Leanne and I looked at each other. I wondered if I was going to get in trouble or something, but Leanne just smiled at me reassuringly. She made an excuse to leave and they stood up. I was worried they would leave and never come back. Instead, Leanne bent down a bit and kissed my cheek.

"Let's play again soon," she said with a mischievous ring in her voice. I could not reply because the next moment, Brynn was hugging me tightly. She nuzzled her face into my neck. Just when I thought she would let go, she turned her head and kissed my neck. I was surprised by the quiet girl, but when she kissed me, I felt an emotion so incredible and indescribable that it would take years for me to give it a name.

I was blushing so furiously as we made plans to meet again, that Leanne was giggling at me almost constantly. And I didn't care. All I could do was remember Brynn's body against mine and her lips on my neck.

It was confusing for me. Leanne and I experienced something wonderful and exciting, but it paled in comparison to what I felt for Brynn at that moment. Which of these girls did I like more, I wondered to myself. The feelings were different, but similar. I felt like I couldn't think. Like my brain had melted from the fire in my heart.

When the two girls left my house that day, I felt for the first time, a burning in my chest. I ached to see them again, longed to be near them, longed to touch them. I felt like dancing and moping at the same time. In my mind I ran after them, never to be alone again. In reality, I slinked back to my room, into my bed, and wrapped myself in the blanket that still smelled like girl.

I had no idea how to handle these feelings. And it was only the beginning.

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Leanne says,

*"As soon as she hugged you, I could see it in your eyes.
She was just copying me. Even the kiss! So why?
Why did your eyes light up when it was her in your arms?
Why did HIS eyes light up when it was her?"*

*"Do you know why I hugged you that day? My sister...
she hadn't been happy. Not for a long time.
She wouldn't tell me why, but that day, I saw her smile.
You made her smile. And that made me love you,"*

says Brynn

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