



Burping Frog Publishing

TWO
THIRDS
VIRGIN
PART 1

AN EROTIC NOVEL BY

JACK ALLEN

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Two Thirds Virgin Part 1

Joey Molino had his tongue in her mouth, one hand up her shirt, and one hand down the back of her jeans. He pushed his knee between her legs and his thigh pressed against her warm mound. Pam moaned into his mouth. She squeezed her legs together on his knee. She had a tingling between her legs that she hoped would never go away.

She cracked her eyes open just a tiny slit to see his face. She couldn't believe it was really him making out with her. After all this time, she finally got him to notice her, and now that she had him, she was going to make it easy for him to like her.

She slipped her hand around his waist and pushed her fingers down into the back of his jeans. She felt like such a slut, and it made her feel good to be a girl. She'd hate for Mom to find out that her sweet, innocent daughter was such a slut. But then, she'd hate for Mom to find out that she was fucking Ethan.

That was when the bell rang.

"Shit," Joey said.

Pam smiled. It was so sweet that he enjoyed making out with her so much that he lost track of time. She was sorry herself that they had to split up when they just got together.

"It's ok. We can see each other after school," she said.

She wanted to add that then he could fuck her brains out if he wanted. She could feel his hard lump against her belly while he was kissing her. He backed away and she glanced down at the bulge in the front of his jeans. It was bigger than she expected,

and that made her smile. But he had a painful look on his face.

“I can’t. I got to get home right after school. We’re having my grandparents over for dinner and my Mom wants me to help clean up,” he said.

She took his hand in hers. Just a moment before, it had felt so good on her boob. She wanted him to put it there again and leave it there.

“That’s cool. I’ll see you again tomorrow,” she said.

She stood up on her tiptoes to kiss him again, and let her hand slip down his front and squeezed his bulge. She sighed. She couldn’t wait to get his cock out of his jeans and get it inside her.

She walked slowly to class. The hallways were empty except for a few straggling students who rushed to get to their classes. She didn’t care if she was late. She had an anxious buzzing between her legs, and her only thought was who was going to be the lucky guy to help her fix it?

She opened the door to Mr. Smith’s classroom. He was moving down one of the rows of desks, handing out a sheet of paper to each student. Some of them looked at her when she opened the door. So did Mr. Smith.

“Pam McCullen. You’re late. Please take your seat,” he said, and continued to hand out the sheets.

With a smug smile, she walked around the front of the class to her desk in the far row, by the windows. It was raining, the kind of soft, gentle spring rain that made her dreamy and calm. She could sit there and watch it all day. It was too bad she had to be in class.

She sat down at her desk. Right in the center were the words “I fucked Pam”, written in pencil. Her throat tightened. Mr. Smith dropped the handout on her desk and it covered the writing. She looked up at him. He was looking right into her eyes. She smiled, and he moved on to give one of the handouts to the next kid in the row. She let out a slow breath. Did he see it?

She put both hands over the sheet of paper and glanced around the room as casually as she could. Who could have

written it? Was it one of the guys in this class? But she couldn't remember fucking anyone in there. Unless he was wasted at the time. She snickered. If that was the case, she might have fucked all of them.

Mr. Smith walked to his desk at the front of the class and picked up another stack of papers.

"You'll have thirty minutes for the test. Try to do the best you can," he said.

Pam's heart skipped. Her eyes bulged. She looked down at the sheet of paper in front of her. It was an answer sheet, but it all looked like Chinese.

She looked back at Mr. Smith. He was already going down the first row of desks, passing out the second sheet of paper to each kid. She had forgotten all about the test. She had forgotten to study for it. This was going to ruin her good grades.

She watched Mr. Smith moving down the next row of desks. His sexy body usually turned her on. Today was no different. He wore loose shirts and pleated slacks, but still she could see his muscles rippling under his clothes.

She wasn't the only girl in the room checking him out. Mr. Smith also had a good sized bulge in the front of his nice, pleated slacks, and each girl he passed was trying to get a good look. Was the attention turning him on? Was his bulge getting bigger? This was something she could use to her advantage.

She was wearing one of Dad's old polo shirts. The top two buttons were already open. She unbuttoned the last button and pulled it open to expose her cleavage. That would give him something to look at when he walked by.

Mr. Smith came down the last row and put the second sheet of paper on her desk. She looked up at him and smiled, but he moved on and didn't even notice her boobs. She clenched her jaw and shook her head. That was so typical of older guys.

Robbie, the guy in the desk across the aisle from her, was looking down into her open shirt. His eyebrows were up and his eyes were wide.

"You like what you see?" Pam said.

Robbie blinked. "Huh?"

She pulled her shirt open a little wider. His eyes got a little wider.

"You want me to button my shirt?"

He shook his head.

"No way. That's the most beautiful thing I've seen all day," he said.

She stared at him for a second, then smiled and left her shirt unbuttoned. Maybe he was the one who would get lucky. Then he'd have something to write on his desk.

The rest of the day dragged. She couldn't concentrate in any of her classes. She had done badly on that test, she was sure of it. This one test was going to ruin all the work she had done to keep her grades up.

Finally, before her last hour, she complained to the teacher about having an upset stomach to get out of class. It was mostly true. Worrying about Mr. Smith's test was making her sick.

Mrs. Pinskey gave her a pass to go to the office. Pam, however, snuck past the office and continued down the hall to Mr. Smith's classroom. The door was open. The classroom was empty, and he was sitting at his desk with his legs crossed.

She knocked. He looked up at her, then at the watch on his wrist, and at the clock on the wall.

"Pam? What are you doing here? Don't you have a class?" he said.

"I got a pass to come and see you," she said.

She held up the pass from Mrs. Pinskey and took a step through the door. She just had to hope that he didn't ask to see the pass.

"What do you want to talk about?" he said.

She took another tentative step into the room, as if it was a holy domain and she didn't want to defile it with her devious plans.

"It's about the test we had today?" she said.

"I remember. What about it?"

She took another step closer. The ground was burning her feet.

“It’s just ... I forgot we were having a test today. I forgot to study for it,” she said.

“That can’t be good.”

She tried to smile, but it didn’t feel right.

“I know. I’m worried.”

“About the score?”

“Yeah. I think I seriously screwed it up,” she said.

He had a stack of tests on the corner of his desk. He shuffled through the stack, pulled out one of the sheets and looked over it. He frowned.

“Yeah. You’ve done much better,” he said.

“Oh my God,” she said.

Her hand covered her mouth. The actuality of it was horrifying enough. What was she going to do about her plans?

Mr. Smith put her test back on top of the stack. She waited for him to say something, but he just looked at her. His silence was infuriating. This was her future on the line. Didn’t he care about that?

“I can’t fail this test,” she said.

“I’m very sorry about that.”

“It was an accident, Mr. Smith. I just forgot to study, that’s all.”

He shook his head. “I’m afraid there’s nothing I can do.”

Pam pinched her lips together. Why did he have to be so obstinate? This pleading wasn’t going to work. She was going to have to try something more ... persuasive.

“Mr. Smith, you don’t understand. I have to go to a good college. My brother, he’s going to get a hockey scholarship or something, he’s got it made. I got to keep my grades up if I’m going to do as good as him. I can’t let one bad test ruin my chances,” she said.

“Listen Pam, I understand. Your grades have always been good. But I’m afraid there’s nothing I can do here. It’s school policy, not mine.”

Pam stepped closer and put her hand on the corner of his desk.

“I’ll do anything if you let me take that test over,” she said.

Again, Mr. Smith didn’t say anything. He just stared at her with what looked like a faint smile. Pam held her breath. What was he thinking? He hadn’t told her no. Was that as good as saying yes?

Her heart was pounding. What was she going to do now? She was going to have to take a huge risk.

She leaned forward, turned her head to the side, and kissed him on the lips.

He didn’t pull away. She left her lips on his as long as she dared, then broke away with a soft, wet smack.

“That was a nice kiss,” Mr. Smith said.

Pam’s cheeks were warm. The tingling between her legs was intense.

“I told you I’d do anything to take that test again.”

He sat back in his chair. It creaked. He folded his arms behind his head.

“I heard you the first time. What do you mean by anything?”

She smiled. This was getting good. She touched his knee. His big bulge was showing, and made her mouth water.

“What if I sucked your cock?” she said.

“What about it?”

She left her hand on his knee, moving it back and forth. What did he mean by that? Was he giving her an invitation? Should she take the chance?

She let her fingers slide slowly up his thigh and rubbed the hard bulge in his crotch.

“I know how to give a good blowjob,” she said.

“I hope you do.”

She looked back at the open door, then up at his big, warm eyes.

“You want me to do it right here?” she said.

He looked past her at the door like he noticed it for the first time. He got up, walked over and shut the door. When he turned

around and walked back toward her, the bulge of his erection was very obvious.

“Come with me,” he said, and held out his hand.

Pam put her hand in his. He led her down one of the rows past all the desks to his office at the back of the room. He closed the door and sat down on an old, vinyl covered sofa with a metal frame.

“Ok. How about now?” he said.

He spread his legs for her. Pam knelt between them. She bit the end of her tongue between her teeth as if she had to concentrate, and unbuckled his belt. Beneath the coarse fabric of his khaki lacks, his erection pulsed like a trapped animal looking for any way out of its confinement. She pulled down the zipper. He lifted his butt off the old vinyl sofa so she could pull his pants down. His cock jumped out.

Pam gasped. Mr. Smith grinned, like he was pleased with her reaction. She put her hand around it and pumped slowly.

“You have a nice cock,” she said.

It must have been eight inches long, and pretty thick. She stuck her tongue out and touched the tip to the warm head, while she was looking into his eyes. She licked the head and down the shaft to his balls. The big grin on his face stayed the same.

“It’s so hard,” she said.

She licked her lips to make them moist and shiny and closed them over the head of his cock.

Finally, Mr. Smith groaned, and his eyes closed. She could feel the tension ease from his body, as it seemed to flow into her mouth. She moved her head up and down slowly and let the head of his cock slide over her wet tongue.

The office was quiet except for the soft sucking noises of her mouth. The head of his cock touched the roof of her mouth. She pushed her lips down the length of the shaft until the head was pushing at the back of her mouth, and his pubic hairs tickled her nose.

“Oh God yeah. I love it when my wife does it like that,” Mr. Smith said.

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