

DESIGNATION



1965
Mustang

Credits and License

Codes: nosex, m-solo

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Preface

This story is an additional tale of the “Growing Pains” universe; one of around 40 short flash stories designed to introduce characters and provide back story where required. Not all of the characters will be familiar instantly, but it will all tie in at the end!

The “Growing Pains” universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released. For a fuller explanation please see my website under “Site and Story Credits.”

Jasmine is resolute and despite the fact that University is just around the corner, she will not “put out” for her boyfriend – no matter how pushy Tony gets.

I would like to thank my wife for her understanding while writing all of my stories. Alas, as I choose to remain semi-anonymous I cannot name her!

Please let me know what you think of the story; I cannot hope to improve as an author if the readers don't tell me where I succeeded and where I failed!

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Desperation

“Come on Babe,” he begged. “I’m eighteen now ... and you were eighteen a few weeks ago. It’s time.”

Jasmine looked at him and shook her head. “I don’t want sex Tony. Now I’ve don’t mind jerking you off like before, but I don’t want sex. It’s just ... not now. I’ve got a nice evening planned, but let’s just relax, and please don’t spoil it.”

The short boy frowned through his glasses; Jasmine was one of the prettiest and sexiest girls in the school, but she was also very restrained and for four years he had been trying to get her to “put out” but she always refused. “But we split up for the end of term in a week. And then it’s University after the holidays.”

Jasmine shrugged. “We both have to be ready,” she told him firmly. “And at the moment, I’m not. We’re not ...”

“I am ready,” he wailed. Jasmine ran her hands through her long dark hair and snarled. “Been ready for ages!”

“Well I am not,” she said firmly. “And all this pressure is wrong. I’ve told you, when we are both ready, and I don’t want sex yet. I have other things to worry about, tennis tournaments and such.”

“All the other guys get it from their birds,” he muttered. “I’ve never ever get to see you naked.”

“Well tough,” Jasmine said fiercely. Her chastity had been a common complaint of his and while she was considering losing her virginity to him, so many of her friends had complained that they were pressured the first time they had sex, and they felt rushed, and Jasmine wanted it to be perfect. “It’s not time. It’ll be perfect when it is time.” Tony scowled at her; he had bought a bottle of expensive wine and donned his best clothes, as well as getting help from his female neighbour to set the music and lighting scented berry candles so the mood was perfect. Jasmine’s features flickered in the pale purple candlelight and she gave him a sweet smile. “Just drop it, please.”

Tony gulped some of his wine and sniffed, he had managed to borrow a pornographic video and wondered if Jasmine would let him put it on. They had had a nice meal in the empty house – he had cooked venison – and they had kissed on the sofa; his parents were out for the evening and he wanted more than just kisses and cuddles.

The evening had been planned so well, every aphrodisiac known to man – chillis, chocolate, avocado, oysters and asparagus – were prepared as part of the expensive meal he had bought and cooked. In addition, he had number of little things to do, the cards for Strip Poker, a pornographic video, the Kama Sutra book on his bedside table and the bottle of wine to lower female inhibitions.

The music skipped on a slow song and Jasmine immersed herself into the sofa, allowing her dress to ride up and flash Tony her briefs. He adjusted himself and gazed into her brown eyes. “I do love you,” he muttered and Jasmine smiled.

“I love you too, sweetie,” she said in a girlish voice, and snuggled him to him, with her drink. “Are you coming to Blackpool to see me at the weekend?”

Tony nodded. "Yeah, we could stay over, just you and me," he suggested and Jasmine shook her head. "First time share a room."

"Can't, need my sleep," she replied and he groaned in disappointment. Jasmine looked up at him annoyed. "You know my tennis is important to me."

"I know," Tony said defensively and turned towards the coffee table. "It's fine." He hesitated and took a deep breath. "Can we have a game of Strip Poker then?"

Jasmine put her wine down. "It's always sex with you. No I don't want to play Strip Poker. I said, drop this idea. You want to watch a film so let's watch the film you've got and just enjoy tonight together."

Tony grunted at the irritated girl, flicking her head back and adjusting her dress. "It was just an idea," he murmured. "We are free tonight."

"Well this isn't an excuse for you to try and get me naked and in bed."

"It isn't," Tony lied and picked up the cards. He idly daydreamed for a moment and wasn't paying attention as Jasmine slid off the couch and looked at the small pile of videos. Underneath the latest James Bond film was a copied VHS with a scrawled label - "First Time Sluts."

Jasmine turned to face Tony. "Is this the video you want to watch?"

Tony went red and nodded, staring at the frustrated face of his girlfriend. "I just thought ..." Jasmine scowled.

"Stop this," she yelled and held out the video. "I am not doing it because you are trying to force me." Her eyes narrowed as he spluttered and she shook her head. "You have to spoil it, don't you?"

"We are both eighteen," Tony moaned. "And it's just we are together alone and, OK, I want sex and stuff. It's normal."

"It's not."

"Everyone else is doing it. You're just ..." He never finished his sentence as Jasmine threw the video at him as she got up. Tony put his hands out and deflected the VHS onto the floor, crying out as he did. "Where do you think you are going?"

"Home," she said firmly.

"But we were going to have all evening," he begged. "Please."

"I know," Jasmine replied, her eyes fierce and annoyed. "But you have spoilt it. And just for record, I was going to give you a blow job tonight."

Tony spluttered. "Yeah, like fuck, you were," he shouted. "I ..."

"I was," she said, her eyes boring into his skull. "But not now. Not after this. I said, when we are ready, but you have to spoil it."

He snarled. "OK, I'm sorry. Can we at least do that, so we don't have a completed wasted evening."

Jasmine stared at him, raised her hand and slapped him across the cheek, hitting him painfully hard. "Fuck off Tony."

He nursed his stinging face and watched her unlock his front door. "You're nothing but a ..."

"Ex-girlfriend," Jasmine shouted as she opened the door. "You are fucking dumped."

He gave a titter. "Yeah, right." She looked at him for a moment and then stormed down his garden path, single again, for the first time in four years.

He watched her leave the property and thought briefly of walking her home but it was still twilight and he slammed the door with an expletive. "Well fuck ya then," he shouted after the girl striding down the road, and sat down on the leather sofa.

The VHS lay on the floor and he picked it up; he had only been lent it and he checked the side of it to make sure it wasn't damaged. His mate, Scott, would be seriously angry if his favourite video wouldn't play because of Jasmine's prudery.

He leant over to the video player and pushed it into the hole, before pressing play and turning on the television. A grainy picture flickered onto the screen and a busty woman shook her rear to the camera.

Tony looked at the door and then at the screen; it was alluring. He had never seen a pornographic film before and sat back on the sofa. He licked his lips as young ladies, dressed in garish dresses, joined the busy woman and young men, bare-chested, danced with them.

He saw the women tease and taunt, and swore under his breath. "Like fucking Jasmine," he muttered at the television and watched as one of the slim girls knelt in front of a gentleman and ferret around his shorts for his cock.

Tony sighed and reached into his trousers and pulled out an erect cock. He sighed and grunted before closing his eyes and sinking into the soft couch.

His hand engulfed his manhood and gave a few gentle pulls of his engorged cock. He sighed as his loins tingled and pulled his trousers and boxer shorts down to his ankles before kicking them across the room.

He felt free, and leant back against the back of the sofa and focused on the screen, savouring the touch of his fingers on his genitals. He heard the soft murmurings of the woman on the video.

He could imagine the luscious lips of Jasmine parting to allow his cock to slide between them as she eagerly slobbered over his teenage manhood. He grunted and watched the thin beauty on screen spread her legs and he gave a nasal snort.

He could see Jasmine's face in the porn star and simpered as his hand gripped his manhood tighter and he increased his pace with long, firm strokes. He closed his eyes, and pursed his lips together; his glans was gleaming with pre-cum and his legs wide apart, as he pushed himself further into the sofa, slouching so that his rear end hung over the edge of the settee.

He chin was pressed into his breastbone and he opened his eyes to see his hand gliding up and down his cock. He imagined Jasmine again kneeling down in front of him and took

a few deep breaths. He groaned and squeezed his thighs; he was nearing the point of no return.

Tony looked up at the television to see the young lady spread her genitals onto the screen. Tony sniffed, screwed up his face and panted as several streams of semen were jettisoned out of his cock and onto his hands, his shirt and the floor, as the teenager gasped.

The intensity of his orgasm and ejaculation was far stronger than he was used to, and he slowed his strokes to savour the final aftershocks from his masturbation.

He purred and puffed, feeling content. "Who needs a girlfriend?" He muttered and groaned. He looked around the room and sat up, reaching for the box of tissues when he heard the front door close and room shake gently.

"Fuck," he cried.

"Tony?" A familiar voice called. "Sorry, just left ..." Jasmine cried as the door to the lounge opened and Jasmine came face-to-face with her ex-partner. She gasped and fell backwards against the wall as Tony's face went bright red. "You disgusting ..."

"You left me with ..." He started as he attempted to explain away the obvious. "What are you doing here?"

Jasmine snorted. "My bag," she said, and pointed to the floor between his legs. "I left it here." She screwed up her face as Tony scampered to the end of the sofa and picked up a tissue from the coffee table. It was clear that Jasmine was disgusted with her ex-boyfriend's masturbation and she edged towards her handbag.

"Sorry," Tony muttered as he wiped his cock. "I just ... I have these urges."

Jasmine scowled as she listened and picked up her bag from the floor, before dropping it with a squeal. "You dirty bastard," she screeched. "You've got your ... stuff ... over it!"

Tony's face went redder as he saw a streak of white goo over the red handbag and reached for it with a tissue when Jasmine yelled at him to leave it. "Sorry," he muttered. "I didn't mean to."

"You need help," Jasmine cried. "You really need help."

"I didn't mean to," he repeated and put his cum-covered tissues on the table, before reaching for a fresh wad of soft paper. "I just had to, when you wouldn't ... y'know."

"So this is my fault?" Jasmine shouted. "You get so desperate that you have to squirt over my handbag. You have issues." She snatched the tissues from her ex-partner and wiped the semen from her bag before throwing the soiled paper at Tony.

"Jasmine. OK, I'm sorry. Can we start this evening again?" Tony asked hopefully and Jasmine howled in laughter.

"You're perverted." Her eyes narrowed as she looked at the bottomless man, shook her head and stormed out of the room, for the second time that evening.