

Nat's Story
A Novella

By
Kaitlyn K

Nat's Story
A Novella

By
Kaitlyn K

*Nat's Story is a work of fiction.
All elements are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.
Anything else is a coincidence.*

Nat's Story
Copyright 2017 by Kaitlyn K.

All rights reserved.

No part of this work may be reproduced - except in a review or similar forum - without the express written consent of the author.

Beth

Nat, a young sailor on his first liberty as a member of the United States Navy, wasn't too far away from experiencing the act of sexual congress for the first time. He was unaware of this fact. He was also unaware of the fact he would be paid for his efforts.

Nat and his friends had graduated boot camp the day before. Someone fucked something up and they weren't going to ship out to their various trade schools till the morning and while Nat and his shipmates had every intention of reflecting great credit on themselves and the Naval Service during their liberty, they also had every intention of getting laid. Dinner, at a pretty nice restaurant, was a prelude to that.

Nat had joined the Navy right out of high school. He was not the college type and he sure as hell wasn't about to spend the rest of his life as another face in the small town he'd grown up in. Fuck that noise. He had left for the Navy just as soon as the recruiter could process him in. His parents had come out for his graduation, but they had left and he had the night free.

Beth, 53, black hair, still trim and firm and beautiful, spotted Nat as soon as he and his shipmates had walked in the door. He was the tall one, with a body that Beth figured had been chiseled from granite instead of maturing through the normal growth process. Beth had sufficient experience to peg Nat's height at six feet, two inches and his weight at 190. When Nat took his hat - called a cover in the Navy - off, she saw a nice shock of brown hair. She could not stop staring at him from her seat a booth with some co-workers and she figured his cock had to be at least three feet long.

Beth wanted the tall young man immediately. This wasn't a bulletin because Beth often wanted tall, young men immediately.

Beth was bored stiff on her business trip, tolerating dinner with some co-workers. It was the last night of the trip and Beth had not been laid in what seemed like forever and was refreshingly open to a romp in the hay with a younger man.

Beth was not particularly worried that she was 53-years-old, a full 35 years older than the boy she had every intention of taking to bed. Experience had taught her that she radiated sexuality like a waterfall disperses water. Plus she still had her looks, too and she knew she didn't look 53.

Beth decided it was unlikely her tall young man would come over and introduce himself, and since she wanted him pretty bad she took action. After excusing herself she went to the ladies room. She took out a notebook and a pen and wrote on it in a feminine hand that itself oozed sensuality.

I will be in the bar next door after dinner. If you can get away from your buddies I would like to buy you a drink – Beth

After exiting the bathroom, Beth found their waiter.

“Those sailors over there,” she said. She nodded in their direction. Discreetly, the waiter glanced over his shoulder in their general direction, even though they were the only sailors in the restaurant and Beth could not possibly have been referring to anybody else.

“I am feeling very patriotic tonight. I would like to buy the sailors their dinner.”

“An excellent idea, madam. However someone has already beaten you to it. Their bill is taken care of.”

Beth sighed peevisly. However, she was a senior vice president of something or another for medium-sized company and she hadn't reached that position because she couldn't think on her feet.

“Then I want to buy them a round of drinks...”

Beth wasn't entirely sure any of the sailors was 21, but the restaurant had been pouring booze down them all night and hadn't seemed to care.

The waiter nodded with approval.

“A splendid idea, madam.”

“Thank you,” Beth said. She gave the waiter the note and a \$20 bill. “And give the tall one this.”

The waiter took the note casually, as if he accepted scraps of paper from older women summoning young, freshly minted sailors as a matter of course.

“Of course.”

Beth remained at the bar while the waiter placed the drink order, waited for them to be made and then delivered them to the table.

After serving the drinks, the waiter, a short, older Hispanic gentleman with a full head of mostly black hair, handed the tall sailor the note.

“And this note, sir. From the lady.”

There was no doubt who the lady was. Beth was the only woman in the restaurant standing at the bar glaring at them. The tall sailor's shipmates made the

type of noises and gestures you would expect sailors on liberty to make in these circumstances. One shipmate, a little too excited at the prospect of somebody else getting laid, even uttered a word not usually heard in a restaurant of that caliber, which earned a glare, and a wry smile, from the waiter.

Beth returned to the table, collected her things, gave a co-worker a company credit card to pay the bill with, and excused herself. Since everyone at the table was subordinate to Beth they all pretended to see absolutely nothing at all unusual about their senior vice president passing a note to a young sailor and then fleeing.

Beth's plan worked. About ten minutes after she had entered the bar, the tall sailor stood in the doorway. Beth was sitting off to the left.

"Young man, over here," she said in a voice that gave the impression she routinely summoned young men in bars to her table.

The young man smiled nervously, removed his cover, and walked to Beth's table. As recently as 30 seconds ago, the young man had not been certain he would be walking to Beth's table. Despite the fact she was plain she had to be at least 40, the young man had been instantly attracted to the woman with shoulder-length, curly black hair. Still though, he was still a young man and not entirely experienced in these matters, and rather shy to boot, so he needed some coaxing. That his shipmates had pooled some cash, come up with \$400 and told him it was his if he could prove he scored, hadn't hurt, either. Even that hadn't sent the young man barreling through the bar doors. A couple of shipmates almost had to push him in.

Beth stood, smiled warmly to put him at ease, which worked, and offered her hand.

"My name is Beth."

Beth noticed the young man's hand was large and warm. She also noticed, despite the fact they were in a dark room and the tall young man was wearing dark uniform pants, he had a raging hard-on.

"Nat. My name is Nat, ma'am."

"I'm glad you came. Let's sit down."

They both sat. The table was round and Beth and Nat were sitting very close to each other.

"I'm not old enough to be in here, ma'am."

Beth waived a hand.

"It's all right. I am. I got us covered."

Nat laughed.

They ordered drinks and made small talk until they arrived, after which they made more small talk. Nat was still innocent enough so that lying to Beth didn't occur to him, and he found himself telling Beth, who he kind of liked and had the hots for that he and his buddies were just out of boot camp, and that he was going to train to be a hospital corpsman. He had played football and basketball in high school and his dad said he could play in college, but Nat was tired of school.

Beth lied through her teeth about how she was from a city on the opposite end of the country from where she really lived. The part about being on a business trip was true, but her story about being an insurance agent, as well as every other aspect of her story, was not.

Their second round of drinks was about done when Beth leaned over and reached for Nat's cock. It wasn't too difficult to find. It was the long, hard thing sticking out from his pants. If Nat objected to having his cocked grabbed, he kept it to himself.

"Nat, have you ever eaten pussy before?"

A look of terror came over Nat. It was if Beth had asked him if, well, if he had eaten pussy before.

"No, ma'am."

Beth had a flash of her usually correct woman's intuition.

"Have you ever had sex before, Nat?"

Nat had no idea why Beth made him feel so at home.

"No, ma'am."

"I'm staying at the hotel next door. Would you like to go to my room and have sex with me?"

"Very much, ma'am."

"Good. However if I am going to seduce you, and I am, you really shouldn't call me ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am."

Beth put the tip of a forefinger to her mouth and stifled a laugh.

"Nat, you may stop calling me ma'am now."

"OK. I'm sorry."

"Why are you apologizing?"

Nat looked down, shyly.

"I don't know, ma'am. I'm sorry ma'am."

Beth smiled warmly and laughed some more because she couldn't tell if Nat were genuinely funny or genuinely shy. She suspected both and she found she

genuinely liked the younger man she was coaxing into her bed. This wasn't always the case. Some younger men she seduced she liked not at all. They were arrogant and not nice despite the fact Beth was paying for everything. That was OK, though. Beth liked younger cock and was willing to put up with the attendant bullshit to get it.

Beth let go of Nat's cock and took his hand. Nat smiled at her. It was a gorgeous smile, one of several factors that made Beth's pussy very, very wet.

Also playing a role was the fact Beth had children older than Nat. She had not had sex with someone younger than her children in a very long time, since her son had brought some teammates from the high school team over and she had taken on a couple of them, along with their girlfriends, while the others frolicked in the family pool.

"It's boot camp, Ms. Beth. I just got out. I've spent the past six weeks calling everybody sir or ma'am."

"That's very adorable, Nat. But you can't call the woman who is going to seduce you Ms. Beth either."

"How about 'mommy'?" Nat asked, smiling broadly.

"Oh, he's funny, too," Beth said. "Funny is a sign of smarts. Are you smart, Nat?"

"Oh yes, Ms. Beth. Very smart. I got straight A's in school. Well, mostly. There were a couple of B's in there."

"A couple of B's, Nat?"

"Well, maybe a few..."

"No C's though, Nat?"

"No, no C's, Ms. Beth."

Both were holding back a laugh and were plainly enjoying themselves.

Beth raised an eyebrow, questioning Nate's last statement.

"Okay, a C or two from time to time."

"But that's it. No D's."

"Actually, all D's, Ms. Beth. I barely passed," Nat said drolly.

"Nat, have you ever actually been to school?"

Nat laughed out loud.

"No, ma'am."

Beth laughed out loud. She took Nat's hand warmly and stood up.

"Come along. It's time."

Nat followed instructions and stood up.

A few minutes later, in Beth's hotel suite, Nat was still following instructions. They had just entered the suite when Beth made her way to center of the living room and turned to face her young lover.

"Here is exactly what is going to happen, Nat..."

Nat was glad Beth was providing instruction. He had no idea what to do.

"First we are going to take our clothes off..."

Nat nodded.

"And then I am going to suck your dick." Beth's tone was businesslike, as if she had just informed a subordinate she was going to go to a meeting. "You being 18 and all, you will probably come fairly quickly. I will, very gladly, swallow your come, Nat."

Nat's eyes got a bit bigger. He had never been given instructions like this before.

"Has anyone ever swallowed your come before, Nat?"

Nat was almost in a trance. He was barely able to shake his head no.

"I didn't think so. No one will ever suck your dick like I will, Nat. It will be many years before you realize the truth of that statement, unfortunately. But in time, you will."

Nat was too stunned to even shake his head.

"And then, under my expert guidance, you are going to eat me out. Do you know what that means, Nat?"

Beth didn't wait for an answer, proceeding on the theory Nat, in fact, did not know what 'you are going to eat me out' meant.

"Eating me out means that you are going to put that beautiful, young face of yours between my legs and put your mouth on what your health class textbook would refer to as my 'vagina'."

Nat was still in a trance, this time as much out of terror as excitement. He had heard about eating 'vaginas' before, but only in vague, teenager concepts, mostly from fellow high school boys who Nat doubted had actually eaten a 'vagina' before.

"After that, your cock should be nice and hard again and we are going to engage in – again, quoting your textbooks – sexual intercourse."

Nat widened his eyes, smiled like a kid looking at his first dirty magazine, and nodded his head quickly.

"Now get undressed, boy. I've got work to do."

Beth undressed fairly quickly, but it took Nat some time, mainly because the pants to the U.S. Navy's dress blue jumper has 13 buttons in front. They take time to undo under the best circumstances. After some drinks, and when undressing prior to getting your first piece of ass, it takes even more time.

When they were both naked Beth walked up to Nat and put her arms around his neck. Nat didn't need instructions to put his arms around Beth.

Beth looked into Nat's young eyes for a bit, before kissing him warmly. Based on Nat's technique, which wasn't too bad, Beth guessed Nat had watched a lot of kissing scenes on television.

"I am going to make your first time very special, Nat," Beth said, after releasing Nat's tongue from her mouth.

Nat closed his eyes and breathed deeply. Beth took his hand and led him into the bedroom.

"Sit down, boy."

Nat had been obeying orders for the last several weeks. He dutifully sat on the edge of the bed.

Beth got on her knees, took Nat's really large cock in a hand, and started sucking. Nat's dick was about as big as she expected a strapping 18-year-old's dick to be, and she sucked eagerly. Even though she had been doing it since she was a girl, it had been a long time since she had sucked 18-year-old dick.

It didn't surprise her that Nat came quickly. What did surprise was the size of the load she was obliged to swallow. Nat had so much come that Beth's eyes almost popped out of their sockets. She had swallowed her share of male ejaculate in her time, but this was unprecedented.

"That was..."

"Shut up, Nat..."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You are now going to eat me out."

Nat was still sitting on the edge of the bed while Beth stood in front of him, her hands on her hips.

"This technique will serve you well over the years, young man. Men who know how to lick pussy are not in any great supply."

Beth laid on the bed on her back. Nat moved so he could see her.

Beth reached down and fingered her pussy a bit before finding her clit.

"All right, Nat, lookie here. See that? That's called a clit, Nat."

Nat leaned his head forward and peered intently.

"OK," he said.

"Now, here," Beth said, propping herself up on her left arm "'Eating out' is a figure of speech. You're not actually eating anything."

Beth leaned against her left arm so she could see.

"Now, lay down and put your beautiful young face between my legs."

Beth waited for compliance, then put her right hand on the back of Nat's head. Gently, Beth guided Nat's head closer to her pussy.

"Here. Touch my clit with your tongue."

Again Nat followed instructions.

"Now do it again, faster. Then slower. Then..."

Nat was a good student. Beth fell on her back and shuddered and moaned inadvertently.

Nat found he really enjoyed eating pussy, and he was such an eager pupil he ate Beth out for a good hour or so. Beth had been getting her pussy eaten since she was younger than state law allowed and nobody had eaten her for that long before. She would've remembered.

After coming ten thousand times or so, Beth issued another order.

"Okay, Nat, stop eating me."

Again, Nat complied. By now he was kneeling at the end of the bed and he stood by for his next order.

"Now you are going to finger me."

Nat nodded. He wanted to fuck, pretty bad, but he'd done pretty well for himself taking Beth's orders. He had gotten a blow job, not his first, but better than three high school girls could manage, and he had been introduced to licking pussy, which he really liked despite the fact some his friends had said it was gross. -

"Now, you're not drilling for oil down there. Gently, because this could hurt, put two fingers inside me."

With guidance from Beth, Nat soon had his right fore and middle fingers inside her pussy.

"Now work them around a bit."

Beth moaned and let Nat finger her pussy for a bit.

"...now turn your fingers so your hand is facing palm up..."

With his usual alacrity, Nat complied.

"...now...make..." - Beth paused to enjoy being fingered for a bit - "...a 'come here' motion with..."

No further orders were required. Beth screamed. For a while, too. Nat was learning his lessons well.

"Okay...enough... take your fingers out, Nat, and spread my pussy juice on my tits. You'll like this."

Nat complied. He put two fingers really deep into Beth's pussy and worked them around a bit, then he spread Beth's pussy juice on a tit.

"Now lick it off, boy."

Nat followed orders. Beth was right. He liked it.

Beth was lying on top of Nat. They were about to fuck, Nat for the first time, Beth for the 5,393rd time.

"Nat, when you're fucking me, I want you to feel you can say *anything* to me."

Nat looked at Beth with a blank look. It was plain Nat did not comprehend the complete scope of the word 'anything'.

"And I do mean anything, Nat. Whatever pops into that fertile young mind of yours. Even if you think it might offend me, trust me, it won't."

Nat nodded.

"You mean, like calling you a bitch?"

Beth nodded assertively.

"That's a good start, Nat. Keep going."

"Fucking bitch?"

Beth laughed. Nat was a quick learner.

Beth was now on her back, her legs spread.

"Now, young man, there are a variety of ways to enjoy the act of sexual intercourse. The first way is the most common, uh, at least in my experience."

Beth maneuvered a bit so Nat could get in position.

"Now, from here your mission is simple and should be obvious. You move and place your cock, which is really big by the by, in my pussy. There really aren't a whole lot of options here."

Nat who was really hard, moved in, but Beth showed him a palm.

"Now, if I roll over and get on all fours, like I am now, which, for the record, I really like doing, and you give it to me from behind, that's called doggie-style."

"Arf, arf.."

"You'll notice this position gives you almost unfettered access to my beautiful hair. Remember this, Nat: if a woman has gotten through the trouble of getting

undressed and getting into bed and assuming this position, you may also safely presume she would like her hair pulled. Some might not, but most will."

Nat maneuvered himself into position behind Beth.

"Now, a warning!" Beth said looking back. "For God's sake be careful because there is more than one insertion option back there..."

Nat nodded and put one hand on Beth's ass and pushed it away slightly while leaning back a bit, giving the impression he was inspecting an important clue.

"...you, or more specifically, I, want you to choose the warm and moist option."

Nat moved his hand down, so as to fully ascertain precisely where the warm and moist option was.

"Go ahead Nat, pull my..."

Nat didn't let her finish her sentence. Showing admirable initiative, not to mention immediate adaptation to the doggie style technique, Nat had hold of Beth's hair and, after some maneuvering, had rammed his cock into her pussy. Nat found this position most agreeable and soon went completely berserk and began pulling Beth's hair with both hands, much like a cowboy pulling the reins.

"Take the Nat-man, bitch!"

Beth was coming and unable to reply except is screams and groans. She hadn't had cock like this is ages.

"You old fucking bag..."

"Oh, God, *fuck yes!* I am an old bag, Nat. An old bag for you to fuck. Fuck me, sailor boy, *FUCK ME HARDER!!!!*"

Nate was really enjoying having his dick in a woman's pussy.

"Take it mommy! *TAKE IT WHORE!*"

Nat had never called anyone a whore before. Well, his sister once, but that was funny. He stopped thrusting his cock inside Beth. Beth, wondering what in the hell was going on, looked over her shoulder.

"Well?" she wondered rather peevishly.

Nat smiled eagerly.

"How'd I do, ma'am? Calling you names. Did I do all right?"

"Oh, my young, young boy...my young, young nasty boy. You done well. Now please resume fucking me. *Now.*"

Nat obliged.

Though she hadn't yet covered the female-dominant position in her lessons, Beth was soon providing practical training in this matter, correctly guessing that Nat, based on his flawless handling of doggie-style technique, would be a quick

study. She also produced a comprehensive review of the previously reviewed lessons.

Nat passed all three examinations with flying colors.

Later, Beth was in bed lying on her stomach. She was all fucked out, ridden hard and put away very wet. She was looking forward to Nate leaving so she could get some sleep. Nat had just gotten out of bed and was looking for his clothes.

"You're going to brag to your friends, right?"

Nat nodded.

"Oh yeah," he said, nodding his head solemnly. "Have to. National security and stuff."

"Do it! Tell them everything! I'll be leaving town, anyway."

Nat had found his clothes and brought them into the bedroom.

"They even offered me money if I could prove I scored."

Beth could tell Nat had said that innocently.

"I hope they take my word for it."

"Why force them? Give me your shorts."

As usual, Nat complied with his order.

Beth took Nat's jockey shorts, found the crotch, and, as ladylike as possible, ran them over her pussy. Since she was still wet, there was a nice little spot on the crotch.

"If you cut yourself we can put some blood on it and you could say I was virgin."

Nat laughed nervously, It was plain he had no idea virgins bled the first time they had sex.

"Here," Beth said, smiling and tossing the shorts at Nat. "That should suffice."

Nat had never heard the word 'suffice' before, but in the context she used it, he kind of figured out what it meant.

Exactly how Nat was supposed to transport jockey shorts dripping with pussy juice back to base was left to Nat.

While Nat was in the bathroom cleaning up, Beth went to her purse, removed five one hundred dollar bills, folded them in half, and slipped in a business card that had only a mobile phone number on it.

When she escorted Nat to the hotel room door, she put the money and card in his hand.

"That's my number. I am not pushy. Later on, if it turns out you enjoyed yourself, text me so I have your number, OK?"

Nat nodded. He felt kind of confused.

"Young man, when an older broad like me, or any other woman, actually, offers to buy you a drink or makes eye contact with you, don't fuck her without asking for money. Got it?"

Nat nodded, despite the fact the concept of getting paid for fucking was as foreign to him as speaking Chinese.

"An old bag like me willing to rob the cradle is willing to pay for it."

Beth put a hand around Nat's neck and kissed him warmly.

And that was how Nat had gotten his start in the gigolo racket.