Amanda - Confessions of a Teenage Nympho

I guess my sex life began one day during the summer of my

thirteenth year as I was doing my chores. I was in my brother's

room putting away his clean clothes, and I found a stack of porno-

graphic magazines in his underwear drawer. Out of curiosity as to

what could be so great about things like that, I swiped them and

went to my room. I shut and locked my door, then sat down on my

bed and started looking through the magazines. There was picture

after picture of nude or semi-nude girls in erotic poses, and

stories from readers about their various sexual exploits. After

reading and looking for a while, I started thinking that if sex

was as exciting and mysterious as these magazines made it out to

be, then maybe I was missing out (I guess that for the first time

I started getting horny). I began to wonder how my body compared

to the bodies of the girls in the pictures, so I took off my

clothes and knelt before my full length mirror with the magazines

spread out before me. I looked pretty good. My hair was shoulder

length and reddish-blond, my blue eyes, and my lips were full and

soft. My five-foot-two form was smooth and firm with youth. Being

summer, I was tanned a rich brown aside from milky white triangles

over my smooth round ass, soft blond pussy, and pert, peach-sized

breasts.

I started playing in front of the mirror -- trying out the

poses that the girls in the pictures were in. In the course of

this I was touching myself in ways I'd never been touched before,

and my body responded. My nipples got hard and my skin tingled,

and then I came to a picture of a girl with her legs apart, left

hand cupping a breast, and the right rubbing her pussy. When I

tried this pose I guess I changed my life. Massaging my pussy felt

good in a tingly sort of way, and as I continued, it grew wet and

the sensation slowly increased. The thrill of watching me please

myself took me over, and I lusted after my own body. Licking my

lips, I let go of my tit and used my free hand to fondle myself

all over. I ran my hand over my face and licked my fingers, then

rubbed my tits again and teased my nipples. The feeling in my

pussy was building to extasy and spreading through my body. I

looked in the mirror and realized that I was slowly bucking my

hips against my hand, and I increased the motion. I spread my

pubic lips apart and made little circles around my aroused

clitoris with my middle finger. It burned, and I was sweating.

I knew that something big was going to happen soon and I

yearned for it. The extasy burned at the center of my being. I bit

my lip to keep from crying out, and arched my back, thrusting my

breasts at the image of myself in the mirror.

With what seemed like an endless sudder of intense plea-

sure beyond what I'd ever dreamed possible, I had my first orgasm,

and came. I sank into a wet heap, relishing what I'd just exper-

ienced. My fingers were slick with my cum, and I sucked each of

them clean. I loved the taste of my sex. It wasn't long before I

ached to do it again. I laid on my back and brought my knees up

touching my shoulders with my feet in the air. This way I had a

great view of my pussy. I spread my lips apart and slid a finger

into my tight but lubricated little puss. This felt great, and I

started slipping my finger in and out while rubbing my clit with

my other hand. Due to the state of pleasure I was already in, and

combined with the erotic joy of getting myself off, it wasn't long

at all before I came again. When the shudders ceased, I spread my

excess wetness into my inner thighs and breasts. After panting

quietly there on the floor, I sat up and started looking through

the magazines again.

I realized with surprize that I had gotten horny looking

at photos of nude GIRLS! Was that normal? I looked at the pic-

tures. Each of the models was a fleshful fantasy of curves and

hot, wet, lust. I was excited by them, and I decided that if any

girl could get herself off the way I did by looking at other girls

then she should do it as often as possible. My hand strayed to my

pussy again, and I started fantasizing about how romantic it could

be to be with another girl while we were both getting off. I was

slowly turning pages and thinking about which of the girls would

be hottest to be with, when I came to a pictorial that brought

home all the wildest dreams I was having. It was a spread of two

girls in bed together. The pictures got me so horny that I came

two more times in a daze of extasy as I stared at them. The girls

were licking each other's pussies and tits (at the time I could

only imagine how utterly erotic that world feel). My mind painted

pictures of pleasure that made my head swim, and I longed to live

the dream.

With thoughts of myself and another girl licking each

others bodies for an orgasmic eternity, I came again, and collaps-

ed exausted.

It seemed that I spent every free moment pleasing myself.

From the time I had gotten sex on my mind, it was all I could

think about. My head swam with fantasies of myself and other naked

girls in sweaty orgies of licking, and sucking, and touching. I

was so consumed with orgasms that I would lay in my bed and mas-

turbate until I was exhausted, then fall asleep. My dreams were so

erotic that I often woke with my hand on my already wet pussy, and

would start to play with myself again.

All I could think of was that I had to try it with another

girl. I wanted desperately to know the feeling of a wet tongue on

my nipples, and the taste of another's pussy. It wasn't long be-

fore I had my chance...

My parents went out of town for the weekend, and left me

with my brother. He told me that I could have a friend over to

spend Saturday night, because he was going to a party and probably

wouldn't come home. So, I called my friend Kristen, and she came

over.

I had always thought she was pretty, and now this "new me"

thought she was so pretty and luscious!

She was about an inch taller than me, with long, curly,

light blonde hair, blue eyes, and sweetly curved lips that

glistened wetly. Her body was tight and round in all the right

places. I couldn't take my eyes off of her as we ate a pizza and

watched TV--waiting for my brother to leave. I was dying to know

the shape and color of her nipples, the softness of her pussy, and

the taste of her juices.

When my brother finally left, I got very excited thinking

about Kristen's body and my knickers started getting wet in my

jeans. How was I going to tell her that I wanted to have sex with

her? How was I going to convience her to do what I wanted?

"Kristen," I started. "Have you ever had an orgasm?"

We were sitting on my bed in my room and she was reading a

Hit Parade. "No," she said, "have you?"

I smiled and nodded.

"Oh really? With who?" she said, sitting up straight and

looking interested. It was a good sign, and I pressed on. "I did

it with myself."

"Really?" she said. "How did it feel?"

"It was the best thing I've ever felt," I said. I was get-

ting really horny thinking that this might work out, and I told

her the whole story, which only got me hotter.

When I was done describing it she asked me if I could

show her how, and I knew I was home free. After she'd gone as far

as to masturbate with me, she'd do anything else I asked.

I told her to take off all her clothes, and she did with-

out a word. I took mine off as well, and almost stopped a few

times because I was so excited watching her. Her body was smooth

and flawless, her pussy was the color of her hair, and her nipples

were red and rounded like little breasts on her breasts. I yearned

to suck them!

There was something electric about being naked on the bed

with her--so much untapped pleasure. I told her to lay back with

her legs apart and do what I did. I got on my knees by her side,

spread my own legs, and began to rub my hard clit. She did the

same, and soon her eyes widened as the pleasure began to build.

Her nipples were now as hard as mine, and I told her to rub them

too.

We watched each other like this in silence, and I could

see that she was exploring my body with her eyes. After being so

horny all afternoon, I was close to popping when we started. I

closed my eyes and shuddered--coming in a wash of wet ecstasy.

I opened my eyes and she was watching me intently, and

licking her lips. I knew she was almost ready too. I started

rubbing myself again with my left hand as I licked my juice off my

right. Kristen brought her legs up as she tensed for the release,

and bit her lip, letting out a little squeak. She was tightly

clutching her right breast with her left hand, and my lust took

over at the sight of her pleasure. I leaned forward and grabbed

her other tit with my wet right hand, squeezing and feeling.

We were very close at that moment, and looking into each

other's eyes. I knew that I was going to come again and hoped we

came together. Suddenly, she gasped and squenched her eyes shut.

I bucked my hips wildly, trying to reach my peak. I boiled at the

core, and we came as one.

We stayed like that panting together for a few moments,

then I let go of her breast and gently rubbed my own.

"Taste yourself, lick your finger," I suggested to her.

She slowly sucking the come off of her fingers--savoring the taste

of sex.

"Oh, that was SO incredible," she said finally, with a

look of utter peace on her face. Her hand strayed to her pussy

again, and she fingered herself languidly for a moment, then suck-

ed off some more juice.

"It was fantastic," I said, "but I know ways it can be

even better."

"Oh Amanda, how could it get any better?" she said,

"you've got to show me!"

"Are you sure? I don't want to start something and then

have you turn chicken on me," I said, looking at her seriously.

"Oh, if is anything at all like what I just did, I'll do

that and more, please show," she said with a serious look.

It was all the invitation I needed. I held my hair back,

leaned over her, and kissed her. Both of our lips were wet, and

clung together like the lovers that we would soon be. She re-

sponded with enthusiasm kissing me back, giving herself totally

over to pleasure, and her lips parted. The warm wetness of her

mouth was mine, and mine hers. Our tongues met and danced in slow

circles.

She arched her body into mine, and we fell into a writhing

tangle of arms and legs. Her breasts were pressed to mine, and I

could feel those hard round nipples brushing my own. I was fully

on top of her now, with my right leg between hers so that my thigh

rubbed her pussy. Likewise, her right thigh rubbed my pussy, and

the strong curve of her calf crossed over my own. The total effect

of hot sensation sent shivers through me.

I moved from the kiss to licking her face and neck, then

back to another wet kiss. Kristen ran her hands down my back and

grabbed my firm ass, while my own searching hands felt down her

sides to her hips. My hand continued down her thigh, and she

brought her leg up so that her calf rested on my ass. After a few

more minutes of kissing and making out like this, my tongue found

it's way down her neck and to her chest is slow circles. I licked

the soft white sideswell and undercurve of her right breast, then

put my mouth over one of those luscious nipples and sucked gently.

She moaned softly as I moved my tongue in slow circles, and ran my

left hand to her wet pussy. I lightly probed her pussy with my

middle finger, and moved my mouth to the other breast.

She began slowly bucking her hips in ecstasy, and I moved

quickly. I licked down to her navel, and worked around so that I

was between her legs with legs over my shoulders. Her heels

pressed into the small of my back. I licked her inner thighs, then

the lips of her pussy. Her juice was fantastic, and I plunged my

tongue deep into her, and made slow circles around her clit.

The sensation was more than she could take, and she peaked

instantly, washing my lips and chin with come. I lapped it up, and

after a short rest and some reassuring talk that what we were do-

ing way okay, she did all of the same things to me.

We fell asleep in each other's arms, and woke around mid-

night as horny as ever before. I went and got the magazine of the

two girls making love, and we tried Sixty-nine. It was too good to

be true, as we could get each other off at the same time. I loved

the way my nipples brushed her belly as I lay on top of her.

Neither of us had ever had so much ecstasy and fun, and we kept it

up until we were too tired to move again.

Sometime around 5:00 in the morning, we made out in the

shower, and we tried fucking each other's tits. That was fun. I

got over her chest and spread my pubic lips apart while she rubbed

her erect nipple around my clit. I came and licked my juice off

her tit.

When we were clean, and dry, and tired beyond belief, we

went to bed and slept until my brother knocked on my door around

10:00am. He said that Kristen's mother had called and said that

she had to go home.

She got ready to leave, and after we had a long wet kiss

and some really hard hugs, she said that we'd have to get together

like this more often. I was elated! That night I masturbated my-

self to sleep thinking of the things we'd do.