**Loosing My Virginity**

by Amrb1894

Hi my name is Sarah, I am 5’ 6” weighing in at 125, I wear a 34C bra, size 4 panties when I wear them at all, have blue eyes and yes long blonde hair as well. I was a virgin up until the summer after high school graduation and wanted to tell my sexual awakening story so here it is.
The one thing that I am most proud of is that it was on my own terms and what I wanted, not what someone else wanted. Also when I reflect back I am sure people would think me weird or even a pervert but honestly I don't care what they think. I love my sex life with no regrets in what I have done or the fact that I am sharing it with anyone who cares to read it.
So how did this all get started? I guess I need to explain about my parents, well my mom and step dad. My mom divorced my dad when I was very young so I really didn’t grow up with him, more without him since their relationship was shaky at the best of times. My mom dated this real jerk for a little bit after the divorce but then met my step dad, David when I was 10 and soon married after. He is the only real dad I knew but he was more than a dad to me, he was a friend if that makes any sense.
A few years ago I had noticed something about my mom and was worried that they too were headed for a divorce. She seem to be always gone even on weekends blaming it on her job, i thought she was having an affair. I remember being upset about it one night when my mom was out of town on one of her supposed business trip. I couldn’t sleep and could not stop crying about it because the one thing I did not want to go through was another split family. I got out of bed and walked into my step dad’s bedroom which is down the hall from mine. He woke up and asked me what was wrong. I told him I couldn’t sleep worrying about him and mom. He pulled the covers back and told me to lie down next to him.
I have on occasion slept with both of them and had no problem crawling under the covers next to him. As he held me close and comforting me I began to cry, that’s when I told him what I was upset about. I told him I knew mom was seeing someone else as I had saw some text messages on her phone and notice at times mom would have these unexpected business trips. He told me there was nothing to worry about and that the two of them were fine with nothing being wrong. I wasn’t convinced and told him he was only saying that to me feel good. He assured me he wasn’t just saying that and him and mom were doing great.
He then asked if he shared something with me that I had to promise not to say anything to no one including my mom. I made the promise to him and that’s when he told me he knew she was sleeping with other guys and that he was ok with it. He called it an alternate life style and explained the whole thing to me. He explained the various websites that support swingers and finding partners. I wasn’t sure I believed him and asked how do I know this is true and he wasn’t making something up. I turned to faced him looking him straight in the eyes and told him I wasn’t sure I believed him. He told me to reach for his phone which was on the night stand which I did, handing it to him. He texted mom and asked if she could call him to make sure she was alright. Within a few minutes she did putting her on speaker phone and asked her if she was free to chat a bit. He asked how things were going and she told him that she meet this guy and they were getting along great. She then asked him if he was good if she stayed the night with him. He told her she knew he was good with it and to have fun then click the off button.
I was shocked but somewhat relieved at the same time not knowing what to say. I turned over and snuggled back up to him with his arms holding me. I finally asked him how long has this been happening also if he was sleeping with other women. He told me that this had been going on for over eight years but he didn’t answer the second part right away. He told me that mom was ok with him sleeping with others but he was very picky on who he wanted to sleep with. I asked him what he meant and he told me he likes a certain type of women and would not just jump into bed with anyone. He also said it was always easier for women to find friends but much harder for a guy with certain tastes to find female companions. I wanted to know more and wanted to ask all kinds of questions so we laid there all nite talking about it. He opened up to me and told me everything I wanted to know. At times the conversation became very explicit and the more it did the more inquisitive I became. I actually found myself being aroused by this conversation. We eventually fell asleep.
The next morning we got up and went about our day. My mind was filled with more questions and occasionally I would ask him another question and they started to become more and more graphic. I started to ask him about his lady friends which he seem a little more reluctant to talk about. I kept pushing as I usually do when I want something and won’t let it go. I asked him to describe his perfect women that he would be willing to sleep with. He told me she has to be in shape with what he called a hard body. He doesn’t like anything fake including make up or any enhancements to their body. He prefers small to medium size breasts and always prefer blondes and she has to have a good personality. I asked if he has been with anyone recently and he told that he hasn’t but the last time was about a year or so ago. I asked if mom knew and he told me that she is okay with it but doesn’t really like the details as much he likes the details of her friends. I wanted to know if he would share the details with me if I wanted to know and he said he would.
So I started to ask questions about how he finds these women, actually young girls since he told me his age preference is between 18 and 25. He showed me all the various websites he and mom had belonged to. I asked him if he would share with me his first experience with a younger girl. He told me as much as I wanted to hear. The juicer it got the better I liked it. He would tell me how good it feels the first time you are with someone and having sex with her. I admitted that I would have no idea of what to do sexually and I didn’t feel attractive let alone feel sexy. When he looked at me he told me I had the looks and that I should be proud of how I look along with complimenting me on how I dressed. I knew, well I hope I knew he was right but I still didn’t feel sexy. He assured me I was very sexy so all we needed to work on was how I felt about myself. For no apparent reason I asked about mom and if she was coming home tonight. He laughed and said not unless she is not having great sex with her new friend.
After lunch that day he asked me if I wanted to go shopping with him at the mall. Now seriously what girl would say no to that question. When we got there he seemed to be on a mission as I followed him throughout the mall without much more then the occasional window shopping. We soon stopped at one particular store which took me by surprise, honestly, Victoria Secrets. I felt a bit embarrassed and stared at him while he told me the first thing in feeling sexy is how you start off getting dressed. He handed me a credit card and told me he would wait outside.
I walked in and proceeded to walk around. It seemed such a long time of wandering around looking when I finally walked out, empty handed. He looked puzzled when I walked up to him and handed back the card, surprised he seemed to be and asked if the credit card didn’t work. I told him I didn’t know what to buy and just wanted to leave. He could tell I was frustrated and held out his hand to me. I grabbed his hand and he walked right back into the store.
We walked around looking at various bras, panties and other things. He didn’t seem to mind at all talking to me about intimate apparel and oddly I didn’t mind it either. He asked me what size I wore and I told him my bra size and panty size. He picked up one of their baskets and started walking around picking out various things. He gave me the basket telling me go try these on. I walked in a fitting room and took all my clothes off. It seem to take such a long time as I tried each thing on. I was amazed at how they felt on my skin and the sensations they gave me. I finished trying everything on and put my regular clothes back on. As I walked out to the store I saw Dave walking towards me with yet another basket. He smiled and asked if everything fit and felt god. I told him most everything and pointed to the ones that didn’t fit or felt comfortable. We exchanged baskets and I walked back in taking off my clothes again. As I tried each thing on I looked at myself in the mirror and started to understand what Dave was telling me about it all starts underneath. This went on several more times until I felt as if I had tried everything in the store on. We went to check out and there on the counter was everything from the first two baskets, well almost everything. I looked at him to see if he was embarrassed buying me all this but he looked perfectly normal. I nearly fainted when I heard what the bill was, but not a word was spoken as we walked out the store.
When we got home that afternoon all I wanted to do was try on all my new stuff again. I laid it all out in the bed and started sorting it by type and colors, bras from panties. I then rearranged my dresser drawers so I would have one for my bras and two for my panties. I gathered all my older underwear, which were ragged, full of holes and all cotton and tossed them in the waste can. When I slipped on a pair of my panties it made me feel not only sexy but special in a way that is hard to describe. I pulled my pants up put on a sweater and walked out into the other room. Dave was sitting on the couch watching tv when I plucked right down next to him leaned over and gave him a kiss on the check. I told him how much I appreciated everything and I enjoyed shopping with him. We were startled a bit when his phone rang. After a short conversation, which I really didn’t pay attention to he hung up and sat back down. He looked over at me and said mom would not be home tonight as he smiled at me. We sat there and continued our conversation we had been working on for the last day.
When it was time for bed that night I got into the shower and just stood there thinking about what had happened to me in the past day. I felt excited and more curious than I ever can remember. I finished up, threw on a bathrobe and headed into my bedroom. I sat on my bed thinking about mostly the sex we had been talking about and my sexy new lingerie. I took the robe off found a shear camisole, a pair of silk white lace cheekies and put them on. I loved how they felt against my skin especially around my ass and my crotch. I laid in bed just staring at the ceiling for a while until I decided I could not sleep anymore.
I got up and was going to take my special stuff off and put my pajamas on but I loved the way I was feeling so I just threw on a tee-shirt and a pair of shorts. I walked down the hall and opened his bedroom door. He seem to be a sleep so I just slipped in quietly under the covers next to him. He soon rolled over reached out pulling me next to him. He asked if I wanted to talk more and of course I did. I wanted to know how and more important who he was fucking. He told me he had two that he had seen. He was very descriptive on how he would undress them, slowly seducing her, making sure he took his time reading their bodies and movements. The more he told me the hotter I was getting and also the wetter my panties were becoming. We talked all through the night as I became more inquisitive and became more relaxed talking about sex. I wanted to know how he and what made women cum. I wanted to know who he was fucking. He finally told me who one of the two were, how their relationship developed and grew. He showed a picture of her and I thought that she was really cute. I think she was around 19 from what I remember him telling me. He would not however tell me his second mysterious lover. We fell asleep in each other’s arms. We talked through he night as he held me in his arms, somewhere before dawn we both fell asleep.
The next morning was also a turning point for me. I had just gotten out of the shower and had dried myself off. I dried my hair and put on a bra and panty combination from the day before. I loved the way it felt against my cool skin. Now I must tell you I have a dog and as I was finishing my makeup he bursts in to the bathroom since the door wasn’t fully closed. I turned to close the door and I saw my step dad walking down the hall. He looked up at me and smile but continued on his way, I was embarrassed being half naked in front of him. I casually closed the door as he walked past me without taking his eyes off of me. As I stood there looking in the mirror the embarrassment subsided and a new feeling enveloped me. I thought of how I had slept with him last night being so close to him. I thought of how open we were and how it was so easy talking to him and nothing seemed to be off limits during our conversations. Why was it so embarrassing for me to be in my intimates in front of him, after all wearing my bikini at the pool is not much different, is it? I stood there thinking as I looked in the mirror admiring not only the way I looked but on the way I was feeling. I looked directly in my reflection, smiled and walked out to the kitchen asking him what was for breakfast. I sat down at the table wearing only my bra and panties. Our breakfast was as what might appear to be normal. We drank coffee, had idle chit chat and ate our breakfast.
Over the summer I was very comfortable being around Dave when I was just wearing my lingerie, as long as mom wasn’t home. We continued to have our intimate conversations throughout the day or evening if permitted. Each time I would be either sitting next to or cuddled up in his arms. I have to admit as each time we were together without mom I found myself getting more and more excited. I wasn’t sure if it was because our conversations became more in depth or me sitting in a pair of white lace thongs. I had also, at more than one time thought the excitement came from me being an exhibitionist in front of him. When mom was away I would riffle through my stuff finding an item or a set that I would pretend to model for him. I would then greet him at the door as he walked in from work. The smile on his face was rewarding for me as I knew he was getting pleasure from being with me. We had become very close through our talks, sleeping together when we could and of course when he took me shopping.
During that summer we had the master bathroom remodeled. In it they had installed one of those fancy showers the kind that has water spraying from all different angles. I used it shortly after it was completed and immediately fell in love with it. I could stand in there for hours and let that hot water just soothe me taking my mind anywhere but where I was at. But that place was becoming more and more sexual as the day’s conversations with Dave became more and more erotic, sensual and just plain sexy.
I was in the shower one afternoon feeling extra special and naughty. Had spent most of the afternoon out at the pool with him just chatting about mostly sex. With the hot weather and steamy conversations I was already excited even before stepping into the shower. My mind starting wandering and usual was focused on sex as I stood under the shower. After a long time I shut the water off just standing there as the water dripped from my body. The steam from the shower was thick and soon started making me sweat. Without hesitation or even a second thought I called out for David. He came to the bathroom door knocking asking if everything thing was alright but I didn’t answer. He knocked again and I still kept quiet hoping he would just open the door. He finally walked in after knocking again and caught a full view of me in the shower. He looked at me and wanted to know what I needed, I told him I forgot to get a towel. He got one from the cabinet as I opened the shower and handed it to me then turning walking out.
I was so excited, that was the first time a man saw me totally naked. Speaking of which my skin was not the only thing wet. I dried, brushed out my hair and put on just my bathrobe. I walked out and found him in the kitchen fusing around doing something or another. As I walked closer I could see he wasn’t watching me so I untied my robe and just let it open on its own. As I walked each step I saw that my robe was opening a little more with each step, perfect I am so excited right now. I sit on one of the kitchen bar stools and look down at my robe. It wasn’t fully open as I had hoped it to be and it might be a little awkward if I opened it now. But if someone was to look at the right angle or if I stood up I would hope that it will give someone a hard one.
“Are you ok, I mean the towel in the shower thing,” as I pretended to be embarrassed and asked.
“Me, of course I am not, why would I be, by the way you are taking good care of your body and should be proud,” he replied looking straight at my eyes. I was so relieved to hear that and nearly orgasmed right then. “In fact,” he continued, “you look very nice like that, very sexy and seductive.”
My first thought was obviously not the correct choice so I just smiled and as I looked at his eyes I stood up and took of my robe.
“As long as your mother isn’t home and that’s how you want to walk around in here, you won’t get any complaints from me,” blushing as he said it.
I found myself over the next several weeks wishing mom was out town on business or rather out enjoying her sexual appetite and freedom. Lucky for me that she was going to be traveling a lot over the next month. When she did I was either in some sexy tempting bra and panties or just nude, most of the time the latter. At night however when I was with him in his bed just chatting or with him holding me in his arms I always had some piece of clothing on. Might be something very sexy but at least it was something . We would talk mostly about sex and the hotter, more explicit it got the more excited I became.
One of the nights when mom was gone I was finding something to wear as I usually do when I was thinking of our late night fireside chats. I saw a new pair on panties there that still had the tag on them as I shuffled through my drawer. They were a deep green color with lace trim around the top and legs. I took the tag off and slipped them on.

They hugged my hips and crotch riding up high on my ass. They felt good. I turned around and admired them in the mirror. I pulled the covers back on my bed and laid down turning out the lights as i did. My mind was racing as I was restless with all the thoughts going through my head. After a bit I got up and put my bath robe on and walked down the hall and opened his bedroom door. He was watching TV and looked over smiling as he patting the bed telling me to climb in. He was lying on the bed with no covers on and wearing a pair of shorts. I cuddled up to him as he reached out and put his arm around my back. He didn't pay any attention to me but held me there making me feel warm, safe and comfortable.
I was getting warm so I pulled the sheets back off me especially since I was wearing the Terri cloth robe. I am not sure why I did but I moved my leg up and laid it over his. Wasn't sure what I expected but he said nothing and continued to hold me in his arms. I moved my leg a little up and down to see if something would change but he said nothing. I did notice the more I moved my leg the warmer I was feeling in my panties and the nervousness in my stomach grew. I extended my leg out further and had my upper thigh bare against his leg. I notice his hand on my back slowly start to massage my back and draw me closer. I tugged at the cloth belt holding my robe in place and undid the loop that held it. I pulled the side of the robe over exposing myself to him. I could feel my nipples touching his skin, the sensation was like jumping into a cold shower, almost taking my breath away.
I scooted closer and felt my panties pressing against his shorts. The warmth there was getting stronger as I pressed myself against his leg. I pulled myself closer and opened my robe up even more. The harder I pressed my nipples and breasts into him the more excited and nervous I felt. I looked over to him reached up and offer a kiss to not only reassure him but myself as well that this was ok. My hand moved to his inner thigh and slowly moved up to where I touch his shorts. I waited, half expecting him to tell me to stop or grab my hand and push it away but nothing.
I slowly slide my fingers under his shorts and again waited. I was hoping he would tell me something or do something as I wasn't sure of what I was doing. He held me as the front of my robe was completely opened and my breasts pressed firmly against his sides. I pulled my legs closer to his and that's when I felt the wetness touch his skin through my panties. I was starting to shake as if I had just stepped outside into the cold night, maybe nerves or maybe the excitement. My hands slowly inched their way upwards until I felt something that I had only dreamed of, the base of his cock. I finally heard something which put my nerves at ease and that was him gasp for air. My finger tips started to explore this forbidden area and I slowly closed my eyes.
I felt his arm that had been holding me close move and lift away from my back. My first thought was he was going to push me away and that I would die from the embarrassment. He leaned over and grasped the top of my robe pulling it down and I knew he wanted it off. I moved to sit up and slipped my robe off without looking at him. My eyes moved down to his body seeing the large bulge in his pants.
His hands moved to my now exposed skin gently touched my shoulder and neck. My head tilted to his hands as I realized that all my nervousness and anxiety were gone. I opened my eyes looking at his face for the first time since rolling over and he looked at me with a deep passion with a gentle smiled. I reached over and pulled on his shorts tugging them downward. He raised himself and with both my hands I pulled them down slipping them off.
He was well groomed around his cock with very little hair and was almost short like his whiskers are a day without him shaving. I reached up and touched his balls finding them smooth and completely without any hair. My fingers slowly traced a line from the base of his cock to the top where I felt a warm slippery wetness. I sat there and with my hands I explored for the first time what a hard cock felt like. I never really imagined what it would actually feel like but it was smooth, soft, warm and the more I touched it the more I felt myself getting wet. His hands were caressing my back and I could feel his fingers playing with the backside of my panties. At times I wanted to slip them off and feel his cock touching my softness and imagine what and how I would feel. Every time my hand would reach the head of his cock I felt more wetness. I leaned over and kissed the top of his cock. I sat back up and felt the wetness of his cock on my lips and with the tip of my tongue tasted what was on my lips. There seemed to be a sweetness to it and yet hard to describe the distinctive taste. I do know one thing I liked it.
His hands had slip inside my panties and were gently touching my ass cheek stroking softly. Although I wanted him to keep touching me I pulled myself away and slide down the bed and with my hand guiding opened my mouth and put the head of his cock inside. My tongue rolled around the tip of his cock and I was delighted to taste the same sweetness that I had licked off my own lips.
I was eager for more and I thought that if I sucked harder it might make more come out. So I tried to put all his hard cock inside my mouth but I could feel the head too deep and was afraid I might gag and ruin an otherwise perfect night. But never doing this before I soon learned my limits and I could tell when I was doing it right as I felt him raise off the bed.
My hands played with his balls as my tongue flirted with his hard cock that was in my mouth. I slowly moved up on my knees without taking his cock from my mouth and raised my ass up into the air. When I did I felt my wetness seeping from my panties and almost thought I felt it running down towards my stomach. I spread my legs apart and the coolness excited me further. My mouth and head slide up and down on his cock as he offered more his wetness to my delight.
I knew he was enjoying this as much as I was by the moaning I could hear. As I stroked his cock with my mouth I felt him moving with each stroke. As I pulled him in he would raise himself, as I moved to the head to savor his wetness he pulled down and almost pulling himself out. I wasn't sure what was happening and why his moaning became more muffled. Then I found out. I felt the head of his cock swell larger and the vein on the backside of his cock swelled when I felt his warm thick cum fill my mouth.
I was surprised and happy that it happened but I was completely unaware until afterwards. I was naive and nervous about what to do so I opened my mouth with his cock still inside and let most of his cum run out of my mouth. Curious enough I let his cock fall from my mouth and I tasted what was inside my mouth. I can't describe the unique taste or even the aroma but I sucked my tongue and licked my lips as I found myself enjoying it very much.
I looked up to see his face as he sat up and pulled my head towards his face and gave me one of the most passionate kisses that I ever had by any guy. He pulled me up and held me close with my body pressed against his. After a little bit I rolled over and scooted my ass against his legs as his arms reached around me and drew me closer. I felt his hands touching and caressing my breasts and realize that was the first time he touch me in the special places with the exception of when he briefly touch my bare ass. We fell asleep with him holding me close. I awoke the next morning wrapped up in the blanket alone in his bed.
Most of the day all I could think about was the night before. I was worried that he did not enjoy it or worse I did not satisfied him. I also worried I did not do things the right way. But then I realize how good I had felt about it and that's all the matter. I had had sex, well to a point with my step dad and all I could think about if I was brave enough to go to the next level.
After a quiet dinner that evening he got up and walked out into the garage without saying a word. I wasn't sure if something was wrong or he was having second thoughts about the night before. Then I heard the Harley start up and knew he was taking the bike out. I felt sad since I always love to ride and he was just going to leave me by myself with all my feelings and sensations. Moments had past when the door opens and he asked if I was going to ride with him. I smiled and ran into my room. I put on the sexiest pair of panties and bra I could find, a very tight pair of jeans, a tee shirt and then grabbed my leather jacket. He was waiting for me with a smile and held the bike steady as I climbed on. I heard the engine reeve up and he grabbed my knee and asked if I was ready. A Harley has a lot of vibration but what most people don't know is how good that feels on a cunt, especially one that is wet as mine was. We rode for a few hours and I didn't want it to end but also I wanted it to in anticipation of what may or may not happen in the hours to come. We finally pulled back into the yard and I wanted to shower after we got off the bike.
I went into the bathroom and turned the hot water on so the steam would fill the room and make it more a sauna than a shower. I undressed and stepped into the shower letting the water run down me exciting not only my breasts but every where it touched. That's when I heard the door opening and was both shocked and happy. My mind was now racing since I knew he was comfortable with us sexually. He asked if I needed anything and I politely told him no, he turned and walked out. When I got out of the shower I towel dried quickly expecting him to be standing at the door waiting to embrace me and take me to his bed. I opened the door walked out to the hallway and saw the house was dark. I walked down to my room to comb out my long hair. I wasn't sure what to do so I thought I would put a pair of panties with matching bra and see what I could make happen. I walked out of the room and down to his room where I nervously opened the door. I saw a candle softly lighting the room and him laying on the bed with nothing on. He smile and reached out his hand.
He pulled me to the bed while wrapping his arms around me. I was pulled so I was nearly laying on top of him and I could feel his hard cock pressing against me. I pulled myself up closer as our first kiss began with what was to be the best night on my life. As I moved up I could feel his cock touching my panties pressing against my cunt. I started to shake from not only the nerves but also the excitement that will sometimes take over me. I want to know what is was like to have a cock touching me in the area that I have had hidden and guarded all my life.
I scooted up and spread my legs so his cock was now up erect in between my legs. I moved slightly down now feeling his shaft pressing against my opening through my panties as I squeezed my legs together. My body almost as instinct started to grind against the base of where his shaft was. We continued to passionately kissed with each one becoming deeper and stronger, my body pressing hard into his.
I felt the warm rush of wetness as I continued to grind my hips on top of his body pushing harder with each movement. His arms now embraced me holding me as if he meant to never let me go and with an ease that amazed me he rolled us over as my back was on the bed and he was on top. He lifted himself off me and I felt his cock pull from in between my legs. Using his legs he pushed them in between mine spreading my legs apart wide. He used his cock now to slowly stroke me through my panties as we kissed, the sensation was so indescribable as I felt myself getting wetter with each stroke. I knew my cunt was ready for his cock. Our lips parted and I gasped for air as if I had been holding my breathe. His lips moved away and started to nipple my ear and I felt the tingly run down my neck through my stomach and right to where my clit was.
He proceeded to nipple my ears and neck as I lay there with my eyes closed and my hands on his sides. I didn't want him to stop but I was anxious at where he would soon go. His hands on my hips now moved to my stomach and upwards to my bra as his head moved down and met his hands. I felt his wet tongue sucking my breasts through my bra and the feelings only intensified throughout my body, my chest arched upward as he continued to suck them into his mouth. I laid there helpless under his spell and his control. He slipped down and with the very tip of his tongue circled my stomach and belly button. His hands now on my hips and panties.
I was not thinking about anything or what to do and only focused on each new sensation that my body was now experiencing. He moved down slightly as I could fell the touch of his hand for the first time on my crotch. It was more as if his hand was pressing against and not exploring or fingering me. I felt the wetness of my panties as the palm of his hand moved up and down. My hips followed his motion.
My head was tilted back my mouth open gasping for air and my eyes closed as I felt his breath on my wet panties. He gently blew on them as if trying to dry them out and it sent shivers up and down my back. He started to lick my pussy but my panties were still on and the only thing I felt was the wetness of his tongue and that of my own juices. After a few minutes his hands slide up underneath my ass and lifted me up slightly. He was somewhat lying in between my legs and also kneeling at the same time. As his hands clasped my checks I felt his body move to my right side as I felt my panties slowly being pulled off.
I don't know if the feeling of him pulling them off for the first time, the fact that my bare cunt was being seen so close for the first time by him or the thought of what was to come but I knew the flow of juices that followed was my body saying yes give me more. He slipped the panties down my legs and then with his hands spread my legs apart. His hands moved under my shoulders and found the clasp that held my bra together and with almost a snap of his fingers he unclasped it. As he raised my shoulders up I could feel my bra falling down my arms and my breasts feeling the coolness of the air that they were now exposed to. I shook off the straps of my bra and now sat there staring at him completely nude. I wasn't nervous, scared or even uncomfortable I felt surreal and knew this was a good thing. There were no inhibitions, I had no second thoughts, I was not thinking of what anyone would say all, what I felt was a calming peace that I had never experienced before.
We sat there for a moment with his hands on my legs with my arms bracing myself from behind. He rolled over and laid flat on his back and pulled me towards him. My legs straddling his, my cunt wet and touching his thigh, my breasts against his side. He spoke to me for the first time and as I can remember one of the very few times that entire night. He asked me if I trusted him and not speaking too many words I uttered yes. He pulled me on top of him and I knew what I wanted and I knew what he was trying to do. I threw my one leg over his and brought myself to my knees. His hands on my hips and my arms bracing myself against his chest. He positioned me where I knew I wanted to be and with my one hand I reached down in between my legs and grabbed his hard cock. I took it and with the head of his cock found my opening and offered it to his cock.
I felt what I can only describe as a large soft head just at my opening. He held my hips as if bracing them and firmly enough that I couldn't move them. I could feel the large head of his cock right at my opening but not inside and with a gentle lifting of his ass I felt the pressure of his cock entering my cunt. He didn't thrust it into me as I had expected but gently and very slowly allowed the weight of my own body to ease it inside. It felt too large and unfortunately it also felt uncomfortable as it continued to moved deeper in. I later learned the discomfort was from my lost of virginity. I was now sitting fully down on top of him with his large cock deep inside my cunt. It almost felt like it was so deep it was hitting my stomach. He held me there with his hands on my ass and waited.
I felt my muscles inside my pussy tighten as if they were drawing it in even deeper. His hands slowly lifted me and I felt his cock move. Then he pulled me back down and held me there when he lifted himself and I felt his cock penetrate me deeper. I could feel my muscles tighten and relax as I started to spasm with his cock inside. I wasn't sure but I sensed he could feel the spastic muscles because when they would contract he pull me down onto his cock, when they relaxed he pull me up each time bringing his cock further out but never totally. I started to relax and I knew most of what I was feeling was the nerves and being scared I might not like this after all.
My vaginal muscles continued to contract and relax and he continued the slow motion of each contraction pushing inside, with each relax wave he pulled his cock further out to my opening. The more this happened the less he guided my ass and I found myself controlling the rhythm of lifting and pushing down with my muscles contractions. The spasm continued and became more intense and shorter. I found myself easily humping his cock on my own.
I soon felt an incredible wave come over me and slowly build with each thrust. I could feel it through my whole body and also felt every muscle tightening even to where my toes started to curl uncontrollably. I moved faster and the wave grew in intensity. I felt his hands grab my ass and I felt the climax take complete control of my body causing me to sit up straight just as he grabbed my ass hard and lifted his cock deep into me. I couldn't breathe and then the warmth and euphoric sensation of cum rushing out of me over sweep my entire body.
I felt it flowing uncontrollably and just oozing everywhere. I felt the wetness on my vaginal lips and on his skin. The wave continued as he kept pressure of his cock deep inside me. The more I squirmed on him the more I came and the wave rippled through my body.
It seem to last a long time or maybe I just didn't want it to end. I leaned down as he reached out and pulled me near. My breasts firmly against his chest. His cock I could feel every twitch and he was slowly moving it inside me as I laid on his chest breathing heavily and sweating hard. The more he moved inside me the more the sensation of cumming started to come again. I sat up and with my hands on his chest fucked his cock as fast and as hard as I could.
My muscles were going spastic sucking his cock harder and pulling it in deeper into me. And then it came only this time it was a powerful surge of the spasms and I felt the orgasm satisfy my craving as my body shuddered and tingled all over. My breasts were so sensitive as I was cumming and his hands caressing them and letting his fingers tease my nipples.
We stopped with his hard cock still inside me so I could catch my breath. He pulled me back down and kissed me this time letting his tongue sexually play with mine. I had French kissed before but nothing felt like this before. Was it because it was him kissing me, was it because his cock was deep inside my swollen cunt or was it the orgasms that I could still feel even as they slowly subsided.
I finally realize that I didn't want more orgasms but that I needed more. Without any indications or warnings he rolled us over onto my back and now was on top. He pulled his cock out and I heard the trapped air in my cunt escape and then suddenly a sweet aroma filled the air. With the shaft of his cock he began to massage my clit, slow long strokes. I watched him as he did and love seeing him take me sexually. Why did I wait so long, would it have been the same or was tonight the perfect night for it. All I knew it wasn't going to be the last time.
He reached down and grabbed his cock and guided the head to my very sensitive and swollen clit massaging it very methodically. God it felt so good. He stopped and bent over and started suckling my breasts with his mouth, tongue and even teeth. He aroused me in ways I never thought of or even dreamed about. He took his time with each breasts and nipple playing between each one. I could feel the orgasm starting to build again and wondered if I could cum without his cock in me. He leaned up and our lips met in a passionate intense embrace.
I was so focused on kissing him I almost didn't feel his head of his cock right at the entrance of my cunt almost begging to be let back in. My legs spread further apart and his cock thrusted deep into my wet cunt finding the deepest part. I opened my mouth as if I couldn't breathe as he slowly slide in and out. Each time letting the head of his cock to exit me and then slipping it right back in effortlessly. He held me and our mouths joined each other as this in and out continued for some time. I loved the feeling of his hard cock inside my cunt. I felt several orgasms come and go none as intense as the first two but just as wonderful and pleasurable.
I notice the rhythm quickening and the thrusts becoming harder and deeper. My vaginal muscles tightening more and more with each thrust and the warm wave overwhelming me again. I felt his body becoming tense as he pushed harder, deeper and faster into me. I was ready to explode as he continued to pump harder and deeper with each stroke. I reached and grabbed the sheets clinching them with my fist as he gave me one last hard thrust and I erupted in orgasm. I felt a strong squirt and soon felt the hot cum of his cock filling my cunt. The timing had been perfect as we both collapse together savoring the orgasm we both just had.
We rested a bit and I could still feel the hardness of his cock inside of me. It seems that as he was about ready to cum his dick got harder and thicker which felt so nice. He pulled himself out and lifted off of me. I laid there as if was paralyzed all my muscles exhausted from what happened. I felt so fulfilled and satisfied as if I had been starving all my life. I closed my eyes trying to relive each orgasm and how many did I have. At times they seemed to blend together but the were at least three very distinct and powerful ones. I guess at least five maybe six, all I knew was I wanted more.
He got up and went out of the room for a bit. I couldn't move even had I wanted to. When I managed to lift my head I saw the clock. I was stunned at how long we had been in bed, almost three hours, I had lost track of time.
He returned with a bottle of cold water and handed it to me. The water quenched my deep thirst and tasted so good. He sat on the bed next to me and with a loving touch caressed my face pulling me closer and kissed me. My arms reached out and drew him closer. I could feel his cock touching my side and felt that the hardness had gone.
I must have sighed as he took my hand and guided it to his cock. I expected it to be wet and sticky but it was very soft as I had first discovered him the other night before. As I touched him to my delight his cock moved in my hands and became erected again. I was not ready to stop and wanted it back inside.
He pulled away from me and sat in between my legs. His hands slide under my ass and lifted my cunt up to his face. His tongue lick all around the area between my lips and legs. He then licked with the tip of his tongue my clit. As he licked he sucked it into his mouth and massage it with his tongue sending goose bumps up and down my body. What he did next gave my next orgasm. His tongue found the opening to my cunt and with a hard thrust he pushed his tongue deep inside and buried his face deep in my pussy.
I could feel every wiggle of his tongue each time he push it in and pull it out. I also felt the air from his nostrils on my clit as he continued to eat me and savor all the juices that were inside me. He was persistent and his tongue was driving me nuts and felt so much different then his cock inside me.
There were areas just inside of my pussy that I noticed were very sensitive when his cock pushed by them but it seems his tongue was the right length and focused on these areas. Every time his tongue touched those I would shudder and arch my back. I guess he knew how to read my body and played with this area until that wave came over me. This orgasm was much more mellow and when it took control of my body it rushed from my body and almost felt as if I have peed the bed.
I learned I had just had my first orgasm where I squirted. I become flush all over and the thought of what happen started to make me embarrassed until I felt him even buried himself deeper into my cunt and didn't stop until it was over. He lowered me back down onto the bed and moved toward my face. I leaned up quickly, grabbed his head and kissed. I tasted myself.
When I was younger I had masturbated before with my fingers and then licked them with my tongue but the taste of my cum all over his face almost put me into a frenzy and I aggressively kissed as we exchanged tongues until I could taste myself no more.
He had me lay on my left side and cuddled me from behind. I felt his very hard cock pressed into my butt crack and was wondering if this was next. At that point I would do anything for him. I could feel him reach down and grabbed his cock and pulled it away while letting it push in between my legs right along my pussy. I raised my leg slightly and the head just slipped right back where I had wanted it to be, in my cunt. Both hands now embraced me cupping my breasts as he thrusted his hips and his cock deeper into me. He pushed my legs together and continued to thrust himself in me. It didn't take long as i felt another wave of orgasms back to back over power me and I just closed my eyes and enjoyed. I lifted my leg and I could feel my juices flowing freely from within me.
After the couple of orgasms I had he rolled me over onto my stomach while his cock was still inside my cunt. His hand reached underneath my stomach and lifted. I wasn't sure what he was trying to do but soon I knew and nether one of us spoke a word. I wasn't sure I could even talk as I was getting so exhausted.
I was kneeling on the bed and my arms were supporting me. He pulled his cock out and like before I could hear that pop and the sweet aroma of my juices. I pulled myself up while still kneeling and turned slightly to look at him. He leaned forward and we kissed again with that same deep passion as we had before and those feelings I had before were still there, complete calm, total immersed in him and satisfaction like I never felt before.
I reach around myself as my back was towards him and reached for his cock. I felt the slimy goo that was the combination of our orgasms and wondered what that might taste like. I turned to face him and answered my curiosity. I leaned down and with my tongue I licked the head of his cock. The taste was completely different than I had expected and was thicker. I opened my mouth and took his cock in sucking and licking it clean.
He turned me around after I had satisfied my taste buds and with me kneeling pushed my head down slightly so I was above the bed on all fours. He came from behind me and spread my legs wide apart and entered me again. The hard thrusts and deep, deep penetration was so intense and was enough to push me over the edge as I came again.
I noticed the longer the night proceeded the more easily and frequently my orgasms were coming. During this I could not tell when one started and ended or if it was the longest orgasm I had ever experienced. As I came more and more it seemed as if my cunt was opening up more for his cock to go deeper inside and between his thrusts and my pushing hard back against him I could feel the head of cock deeper than before. That brought on new sensations and we continued until I lost my breath and collapsed on the bed.
I wasn't sure and have tried to remember if I fell asleep or simply passed out from exhaustion but I woke up sometime later with myself wrapped around him still totally nude. As I stirred I felt him waking and leaned my head up to him. Not sure if I was looking for reassurance that everything that had happened that night was still all good and was right. He looked at me and there was something different in the way his look went deep into my soul and I knew things were right and that I had the most incredible night of my life. He took the child that was still inside of me and turned it into a woman. We laid there for what seemed a long time just holding each other with the small gentle touches of my hand on his cock, his hands on my breasts and his fingers gently playing with my clit. I felt good.