**My First Time**

by[BondiLisa](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=818986&page=submissions)©

**Chapter One -Caught in the shower**  
Recently, a friend asked me to tell him about my first experiences with sex. Until being prompted, I had not thought about my early experiences for a long time. Once I began, so many memories and feelings came flooding back, I quickly realised that I had much more than one story to tell. Writing these stories has shown me just how much of my sexuality today is a direct result of these experiences, and how much they have influenced my life.  
  
My first story begins with my very first experience at 18, it happened one night when my oldest brother, who is six years older than me, had some friends over. They were taking advantage of my parents being away, having a little bit of a party. I was having a shower before going to bed, when one of my brother's friends came into the bathroom, I was mortified, too stunned to say anything. I just stood there staring at him. We had a shower with transparent doors; nothing was hidden from view. I was so surprised that I didn't even try to cover up.  
  
It was Grant who had come into the bathroom. I'd had a huge crush on him for as long as I could remember. I was feeling embarrassed and vulnerable, but as I stood there naked and wet, I started to feel something else as well. I was tingling, excited. I'd fantasised about Grant for such a long time, that we would fall in love and get married, school girl fantasies. But here was a man in the room with me, and I was totally naked. At first I wasn't sure what the heat was in my pussy, but being here like this was really turning me on.  
  
As I came out of my confused state I realised he was staring at me too. I was a late developer, and my form hadn't fully come to fruition yet, but that didn't seem to stop Grant staring at my breasts, with now very erect and pointy nipples. We stared at one another for what seemed like ages, but couldn't have been more than thirty seconds.  
  
Finally, I managed to ask him, "What are you doing in here?"  
  
A silly question, obviously, and he replied with embarrassment, "I need to pee."  
  
I still wasn't thinking, and I said, "Hurry up and pee, and get out so I can finish my shower."  
  
Talking seemed to break the spell, and while he turned toward the toilet, he said "OK, sorry for interrupting you."  
  
The sound of Grant peeing snapped me back to reality, and I thought to myself, "What the hell am I doing? I should tell him to get out and use the other bathroom." I didn't though, somewhere inside I was enjoying having him in the bathroom with me, and I didn't want it to end. Now that I could hear him peeing I wanted to see his dick, but he had his back to me.  
  
He finished, zipped up and started to leave. The spell was really broken for me now, and I'd realised what the feeling was in my pussy, I was horny, I was wet, I was tingling, and I was having trouble breathing. I think I was already on the verge of orgasm, just from letting him look at my naked body. I wasn't going to let him leave yet.  
  
I told him, "It isn't fair that you've seen me naked. To make it even you should let me see you naked too."  
  
"No way is that going to happen," Grant said, after seeming to consider it for a moment, leaving me disappointed.  
  
"At least let me see your penis."  
  
He surprised me by taking his dick out. It was the first time I'd seen one this close, and in real life! Now I was finding it even harder to breathe, and I could tell my pussy was totally wet and my lips were opening. As I watched his erection got bigger and bigger, harder and harder. It was incredible, I stood there naked, transfixed. I really wanted to touch it, to feel it. I'd heard about headjobs from the girls at school, but the idea of having that in my mouth freaked me out, and I knew there was no way it was going to fit inside me.  
  
I was tingling all over. "Can I touch it?" I croaked out.  
  
He almost stuttered when he responded, "Yes, if you let me touch you as well."  
  
I was about to touch a man's dick for the first time in my life. The thought had my whole body quivering, or it might have been the orgasm that made me shudder. And I hadn't even touched him yet! I stepped out of the shower and took his cock in my hand. As soon as I touched it, it seemed to jump at me, surprising me, and I let go.  
  
Grant took my hand and put it back on his shaft. I wrapped my fingers around it and realized it was still growing! It seemed huge, it didn't fit in my hand, and it was still getting bigger! I was dizzy, and I came again as I started stroking it, feeling it, squeezing it. I didn't realize I was actually giving him a hand job; I was just enjoying the feel of a penis in my hand. It was hot, and hard, and silky smooth, I don't know how I expected one to feel, but this was perfect.  
  
Then I felt his finger on my pussy. He slid one finger into me so easily, I was open and so wet after cumming twice, three times now, because I came again as his finger entered me. This one was even better than the previous two, because I had a cock in my hand and a finger in my pussy. I was almost delirious. Grant pushed a second finger into me, which didn't feel so nice in my virgin opening. He got a little rougher or clumsier as he thrust both fingers deeper into me, which hurt, and broke the spell for me.  
  
I came back to my senses, and realized what we were doing, and where. I told him I had to go to bed, and that he should leave and let me dry. After he left, I noticed goo on my hand, and realized he'd cum in my hand! Ewwww, I thought, and cleaned up, brushed my teeth, and went to bed. Once in bed, I masturbated myself to several more orgasms, imagining it was Grant having me, and thinking about his cum in my hand. Now that I was horny again it wasn't gross anymore, I wanted to do it to him again, but this time I would watch and see when he came!  
  
This was not only my first sexual contact with a man, but also where I learned that I enjoyed the reaction when people saw my naked body, that I had a strong exhibitionist streak. It was also my first experience with cum, and even though I was a little grossed out at first, it was only a matter of minutes before I realized that I actually liked having cum on me.

**Chapter Two -Lessons in Sexuality**  
After my encounter with Grant in the shower, I was excited and confused. The more I thought about what had happened the more excited I became. It was exhilarating to remember holding Grant's dick in my hand, and almost overwhelming to think of what may happen next. But confusing as well, I didn't really understand what it meant, and I wondered what Grant was thinking about me.  
  
The following day at school I told my closest friend, Stef, all about what had happened in the shower. She couldn't believe I'd held the dick of a man six years older than me in my hand, and made him cum!  
  
With a mischievous grin, Stef said to me, "You should have given him a headjob."  
  
I said, "I wouldn't know what to do, I'd do it wrong, and he'd laugh at me."  
  
Stef told me, "I've never done it either." For all her boasting, she had never given a headjob either. "We should ask my friend Anne what to do, and then Grant won't laugh at you."  
  
Somehow, it had become taken for granted that I would give Grant a headjob. I was nervous at the prospect, but becoming more enthusiastic with every passing moment.  
  
Later we found Anne and convinced her to tell us her technique.  
  
Anne said, "I can't really describe it well, you have to learn what to do by practicing. Basically, you have to take the head and as much of the shaft as possible in your mouth, don't take too much, because it will make you gag.  
  
"Lick the head with your tongue, and suck, and move your head up and down, so it moves in and out of your mouth, pressing your lips and tongue against the shaft and head, but not touching it with your teeth.  
  
"Make sure he tells you before he cums, it's really gross when they cum in your mouth.  
  
"If you like you can watch next time I give my boyfriend a headjob."  
  
This invitation astonished me, but Stef answered for both of us, simply saying, "OK".  
  
As I thought about it I realized it would never happen. Anne would not have the courage to let us watch, and even if she did, Stef was all talk and would definitely chicken out.  
  
After school, Anne invited us to her house, where we listened to music and talked about sex and headjobs. I learned the main reason Anne gave her boyfriend headjobs so frequently was because she was not yet ready to have sex. When she gave him headjobs he pressured her less about sex.  
  
When we heard a knock at the door Anne said, "That will be my boyfriend, go behind the screen so he can't see you."  
  
I was stunned, I hadn't expected this to really happen, and now it was. Stef and I just looked at one another; she looked just as shocked as me. It was too late to back out now and we both went behind the Venetian screen. We made ourselves comfortable on the floor while Anne left to let her boyfriend in.  
  
When they returned and closed the bedroom door they started making out almost immediately. After a few moments of kissing they moved to the bed and their making out grew even hotter. They started by kissing while lying next to one another. He soon slid his hand up Anne's top, after a minute of feeling her breasts through her bra he reached behind her and unsnapped her bra. Then he slid his hand under Anne's top again, now feeling her naked boobs with his bare hands. They were both moaning and pressing their bodies together.  
  
I'd made out a bit with a couple of boys, but nothing like this! At first I was uncomfortable watching, I don't know what I had expected, but I wasn't ready for anything this steamy! As I continued to watch I felt myself growing hotter, I was astonished at myself to realise the show on the bed was turning me on.  
  
He took his hand out of Anne's top and slid it up under her skirt, not only did Anne let him do this, she moved her legs apart for him! I was wondering what his hands were doing to her under her skirt. Was he stroking her through her panties? Touching her bare pussy? Finger fucking her? Whatever it was, she was definitely enjoying it, and I was getting hotter watching and wondering.  
  
I was wishing it was me on the bed with him, or with her for that matter. Which was a shocking realisation for me, I was so turned on by the sex show unfolding in front of me, I realised that I found both boys and girls sexy! As I was thinking about this, he pushed her top up, and she helped and slipped her top and her bra off over her head.  
  
I found I enjoyed looking at her boobs, and I enjoyed watching him squeeze them. Then he moved his hand back up her skirt and she opened her legs even further this time, she looked like such a slut, lying there on the bed and it really made me hot. I was sure he was finger fucking her now, or playing with her clit, she'd rolled on to her back, with her legs spread wide, and I was hoping he would push her skirt up so we could get a view of what was happening. Instead, he started biting and licking Anne's nipples, and mine immediately reacted by becoming rock hard.  
  
I looked at Stef next to me, and her eyes were glazed, no doubt just like mine, and I could see her nipples pressing through her top. Another shocking realisation hit me, not only was I attracted to girls, but I was attracted to Stef, my best friend! My attention was pulled back to the bed by Anne's moaning. God, she was cumming, Anne was having an orgasm right there on the bed in front of us. I was so jealous, I wanted it to be me, I wanted her boyfriend to be giving me orgasms, or I wanted to be the one sucking Anne's nipples and finger fucking her, I wanted it to be me causing her to arch her back up off the bed.  
  
I was close to cumming too, and I reached out to Stef and put my hand on her thigh, and she put her hand over mine. Her thigh was hot, burning up, and she moved my hand, had me stroking her thigh. I looked at her and I could see in her eyes that the show on the bed was having exactly the same effect on her, she was totally aroused and discovering that her sexuality was not limited to boys either. Again we were drawn back to the bed as Anne had another orgasm, and this time she stopped her boyfriend from continuing, she was totally sated, and I was jealous again, my pussy was burning, and I couldn't stop myself any longer, I started rubbing myself through my shorts, my clit was terribly swollen, and it only took moments for me to have a shuddering, but totally silent orgasm.  
  
Stef must have felt my orgasm when I clenched my hand, because she was looking at me and smiling, and then she started rubbing herself under her skirt as well, she looked at me as she masturbated. Within moments she had her own shuddering but silent orgasm. I watched as she came, and a look of complete bliss came over her face, and she squeezed my hand on her thigh convulsively, as her expression changed to a dreamy smile. Our eyes had been locked together as she came, and even though I hadn't touched her anywhere but her thigh, it felt as though I had given her the orgasm, as though I had shared it, and I knew she felt the same.  
  
We heard Anne's boyfriend say something quietly, and Anne agreeing. He lay back on the bed, and Anne got on her hands and knees between his legs, giving us a perfect view from the side, as she unzipped and unbuttoned his pants and drew out his erection. She couldn't get it out at first, and had to pull his pants and undies down a little, and then it came out easily. It was big and hard, and it stuck straight up in the air. Anne kissed the tip, then let go and reached over and grabbed some tissues. Then she seemed to engulf his shaft, in one go she took half of the length of it in her mouth.  
  
Behind the partition Stef and I moved closer together, so our thighs were pressing together, we were still holding hands. We each had our other hand on our respective crotch, Stef under her skirt, which had lifted, or she had lifted, so I could see her hand working her clit through her panties, and I was also working my clit through my shorts. I seemed to be in an almost constant state of orgasm, my best friend, and now that I noticed it, a beautiful girl, beside me masturbating, both of us watching an intense sex show involving another beautiful girl that I was sure would become a good friend after this experience.  
  
Stef and I watched as Anne moved her head up and down on her boyfriend's cock. His shaft was wet and shiny where her mouth had been, and once she had it well lubricated she moved her hand up and down on the length of shaft that she couldn't fit in her mouth.  
  
From the time Anne first took his dick in her mouth he was moaning, and telling her how good it felt, and how much he liked her sucking his cock. It seemed like only moments before he grunted out that he was about to cum, and Anne moved her mouth off his shaft and started stroking the entire length of it with her hand, positioning the tissues with her other hand, only just in time to catch squirt after squirt of cum shooting out of his dick.  
  
Afterward, Anne and her boyfriend lay on the bed cuddling, and Stef and I lay back in each others arms behind the partition.  
  
I was thinking about the things I had seen and felt. I'd discovered the voyeur in me, I'd enjoyed watching, and keeping it secret and hiding had just made it all the more exciting. More importantly, I had learnt that I was attracted to women as well as men, and in particular I was attracted to my best friend.

**Chapter Three -Stef and I**  
After watching Anne and her boyfriend I had a very active fantasy life, all revolving around my friends. I fantasised about being with Anne's boyfriend, doing to him what Anne had done, and having him do to me what he had done to Anne. I fantasised about being with Anne in the same way, doing to her what he had done to her, and having her do it to me as well. But most of all I fantasised about Stef.  
  
Stef and I had been right there together watching it. We'd shared the experience, and shared the discovery that our sexuality wasn't limited to boys. I'd looked into her eyes as she had cum, and that was a connection that was not easily dismissed. After that day, I often masturbated while fantasising about Stef, I imagined us being together and masturbating again, and I imagined kissing her, and being with her.   
  
Over the next few weeks I would occasionally brush on the topic with Stef, but she was never very responsive. I began to believe that she had been caught in the heat of the moment; that the things we had done and what I had seen in her eyes were due to the passion created by watching Anne and her boyfriend. I was disappointed that she did not feel the same way I did, until one night while watching a love scene in a video; I saw her feelings for me surface again.  
  
I wasn't going to let this chance pass. I asked her, "Do you ever think of the day we watched Anne and her boyfriend? Do you ever think of us holding hands?"  
  
"I do", she said, filling me with relief that it wasn't just me.  
  
"I think about it a lot when I'm alone, when I masturbate," I said.  
  
"So do I," she said. "I enjoy remembering the two of us and the way we touched even more than I enjoy remembering Anne and her boyfriend."  
  
I had butterflies. I didn't know what to do next, even though I now knew for sure that Stef felt exactly the same way as I did. There were so many things I wanted to do, so many things I wanted to say, but I couldn't do or say anything. My heart was beating so loudly that I could barely hear anything. I think I managed to tell her that I felt the same; that I thought about her a lot, about the two of us together.  
  
I'm not sure how it happened, whether Stef started it or I did, but our lips were together, we were kissing. It was a tentative kiss, our lips gently touching one another. I could feel the warmth of her lips on mine, the wetness, I could taste her lip gloss, sweet, strawberry. I was suddenly on fire, my whole body tingling and burning; my heart even louder in my ears. I was kissing a girl, but more importantly I was kissing my best friend.  
  
I had no idea where this might go, or what it might mean. All that I knew was that I was kissing my best friend, that it felt right, and that I didn't want it to end. Slowly the kiss became more energetic, more passionate. Our lips opened, our tongues met, gently touching one another. I could feel her tongue on my lips, and it sent tingles down my spine. The feelings spinning through my head were nothing like I had felt for boys, this was the ultimate expression of our friendship, that we could kiss one another, taste one another, experience everything of one another.  
  
Our mouths parted more, our lips joined, our tongues seeking gently deeper, our breath intermingled and I could almost taste Stef as I breathed her in. Neither of us initiating the next step, it was instinctive and natural, both of us progressing together. Sensing what we each wanted, our hands were on one another's bodies now, touching, where her hand passed over my body it left tingles. I moved my hand under her top, the heat of her skin on my hand sent fire racing through my body.  
  
I could feel an urgency growing in me, I wasn't sure at first what it was, but all of the sensations of our bodies touching, our tongues exploring, were ending between my legs, the urgency was sexual, but there was another aspect as well, touching Stef like this was incredibly erotic, it was turning me on, making me wet and opening my lips, but she was lighting up my heart as well.  
  
I moved my hand over her body, finding her boob, squeezing her nipple, eliciting a moan from her, the first sound either of us had made. Touching her breasts was completely different to touching my own, it was so much more exciting to feel the firmness of Stef's boobs, and they were so much larger than my own, filling my hand. I squeezed them gently, feeling them move against my hand. Stef found my nipple and squeezed, sending electricity straight to my pussy, I let out an involuntary moan, and understood why she moaned.

This was completely different to making out with a boy, this was not a game with move and countermove, the boy always trying to touch me in more and more personal places, always moving on before I was ready. This was almost the opposite, each time Stef touched me in a new place it was a new excitement, a new pleasure, and I found that it was the perfect place to be touched next.  
  
Stef pushed my top up, and realising what she wanted I lifted my top off over my head, as I did Stef removed her own top. This was the first time I had seen her breasts, they were perfect globes, not as small as mine, and her nipples were pointing straight at me, inviting me to kiss them. I leant forward and took a nipple in my mouth, gently sucking on it and flicking it with my tongue, while I squeezed the other nipple with my fingers, and Stef had a hand on each of my breasts.  
  
Slowly Stef leaned back into the bed, until she was lying on her back. I continued to gently bite her nipples, running both of my hands over her body, stroking her stomach, her chest, her breasts, and her thighs. As I moved my hand up her thigh to her stomach, my hand was drawn closer and closer to her mound, and I started running my hand up the inside of her thigh and across her mound to her belly button, and back down across her crotch and stroking down her other thigh.  
  
After stroking across her pussy a few times, she took my hand in hers and moved my hand to my own pussy, where she had me rub my clit.  
  
She asked, "Can we masturbate together?" This was when I noticed she was rubbing her own clit.  
  
I agreed easily, simply saying, "Yes."  
  
Stef was completely breathless, but managed to tell me, "I want to be with you, but I want my first time to be with a boy."  
  
I think I managed to hide my disappointment when I replied, "I understand, I want to be with you too, I'll wait until you are ready."  
  
I took Stef's face in my hand and kissed her tenderly, with growing passion, moving my tongue into her mouth. As I was kissing her I moved my hand inside my shorts to rub my clit, and put my other hand on her breast. It didn't take long for the fires to rekindle in me despite my disappointment, especially when I felt Stef pushing my pyjama bottoms down.  
  
She must have sensed my surprise, and said, "I want to see you touching yourself."  
  
I kicked my pyjamas off, which left me completely naked, and I took Stef's off as well. I enjoyed looking at Stef's naked body, her body was more curvaceous than mine, her hips were wider, her pubic hair was thin and blonde, I could see her pussy lips, slightly open and ready, and her pussy was shining, wet. She smiled at me when she saw me looking, and pulled me to her and kissed me again.  
  
Her kiss drew me into the moment again, and I rubbed my clit as we kissed, breathing each other's breath, tasting one another. Her other hand was stroking me all over my body, and mine was moving all over her body. I was on the verge of cumming, and Stef was too, I could tell by the way her breath caught. As I started to climax I moved away from her, I wanted to look her in the eyes as we came, as we had that day at Anne's.  
  
Stef took my free hand and placed it on the hand she was using to rub her clit. I moved my fingers so they meshed with hers, I could feel her wet lips on my fingers, it was an amazing sensation, I wasn't rubbing her clit, but I could easily imagine it was me bringing her to orgasm rather than herself. She put her hand over mine as well, and I could feel her fingers on my lips, and I imagined as well that it was her rubbing my clit, not me.  
  
As much as I wanted to watch her face as we came I couldn't resist a desire to kiss her. As we kissed we both came, the connection in our kiss making it feel even more like we were making love with one another, not just masturbating together.  
  
It was a long time before my pussy stopped twitching with pleasure, and we lay together in one another's arms, feeling our naked bodies touching, kissing now and then, and stroking our hands over one another's bodies.  
  
This was my first experience with a girl, and already I could tell that it was completely different to being with a boy. It's not just the physical difference, where a boy is hard and a girl is soft, a boy has a penis and a girl has breasts; it's on a spiritual plane as well, sex with a woman progresses in a completely different way, with a deeper understanding of one another's needs and desires.

**My First Time Pt. 02**

**Chapter Four - Flirting and Teasing**  
With each encounter I was learning more about my sexuality, more about the affect I had on people, and my libido seemed to be growing stronger. I was starting to feel sexier, more sexual, and my behaviour began to change as a result. I enjoyed wearing sexier clothes and I enjoyed flirting with boys, especially my brothers' friends.  
  
I enjoyed the reactions I got from my brothers' friends, especially my oldest brother's, because they were men, not boys. For the most part I don't think they even noticed I was flirting with them, they just considered me their friend's younger sister; I wasn't really a girl to them. With some of them I did get a reaction, which always made me tingle and encouraged me to be even more flirtatious.  
  
I began to hang around more when my oldest brother had friends over and I took to wearing more revealing clothes. In the evenings I would wear just my pyjamas, which were very open and loose, affording views down my top as well as the occasional glimpse up my shorts. Being pyjamas, I naturally didn't wear underwear, making the view that much more interesting I hoped. My pyjama shorts were made of a material which clung to my body despite being loose, showing off my curves.  
  
I think all of my brothers' friends gained a very intimate knowledge of what my boobs looked like over the next couple of years, and some had an even more intimate knowledge of my body. Wearing sexy clothes around my brothers' friends made my pussy tingle, especially when I would lean over letting them see down my top.  
  
One occasion particularly stands out in my memory. My oldest brother had some friends over and I came to hang out with them. I had a brand new Tamagotchi that I was playing with, and one of my brother's friends grabbed it from me and wouldn't give it back. This evolved into a game of piggy in the middle, with me as the piggy. I wanted my tamagotchi back, I was worried my pet might die, but I wasn't too upset as I was really enjoying the attention and I got to wrestle with my brother's friends. The attention and physical contact were really turning me on, I was enjoying grabbing the boys and pressing my body against them.  
  
At some point the tamagotchi was passed to one of the boys, David, sitting in a chair. This was my chance and I grabbed it, I climbed up on him and reached for the tamagotchi, he had it in his hands above and behind his head. As I leaned over and reached past his head my top was completely open, giving him a perfect view of my boobs and very erect nipples. I knew what was happening and was completely shameless, I plunged my chest right into his face as I reached for my tamagotchi, I could feel his stubble on my breasts. This had the desired effect, distracting him from the Tamagotchi, and I triumphantly claimed it back.  
  
Once I had my Tamagotchi back I stayed in David's lap and played with it for a while, hanging out with my brother and his friends, while they drank beer and got high. I know David enjoyed having my boobs in his face and having me in his lap, because when I sat in his lap he had an erection and while I was there I could feel it pressing against me and getting harder and harder.  
  
While in his lap I found a lot of excuses to wriggle and squirm, moving my arse and pussy against his erection. I was sure he enjoyed my wriggling because if I was still too long he would tickle me, causing me to wriggle against him. I was enjoying the sensation of his erection pressing against me and enjoyed even more that he was encouraging me. I was very aroused, close to cumming; I could feel my pussy twitch again whenever I felt his dick press against me.  
  
Eventually my brother told me to get lost because it was late, and as I got off David's lap I put my hand in his lap to keep my balance, right on his erection, and I had a good feel and squeezed. As I felt his dick I came very quietly, I hoped no one could see the wetness in my shorts. I rushed to my bedroom where I masturbated myself to several more orgasms.  
  
While there were many occasions when I teased my brothers' friends, it never went any further than sitting in their laps or wrestling, but it wasn't just my brothers' friends that I could tease.  
  
Stef, Anne and I would often spend the night at one another's homes, most often at Stef's because her dad was away a lot. We'd hang around in our underwear or pyjamas. Usually Stef would get rid of her brother for the night, which always disappointed me, I loved it when he was there and saw me in my underwear, in fact, I loved it when anyone saw me in my underwear. I'd taken to wearing very brief underwear, not g-strings but getting there, and brief singlet tops.  
  
On one of these nights we were in the living room watching movies, we'd changed into our night clothes and we were all just wearing brief panties and little singlet tops. Stef and Anne weren't show offs like me, and would wear more clothes when the boys were around, but when we were alone we would all just get comfortable in our underwear.  
  
Tonight was different though, because the boys were home, as we found out when they came into the living room. My pussy was immediately tingling and moistening, my nipples erect.  
  
Stef's brother said, "Give me the remote stupid, we aren't going to watch any of your pathetic chick flicks."  
  
I was proud of Stef when she answered, "Fuck off, we were here first." Then she asked, pointing at his friend, "What are you even doing here? You're supposed to be at his place."  
  
He grabbed the remote and wouldn't let us have it back. Stef and Anne tackled Stef's brother as he threw the remote to his friend, which prompted me to grab his friend. He held the remote away from me and I tried to grab it, but I couldn't reach and he was stronger than me, being a year older and a boy. But I tried my hardest, managing to rub myself all over him in the process. It was fantastically erotic, Stef and Anne half naked and on top of one boy, with arms and body parts everywhere, and me rubbing my whole body all over this boy. I could feel his hands on my breasts, which just made me more excited, I was trying to get my top to lift up so he could feel my boobs without the shirt between us, but I could not make it happen without it being obvious.  
  
Eventually I jumped on him, wrapping my legs around his hips, pressing my crotch against his crotch. I couldn't be sure but I thought he had an erection, which made me think I was having the same effect on him as he was having on me. He fell over on his back, and I landed on him, straddling him, with our crotches pressing against one another. I was in a total daze, and now I knew for sure he was hard, I could feel his erection pressing against my wet pussy.  
  
Stef and Anne were telling me to get the remote before either of the boys broke free, which made mine start struggling. He tried to get me off by thrusting his hips up, as a result pressing his erection into my by now sopping pussy. I knew he was enjoying it as much as me, because neither of us was concerned with the remote for the time being. I was practically riding this boy cowgirl with three other people in the room, this thought combined with his thrusts pushed me over the edge and I came while riding him.  
  
After I came I could think a little more clearly, and knew I had to get the remote back. I got my knees on the ground and crawled up him till I was sitting on his chest with my wet pussy practically in his face, the closeness and the possibility that he could smell my mustiness just making me wetter. The remote was in his hand above his head, I could reach it, and as I started to reach out for it, he moved it back down behind me where I couldn't see it. I reached back to get it and felt around, and found my hand on his dick, which made him grunt. He was totally hard. I was shocked and reflexively pulled my hand away.  
  
I looked at the others, and they were in the midst of a huge struggle to hold onto Stef's brother, and weren't paying any attention to us at all. I put my hand back on his cock and wrapped my hand around it through his shorts. It was very hard, but not as big as Grant's. I stroked his shaft through his pants and watched his face as I did it. He struggled at first, then moaned and relaxed as he realised what I was doing, he closed his eyes, and I watched him. His expression was completely blissful, as I stroked he began to thrust his hips off the ground, not to push me off this time, but to increase the pressure of my hand against his cock. At the same time I was grinding my pussy against his chest, I was on the verge of cumming again as well. I watched his face as he came, and seeing the expressions passing over his face brought me to orgasm as well.  
  
We sat there for a while, dazed, until I remembered the remote. He had dropped it and I grabbed it and got off him. As I got off I noticed a damp patch on his shirt where my pussy had been, as well as a wet spot in his shorts. Once I was off him he got up quickly and left the room in a hurry. Stef told her brother to get lost and keep out unless they wanted to get beaten up again.  
  
"What's up? You look like you're stoned," Stef asked.  
  
"I just gave your brother's friend a hand job while we wrestled for the remote."  
  
Anne was incredulous, just saying, "No way!"  
  
"You couldn't have, we would have seen!" Stef said. Then she laughed and said, "You are such a tart, they'll be back to get another beating now."  
  
Then I told them the whole story, which seemed to excite them both.  
  
After that happened there were rumours about me at school and I realised I had to be more careful. The rumours didn't bother me and were easy enough to stop by telling a slightly different version of the truth. Still, I didn't want everyone knowing my business. Since then I have been a lot more discrete in my adventures.

**Chapter Five - My First Blowjob**  
After watching Anne give her boyfriend a headjob I was determined to give Grant a headjob at the next possible opportunity, and I knew that I wanted him inside me as well. While Anne gave her boyfriend headjobs to stop him pressuring her for sex, I was excited at the possibility of giving Grant a headjob, the thought of having him in my mouth was very arousing and I often fantasised about it when I masturbated.  
  
I hadn't seen Grant in months and when I asked my brother about him I just got a stony silence. I never found out why but I never saw Grant again. I suspect that my brother found out something about what happened in the shower that night and had cut him as a friend. I was crushed, after what happened I had come to think of Grant almost as my boyfriend, and I wasn't sure whether I would ever give a headjob if Grant didn't come back. But there's nothing like replacing one crush with another.  
  
While my oldest brother was on holiday from university, he had a friend, Rob, come up for a while. They were going on a trip together for the holidays and Rob was staying with us until they left. Rob had moved away from Sydney to go to university a couple of years ago. I hadn't seen Rob in ages, and when he'd left I had a devastating school girl crush on him.  
  
I noticed Rob had changed when I first saw him, he was really big now, he played football for the university team and he'd really filled out. I was so excited he was back and the timing was perfect for me, I decided I would give him a headjob if I got the opportunity. I could have been with lots of boys my age, but I was spoiled by having a brother six years older than me, I knew men and boys simply didn't interest me any more.  
  
For the first couple of days when Rob arrived I followed him around like a lost puppy. I overheard my mum telling someone how cute it was that I had a crush on him. I'm glad she thought it was cute, when actually it was anything but! When Rob had first arrived he didn't pay much attention to me at all, but I had softened him up or maybe hardened him up!  
  
I used all of my well practiced tricks, sitting in his lap a lot, wriggling my arse against his dick, and letting him look down my top and up my skirt every time I could get away with it. I wore my briefest underwear, wishing for something sexy and lacy, but I wasn't comfortable buying sexy lingerie. And, of course, I brushed my boobs and nipples against him without a bra at every opportunity.  
  
Despite all this, Rob continued to show very little reaction to me; no doubt he thought it was cute that I had a crush on him as well. It changed one night when I was wriggling my arse against him, I felt him become uncomfortable, I could feel his dick getting hard under me, and it turned me on totally.  
  
Mum called me for something and I didn't want to rush things, knowing he was uncomfortable, so I answered her and rushed off. It took about half an hour to take care of the chores for mum, and when I came back I sat in Rob's lap again. He wasn't hard when I sat down, but after wriggling a little, and leaning over so he could see down my top a few times, I felt him get hard again.  
  
This time he didn't get uncomfortable or push me off! I stopped wriggling and just moved around a little, enough so we could both feel his erection pressing against me, but not so much that people might realise what I was doing. I knew Rob was enjoying it because his dick was really hard now, and pushing against my arse.  
  
As always, my brother kicked me out and I went and showered. I was hoping Rob would find me just like Grant had, but no such luck tonight. I went to bed and fantasised about Rob, remembering how his hard cock had felt pressed against me, and masturbated until I came and could finally sleep, exhausted.  
  
In the morning I waited until Rob went into the shower and went in after him, since he wasn't going to come to me I went to him.  
  
He cried out in surprise, "Hey, I'm having a shower, get out!"  
  
He had soap all over him, with a lot of soap on his erect dick, which was standing straight up in the air. I think I had caught him masturbating, and wondered whether he fantasised about me the way I had about him last night!  
  
"Sorry, I hadn't realised you were in here." Trying to distract him I asked, "How did you get so muscular?"  
  
"Working out for football," he said. "You have to leave. How would you feel if I came in for a chat while you were in the shower?"   
  
That was exactly what I wanted, but I couldn't tell him that, instead I said, "Well, I guess it would be OK, it would make us even now that I have seen you naked."  
  
Surprised, he asked, "What?"  
  
I repeated myself, "I've seen you naked and it would make us even if you saw me naked."  
  
He seemed a little confused by my logic, so I took the opportunity to chat for a few minutes about other things, asking him about life in Canberra, and trying not to stare too obviously at his erection. I wasn't going to leave until he knew that I liked seeing him naked, hoping this would encourage him to come in while I was in the shower. He stayed hard the whole time, and he never once tried to cover himself from me, so I knew he liked me being there as much as I did.  
  
A little later I had a shower, I was hoping Rob would come in, but I was disappointed.  
  
That night, I couldn't wait until the usual time for my evening shower; I was too excited at the possibility of Rob seeing me naked. Tonight I was determined that Rob should come in, and I searched the house for him and my brother.  
  
When I found them, I told them, "I'm going to have a shower."  
  
My brother gave me a weird look and said, "Why would we care if you are going to have a shower?"  
  
I hoped Rob cared and left for my shower. While I was in the shower the door opened and Rob came in. I tried to act casual, and went on showering. I was sure he could hear my heart beating; I was so excited to have him in the room with me while I was naked.  
  
"Hi," I said, and continued to wash. I washed my breasts with soap again, because I wanted him to see me touching myself. I washed my bum as well, but didn't have the courage to wash my pussy while he was watching.  
  
He looked like he was about to leave, so I said, "You have to stay for as long as I did or we won't be even." I was surprised, but this worked, and he stayed, and we chatted as if nothing unusual was happening. Something was happening though, I was tingling all over, my pussy was on fire, it was completely wet and I could see an erection pressing against his pants.  
  
I rinsed off and stepped out of the shower. I was too scared to say anything now in case my voice quavered, I was standing right in front of a man, completely naked, he had an erection and my pussy was burning, it was torture, I wanted him to grab me and have me right there! Instead, I asked him to pass me my towel, which he did and then he left. My God! My whole body was quivering, I was right on the brink of orgasm and masturbated right there in the bathroom, I didn't have time to go to my bedroom.  
  
I went to my room and put my pyjamas on, and hung around hoping Rob would have a shower. Eventually, he did and I waited as long as I could and went in. I caught him masturbating again, and this time he still had his hand on his dick, which immediately set my pussy on fire all over again!  
  
I asked him, "Do you think about anything when you masturbate?"  
  
"Yes," he answered. "Sometimes I think about you naked in the shower, and sometimes I think about you sitting on my lap."  
  
I couldn't believe it, he really was fantasising about me!  
  
"Can I watch you do it?" I asked.  
  
He started masturbating again, I was ready to cum again, it was intense watching a man masturbate, knowing it was turning him on that I was there and that I was watching. I opened the glass door so I could see better, and went on watching.  
  
After a few moments, I asked, "Do you mind if I do it?"  
  
"OK," he answered, and moved his hand away from his dick.  
  
I reached in and put my hand around his shaft, it was so hot when I touched it, and God I was so wet. I knew that everything was going to happen soon, that the cock in my hand would soon be in my mouth and soon be in my pussy. Knowing that, and feeling his erection in my hand I came.  
  
I think he mistook my orgasm for hesitation and he took my hand in his and started me stroking my hand up and down the length of his shaft. He took his hand away and I was wanking him on my own, this was the first time I had had a naked dick in my hand, my first real hand job. I was hot; I was cumming constantly, wanking a man in the shower. He started to breathe hard, and let his head fall back, and let out a long low moan.  
  
He opened his eyes and took my other hand, and put the palm over the head of his penis and moved it around in a circular motion. He moaned again and let my hand go, closing his eyes, letting his head fall back again. His expression was rapturous; it made me cum again seeing the effect I was having on him, seeing that he enjoyed my hand job so much.  
  
Then he let out what was almost a growl and shot his hot load on my hand, it seemed he would never stop cumming. When finally he did stop I pulled my hand back and wiped his cum on my pants, I wanted his cum near my pussy. I kept rubbing the head of his dick with my other hand, and it twitched with each stroke, a twitch that seemed to run through his whole body and cause a little grunt each time.  
  
Later, Rob found me, and said, "We can't see each other in the bathroom anymore, we'll get caught. And you can't sit on my lap anymore either, people will know something is going on with us."  
  
I was devastated but managed to say, "Mum already thinks I have a cute little crush on you. No one will notice anything except that."  
  
Rob replied, "It's different now, people will notice because we both like it so much."

I was crushed; this destroyed all of my plans. I wouldn't be able to give him a headjob or have him inside me. I went to bed and cried and masturbated and cried and masturbated again, thinking about how his dick felt in my hand and what it had been like when I made him cum.  
  
The next day I did not even see Rob until late that night, and when I did see him I just went to bed and cried. I wasn't even in the mood to masturbate. I woke up at about two in the morning, I was horny again and I was mad that I wasn't going to be able to do the things I wanted. I was thinking about boys my age, that I may have to settle on one, and deciding which one, but that made my mind up for me, I wanted Rob, I wanted a man.  
  
I got out of bed and went to the games room where Rob was sleeping on the sofa bed. I moved the sheets off him, he was sleeping naked, which was fortunate, and I started stroking his flaccid penis. He didn't wake up right away thank god, as I needed a little time to work up the courage to put his dick in my mouth. He was moaning now in his sleep, possibly having a dream that matched me stroking him.  
  
I expected him to wake at any moment, so I put his penis in my mouth, it wasn't fully hard yet and I could get it all in easily. I stroked the end with my tongue, like I had with my hand in the shower, and I sucked gently. I could feel it growing in my mouth; it was an incredible sensation, sending tingles straight down my spine to my pussy. Rob woke up then, he didn't say anything for a few moments.  
  
"What are you doing?" he croaked.  
  
"Shhhhh", I said, and returned my mouth to his cock.  
  
As his dick grew in my mouth, I could no longer take it all, and it just kept getting bigger and bigger, until I could only take the end. I tried to move my head up and down like Anne, but I couldn't take much more than just the tip, it was so big.  
  
I stroked the length of it with my hand, which felt good. We had to be quiet so we didn't get caught, and I didn't want to stop anyway, so I didn't get a chance to tell him to let me know before he came. After just a few minutes of me sucking him he came, I felt his dick pulsing and shooting cum into my mouth. I didn't think he'd ever stop cumming, my mouth seemed completely full of his cum, and I had to swallow several times to get it all down.  
  
I kept sucking the end of his cock until it got small in my mouth and he stopped twitching, then I got up and left.  
  
Having Grant cum in my mouth wasn't nearly as bad as Anne made out, his cum was salty, a bit yucky, but gone once I'd swallowed a few times. Feeling his cock jerking in my mouth as he came more than made up for the taste, and I knew I would do it again. I enjoyed giving Grant a headjob, feeling the muscles in his legs and stomach tense as he came.

**Chapter Six - Losing my virginity**  
After I'd given my oldest brother's friend Rob a headjob, I went back to my room and got into bed. I was totally turned on, my first headjob hadn't been like I was expecting at all! I had been scared I wouldn't like it, and Anne had told me it was gross to let them cum in your mouth. But it wasn't and I loved doing it. I loved hearing Rob's soft moans, I loved the way he thrust his hips off the bed toward my mouth, the way he was totally lost in what I was doing to him. I didn't even mind when he surprised me and came in my mouth! I just swallowed it and that was more or less that!  
  
As all these thoughts went through my head I masturbated furiously, cumming again and again. I could still taste him in my mouth, it was a strange taste and made my saliva thick. I thought of brushing my teeth, but I wanted to go on tasting him and remember the feeling of his dick in my mouth. Every time I thought of that I had an intense orgasm, racking my whole body.  
  
My door opened, shocking me. "My God," I thought, "Whoever it was must have heard my last orgasm". But it was Rob, and I didn't mind if he heard me cumming. He came to my bed and kissed me, and we made out for ages, then he started masturbating me.  
  
It was so much better than when I did it myself! He didn't get just the right spots like I did, but it was Rob, a man was touching my pussy for the first time in my life. Again, I came just thinking about it. He was stroking my clit with his finger, sending lightning through my whole body. I pushed my hips off the bed at his hand, never wanting it to stop. Then I felt a finger from his other hand at my opening, entering me, his finger was much thicker than my own, and I felt my pussy opening to let him penetrate me, welcoming him. I was so wet there was no resistance at all. Maybe he did know all of my spots, at least enough to send me right over the edge to another shattering orgasm.  
  
When I returned to Earth I said, "I want you to make love to me."  
  
"Yes," he said. "I want to make love to you as well."  
  
He moved my legs apart and got on top of me on the bed, I was so nervous, I was so excited, it was really happening now, I wanted to squeal, but I had to be quiet. I was quivering, I knew just how big he was after having him in my mouth and hand, and very soon he would be inside me. I almost came again just thinking about him inside me! I had no idea what to do now, how to help him or if I had to do anything, I lay back and let him do what he had to, to have me.  
  
He put his hand between my legs and found my opening and guided his erection into me. It wouldn't go! I was so wet, my pussy was so open, inviting him in, but it still wouldn't go, and it hurt. I didn't care about the pain, I wanted him in me.  
  
I was about to cry, and I said, "Am I too small? Aren't we going to be able to do it?"  
  
"We can still do it," he said. "We just need Vaseline. Do you have any?"  
  
"No, we don't have any" I said. I was really about to cry now, but then I remembered mum kept some with the medicine for when we got colds.  
  
"I think I know where this is some," I said. "Stay here."  
  
I ran out to get it. On my way back with the Vaseline I realised I had no clothes on, in my excitement I had forgotten to dress!  
  
When I got back Rob laid me back on the bed, on a towel, and took some Vaseline and spread it all over the lips of my pussy and a little inside, he put the rest on his dick. As he went to get more, he stopped and looked at me.  
  
"Can you take some and spread it over my dick?" he asked me.  
  
I did, and I enjoyed running my hand over his dick again. I lay back down, and Rob opened my legs again, moved on top of me, and used his hand to guide himself into me. OH MY GOD! It felt good! I could feel myself opening wider and wider as his erection moved into me.  
  
It was hurting a little as he pushed through my hymen. It was stretching to let him enter me. The pain increased slowly until all at once the resistance stopped. At first it felt like something had been split and he stopped and asked if I was okay. I told him I was and asked him to keep going. Then he eased back into me, slowly and gently moving in and out of me, not entering too far. It hurt, but the pain lessened with each stroke, and at the same time it felt fantastic as well.  
  
He asked me if it still hurt, and I lied and told him it didn't. It didn't hurt too much and I didn't want to worry him, I knew it was just because it was the first time. Believing it didn't hurt any more he eased further and further into me, filling me up, opening me, stretching me, I could feel how big he was in me, I could feel my tight pussy stretched around his dick. He was probably much too big for a first time, but it felt so good having him in me.  
  
Eventually, I could tell he was all the way inside me, and he changed our position. He moved my legs around his back and told me to hold him with my legs, he put one arm under me around my shoulders, and his other arm under me around my hips, and then somehow he lifted me off the bed while he was still lying on me.  
  
God, I was completely helpless in his embrace, my legs spread and wrapped around him, opening my pussy as wide as it could go, but even like this it still gripped him tightly. I was completely immersed in him, he was all I could see, all I could feel, all I could smell or touch, it was totally amazing. And then he really started!  
  
Slowly at first, he moved in and out of me, further and further with each stroke, until he was almost withdrawing completely and then pushing deeply into me, deeper and deeper with each stroke and faster and harder, until he was really fucking me, thrusting forcefully all the way into me with each stroke. God, I wanted to scream in ecstasy, I could just barely keep quiet. I had to bite down on his chest to stop myself from screaming. I came and I came and I came.  
  
Somewhere in the middle of it all I said, "I love you."  
  
"We are making love," he said, "But we aren't in love."  
  
Suddenly I thought about getting pregnant, and said, "Don't make me pregnant."  
  
"Don't worry, I'll pull out," he told me.  
  
I was reassured that I would not get pregnant, but I was sad that we weren't in love. It didn't matter for long, as I couldn't keep a thought for more than a few seconds and my sadness passed quickly with the sensations inside me. I couldn't stop cumming, I was helpless and exhausted.  
  
"It feels fantastic inside you," he said. "You're the best I've ever had."  
  
Sometime later, minutes, hours, forever? He let me back down on to the bed and pulled out of me, he straddled me and took my hand and had me masturbate him again. He seemed to cum even more now than in my mouth, I didn't think it was possible but somehow he did. He covered me with his cum from the first shot on my chin and neck, all the way down to my stomach.   
  
I wanted to leave the cum on me, I thought it could just stay, that if it stayed this wouldn't really be over, but he scooped some up off my boob with his finger and put it in my mouth. I licked and sucked the cum from his finger and then he took my hand and had me scoop some up with my own finger, and I licked it off my finger. I didn't need further prompting, I knew he wanted me to wipe his cum off me and eat it, which I did happily.  
  
He would point to some and I would scoop it up and eat it. I was on another plane entirely, even though he hadn't been in me for a couple of minutes my pussy was still twitching and sending shivers up my spine, in this state I enjoyed eating his cum and was sad when I had scooped the last drop into my mouth.  
  
All in one night I had given my first headjob, lost my virginity, and learned to like the taste of cum. Even though I had had my hopes of love dashed I'd learnt that it was possible to make love to someone without being in love with them, that sex and love were two very different things. I hoped to make love to Rob like this every night for ever, even if we weren't in love.