Lost Love

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Too young to know that we were in love

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It must have been ten years since I started dreaming of you again. Your blue eyes, so bright and beautiful, framed by light brown hair to your shoulders and a sensuous jaw line. How I loved kissing your neck. We were so young and innocent. I earnestly wish I had met you later in life when I was wise enough to see.

When I first saw you across that dimly lit room at that college party the attraction was instant. I surveyed your beautiful face, then your short body, your full breasts, your shapely ass, and the curve of your waist. But when your eyes met mine, and you smiled, I knew.

We greedily explored each other's body as new lovers do, learning hidden desires. I loved the touch of your lips on mine, their smoothness as we kissed, the flick of your tongue against mine. I was surprised by the fullness of your breasts when I caressed them through your sweater.

I did not expect such large beautiful breasts on such a small frame. I loved how your kisses became frenzied when I lifted your sweater over your head, unclasped your bra and rolled each firm breast. Your rouge nipples became so engorged, lifting the whole areola up, and so sensitive. How your body shivered when I circled each slowly with my tongue before drawing it into my mouth and lashing at it. I could have done that all night, but I was starting to have engorgement issues of my own.

I wanted all of you. My hands roamed from your ass, to your inner thigh, to the hot damp spot between your legs. I rubbed your pussy through your jeans feeling your excited moans vibrate against my lips as we kissed passionately. I wanted you to reach out and do the same, feeling my bulging pants, showing me your lust and desire. But you were a good catholic girl and refrained. I would have to take things into my own hands, so to speak. I kissed the soft skin of your neck, forcing you gently onto your back, with your legs parted by my thighs; I rubbed my bulging cock directly against your pussy. We dry humped like that, kissing as we did, until we were both dripping, aching to fuck.

I remember unbuttoning your jeans, unzipping them and kissing the front of your panties before pulling jeans and panties over one hip and then the other and then finally off your sexy legs. Tossing

your clothes aside, I hugged your thigh to my bare chest and kissed the back of your outstretched calve. Then I kissed lower, behind your knee, along your inner thigh. Of course you knew what was coming. You laughed nervously as I parted your thighs wide, trailing my tongue along your warm soft skin. I inhaled your scent, betraying how excited you were. I kissed your groin muscle, my cheek brushing the soft hair above your beautiful pussy. And then parting my lips, I liked your pussy, running my tongue slowly upward in one long lick.

The taste was delightful: musky, salty and clean. I loved the rubbery firmness of your lips when I parted them with my fingers, and how pink and slippery it was inside as I pushed my tongue deep. And how your engorged bud of a clit poked out at me when I pulled back the now slippery folds of your pussy. I loved how your body trembled as I held your firm ass in the air in both hands as I surrounded your clit with my lips and flicked it with my tongue. I wanted you to cum so bad, even more than I wanted to plunge my now rigid cock deep into your withering virgin body. We were so young.

After a couple weeks our steamy sessions of passion became reciprocal. Your hands freely roamed from my ass to bulge. How my cock jumped at your touch, always self-lubricating well before you unzipped my jeans and stroked it noisily as we made out. It was so erotic to be kissing while we touched each other. I wonder if you were surprised the first time I came, spurting sticky cum through your fingers onto your bare tummy.

I wanted to respect your virginity, but I wanted your taut body so badly. I loved lying naked with you, hands exploring every inch. To build your passion and desire through the touch of my fingertips was so fulfilling. And the sensation I felt when I straddled your chest pressing my rigid cock between your breasts was truly wonderful. I loved how your nipples pushed out as you held your tits together engulfing my shaft. I was so excited that no lubricant was necessary as I thrust between. And I loved how you watched when arching my back, cock head emerging from your cleavage, I finally spurted hot white cum all over your upper chest and neck.

As we progressed we flirted with the inevitable. I'm sure you remember that time I gave you a backrub. We were both naked on your bed and the touch of your skin was warm and sensual. I kneeled over the small of your back as I massaged your shoulders. I lowered myself so that my stiff cock and balls brushed the skin of your back heightening your arousal. I gradually moved lower so that I could kiss your shoulder blades and run my tongue along your spine. This positioned my hard cock in the cleavage of your wonderful ass. It felt so wonderful to slowly slide it up and own your warm skin, that my cock dripped precum, lubricating your skin. My thrusting became more vigorous, sliding across your taught anus, as I “titty-fucked” your ass checks. The resulting orgasm was tremendous: when you squeezed your checks around my cock, I spurted string after string of cum onto your back.

Our next session was similar, but even more sensational. It started much the same, except that I turned you on your back and rubbed myself along your very wet pussy lips. The head of my cock slid easily against you, parting your lips, but then sliding along them, rather than penetrating. The dripping head of my cock pressed against your engorged clit, followed by the upper half of my shaft. With each thrust our mutual excitement and passion increased with your soft moans until my cock tightened, balls lifting, and you felt the spasm of my shaft against your clit and pussy lips.

It was not long after that when you shyly announced your decision to go on the pill. It was a wonderful gift that made me nervous, for I knew I was not worthy of it. I wanted to wait for a special setting, but hormones got the better of us. Like the previous session, I was slowly rubbing my cock against you, but with each thrust pushing deeper. The head of my cock pressed against your vaginal opening, pausing before sliding up and over your clit. Your excitement urged me on. The next thrust teetered on the edge, as you quivered in anticipation. I could not resist, nor did you want me to. The next thrust slide into you slowly as you softly called my name. Deeper and deeper I pushed careful not to hurt you. About halfway, then out, and then back. Deeper each thrust but slowly. Making love for the first time. we were one. I remember kissing you deeply, eyes open as I came, filling you with my cum for the first time.

After that we tried every position we could think of. I loved you on top, pleasing yourself with my hard cock, as your breasts bounced with the motion of your body. I also loved making love to you from behind. You have the most beautifully erotic ass and hips. I loved seeing your cheeks parted as my cock disappeared into your pussy.

But we were so young. I was not mature enough to realize what love was. With time, we sorrowfully parted ways to pursue our own dreams. I should have told you so much. I should have told you how I loved you. I should have told you that you were my dream.

After these many years, I am sure you have a family of your own with a husband and children that you love very much. I would never dream of imposing on your happy life as there is no changing mistakes of the past. I only hope, that one day, you will think back and smile, and know in your heart, that I loved you.