Our First, Er, Second Time!

By castlequeen

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In which a disaster lays the foundation for a great relationship!

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Our First, er, Second Time!

This one's 100% real, with only the names being changed!

There are two parts, the first time, er, attempt, and the second!~

Part ONE!

We enter my apartment, and things are going quite well! We're on our fourth date, and well, I LIKE him! Warren has successfully charmed me with his wit, his smile, his kindness, and his not inconsiderate dancing skills. His kissing skills are certainly not lacking as our last date proved, and it was mighty hard to focus on waiting until this date to go farther!

We enter, and neither of us has had anything to to drink, because he's driving and I want to be sharp.

"Can I pour you a glass of wine, or something else? Although I'm not sure what else might be other than Diet Coke."

"What do you have for wine?" he says in his most seductive voice.

"I've got two different Reislings, a Gewürtztraminer, a Merlot and a very good Chardonnay." I pray he doesn't mock me for my stuff, I know he knows the good ones.

"I'll have the Gewürtztraminer, you rarely see it at restaurants, but I like it." Be still my beating heart, he likes my favorite wines? Yow!

I pour a pair of glasses and hand it to him. He sips and smiles.

"It's, uh, the cheap stuff, but I like it." Why am I so damn nervous???

"It's fine, just fine, like...you. You're quite fine yourself." His voice is dripping seduction, and I realize he's exactly on the same page I am. Tonight is THE night.

I try to be cool. "You're just saying that."

"No, I told you I'm quite honest. I think you're really quite beautiful."

With that he puts down his wine and kisses me deeply. I fumble behind me to put mine down and kiss back for all I'm worth. This guy has me going like never before. He's making me feel like I'm sixteen again, awkward and geeky, and the butterflies are huge, isn't that what real love is supposed to feel like?

He's very much a gentleman, as he's happy with his arms around my waist, so I pull them towards my butt, go for it, handsome, I'm ready and more than willing! He pulls back and gives me his very boyish grin which makes him look much younger than his thirty eight years, and gently squeezes my butt as he lifts me into his arms. I wrap my arms tight about him and kiss him with everything I've got, but he's not going anywhere.

Shit! He doesn't know where my bedroom is! I unwrap one arm because I don't want to let him go for a second and point down the hall, and mumble out "last door!". He carries me slowly and I am loving every second of it. I know my room is tidy, there's numerous candles for this evening, I've got some nice tunes on my little CD player and all I need is this gorgeous man! He slips open the door smoothly, carries me in and lays me down on my bed. I push him backwards and take the lead, holding his face as I explore his mouth with my tongue, and he explores mine as well.

He took off his jacket upon entering, but I still have my wrap and shoes on, and I've got get rid of them. Time for a brief, ever so brief break in the action! I pull back and put my finger across his lips.

"Hold on right there, mister. You...are really doing a number on me, but I have to get out of this wrap and these shoes, so let me up for a moment."

He smiles. "Of course, I want you to />
Okay. I just wet my panties. I planned ahead though, there is a very sexy outfit in my bathroom, and a supply of other things.

"Give me...a few moments.....and I'll change into something The other bathroom is the second door, and you might want to get...quite comfortable yourself. if you know what I mean." I give him my most seductive look, and I pray he doesn't think I look like an idiot. Why is THIS guy making it so hard to think?? I dart into my bathroom and shut the door, but call back to him. "You might want to light a few candles, there's plenty of them."

"I'll....do that."

It doesn't take me too long to get out of my clothes and into my nightgown, it's a fairly short one, white silk, and I think it shows off my legs at their best, while covering up the fact that my B-cups are never going to get me a job at Hooter's. (No, I KNOW this, I applied in college and got turned down) I play with my hair a bit, and the usual bits that never stay in place aren't staying, and a few others have joined them! Can't the hair goddess cut me some slack? I have a major hunk in my bedroom! Let me tidy up the uh, wetness that he's already inspired, and I'm ready to make his dreams come true.

"You ready for me, handsome?" I call out.

"Oh...yes." Whoops, this man is going to cost me a fortune in underwear if we stay together!

"Ready or not, here I come."

I walk out and he has lit several candles, and he's down to his boxers and he's sporting a very visible erection. My god, do I turn him on as much as he does me? Janet, my girl, this might be the real thing!

"Uh, how do I look?"

"Amazing." he says with a raised eyebrow. "Incredibly beautiful."

Do I walk slowly? Do I run? I am sooooo nervous now! I have an idea! I take a few slow steps, run the last two and leap playfully into bed! Time stands still or moves at an incredibly slow rate, as I fly through the air, his eyes open wide as he does not expect this, he rolls to one side, but my foot hits the edge of the bed and I twist in mid air, and land heavily on top of him. Too heavily as he lets out a grunt of agony!

I roll away in panic, as I realize my knee has hit him squarely in his testicles! Oh my god! What have I done? He is blanched white with pain as he clutches himself and groans.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to do that! It was accident, I swear, are you okay?"

He looks at me with some anger, but I can see him wrestle with himself inside.

"No...I'm NOT okay, it hurts like hell! Why the HELL did you.....no, I'm sorry, it just...hurts....but I'll be....all right. Do you have a cold, wet towel?" he grits each word out in agony. I leap out of bed to get him what he needs. I frantically grab my really nice bathroom towel, but wrecking a decorative towel is a small price to pay for my stupidity. I soak it, and run back in and hand it to him. He applies it to his wounded dignity and lets out a sigh of relief.

"I am so, so, so, so, very sorry Warren, that was the dumbest thing I've ever done. Do you need anything else?"

He looks at me and manages the ghost of a smile. "I....hope that's the dumbest you've ever done or will do. Do you have an ice bag?"

I flee the room in search of it. It takes but seconds to prepare, but I grab his wineglass and the bottle as I head back in.

"Here's the ice bag, and maybe the wine will help?" I ask timidly.

He looks at me and a tiny hint of his grin comes back. "It can't hurt!" He slam the rest of the glass and I hurry to pour him another, which he swigs half of in one gulp.

"Well, I've never had that happen before." he says.

"I"m pretty sure I've never DONE that before. Will you be all right? I feel horrible!"

He manages a weak chuckle. I"ll be all right. In a few hours or a day or so. I'm not going horseback riding anything soon, however."

I risk a small giggle. "No, I suppose not. I just....didn't think. I wanted to be smooth and seductive, and then I thought silly and fun."

"Do I look like I"m having fun?" he asks, but the smile is back. He finishes his glass of wine. "Come on, sit down. You don't have to stand there. I won't die. I might wish to, but I won't."

"It's not that." I say in a small voice.

"Then what is it?" he says with some concern.

"I'm afraid you'll strangle me if you get your hands on me."

He laughs out loud at that, and the motion of the laughter causes him to clutch himself anew, but he's still smiling as it subsides.

"No, I'm not gonna kill you, you'd have to do far worse. I know it was an accident, but really, I'm going to be okay. C'mon, sit down." he pats the bed next to him.

I sit down and run my fingers through his hair. "I feel like such an idiot. I've pretty much ruined the night and everything haven't I?"

He looks me in the eyes very intently. "The night? Well, I'd say the original plans for it have been changed, but ruined? Not even. Everything else ruined? Not hardly. In case you haven't noticed, I kind of think you're pretty special."

"Even if I've injured you?"

"Even if. Janet, everything else has gone perfect. I still love the way you laugh, your smile still makes me happy, your legs are still very, very nice to look at, and while this took a turn for the worse, I'm not about to hold a grudge. Not with someone who makes me...feel like I do."

Oh. My.

"So you still would...want to kiss me?"

He nods emphatically so I kiss him, but very carefully. He kisses back and our arms wrap around each other. The passion grows, but he stops suddenly.

"Don't get me wrong, this is very, very nice, but if we keep kissing, part of me is going to want to do something that another part of me isn't quite....ready for at this moment in time, if you know what I mean?" He looks at me questioningly.

"Ah I think I got that. If I get you really horny, it's going to hurt more?"

"Right! Can we keep it extremely G rated for now?" he asks with a smile.

"We can do that. Another glass of wine?" He agrees and I pour. We wind up talking for a bit, and return to the living room to watch a movie, and I pick something with no romance in it so I don't get

tempted to push the issue. We laugh at the comedy, we snuggle and talk for hours after the movie. We move back to the bedroom where we talk some more and fall asleep in each other's arms.

We awaken the next morning and he says he feels better, but still not 100%. Is he just saying it to be polite? Has he realized that I"m too stupid to waste his time on? Is he going to just give up? Were his words last night just words? We say goodbye, and he says to me: "I'll call you." and my heart sinks. He's done with me. I weep as he leaves.

Part TWO!

It is 23 hours later. I have not heard from him. I try to tell myself it's the weekend, and he'd already had other plans for the day. I can't expect him to call me every hour. Part of me says he learned his lesson and a skinny psychologist with stringy hair is no real catch at all, especially if she's stupid and clumsy. The tears flow freely. I really, really liked this guy, and my being a klutz scared him off. Who am I kidding? Even so, all I did was give him an excuse. I probably would have been pretty terrible in bed, and he'd have had to make up some other reason to dump me. Face it, Janet, you're really not worthy of being loved.

It's late Sunday night. There isn't a stitch of chocolate in the house. The wine bottle's empty as is another. I am such a loser. The phone rings. I don't recognize the number, so I pick up.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Janet, it's Warren."

I can hardly wait to hear his reasons for giving up, but I might as well face it with some dignity.

"How are you?"

"Still stiff and sore, but much better. Still not up for a riding lesson, though! I'm more concerned with how YOU are though." Is that tenderness in his voice?

"Me? Why does that matter?"

"Well, silly, because you were pretty hard on yourself for an accident. That's all it was, an accident. I

don't want you to beat yourself up over it."

"You don't?" My eyes fill with tears again, but this is happy. "You don't want me to feel bad, but I hurt you!" I'm almost weeping again.

"You did, but it's all over, and in a day or so, I'll be fine. So I'll be fine, are you going to be fine? Because I sure want US to be fine."

"You really do? You don't want to give up because I'm a klutz?" I ask.

"No, why would I want to quit on well, the best, most interesting woman I've ever met?"

"I am?" This can't be, he's playing some cruel joke on me to punish me.

"Yeah, and uh, as soon as I'm able, I'd like to show you just how interesting I find you. In the meantime, can I buy you dinner tonight? I know it's late, but there still some nice places open and I'm not far from your place."

"Sure, if you really want to, just give me a minute to get ready. I'm not exactly dressed for dinner."

"Is ten minutes okay?"

I tell him that will be fine.

He arrives, and his kiss is every bit as passionate as the ones we shared before my ill fated leap. Dinner isn't so fancy as there really isn't too much open on a late Sunday evening, but I don't really care!

"So are you sure you're okay?" He asks.

"If you're not mad at me, then I'm okay."

He laughs. "I'm not mad, truly, it was a weird, bizarre accident, but it's all it was, an accident. Why are you so worried?"

Uh-oh. I can't say this, not now, not right here, aauuuugghh!

"Um, cause I.....really....really like you? And I didn't want to mess it up?" I hide my face in my hands. I am 100% pure dork and now he's gonna laugh or run.

He lifts my face with his fingertips. "Strange. I really, really like you, too, and I'm not giving up over something silly. Stop worrying."

Oh my god, does he really feel the same way about me like I do him????

"You really like me?"

"A lot." There's his little boy grin. God, I want to just attack him across the table, but I'm pretty sure we'd get thrown out.

"Oh."

We keep talking and while nothing major is being said, there's a lot going on. I am falling in love....I think.

We spend a few minutes making out back at my place, but we both have an early morning, and he's still not 100%, but he asks if we can try a replay of Friday night, and he names a wonderful restaurant, and we are set. We kiss some more, and he leaves. My self control lasts less than one minute before I kick off my jeans and panties and I'm masturbating on my bed. No one else intrudes, it's all him, and I come really quickly, I only hope it takes much, much longer on Friday.

Friday arrives, and I dress to the nines, but a different dress for dinner and instead of the white silk outfit, I have an emerald green one waiting. It's gorgeous, with laces all the way up the front, and I'll put several matching ribbons in my hair. I hope he likes it!!!!

He compliments me on my dress, tells me my hair is stunning, and thoroughly thrashes my lipstick with his greetings, but I'm okay with that! Dinner is wonderful, he knows good food, and we head back to my place. He reaches in the back seat and surprises me with a bottle of Gewürtztraminer, and it's the good stuff, way better than the nine dollar a bottle stuff I usually have.

He pours, and it's quite good, but it needs something....to be mixed with his lips and I make the first move. We lock lips and he holds me close, and it feels so right. Once again, he lifts me into his arms, but this time he carries me in them, and mine wrap around him as we keep kissing. Into the bedroom we go, and he gently lays me down, but he kicks off his shoes, and removes his jacket. My shoes go flying across the room and he lays down and we embrace again, my hands caress him all over and he gently slides his hand up my skirt to caress my thigh, and I'm already getting wet again.

"Okay, I have to change, so give me a few minutes...and I swear I won't jump this time!"

He laughs and smiles, and tells me he can't wait.

I fly into the bathroom, and change, and as I look in the mirror, I think I look good, and as a last second inspiration, I cut several more pieces of the green ribbon and tie one on my ankle and one on the opposite wrist. Let's see how he likes it!

I walk out, and he's in his boxers again, but I burst out laughing as he is holding a catcher's cup over his crotch. "Just wanted to be safe!" he giggles, but he tosses it aside, and he's rock hard. I notice, and smile, and he tells me I'm beautiful. I blush. He gets up and takes me in his arms and kisses me deeply. I melt. He pulls back, and holds my face in his hands.

"My god, you are so beautiful...."

I reach down to remove his boxers, but he pushes my hand away.

"Let's make this all about you for awhile...let me please you...."

We lay back on the bed and we kiss passionately and his hands explore. He caresses my butt, his fingertips gently rub my nipples through the fabric, and he uses his teeth to undo the laces and my breasts fall free. He kisses them softly and blows on them and I'm getting incredibly wet. I reach out and hand him a bottle of warming oil, and he smiles, and pours just a bit on my breasts, and then he goes to town, sucking and licking my nipples, and I moan loudly as the heat of the oil hits me, and he dabs some more on me as he kisses down my chest, and a trail of warmth follows his lips and tongue.

He pulls the gown up and flicks his tongue across my pussy, and I can't help myself as a small orgasm hits me and I start to get very wet. He lets out a satisfied moan, as his tongue drives deep into me and he licks me deeply, stopping to suck on my clit as I moan even louder.

He takes his time, bringing me close several times, but pulling back to prevent me from coming too soon. I get hotter and hotter, and I'm thrashing around with each lick and stroke, and I pull his head into me. He only moans and intensifies his efforts, he is sucking my pussy so perfectly, and it's better than I've ever had, he is making me feel like a goddess!

His hands reach up to caress my breasts, and he gently squeezes the nipples and I thrash even harder, I am so close to exploding! He sucks down on my clit and I explode with a scream!

"Ooooooohhhhhhhh!"

He responds with a muttered "Ooooh yeahhhh..." as he licks me passionately and won't let up, I come again, again and again before he lets up and as the spasms of pleasure fade, he pulls himself up to kiss me. I cling to him and devour his talented lips and tongue and hold him close to me. He makes me feel like I am the only thing in his world, and that he can't get enough of me.

He pulls back, smiles and says...."I love you...." He says it! It isn't the heat of the moment, he says it and I know he means it as tears fill my eyes because I love him too!

"And I....love you..." His answering smile tells me that it means much to him as well, as we kiss again and again, and again. He rolls up and I realize his rock hard cock is between my legs.

"I"ll be very gentle..." he says as I feel him slip it in. It feels incredible, as he is harder than any man I've ever felt, and he goes as deeply as he can, puts his hands on my hips, thrusts and twists as I let out a gasp of pleasure, and I wrap my arms around him as he begins to stroke me with passion. He doesn't just fuck me, he loves me, as he alternates his strokes with kisses and caresses, and I know now the difference between making love and fucking and I want to make love to him forever!

Each pump is deep but gentle, and it drives me crazy! It hasn't been that long since my orgasm, and I feel myself building up for more, and I hope we can come together, but I will take what happens with pleasure!

Again and again he drives himself into me and I erupt with another scream as I come with an intensity I've never felt and I feel my pussy soaking him and he lets out a grunt of pleasure and he sucks my tongue as he picks up his pace, and now he is going furiously, no longer being so gentle, but I no longer care as I come with abandon as it seems each stroke triggers another orgasm, and he finally slams into me and holds himself in as he groans loudly! He thrusts once, twice more and holds again, and then he collapses next to me.

Neither of us can speak, we can only gasp for breath as we are both winded.

I find my voice first. "That was.....oh I love you so much...."

"Yes....I love you.....you are...amazing."

He turns onto his side to smile at me. It is all so visible in his face. I know my face shows the same. We...are in love. Although it is our first time, it will not be the last, but I know he is the last man I will

ever know. He is the man I've been looking for, that I've been wanting my whole life. I know I am his. Words aren't needed now. We just gaze on each other with the satisfaction of knowing we are with the person that will be there forever...

Author's Note:

This was written in response to a challenge I laid down on the forum for a 100% truthful story. The language might have been a bit different as it happened 9+ years ago, but it was very real, because 7 months later, he asked me to marry him and we've been happy ever since, and now we are looking to have our first child!