Ryan

By Love_always

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A surprise weekend evolves...

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My parents had to go to a funeral in New York . I didn't even know the woman who died, so I stayed...well...in town.
Five minutes after they rushed to the airport, I was speeding down the highway as fast as my little old car would go. All I could think of was alone time, with him. With Ryan. With my boyfriend. With my love.
I didn't tell him I was coming, and I know guys hate the pop in, but I really wanted to surprise him, since we're always lacking time together. My parents had absolutely no idea who he was, let alone that we'd been dating for two years. If they had found out, Ry would've been jail faster than I could blink. I was seventeen at the time a week from my 18th birthday, he was well...twenty-two. But, at that point, we had never done anything illegal.
My heart race quickened as I saw his apartment complex, I had to force myself not to sprint up the steps, that was how much of an rush he gives me. I cursed as I saw my reflection in the window. I hadn't taken any time to get ready, I was still in sweats, no makeup, nothing! But I couldn't have cared less.
I promptly rung the doorbell, and his roomate KC answered.
"Hey Autumn! Ry-" I put my hand over his mouth, motioning for him not to call Ryan.
"In his room?"
"Yes," he said from behind my hand. I patted him on the chest and thanked him as I headed down the short little hallway. I breathed deep, then slowly turned the doorknob.
The quaint little room was completely dark, despite it being daytime. A six-foot-five, guy shaped lump laid in the middle of his bed. I smiled.. He was in med school, a real smart guy, and it wore him out, causing him to sleep during the day. I tiptoed quietly to his bed, and softly laid down next to his thin frame. His angelic face was relaxed, his beautiful Italian golden tan skin, soft and flawless as usual. I scooted untill I was facing him, and wrapped my arms around his neck, gently kissing at his lips.
"Please don't be a dream, please don't be a dream," he muttered as his eyes clamped tighter shut. They fluttered open quickly, causing the biggest smile to etch across his face like a banner in the sky. He wrapped his strong arms around my body, pulling me to his well sculpted chest.
"You're not dreaming," I giggled.
"No, cause my dreams have come true," he kissed me tenderly, his beautiful lips were gently

caressing my own.
He gently pulled his lips away, and gently caressed my cheek with the back of his soft hand.
"What Are you doing here?"
"Well...I didn't want to be all alone in an empty house...all by myself," I replied with an innocent charm as I traced his perfect lips with my finger.
"What about your folks?"
"Gone to New York," I grinned.
"Mmm...well...we wouldn't want you all alone would we," he smiled.
"No...I need a beautiful...strong...sexy man," I ran my hands over his chest.
He kissed my cheek as he scooted me up to his pillow with him.
"So my love, what would you like to do?"
I had something on my mind, but I was too embarrased to say what. My cheeks blushed a deep red.
"What," he asked, chuckling softly.
"Nothing."
"You alright?"
"Yes," I laughed softly.
"What's on your mind?" He asked curiously.
"Theres just...something I wanted to do... with you."
"Anything you want sweetheart."
"Well...uhm..." I couldn't help but blush like crazy. He shifted to lay on his side, proped up on his elbow, staring down as I laid flat on my back.
"Spit it out, beautiful."
My tongue conviently tied and I couldn't find the words to tell him how badly I really wanted him. His huge brown eyes just stared at me, peircing through me. My heart beat fast as I thought about what to do. Then suddenly adreneline got the better of me, and I acted without a rational thought.
I grabbed him by the collar, and pulled him down with as much force as I could, crushing my lips to his.. His eyes were huge as I kept pulling him to me, closer and closer untill finally he had no choice but to lay on top of me. I reached for his t-shirt, and began to pull it over his head.
His lips pulled off mine instantly, and he sat up. He just stared at me, eyes the size of the moon, silently asking what the Hell I was doing.
"I...I just wanted...to..." I shut my eyes, clamping my hands over my face in embarresment.
"Honey..." he started. "No, don't be embarresed, please," he cooed softly, pulling my hands away from my face. "Is this what you wanted to do?"
"Yes," I could barley bring myself to answer.
"You want to make love?" He spoke quietely and carefully, slowly considering the idea.
Any other male would've said something more like "Oh we're finally going to fuck!" Luckily, he was a hopeless romantic, with high respect for me.
"Yes," I whispered, burrying my face in his smooth chest. His fingers ran through my hair, gently straightening the tangled mess that sat atop my head.

"We're already so in love, we don't have to do that..." he said quietly.
I suddenly jerked my head up, staring at him.
"You don't want me?"
A laugh erupted from his chest.
"Baby! Are you kidding me? I'm the luckiest man alive! The most beautiful girl loves me and wants me! Of course I want you!"
I bit my lip nervously.
"Then..."
"You only get a first time once, love. I want you to be sure about this," he whispered. I kissed him slowly.
"I can't anyone more perfect for my first."
A smile of pure love and affection turned up the corners of his mouth.
Our lips locked for just a moment in pure passion, his arms scooping under my hips, my arms around his neck.
Slowly and precisely, his strong hands slid under my tshirt and pulled it over my head..
I had hoped with all my heart for this to happen, but, I hadn't actually expected it to, I wasn't prepared. No special perfumes or sexy underwear or even decent hair and makeup.
He gently undid the clasp in the back of my bra and pulled it easily way from my body. His eyes were huge, his actions a little confuzed.
"You are truely the most beautiful girl in the entire universe," he kissed me tenderly on the lips, then slowly lowered himself to gently kiss each breast in turn. My cheeks burned hot as I blushed deeply. I made a motion for his shirt, and he shrugged out of it tossing it away. He pressed himself against my chest, our skin boiling hot with one another, my head spinning already with his dazzling kisses.
Only a couple minutes later he had slipped my sweats and panties off with extreme care, watching my eyes every moment to make sure I was alright.
The concern in his face, touched me deeper than everything in my life combined. If I had any doubts before, I was one hundred percent sure that he was the only man I would ever love after that day.
I laid, vulnerable at his mercy, completely undressed laying on his wam bed. He caressed my skin, making sure he touched every inch of his newly claimed territory. Soft moans would escape my lips as he touched places no man had ever touched before.
And finally, he slipped off his jeans and boxers...letting into sight his wonderful hard-on. It was pretty long, pretty thick, but nothing that looked like it could split me open from the inside. He watched as I stared, letting my fingers gently run along his wonderful abs untill I finally brushed the edge of his penis.
Even with the slightest of touches, a low groan escaped his perfect lips. I gingerly ran my hand down it, exploring him. Finally he cupped his hand around mine, and showed me how to touch him.
He finally let go and leaned back on his elbow, shutting his eyes and soaking up the erotic feelings my hand was giving him.
Not a minute after that he stopped me quickly, and I bit my lip, afraid I had done something wrong.

"No! Nooo," he caught on quickly. "You're too Good," he sighed. "I was... about to...cum," he said quietly. "Lemme do all the lip biting around here," he winked as he lowered his mouth to mine. As we kissed, he stagetically brushed his fingers against the lips of my pussy, sending a shock of electricity through my entire body, and shivers to run down my spine.

He chuckled very quietly at my body's reaction, and slowly rubbed his fingers into my pussy, more and more. They flicked across my clit, causing a sharp intake of breath, and waves of pressure to sail through me.

Suddenly he plunged a finger into my wet pussy, and I almost yelped in alarm. His eyes were big with concern, but I smiled devilishly, and moaned a little at the sensation.

"You are so wet," he purred into my ear. "Mmm...do you want me?" He asked quietly.

"Yes!" I half begged.

"You have such a sexy moan," he whispered in my ear. I felt his hand leave my womanhood and go back to his loveley dick.. He stoked it a few times, and reached into his bedside table, and pulled out a little square pouch. He pulled the condom out if the package, and helped me put it on his hard penis.

Once it was on, he worked me slowly back down onto my back, my head rested perfectly on his pillow. He kissed me forcefully, slowly positioning himself right over my pussy.

"Baby, are you sure about this?" He kissed me again, and stroked my hair.

"Yes."

"Love, it might hurt," he said softly.

"I want you," I stared directly into his eyes.

"I've always wanted you, and I always will," he half whispered. His hand moved to my hip, the other on his ossified member.

He gently pushed the very tip of his cock into my pussy, barley getting in an inch. I moaned, my eyes clenching tighter.

"Shhh, my beautiful, you're in my arms, you're safe."

He pushed a little deeper slowly, and suddenly I felt him peircing through my hymen, and the pain seared through me. I cried out, involentarily, and he held me and kissed me more.

When tears began to fall down my face, he kissed them away, telling me it'll stop soon, I'll be okay. And it did.

As soon as my body got accustomed to the huge member finding a home inside my fragile body, it no longer hurt, instead, I felt an urge to move, to want more.

"You are so tight," he groaned from his throat. "You have no idea how it feels to be inside you," he whispered as he kissed me.

He waited for a moment more, as soon as I stopped crying, he gently pulled his hips back, and pushed them back in, making me moan loadly at the amazing sensation.

He rocked his hips in and out of me at a steady pace, making me moan each time he entered me again. Finally, his pace increased, making me cry out at the pleasure I felt. He pushed deeper and harder everytime, my fingernails dug into his back as I screamed in ecstasy.

"You sexy, sexy girl," he groaned. "You're going to make me cum."
My heart wouldn't stop beating a million miles an hour, the heat in my core increasing more and more, I could feel it building up inside of me.
Suddenly when I could take it no longer, I felt my pussy start to tighten on his delicious dick. My screams could probably be heard for miles away, but I couldn't care less! It felt like my whole being was exploding, just for a moment, I was in such an amazing state I couldn't breath or think or move, I was frozen in this mystical place, where only he existed. I could feel his penis explode right along with me, his sexy groans almost making me orgasm again. I was cumming uncontrolably, my whole body spasming involentrarily, my grip tightening on the only thing that mattered to me- the man who brought me to this pleasure- the man I loved.
Slowly, the spasms stopped. The movement stopped. The moaning and screaming subsided. He was left laying on top of me, his large member, securely in the place it belonged. He stroked at my cheeks, tenderly brushing away the little beads of sweat pooling on my forhead.
I slowly pulled my shaking hands off his back, revealing big scratch marks that were bleeding a little, from where I had been digging my nails into him. I gasped as I saw what I had done.
"Oh god Ryan! I'm so sorry," my voice began to tremble, tears pooling at my eyes.
He looked at me with big, shocked eyes. "Autumn! What's wrong? Are you okay?"
"Your shoulders are bleeding," I said quietly, embarrassed that I had hurt him.
All he did was laugh, almost hysterically.
"Baby girl, is that the only thing that's wrong?" I nodded. He shook his head and laughed to himself. "Cutie pie, that dosnt even hurt. I...I can't even...explain how amazing you Feel! I'm so in love with you, and how you feel and how you are, and you worry about a little scratch," he chuckled. "Scratch me all you want, it's sexy," he grinned mischeviously. He kissed me quickly, and I wrapped my arms around his neck. "Are you alright?"
"Yes," I sighed. "You...make me feel so amazing," I moaned.
"You don't even know the half of how amazing you are."
I just stared into his eyes as he continued to kiss me, tenderly and lovingly. His arms incased me, pulling my chest to his, holding me securely like I was about to dissapear.
"I promise Autumn, I will love you forever," he whispered in my ear.
"Oh Ryan," I almost cried. "You always have my heart."
"Autumn..."
"Ryan."
"I want to me your father," he said quietly.
"Why is that?"
"Because I want to have his blessing."
My breath caught in my throat, I pulled my head back and looked at him. He sat up quietly, and pulled something out of his bedside table. It was a ring! It looked like it was white gold or silver or something, with one medium sized rock in the middle. College students are always broke, I had no idea how he had got such an impressive ring.

"Autumn, I bought this ring a year ago, you were only sixteen, but I've never felt this way about anyone. I can't live with out you. I need you. Every second of every minute of every day. I can't stand to lose you," he said quietly and paused for a long moment. "Autumn my only love, will you marry me?"

My heart beat faster than anytime I could ever think of. I couldn't think again! I couldn't breath! The man I lived for, wanted me forever. For the first time in my life, I honestly believed in fairytales.

"Yes!" I replied and he slipped the ring on my finger, and I threw my arms around his neck and laid on top of him...triggering the repeat of the event that had just taken place.

That whole weekend, I hardly ever left his room, I loved being in his arms so much, I nevered wanted to leave. And finally when my parents were due home, I took my fiancé with me...

"Time to meet my parents," I said quietly as we sat in my car outside my house.

"It'll be fine," he smiled. "You're so beautiful, I would never take no for an answer."

And we walked hand in hand into my house, prepared for battle, wearing the most triumphant smiles we could muster.

There was only one thing I knew for sure that day, and it was that I never wanted to leave his side.