Swim Coach (chapter 8)

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Amy and Matt consumate their relationship.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/swim-coach-chapter-8.aspx

I got up, grabbed my new letterman's jacket from the arm chair in the living room and crossed over to the bathroom. Inside the bathroom I took a moment to straighten my hair and then to reapply my lipstick which had mostly been kissed off on Matt's lips. I felt so wonderful, feminine and graceful; I felt wanted. I looked into the mirror and unzipped the skirt, letting it fall to the floor before I gathered it up. I then removed the blouse, and stepped back to look at myself in the mirror. My shoulders were broad and strong from swimming, and I loved the way I tapered down to a narrow waist. My hips had been filling in slowly but I was still quite a bit narrower than were most girls my age. The lacy white bra looked nice against the very light tan that I had, and I could see the darker skin of my areolas was visible through the lace and I could see the fabric pointed outwards from the stiff nipples underneath. I really loved the matching lacy panties. They were cut high and made me look a little bit less skinny. The waxing I'd got left no hair peeking out, though I could see a darker patch through the lace. I reached down and felt the wetness soaked into the material.

After kicking off my shoes, I did a quick mental check and realized that I felt much more confident about this than I'd ever have suspected I would. I slipped into my new letterman's jacket, making sure to keep it open enough so that Matt would be able to see that the skirt and blouse had disappeared. 'Here goes nothing' I thought to myself. I turned off the light and opened the door to the living room. Matt was on the couch fooling with the remote to the stereo, but looked up when I opened the door. I moved out of the bathroom and leaned against the wall, the jacket falling open a bit more to reveal more skin and more lace. For good measure I took my skirt and coyly dropped it on the floor. I then turned away from Matt and climbed up the stairs to his bedroom.

I was almost all the way up the stairs before I heard Matt get off the couch and walk across the floor to where I'd dropped my skirt. I walked down the dark hall to his bedroom, walked in to his room, and then quickly considered what to do next. I didn't really know what to do, so I simply walked over to his window and looked out as I heard Matt coming up the stairs behind me. I really couldn't believe that my longing for Matt was finally to be answered.

I heard him come into the room and turn on a small lamp in the corner. I turned to him and he was

looking at me in that same way he had in the shower. I felt him look almost through me, so intense was his gaze. I felt the power of his presence and his desire for me, it was so strong that I almost felt scared in his presence. Had I not known how gentle he was I probably would have run away from Matt as fast as I could. I wanted him to take over now, no long so sure about what to do. I wanted him to guide me and teach me. He must have sensed this, and he sat on the bed and patted the comforter beside him. I walked over to him without really thinking, though I did decided to drop the jacket from my shoulders as I approached. His jaw dropped a bit as he looked at me, no longer pretending to not gaze at my body. I sat on the bed beside him, feeling nervous and excited by the entire situation.

“Amy, are you sure about this? I don’t want to do anything to hurt you.”

He clearly meant that he didn’t want to hurt my feelings - I doubt that he thought I was a virgin. “I know you don’t, Matt. I am sure about this. We have the whole night and I want to be with you more than I want anything.”

He pulled back the down comforter as he said, “I was really hoping you were going to say that.”

I rolled into the bed, “this is sooo comfy Matt. I can’t imagine this being any better.”

Matt was taking off his shoes and socks, “I was so conflicted that day you kissed me in the pool. I felt badly for pushing you off. Then I wanted to kiss you more, that’s when I came into your locker room. When I saw you standing in the shower Amy, I honestly haven’t ever seen a more beautiful woman.” He turned to look at me. “I really wanted to walk in there right then and there, but I couldn’t. It just wasn’t the right thing to do then and there... besides I was worried that the janitor would catch us.” He smiled and I giggled. He took off his shirt.

“You don’t have a maid, do you?” His pants dropped to the floor as I looked on. He was wearing blue boxers. In the dim light I could see a large bulge in his shorts.

“No, and I’d tell her to take the night off if I did.” He crawled into the bed, lying next to me.

“The entire night?”

He laughed this time. “And perhaps tomorrow as well.” He was so close now I could feel the warmth of his body. He gently pushed me back into the pillow with his kiss.

The rush I felt as his lips touched mine while we lay there made me feel more alive than I’d ever felt before. The passion in our kisses rose and our tongues began to explore again. I felt Matt’s hands run

down my arms to my hips. His hands were strong and he was touching me less hesitantly now. I felt his masculine energy flowing from his hands, his lips, the bulge in his shorts that pressed into my legs. All these feelings were so new to me that they might have completely overwhelmed me. I think Matt sensed this in some way and while he did nothing to hide his passion or stop the flow of his energy, he did manage to keep me relaxed and without any apprehensions. Perhaps it was the way he would stop every so often and look into my eyes, or the slow pace with which he made love to me. Whatever it was, it worked. Never once during that night did I have a real doubt about what I was doing there.

It seemed liked we did nothing but kiss and touch for an hour or more. Matt began to kiss my neck and nibble at my ear lobes - no guy had ever done this before and I was surprised by how vigorously my body reacted to the feel of his lips and hot breath on my neck. I felt my panties grow wetter each time his teeth grazed the skin on the nape of my neck. I grew bolder as a result and began to let my hands explore his chest, arms and back. His skin was warm and soft to the touch and I loved to feel his muscles flex and bend under my touch as he moved next to me.

Matt’s hands found my breasts time and time again. He was so gentle with them, cupping me as if they might break. He found my nipples and played with them in such magical ways - for a moment I thought they were directly linked to the tingly feeling in my belly. He began to kiss down my neck to my chest, his tongue tasting me as his hands moved behind me to unclasp the lacy bra. I pulled off the limp fabric as he unhooked it and felt his lips on my nipple. Then his tongue. Then the gentle bite of his teeth on my hard, hard nipples. I felt that tingle in my belly grow.

He rolled onto his back, his hands pulling my hips onto his so that I was straddling him. “Don’t stop.” I implored. He never removed his mouth from my nipples as his hands run up and down the long expanse of my back. He kissed every inch of the skin on my chest and then returned to my nipple as his hands slid down to my the muscular curves of my ass. My tingle grew. I felt them explore me there, at first over the fabric of my panties then more bravely sliding between the lace and my skin. He bit my nipple again and moved one hand from my butt to my breast where he gently kneaded the mound of my breast. Feeling his hips between my thighs made me ache for him, a feeling only intensified by the bulge of his cock that pressed into my leg and mons.

The tingle grew again and I realized I was drawing close to having an orgasm. He seemed to sense this and his hands seemed to take in more of my skin. I looked down at Matt, his beautiful lips sucking on my nipple, and he looked up at me as he pulled the nipple gently with his teeth. I think it was his gaze that put me over the edge and I felt myself coming.

I ground my pelvis into his legs and bulging sex as I clenched my legs together and cried out, never looking away from his eyes. “Matt.... oh my god... Matt... I’mmm.... ohhhhh.” I wrapped my arms

around him pulling his head into my chest as I felt the warmth of my orgasm spread throughout my body and mind. “Ohhh Matt.”

I collapsed on Matt’s chest, the euphoria of my climax leaving me limp, satisfied, and perhaps a bit embarrassed. I’d never come with anybody else before and I felt self-conscious. His arms were wrapped around me, holding me on top of him, our chests pressed together, my face in his neck, his smell strong in every breath I took. “I’ve never had anybody make me feel that way Matt. That was amazing.” I honestly would have lain upon his chest for the rest of the night. “I wish you could have felt that.”

He held me for a long time, then his hands started to slide up and down my back. I loved it when he would reach the top of my ass and then press his hands into the small of my back or cup me with his warm palms. “I think I am already feeling a bit of what you felt.” His touch was driving me again. I kissed his neck and pushed myself up, off of his chest. His hands were on the lowest part of my waist, over my panties. I looked into his eyes and as I did so I felt my pussy grow wet yet again.

“I want to make you feel good Matt.” I leaned down and kissed him hard on those perfect lips of his. My hands running across his chest. I began to slide down his body, kissing him where ever there was skin. I didn’t really know what I was doing though I had a general idea - a host of teen movies from the 80s had given me more than enough of an idea about how to do what I wanted to do next. As I slide down I had to raise my hips off of him to allow me to pass over the swollen, warm bulge in his shorts. I’d look up at him occasionally and see him smiling down at me with big beautiful eyes. I let my tongue explore his belly button as I found my hands on the waist band of his shorts. Feeling a bit coy, I looked up at him as I kissed the head of his cock through the fabric, “You know I’ve never seen a man up close and excited like this before.” He didn’t say a word and I felt as though I were the only thing that existed for him right now.

I could smell his sex as I slid his shorts down, over his hips. He helped by bridging himself up a bit and soon the shorts were pushed off under the covers and I was face to... face? with his sex. Beginning to panic a bit I quickly grasped it and began to stroke it as I looked at it with utter fascination. I was amazed by how large he was. My hands weren’t big, but I could have double fisted his cock and still seen a bit of his head which was dark red and tipped with a few drops of clear fluid. More impressive than his length was the girth which I felt pulse in my grasp. My fingers could just barely wrap around it and touch - making me wonder how much pain would come later. It had a wonderful texture - soft, smooth skin that slid over the hard muscle, the spongy head, the large, loose sack that held the firm egg-shaped balls. I kissed the head, the shaft, his balls.

I looked up to see if I was doing ok. He was intently focused on me, expecting something, wanting something. I slid my hand to the bottom of his cock and placed my mouth at the tip of his head where

his precum was dripping. I opened my mouth and slid it over the head. It felt so warm and the taste of his salt was unlike anything I'd ever had before. I let my tongue run along the bottom and tried to slide him deeper into my mouth. I took a few more inches and felt my lips stretch around him. Looking up again I saw his eyes closed and a huge smile on his face - I was doing something right. I began to slide those first few inches back and forth across my lips getting used to the feel of flesh. My hand felt him grow just a bit harder when I started and I figured he was as large as he would get.

I continued to stroke the base of his cock and tried to take a bit more of him in as I bobbed down on him. I felt his head begin to push farther and farther back in my mouth as his hips started to thrust a bit in time with my bobbing head. His hands reached down and I felt him run his fingers through my hair and then grasp my head and begin to pull in down on to him. I was scared at first, the loss of control frightened me as I didn't know what I was doing, nor what would happen. I didn't want to disappoint him though so I let him control the situation as much as I could. I felt his cock press deeper and deeper on each thrust and my jaw began to ache a bit - I'd heard so many times that I couldn't let my teeth cut him so I kept my mouth wide open. His thrusts became more urgent and I could taste more and more of his salty fluid. I felt he was close but each time his cock pressed into my throat now I felt like gagging. I so wanted to make him happy but a panicky 'can't breathe' feeling had started to creep into my mind and I wasn't sure I'd be able to take it much longer. I also had no idea what it would be like when he did have an orgasm... would it be a small mouthful or several, would it taste like the precum or different, would it shoot out fast, or spill out more slowly or just kinda seep out.

I got my answer much sooner than I expected. As I worried about all these issues I heard Matt groan then call my name as he pulled my head down onto his cock. A moment later I felt a hot forceful spurt hit my throat, instantly causing me to feel like I was choking. I tried to pull off but was slowed by his grasp and felt another spurt flow into my mouth over my tongue. Then another and another... far too much to swallow and I felt it leak out around his cock, over my lips. I finally pulled off of him and the last spurt landed on my lips. I could taste the salty, musky, metallic cum on my lips and tongue. I looked up at him, his sperm dripping down my chin, hoping desperately to see him look happy. I was rewarded perfectly. He looked down at me and I saw him totally wrapped up in what he saw. I licked my lips clean for him, knowing somehow that this would make it even sexier for him - the taste wasn't great but knowing that it was his taste made it delicious. I wiped the excess from my chin and from his softening cock. "Did you like?"

He didn't answer. He pulled me up and pushed me onto my back and then kissed me hard and deep. He must have tasted himself but didn't seem to mind at all. The kiss was long, passionate, deep and assured me that he had appreciated everything that had just happened. I felt his hands on me again, his kisses becoming more passionate. So much had already happened that night - my mind was racing.

“Matt?” I whispered into the cool air.

He stopped, knowing that something had changed in the mood we had set. “Amy? Are you ok?” He rolled onto his side next to me, his head propped on his arm.

“Oh my god am I ok. Matt ... I’m completely overwhelmed by all of this. I feel soooo good. I don’t want it to end.” I dared look into his eyes at the end of my declaration and saw his passion burning.

He reached out, traced a line down my nose, across my lips, my chin, my throat and neck, between my breasts. “It doesn’t have to end, does it?”

I rolled on to my side so that we were now face to face. I realized that any self-consciousness I might have had about my body had evaporated - I was actually enjoying the attention he was giving to my body. But a discussion about my self-consciousness wasn’t what I had in mind. “Matt, I dunno how to say this so I think I’ll just say it.” I looked into his eyes, worried and self-conscious of the truth I was to speak. “Matt I’ve never done any of this before.”

A confused look flashed across his face before the smile replaced it. “Amy its ok. The first time I slept with my coach was really weird too... and he was a guy.” The widening smile on his delicious lips betrayed his joke.

I can’t believe that I did this, but my reaction was to smile at him while I punched him hard in his chest. “No Matt.” I rolled my eyes at his teenage boy humor. I realized that I had to just say it. “I’m a virgin. I’ve never been with a guy, no guy has ever even felt me up before tonight. I’ve never given a guy a blow job before, or anything like this.”

His attitude changed instantly from playful to concerned. “Ohhhh. I ... errr” His look was changing from concern to terrified in front of me. I felt my own confidence implode as his look changed.

“Matt... listen. I want this. I want you and I to be here tonight. I’m totally sure I want to be here right now, with you. I just wanted you to know. Because I’m not at all sure what I’m doing and I’m also a bit scared about what is going to happen, you know?”

Concern was returning to his face as his had reached out to caress my cheek. “I think I know - I mean I can understand you being scared.” He paused as he seemed to consider what to say next. “We don’t have to do anything, you know that, right?”

“Yes. But I want to.”

He leaned forward and gently kissed me. I realized that I was in control of the situation and considered what I really wanted. I did want to become a woman that night - I really wanted to feel Matt inside of me as he held me. I wanted to gain that knowledge of bodies that adults have. I also realized that I had already had so many new experiences that night that I was completely overwhelmed by them. His touch on my body, his kisses, my orgasm, the feel of his cock, the way he tasted, his cum, the intimacy of the blow job. I checked myself and realized that the late hour and all the events of the day had left me tired.

“Would you be mad if we stopped now and just slept? I want to sleep on this before anything else happens.”

His response was immediate and without any trace of disappointment. “Of course Amy. If that is what you want I think its a really good idea.” I smiled at him, then kinda pushed on his shoulder so that he would like flat on his back. I scooted in close to him, put my head on his shoulder, my arm across his chest, my leg over his.

“Don’t you have to go home? I don’t think that you staying out all night at your coach’s house is going to go down well.”

“Don’t worry Matt. They think I’m at Beth’s house. She knows I’m here, but don’t worry - she would never betray me. I can stay here till tomorrow afternoon and not even have to worry about it.” His arm curled around on my shoulder, clutching me tight. He drew up the covers.

“Amy, you are an incredible woman, and I trust you and your decisions.” That made me glow more than my orgasm or any of the feelings I’d experienced. I was head-over-heels in love with Matt at that moment. Of course it was the love of a teen, easily given but deeply felt, all encompassing, and a more than a bit crazy.

I didn’t sleep all that well that night. I don’t think that Matt did either. Just sleeping with a new person in the bed was completely different to me. I kept remembering what had happened and how it had felt. I kept relishing the feeling of my new love. I finally did fall into a deeper sleep just as dawn sky was beginning to lighten. I had these wild dreams that puzzled and delighted me until I woke a few hours later. Matt wasn’t there when I woke, but I heard him downstairs. I used the bathroom and quickly returned to his fluffy comfy bed. I heard him coming up the stairs.

He came into the room with a tray that he put on the bedside table. He was wearing a tee and the same boxers he’d been wearing last night. He smiled and handed me a glass of OJ. “Sleep well beautiful?”

Taking the glass from him I sipped it first. “I only got to sleep a few hours ago. Guess I’ve got a energy running through me.” The juice tasted good. “This tastes great, much better than the taste I woke up with.” I smiled at him letting him know I was joking.

“I squeezed it myself - thought you might like some. And so you know - there are women who would pay to wake up with my taste in their mouth.” He smiled glibly.

“I suppose there are Matt, but I’m not a 75 year old widow in case you haven’t noticed.” I laughed hard enough to risk spilling the juice at my own joke. He just smiled and turned a bit red.

He offered me a cinnamon roll and I took a few bites as he sat on the bed. It felt a bit awkward - I didn’t know what to talk about and had begun to feel a bit self-conscious as I ate, bare-chested, in front of him. I passed him the plate and finished most of the juice. “So you aren’t going to make me go to the pool now and do laps, are you?”

He set the dishes back on the tray and took off his shirt. “No, I was thinking about some other form of exercise actually.” He was grinning in a goofy, innocent way.

“Were you?” I giggled and made room for him.

He slid in beside me and took on a more serious air, “Amy?”

“Yes?”

“I know that you are a virgin and that this is scary, but I really care for you and I won’t hurt you. I’ll be gentle and you are in control, ok?”

I felt that love feeling swell in my chest again. He could have just bent me over and taken me dry right then and I would have thought him an angel. “Kiss me Matt.”

He did. God did he ever. He completely overwhelmed me with the passion of his kisses. His tongue on my lips then in my mouth, dancing with mine. His hands holding my head close to him as his kisses drove me into a frenzy. I let my hands roam across his warm chest and arms, feeling the muscles move under a think layer of hair and skin. I felt myself grow wet as Matt pushed me onto my back and began to kiss my neck. He grasped my wrists, gently but with enough strength so that I couldn’t move. He looked up and whispered, “just feel this, don’t do anything.”

He continued to kiss me, working down to my breasts which lay flat upon my chest, only the nipples standing up proudly over the flat plain of my chest. I whispered back, “Ok Matt, but I want to be naked

with you.” He immediately let go of my wrists and reached down and slid his boxers off, revealing the long, thickness of his manhood. I could see his balls hanging down from his body and felt a longing to touch them. He then grasped the sides of my panties, completely soaked I was sure, and pulled them down the length of my legs. Once he had them off he just looked at me, my arms still up by my ears though he was no longer pinning them there.

I looked up into his eyes trying to understand what he thought. His eyes moved slowly from my toes up along my legs, to the sparse dark triangle over my pussy. H reached out and stroked across the upper part of my thighs, through the hair, and up to my navel, his eyes leading his hand. He reached my breasts and let his eyes linger there as his hand caught up, his fingers drawn to the dark, peaked nipple. He gently toyed with my breast as he looked into my eyes. “Amy, you are so beautiful.” I felt beautiful there... in his gaze, under his touch. I knew that I was beautiful if only to him at that moment and nothing could have made me happier.

I reached up to grasp his face in my hands, wanting his lips on me again. He slid between my legs as I pulled him into the kiss. I spread my legs as I spread my lips and felt his lips touch mine as I felt his cock touch me. I wasn’t sure what to do next so I just kissed him. He kissed back and I could feel his cock pressing against the outer folds of my sex. He reached down and ran his hand from my waist to my breast and let it stay there, teasing my nipple and drawing a moan from my lips. He adjusted his hips somehow and I responded by spreading my legs farther apart for him. He was ready I could feel it, and I thought that I was too. I wanted to feel him in me, spearing up through my virginity, filling me, fulfilling me.

Instead he began to kiss down my body again. This time he stopped only briefly at my nipples while he let his hands run down to my waist, my hips and then one of them found my sex. I’d never felt anything like his touch on me, it tickled in the best way and the gentle, assured movement of his caress drove me wild. I felt him slide a finger just inside me, dipping into the flow of my cum that would have allowed a sandpaper tube to slide into me easily. He kissed down to my belly as his fingers found my clit and began to work around it with the slightest, most exquisite pressure. He slid down on the bed and I looked down to see him looking up at me as he spread the flower of my sex apart and leaned in to kiss me.

A spark like none other I’d yet experienced raced from my pussy to my belly to my head and back again. His tongue flicked across the nipple-sized bud of my clit and I moaned out, then called his name. He continued to lick me there, and I felt my cum drip down from my sex to my thighs and ass. His tongue and lips continued to bring me head-long towards orgasm as I felt him slip a finger between my lips and deeper into my sex. It seemed they only penetrated an inch or less before I felt them hit the obstruction of my hymen. I’m not sure how long he stayed there, but it only felt like a few seconds before my orgasm surprised me with its intensity as his tongue continued to flick across and

toy with my bud. I screamed out, some awkward string of vowels that ended with “ohhhh Matt... ohhhh god.”

He moved off of my soaking pussy and slid up along my body over me kissing me from time to time until we were face to face again. I could smell my sex on his lips and I kissed him hard, tasting my own salt on his lips as I wallowed in the glowing warmth of my orgasm. “That was incredible. I never thought it could be sooo... Oh god Matt.”

He smiled and kissed me, and I realized that my legs had spread again for him and felt him pressed against my sex again. I looked down between us and saw his hardness poised at my sex. I looked up into his eyes, he looked into mine, questioning me. Without saying a word I gave him the permission he sought, reaching out to hug him close to me, wanting to feel the safety of his body next to me. He fell into me, his weight a blanket of desire and lust. I kissed his neck and whispered “yes” as I felt his thickness press itself between my wet lips. His hips adjusted themselves a bit and I felt him slip in a bit deeper. He withdrew completely, leaving me longing for his warmth again, but then pressed in to me again quickly.

This time he slid in deeper and I felt myself spreading to accommodate his incredible thickness. I spread my legs a bit more hoping that would ease things, but not sure I was going to be able to consummate my love for Matt as his size seemed insurmountable. Again he withdrew and pushed back in, this time he slipped in deep enough to press up against my virginity. I felt the pressure against me down there and knew it would hurt when he pushed through. I began to get that panicky feeling again.

“Matt. Stop... please... wait.” He instantly withdrew leaving me empty again. He rolled off of me and caressed my face.

“Are you ok? Did I hurt you Amy?” He looked so concerned.

“No... no you didn’t. I just kinda freaked out. I’m sorry Matt - I want this sooo badly. You are being so good to me.”

He leaned forward and kissed me as I moved to face him. We were lying side by side, the covers down by our ankles. “Do you think it would be better if you were on top? You could control things that way, you know?”

I considered this for a moment, “That sounds like a good idea but I think I’m mostly just scared because I don’t know what I’m doing. I think being on top would make that even worst. I’m sorry Matt...”

He pressed a finger to my lips, looked deep into my eyes. “Its ok. Look we don’t have to do anything, right? Maybe we should just hang out, you know?”

I kissed him. He was giving me exactly what I wanted which just made me want him more and more. I kissed him harder, letting my tongue dance across his wonderful lips. I rolled onto my back, pulling him on top of me as I did so. That wonderful weight pressed back on me. “No Matt, I want this. I want you. Just hold me close.”

He looked at me for a long time, then kissed me as he ran his hand up and down the side of my body, from my hip to my waist to by breast to my neck. We kissed again, our lips locked as if providing a conduit for our passions. I felt his cock press against me again. He gently bit my neck just below my earlobe and whispered “wrap your legs around me.”

I was already spread for him but readjusted myself, tilting my pelvis a tad and wrapping my long legs around his narrow, strong hips. The angle changed and he instantly slipped into the folds of my pussy. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, now my whole body was in contact with him. His kisses drove me wild as I felt his cock slip in deeper and press against the barrier of my virginity again. He kissed me again, withdrew and slid in again, this time more pressure against the thin but defiant membrane.

He whispered, “I don’t want to hurt you Amy, are you sure?”

“Yes Matt, please...” I felt him push forward, a moment of hesitation as my body tried to keep the skin from breaking and then a pinch that really surprised me with the sharpness of the pain. Without the barrier to keep him out and with the amount of my cum and his precum mixed with the blood he quickly slid almost all the way into me. The length and thickness of his organ filling me more than I ever expected I’d be filled. I cried out as my hymen broke and felt my fingers dig into the strong, muscled skin on his back.

His cock pressed forward just a bit and I think I felt it press against my cervix. Matt didn’t move it as he pulled back from our hug and looked into my eyes, concern and lust mixed in equal parts in his gaze. “Are you ok?”

“Yes... I felt a tear roll from my eye. I’m fine. It hurts, you’re really big in there... but it also feels so good Matt. Just go slow, ok?”

He smiled more with his eyes than his lips and I felt him pull out and then press in again. The feeling was sooo odd - a mix of pain from the torn skin and pure sexual sensations unlike any I’d ever felt

before. When he pressed into me I'd feel this blissful tiingle as our pubic bones met and spread a wonderful pressure into my clit. I couldn't stop looking at his face as he slowly made love to me. I touched his chest, his lats, his back but never stopped gazing into his beautiful eyes. The pain begin to go away and the pleasure began to increase. I felt him holding back as if he wanted to go faster but had been reigned in.

"Its ok Matt... I feel better now. Do you want to go faster?"

He looked at me like I'd given him a present. I felt his press his hips into mine with more urgency. His thrusts grew faster, deeper and I'm not sure but I could swear I felt his member grow larger in the narrowness of my pussy. He lifted most of his body off of me, occasionally he would look down between us and I would look at this novel new sight too. I could see his arms and chest muscles flexed while my breasts lay relaxed and my nipples grew redder. I watched as his cock disappeared into me and then was revealed again when the tangle of our hair separated when he pulled out.

"Matt this feels so good... Oh my god..."

I felt him really thrust in to me hard, my breasts rolling about on my chest. He grunted softly and I saw that his balls were no longer hanging down from his body, and the shaft of his cock, slick with my fluids, red with my blood, slid fast and sure into me. My head began to spin with the sensations. I looked up into his eyes. He was so intently focused on me that when our eyes did meet he cried out, "Amyyyy..... uhhhhhhhhhh" and I felt his hips slam the long shaft of his cock deep into me and then felt it twitch and twitch as the tension in his face changed from the tight intensity of lust to the gentle softness of what I thought must be love.

He collapsed onto me and I felt a few drops of cum and blood leak out, dripping down my ass. I held him tight against me. Stroking his back and drinking in all the feelings both physical and emotional that were racing through every inch of my person. I was a woman now, at least by one definition and I felt so good I thought I might burst. My pussy felt a bit tender but I was tingling there too. Matt's cock shrank inside me and I felt more of our mingled cum slide out of my cleft and down my ass onto his sheets. Matt kissed me and looked into my eyes, "Thank you."

I was confused by this, "Why?"

"You gave me something that you can't ever give again. You are beautiful and sexy and I just wanted you to know how I feel." He rolled off of me, stretched out beside me. I looked down and saw his cock, much smaller now, and covered with my blood.

I didn't know how to respond to those words, they actually confused me a bit. I felt more blood and

cum leaking out of me though. “Ummm, Matt? I think that I’m staining your sheets. I didn’t realize that there would be this much blood.”

He sprang out of bed and fetched a towel, gently wiped me down with it and then placed it under my hips. It was probably already too late though, I’d bled more than I thought I would and the sheets were stained with it.

Matt drew my attention away and reassured me when he asked, “When can I see you again Amy?”

I smiled, thinking that I didn’t ever want to leave. “Well, how ‘bout Wednesday night? I could come over for a few hours. I hadn’t planned on leaving quite yet though.”

“I know... I’m not throwing you out, I just wanted you to know I want to see you again.”

“I’d like that Matt, I’d like that a lot.” I laid my head on his shoulder, feeling more alive and feminine than I’d ever felt in my life. “Matt? Did you like it? I mean, did I ... ummm... was I ok?”

He stroked my hair as he breathed slowly under my head. “Amy that was beautiful. I enjoyed it like you can’t imagine.”

I stroked his chest, running my hands through the hair there. “But was I, like good? I mean did I do anything wrong? You know I’m kinda unsure about this stuff.”

He chuckled a bit, “Kiddo you didn’t do anything wrong. I think you were really nervous because it was your first time and that made you a bit stiff, but that’s ok. I think everybody is that way their first time. Its like swimming - you gotta practice to be comfortable and good. And you know it doesn’t hurt to have a coach....”

“Oh really? Are you going to make me do laps around your bed, coach? Going to blow your whistle the next time you are in me?” I slapped my hand down on his chest.

“Drop and give me 20 kiddo.”

“20? Only 20? If you are going to dream, you might as well dream big coach. Why not 50? or 20 and a blow job while I’m down there?”

“Damn, I knew you would make a great captain. 50 and a blow job it is.”

We lay there together for awhile then fell asleep. I woke up a few hours later. Matt was spooning me,

his arm draped over me like a blanket. It was another new experience - feeling the warmth of his body next to me, the slow steady feel of his breath on my neck, the feeling of safety and tenderness. He stirred and pressed in closer to me, I felt his sex, now soft, press against the cold skin of my ass. I pushed back a bit, want to feel more of him. I did feel more of him but he began to stir from his sleep. He didn't say a word as he moved his hand from my belly up to by breast, cupping me gently. He kissed my neck and I could feel his breath hot on my neck. He gently tweaked my nipple as he kissed my neck, then my ear lobe. His hand left my breast and slid down to my hips, then back to my ass. He let his hand explore the curves there, even sliding into the crack and across my back door. I felt a rush of excitement as he did so, thinking how I had no secrets from this man, and also sensing a physical pleasure as his hand placed even the slightest pressure against me.

His hand worked between my legs to my pussy which he began to stroke gently. I felt his cock grow hard against the small of my back but didn't want to do anything - I was enjoying the way he was paying so much attention to me. His hand began to work its magic on my pussy and I grew wet again, my smell obvious to both of us. He slipped a couple fingers into me and began to tickle me in the most amazing way. The movement of his fingers in me was so different than the movement of his cock and his fingers were harder and less form fitting. I heard a few moans escape from my lips as his kisses became more urgent and his hips began to press his now fully hard cock into me.

Stopping him, I rolled over and pushed Matt onto his back, his eyes happy with me. I kissed him on those beautiful lips and straddled him, the shaft of his cock just touching my ass. He looked me up and down and it was so plain that he enjoyed looking at me. This was quite the ego stroke for me as I'd never thought much of my small breasts and thin hips. He began to say something but I pressed a finger to his lips. I replaced the finger with my lips and reached down to grasp him.

His cock felt good in my hand again. I was in awe of its ability to change from a stumpy little tube to the thick, long muscle. I stroked it a few times and then lifted my hips off of Matt's, and placed the fat head of his cock against me. He pushed his hips up, trying to get in, but the angle wasn't right. I stroked the head of his cock across my lips then shifted my hips allowing his cock to slip into my we folds. He looked into my eyes as I let go of his shaft and pushed my hips back a bit. God the look in his eyes was just as good as the feeling of his cock as it slid into me. I sat up straight on his hips, his cock almost fully inside my pussy and looked down at him. He eyes were dancing across my body and were soon joined by his hands. They ran across my breasts, sides, waist, belly, hips, and ass as I began to wiggle my hips back and forth as I was impaled on the shaft. As we fucked I realized that from this angle his cock pushed in deeper into me - his head brushing against my cervix after almost ever stroke.

Our pubic bones ground into each other perfectly at this angle and I soon felt my excitement rising. He grasped my hips and started moving them back and forth - the urgency of his movements

betraying his rising level of excitement. I started to moan and put my hands on his chest, then leaned forward to kiss him. Leaning forward began to push me over the edge... I felt myself closing in on my orgasm.

“Matt... oh my god... I’m cumming.” I felt so filled, so happy, I wanted him to be there with me. “Cum with me Matt... cum in me.”

He thrust hard and deep into me as I began to cum, crying out as the emotion and sensations completely overwhelmed me. He was moments behind... I felt him pressing his hips in and as the twitching throb of his penis gently kissed my depths I convinced myself that I felt his jetting cum spray into me. I held his head against to a breast as I came down from the high of my orgasm. He kissed me gently, the sweat from his forehead cool on my chest. “God, I never thought it would feel this good.” I whispered into his ear.