

Taking Jamal's Cherry

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I sat in my living room on a sizzling hot Saturday in a low-cut pink shirt and a pair of blue jeans waiting for my friend Jamal to come over. Well, actually I was waiting for him to sneak over. Now...before you all start thing you're dealing with a naughty girl here...don't. I'll admit I'm naughty in the bedroom, but everywhere else I'm a straight-laced good girl. My name's Natasha, by the way and I'm eighteen years old. Jamal's eighteen too.

Before leaving for my parents knew full well Jamal was coming over...because he always comes over on Saturday to escape Bible World. Bible World is my nickname I gave Jamal's household life. Jamal's already a Christian, but since his father is the town pastor he's kind of forced to walk in God's light. Jamal doesn't even call his father, Dad; he has to call him Pastor 24/7. He can't listen to any of the music he likes other than gospel because it's deemed as secular. He has child blocks on his TV and computer; I'm surprised his parents let him go to public school with all their rules. Don't get me wrong though, having a good moral standing is a key thing in life, but everything else...is a bit ridiculous in my opinion.

Jamal's 5'6 and 195lbs of pure sexiness with rippling muscles that show through any shirt he wears that sends my pussy into convulsions, his hair's always cut or shaped up, while that dark chocolate skin complexion just begs for sweet kisses. People, you like Jamal can't understand what he does to me by just being in my presence, but awhile ago I found out that I have the same on him.

Every Saturday I'd catch him at one point or another checking me out. With my long black hair, cinnamon brown skin, 38Cs, shapely legs, tiny waist, and round ass I caused a tent in his pants every time his eyes would find my anatomy. We were both sexual attracted to each other and I wanted Jamal to fuck me so badly... but as it turned out due the teachings of Bible World he never made a move. So I'd have to make the first move and why not make it today.

When the doorbell rang my pussy twitched just knowing who was on the other side. I opened the door to see Jamal standing there in all his hotness wearing a tight red shirt and black pants with a

silver chain necklace on. He gave me a salute gesture with a gentle grin and made his way inside giving me a hug.

“What took you so long?” I asked. “Been waiting over for awhile,”

He stroked my cheek, which sent chills up my spine and replied, “I had to wait for Pastor to leave.”

When he comes over, we do everything Jamal wants to because when he goes home he no chance to. Everything is the Devil’s work at his house.

We sat down on the living room couch and watched 8 Mile because Eminem is Jamal’s favorite rappers. As we watched movie, Jamal’s eyes began leering up and down my body. If he had heat vision he would’ve burned my clothes off.

“Do you want something to drink?” I asked seeing sweat form on his brow.

I went into the kitchen grabbing two sodas for us. Coming back into the living room stepped in front of the TV to hand him a soda. Leaning over the coffee table I unknowingly gave him a full view of my cleavage...and Jamal didn’t hesitate to feast his eyes on my ample breasts.

“See something you like Jamal?” I said smiling teasing him.

“Sorry Natasha,” He apologized. “I shouldn’t have been looking at you like that.”

“Like what?”

“Like that...you know with impure thoughts,”

“Impure thoughts about me,” I said in a questioning tone.

Jamal looked away from me in shame and embarrassment.

“I shouldn’t be having them,”

“Oh no, it’s okay,” I told him sitting back down next to him noticing the small bulge in his pants.

“This is your chance Natasha...take it girl. Take it,” My mind told me and I was definitely going to.

“Let’s go to my room,” I putting my arm around him.

“Y-Your room,” Jamal stuttered. “What about the movie?”

“We can finish it later,” I said standing up. “Come on...I wanna show you something,”

As we walked upstairs I could feel his eyes on my ass.

“God please don’t let him bust a nut in his pants,” I silently prayed.

We made it to my room and I lead him by hand inside. My room was painted pink with posters of my favorite music artists on the wall, my bed sheets were the same color as my wall with stuffed animals around my pillows.

“Your room’s nice,” Jamal said as we sat on my bed.

“Thanks,” I replied overlooking the room with my eyes.

When my eyes found Jamal, his were focused once again on my chest.

“Awww...this boy needs some loving,” I said inwardly.

I lowered my face down to meet his. He picked his head up blushing for being caught leering again.

“Have you ever been with a girl, Jamal?” I asked.

The cutest response came from his mouth as he said, “Well, yeah, I’m with girls everyday at school and I’m with you every weekend, Natasha.”

Virgin Alert! That was an obvious no, I didn’t respond to his statement and slipped my shoes off then stood up pulling my shirt off.

“Natasha, what are you doing?” He asked when he saw my black bra.

I didn’t a word and slid my jeans down, stepping out of them to reveal my matching black panties.

Jamal sat in pure amazement as his best friend stood before him in all her womanly glory.

“This is sinful, Natasha.” He said staring at my voluptuous body.

Jamal tried with all his might to look away from me, but male desires wouldn't allow him to.

"We have to be married for me to see you like this."

It was too cute hearing the influences of Bible World coming out of Jamal's mouth, but it wasn't his fault. He'd had religion hardwired into his brain since birth.

"Sinful? If it's so sinful than why can't you stop staring at me?" I said sitting back down on my bed.

My eyes spotted the bulge in his pants and placed my hand on it, rubbing it gently.

"Someone doesn't think its sinful now do they? We can do this Jamal, if this gets too much for you, we can stop." I told him.

"Mmmm," Jamal let out a low moan as his manhood began to grow underneath my hand.

My panties started to moisten as his cock grew longer and longer. This boy was horse hung and had no idea how to use it...but that would all change in after today. As I rubbed his cock a bit harder, I leaned in and kissed his lips softly. I had to kiss him a few before he started kissing me back...and he was a good kisser. After I pried his lips apart with my tongue, I became caught up in the warmth of his mouth, rotating between sucking his top and bottom lip as our tongues danced together. The kiss was so passionate, it was absolutely spellbinding. Jamal smiled and blushed after we broke his very first kiss.

"Lay back, Jay." I said pushing him lightly on my bed.

Jamal did as I told him and fell back on my bed. I lay down with him, kissing him some more, while my hands never left his crotch. I slowly unbuckled and unzipped his pants and looked to him for approval, which he gave me with a gentle smile. I slid to the edge of the bed and pulled his pants down. I could tell he was nervous so I asked; "You ready?" and he just nodded his head in reply.

Pulling his boxers down, I gasped at what I was looking at. Jamal had a ten inch chocolate baby-maker.

"Damn," I said to myself, if I wanted to fuck him before, I damn sure wanted to fuck him now.

I wrapped my hand around the base of his cock, stroking it up and down. Jamal began to give me gasping moans of pleasure.

"You like that baby?" I said stroking a bit faster.

"Mmmmm! Y- -Yeah," He stuttered letting out gasping moans.

I jerked his cock alternating between jerking it slowly and jerking it quickly listening to him pleasurable exclamations.

"Ooooooh," He moaned and began whispering my name. "Natasha, Natasha- -I feel..."

Jamal cut himself off with loud moans and satisfying sighs as he was about to cum, but I gripped his manhood tightly.

"Nope...not yet Jay," I said with a grin. "I want you do something for me first,"

"What?" He asked with a confused look on his face.

I stood up and pulled my dripping wet panties off. "I want you to lick my pussy,"

Jay smiled and blushed because I said pussy. "That's a bad word," He told me.

I couldn't help but laugh at him. "No it's not,"

Jamal got on all fours crawled to the edge of the bed, my cunt directly in his face. I grabbed the back of his head and pushed his face into my womanhood. I suddenly felt his tongue hit my love core and he was a natural pussy lick. His tongue licked and lapped me up.

"Ooooooh," I moaned loudly. "You're a natural baby. Don't stop!"

Jamal obliged me by shoving his wet tongue into me, giving a nice and hard tongue fuck.

"Oh....oh God! I'm gonna cum, Jay! Keep going, please keep going!" I screamed at him.

Bible World began to fade away as Jamal reached up, took off my bra, and started teasing my nipples with his thumb and forefinger continuing to kiss and lick my pussy.

"Stick your fingers inside," I said through moans.

Jay fingered and feasted on my cunt until I couldn't take it anymore and came all over his face.

"Aw fuck....oh my goodness....Oh God! I'm cumming, I'm cumming!"

Jamal licked my juices off his face. "Mmmm, you taste good, girl."

"You wanna fuck this pussy now don't you, Jay?"

"Mmhm," Was the reply gave Jay before giving me a furious kiss.

"Damn," I said to myself as his lips entrapped mine in another passionate kiss.

Jamal pulled me back up on the bed.

"You're so beautiful," He said as climbed on top of me.

I felt my body relax preparing to take in ten inches of chocolate.

Jamal grabbed his hard dick and slid it deep within me, "Ooh, Jay, you feel so good,"

Jamal's strokes were long and deep, pleasing my pussy.

"That's it, baby. Fuck me just like that,"

A mix of pleasure and pain traveled throughout my pelvis, all the way down to my toes. Each stroke was hard and deep, hitting my g-spot each and every time. Before I knew it my juices began to flow like a river, but the visual of my white cream all over Jamal's cock turned me on even more. Jamal gave me another hard thrust and it hurt.

"Ahh," I yelled, overwhelmed by the size of him.

Seeing the pain on my face, Jamal tried to pull out, but I stopped him. "I'm fine. Keep going Jay,"

Jamal slowed his pace down a bit, giving me deep but slower strokes.

"You like this?" He asked gently pumping his cock in and out me.

"Loving it," I replied and I was. I spent many a night touching myself to thoughts of this and now it was actually happening.

"I'm loving it too, Natasha." He told me as I caught his thrust and threw it back at him.

“Don’t stop sweetie...please don’t stop. You’re gonna make me cum, Jay. Ooooh,”

I felt Jamal’s body tighten and his muscles lock up. He was about to cum and so was I. We both gave out loud sounds of pleasure as we came and we came heavily as cum saturated us and my bed sheets.

Jamal lay on his back silently with my arms wrapped around him.

“You okay,” I asked noticing how quiet he was.

“Yeah, just a bit dizzy,” He explained.

The dizziness was due to him cumming so hard. I kissed his face and forehead as the dizziness went away.

“Was that good?” He asked stroking my hair.

“It was amazing, Jay.” I told him as he began to nod off.

I let Jamal fall asleep in my arms and I began caressing him softly. I brushed a few strands of hair from his face when I suddenly heard my mom call my name as she started knocking on my bedroom door.