To Clumsy Feet and Prada Knock-Off's

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Dev experiences his first time with Tina at a college party

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I’m 18 and I’m still a virgin.

Yes, I know: it sounds like something from an AA meeting. Hi, my name is Devlin Grey, I’m 18, and I’m a virgin. Please help cure me of my disability.

Really, though, it’s embarrassing! Christ, if the guys knew, they would never stop harassing me. *What a loser you are, Dev, can’t even bag a chick.*

It’s not that I can’t bag a chick; I’ve had girlfriends - lots of girlfriends - and I’ve even played around with some of them. I’ve sucked on some titties, and gave Julie’s pussy a little finger-fuck once at the movie theater before she started freaking out, thinking someone might see. The fucking room was all but empty, since we were at some stupid, flitty-flighty chick flick she just *had* to see, and it was dark! Who the hell was going to see anything? I couldn’t see anything!

But, that is beside the point. The point is, I’m still a goddamn fucking virgin.

Why, you ask? Because I live in Lodge fucking Grass, Montana.

So what, you think? Have you ever lived in a small town before? Well then, let me enlighten you: everyone knows what color your shit is before you do. I can’t just wham-bam-thank-you-ma’am Julie, the minister’s daughter, without everyone knowing about it!

To be completely honest, I was getting a little worried thinking I’d actually have to get married before I got to dip my wick in a little pussy jelly. If that’s not a depressing thought, I don’t know what is.

That’s why I decided to go on a little road trip to Missoula, where my brother, Jack, is going to college at Montana University. Mom thinks I’m here to check out the campus, but what I’m really checking out are the parties and all the hot college chicks.

Jesus, they are everywhere! There are more girls at the college than there are people living in Lodge Grass. And since its July, they're all dressed in mini-skirts and tight fitting tank tops.

I'm in heaven.

Tonight, Jack and I are going to some all night boozer at one of the frat houses. There's no doubt about it; I'm gonna get drunk, party-hardy, and get laid.

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Tina weaved through the crowd, the music pounding terribly in her head. She caught a glimpse of her friend, Daisy, disappearing into the kitchen, and was trying to squeeze through all the bumping and grinding to get to her. It had been a long night, and she still had to study for her philosophy final. She would never keep her scholarship if her grade point average didn't stay up.

Which meant it was curfew time for Tina Palmer. Yippee.

Above the thud of the bass, she heard the tinkle of Daisy's laughter in the direction of the staircase, and angled herself in that direction. When she saw her friend heading up the stairs with some dark haired guy, Tina tried to call out to her, but she vanished around a corner.

Great, she thought to herself, knowing that Daisy was going to be a little preoccupied for a while. She couldn't just leave; the two of them had come to the party together.

The pounding in her head increased, and irritation completely snapped her patience when someone stepped on her foot; "Shit!" She pulled her foot back and looked down to see if there was any damage done to her favorite Prada knockoff sandals, "Could you be any fucking clumsier?" She looked up, and felt a jolt go through her body.

He was so handsome, so young; kind of like Johnny Depp during his *21 Jump Street* years. His brown hair was short around his ears, yet it dipped down in the front just low enough to tickle his eyelashes. His eyes were a deep ocean blue. Though he still had a lankiness that spoke of youth, his shoulders were broad, and his tall frame held wiry muscles. When his hands came up to steady her, Tina noticed that his hands were large, masculine, and held the calluses that spoke of constant outdoor use. Despite his young age, she could tell that he would eventually become a Man.

"Christ, I'm sorry!" His voice was deep, almost musical, and a sensual little shiver raced up her spine. Tina stood there for a moment, staring up at him dumbfounded. Then, from behind, she was accidentally shoved forward into his arms. She caught a whiff of his cologne - dark and forbidden -
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and felt her stomach clench.

When his blue eyes darkened with concern, she found her voice; “It’s alright. I’m sorry I snapped at you.”

He smiled a great big grin, and Tina nearly chuckled at the sight of the childlike joy. “Here,” he said, taking her elbow and began to pull her toward the kitchen, “Let me make it up to you.”

“No, that’s not necessary…”

He flashed another one of his grins, his enthusiasm making her feel bad for trying to tell him no, “Aww, com’on, I was just gonna get you a drink.”

For a moment, a little inner voice reminded her about the pile of notes she needed to study, the study sheet she had planned on filling in, the paper she needed to edit before she handed it in the next morning. Yet, when he turned back around with that sweet smile and a beer in his hand, Tina felt her heart rat-a-tat, and she decided to let the responsibilities go for this one evening.

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There I was, minding my own business - not half as drunk as I want to be, but having a grand ol’ time dancing a little dirty with a couple girls - when a blond vision starts hissing at me like a cat just because I accidentally step on her foot. Dream girl can hiss and scratch at me all she wants, cause she is B-E-A-*U*-tiful. Not pretty, like the girls who are pressed up against me right now, but *beautiful*.

Her hair is long and straight, and is the color of the ripe hay I have to help my uncle harvest during the fall. I got a glimpse of chocolate brown eyes and plump red lips before her head dropped down to examine the damage my big feet caused. My eyes follow, much slower, when she looks down.

Though her breasts are small - at least compared to the girls I had just been dancing with - they look high and perfect in her low cut tank top. I’m about ready to drool when I continue on to see her tiny waist, and my heart stops when a strap of black lace is revealed on the curve of her full hip as she bends slightly to the side to check out her foot.

Already, I’m imagining myself peeling her skin tight pants down her long legs. Her panties will be a small scrap of black lace that slips up between her sweet little ass, and her skin will be so soft and smooth. When I rid her of that tank, she’ll have on a matching bra that will barely manage to cup her breasts. Dream girl will be moaning and groaning; begging me to touch her, kiss her, to bury myself in her hot, wet cunt.
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Before my day dream could get any further, she's shouting at me. Her eyes are flashing in anger for a moment before they turn curiously blank. I take the moment of silence to apologize, and nearly groan when she wets her bottom lip with her tongue to respond.

Jesus, I'm so fucking hard right now! If I don't do something soon, I'll blow my load in my pants before I even get to kiss her.

You don't think I have a chance at her, I know. She's an unbelievably gorgeous woman, and I'm just a kid almost out of high school. But there is absolutely no doubt in my mind that I'll be losing my virginity deep inside this woman.

So, I drag her over to the kitchen and get us a beer, and she's laughing by the time I get the damn thing open -- I'm so going to score tonight! -- and we toast to clumsy feet and Prada knockoffs (whatever the hell that is).

"I'm Dev, Devlin Gray." Slick as spit, I capture her hand, and give it an innocent little kiss.

Her voice is a low hum when she answers, "Tina Palmer," and I know my brother was right about that move. Chicks *love* a gentleman.

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He's so adorable, standing there holding her hand gently as he lavishes a kiss on its surface. She felt her heart swell just a little at the sweetness of his gesture, though she wasn't naive enough to believe it was done with pure gallantry. More than likely Devlin Gray was trying to get into her pants; a prospect that Tina didn't find all that adverse.

With that thought in mind, her smile broadened flirtatiously. "What's your major, Dev?"

"Major?" His mind was momentarily confused. "Oh, I don't have a major yet. I'm not quite finished with high school."

Tina looked pointedly at the beer in his hand then back up to his eyes, and said, "You don't say."

Dev had enough sense to look abashed, and he smile sheepishly at her; "Ahh, well, it's a stupid law anyway. I'm legally an adult, so…"

He trailed off when he noticed that she was laughing, "You don't have to explain anything to me. I got
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smashed for the first time when I was 16.” Suddenly the laughter stopped and her expression became sober, with just a hint of invitation, “But you’re not 16, are you Dev? You‘re not a kid anymore, right?”

The poor guy managed a croaked, “right,” before his eyes widened as Tina shifted closer to him. She brushed back an arrant lock of hair, and whispered, “Good.”

Then she leaned in, and pressed her lips to his. They were warm and parted easily, eager to taste and enjoy. Though she initiated the kiss, Tina allowed Dev to take control, just to see how he‘d do. He cupped her face gently in his roughened hands, tilted her head just so, and thrust his tongue brazenly into her mouth. Deeply he lapped at her, caressing her tongue with long, lazy strokes that left her burning for more.

Even though the party continued to pound onward at a thunderous, upbeat tempo, nothing but the roar of silence filled her as the kiss continued. She was stunned to think that an 18 year old could kiss so expertly. With each stroke, she shuddered. As he feasted on her lower lip, her legs turned to rubber. When his lips left hers to travel along her jaw line, he left a burning trail that wound to her ear. Hot jolts of pleasure shot through to her core as he pulled a lobe into his mouth, and swirled the sensitive bit of flesh around his talented tongue.

“Jesus,” Tina exclaimed. She stopped him from reclaiming his mouth with a hand on his chest, intent on gathering her composure before she allowed him to take her right there in the midst of a few hundred people. Though they would probably enjoy the spectacle immensely (college students are nothing but a bunch of horn-dogs anyway), Tina had just an ounce of modesty left after that soul stealing kiss.

“Tina,” he sighed her name, and pulled her against his hard body. As he dipped down to take her mouth once more, he begged, “I need you.”

Her body thrilled in his plea; her breasts swelled, and her nipples tightened. When he pressed against her, she felt his arousal firmly against her abdomen, and became instantly wet. “So I see.” Tina wrapped her arms around his neck, and speared her fingers into his hair. With a hand, she pulled his head down so that she could whisper in his ear: “Dev, dance with me.”

The song was not a slow, sweet song. Amy Lee’s voice rang out high and pure about the Sweet Sacrifice, and they swayed dreamily - left to right, back and forth - with every resounding beat. Everyone was bouncing, crashing up against each other like the bunch of drunken idiots they were, but Tina molded her body against Dev’s, and he wrapped her close in his arms. The guitar screamed with Amy’s promise to forget a name, and Tina wondered if Dev would forget hers’ after tonight. She knew his name would be forever etched into her memory.

When a new song came on, he caught a tendril of her hair, and tugged her head back. Their eyes met, and time suspended for Tina as his lips slowly, so painstakingly slow, lowered. Warm, soft skin brushed against hers, and she felt the heat burn through her lips. He increased the pressure, slipping a hint of tongue across, and into her mouth. She reveled in the way he teased her own tongue into action, till they glided together; slipping and sliding into oblivion.

“Please,” he begged before taking her mouth with hot passion. He stabbed inside, a desperation behind the kiss where there was gentle persuasion before. Tina responded in kind, allowing him to suck her tongue into his mouth as she wrapped her arms around his neck. His hands were kneading her ass, cupping the swell with his palms while massaging just above where she wanted to be touched. She grinded against him, moving up and down against the long, hard rod that was held pressed against his stomach by the restriction of his jeans. Teeth nipped at her lips, plucking them into aching plumpness, plucking her need into an all consuming hunger that burned away everything but him; his tongue, his hands, his body. Then he broke away. “Please.”

“Yes,” she was breathless with anticipation. Tina took him by the hand, and led him to the stairs. They skirted dancing people, and kiss couples; they barely made it by a couple of smashed jocks whose impromptu wrestling match at the foot of the stairs was getting a little out of hand. Up they climbed, and with each step, Tina felt her heart pound harder and harder.

It was strange, for she was no virgin - had not been one for years now. But here, with Dev, she felt reborn into innocence. Her body trembled at the very thought of undressing before him, letting him touch her for the very first time. She couldn’t explain it, nor did she care to.

Tonight was about pleasure.

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We’re in someone’s bedroom now, stuffed with teddy bears and white lace frills. I’d normally think it was disgusting, except it was almost poetic. Pretty surroundings, a beautiful girl, a horny guy, and virginity lost. It sounds like something out of one of those romance, smut books my mom likes to read, except it is the *guy* losing his virginity, not the girl.

As I looking around the room, I hear the snick of the door lock behind me, and my heart begins to pound again. Then I turn around, and there she is, Tina, my dream girl. She’s leaning against the door, her head tipped to the side as she barely makes eye contact, looking just as shy as I suddenly feel.
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I know I'm ready for this; Christ am I ready. But I'm also so freakin nervous. I wonder if she'll like my body, if I'll be able to perform for her, to pleasure her. I wonder if it's true that it only takes minutes, if not seconds, for a guy to finish for his first time, and I hope, if burying my cock in her pussy feels at least as good as I've been dreaming, that it takes a lot longer than a few minutes.

Then, Tina is undressing for me. Slowly, she pulls her shirt over her head and drops it on the floor, and I see that her bra does match that black little strip of panties I saw earlier. With her eyes on mine, she runs her hands over her breasts, cupping and touching them through the flimsy fabric, and I can feel my cock throbbing in response. Then she drags her hands lower.

Ziiip! The sound of her slowly lowering the zipper of her jeans is the sexiest sound I've ever heard. The sight of her bending over to push her jeans down is the most delicious thing I've ever seen. Her legs are long and shapely, her ass a cute little bubble turned erotic with the thin straps that rise high on her hipbones before joining into a tiny triangle which disappears between her cheeks. Her stomach is flat and muscled… She is perfection.

Holy shit, I'm so lucky!

If she were feeling shy moments before, it's gone now. Now she's standing not two feet away from me, one hand wrapped around her waist, the other crossing over her chest in what would have been modest if not for the way her fingers lightly circle her covered nipple. She's teasing the shit out of me, and though it's killing me, I'm loving every second of it.

The air in the room is sultry from our heavy breathing, and we haven't even touched yet. Though it is much quieter in here, I can still hear music clearly through the walls. There is the hum of a hundred people talking, shouting, and doing god knows what that provides a constant background noise. She's watching me, waiting for me, but I can't seem to move.

Then she says: "Are you alright, you look a little pale?" I'm nodding like an idiot bobble head, when I see understanding cross over her face. "You're kinda new to this, aren't you?"

Though I had figured my face was already flushed from watching her strip tease, I can feel my face burn even hotter with embarrassment. This is the end. Why the hell will she want me, a goddamn *virgin*, when she can have her pick of the guys downstairs who will know exactly how to make her scream? She's going to get dressed and walk out that door, and I'm going to have to go home and marry Julie just to get some.

Fuck!

“Well then, I’ll have to make this a night to remember for you, won’t I?”

Oh baby!

“It already is.” She smiles at that, and I can’t believe how smooth that was. I feel like Don fucking Juan and Casanova rolled into one.

“Good,” she says. When I try to get closer to her, to touch the skin that is glowing golden in the soft light, she holds up a hand. “No, just sit down. There, in the chair.”

I turn and see a comfy looking rocking chair in the dark corner of the room, and settle myself into it. Then, alone in the center of the frilly white room, she begins to dance to a song we can barely hear. She’s her own partner; revolving with a sexy little swish of her ass in a tight circle. Her feet, small and tipped in purple paint, bend and flex and point and pivot. She holds her hands away from her body at first, yet they too are dancing; her wrists turn and her fingers (also purple painted) tickle the air with fluid grace. And then they are on her body. Without hesitation or with any bashfulness, they touch all the places I want to touch. With hips swaying back and forth, her hands glide over their supple swell. Then one teases the concave hallow of her belly button, as a flash of purple disappears beneath the scalloped lace of her bra, and I know that she’s caressing a nipple with the same lazy strokes she‘s giving her stomach.

When she turns away, I groan in frustration. When she bends over, I groan louder in thanks. I can now see exactly where that little strip of panty goes: between her sweet cheeks to barely hide the very glorious thing that makes her a woman with a thin, black trail. I want to rip the offending piece of cloth away, to expose her tender places to my greedy eyes, fingers, tongue, dick. And then she makes every thought vanish with one, sneaky, little finger.

Still bent over, her legs splayed wide for my viewing pleasure, she drags a hand up a muscled thigh. Up, up, up it goes, inching ever closer to her feminine heat. But then it skirts along the curve of her ass, up to the top. And then my heart stops as it follows the black trail back down again. When she slips a finger under the trail, tugging it from her just so I can catch the mere glimpse of a golden pelt covering pink swollen lips, my mouth turns dry as dust.

Tina rises and stalks over to me in three, long-legged strides. I want to slide my finger under the black trail, but a sharp shake of her head stops me. She wants to play, to tease me, and I’m more than willing to let her. For now. But I’m starting to feel like the proverbial wounded animal - hurting and desperate - and it is never wise to taunt such a creature without thought to the consequences.

She hikes her leg up, places a dainty foot on the chair between my legs. Five purple toes are but two

very long inches away from my painfully hard cock, but I hardly notice that. She's got that finger back under the black trail, but instead of showing me the way to heaven, she's showing herself there with me watching. I can tell that one of her fingers is buried deep, and for a moment I'm unable to look away from the way she subtly thrusts it further in. Then I notice that she is pinching and twisting her nipples under the cover of black lace, and her head is thrown back and eyes are closed as she rides the pleasure she's giving herself.

Though I'm really enjoying the show, I'm starting to get really jealous of all that black lace that gets to constantly touch and cover her most intimate places. Tired of the lookie-no-touchie situation, I reach out, and with a twist of my own fingers, I release her breasts from her bra. One springs free energetically, bouncing slightly from its weight, the other is held captive by the ministrations of her fingers. Tina looks at me when I do this, and gives the nipple she was playing with such a hard twist, that she gasps from the sting.

I bat her naughty hand away, and draw her closer with a hand at the small of her back. Finally - *Oh, yeah, baby!* - I encircle the injured nipple with my lips. Tina sighs when I lick the distended point with the tip of my tongue, and she moans when I begin to lightly suckle her. The texture is so contradictory; her skin like velvet, soft and warm, yet it is puckered hard from her touch and my mouth. I swirl my tongue around the taunt nub, scrap my teeth over it, and repeat. Swirl, scrape; swirl, scrape.

My hand, which was sitting so harmlessly at her back, had found its way under the black triangle at the apex of her ass. I followed the direction it gave - down the trail of black - and discovered a wet wonderland. Her finger was still there, submerged yet unmoving, and my own finger slides alongside it. She shudders as we move as one through the hot silk of her well, my mouth still busy kissing, sucking, tonguing the sting from her nipple.

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I'm dying, is all that Tina can think. What began as a little teasing dance turned abruptly into a seduction that had also trapped her in the chains of the enchantment. Now Dev's finger was inside her and his mouth was sucking her, both driving her quickly into delirious abandon.

Suddenly, his mouth released its suction. With an impatient, almost angry tug, her favorite black thong gave way with a ragged tear. Dev pushed her a few inches back, and he dropped down onto his knees before her.

Tina's world began to tilt and heave as his tongue assaulted her clit. It was done without refinement, yet his intensity made up for his lack in skill. Every other lap of his tongue held a slight hesitation, yet
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it caused a delicious sense of anticipation that almost had her screaming when he finally resumed the pace. His finger - their fingers - never stopped, and stoke by stroke, lap by lap, she felt the smoldering coals of desire ignite and explode with a fury that left her breathless.

“Jesus,” he mumbled against her, the movement of his lips and the gentle puff of the word on her throbbing clit had her reeling with another, albeit smaller, orgasm. “Jesus, did I do that to you?”

She couldn’t help it; he was so incredibly adorable. Tina started laughing hysterically at the awe in his voice. Before he could move away, she pressed his head against her abdomen, and ran her fingers through his hair. “Yes, Dev, you did that to me.” She sighed as wisps of warm contentment weaved through her. “You did it *very* well, in fact.”

So well, that every nerve in Tina’s body was tingling with aftershocks. She’s had a few guys go down on her before, and usually with positive results. However, never had any of those boys ever driven her so hard, so high before. She felt like a tightly strung harp cord: tense, yet ready to make beautiful music with just the right touch. And Dev’s touch was the right touch, regardless of his lack of skill or age. He could make her body sing.

“And now it’s your turn,” she whispered, pushing him back down into the chair. It rocked back once before she stopped it when she kneeled before him, just as he had done for her. With a few, quick movements, she had his belt undone, and with another, had his pants unbuttoned. His erection pushing through the opening, straining against the thin cotton of his boxers. When he shifted under her curious scrutiny, the thick, swollen head speared out the open fly.

Tina looked up at Dev with a wicked little smile. Keeping her eyes trained on his, she moved her head closer to his jutting staff. When she was a breath away, she flicked her tongue over the tip. Then, without warning, she opened her mouth wide, and began consuming the length of him, inch by inch. His hands were gripping the armrests of the rocker so tightly that his knuckles were turning white, and when he reached the back of her throat, his hands began opening and closing sporadically. But when she forced her throat open and swallowed the rest of him down to the hilt, his body jolted.

She slowly rose her head, swirling her tongue around as she tasted each inch, then took all of him again in one, fast motion. Tina didn’t know how she managed it; he was so long and far thicker than she had ever had before. Her mouth was stretched in a wide O to accommodate the width, barely allowing her to do anything but hold him in her mouth. She had never been able to deep throat before without gagging and giving up, but now, she found it came to her easily.

Her head was bobbing up and down swiftly over the first four inches - again and again - and then she would draw him all the way in with one smooth stroke. Dev’s hands were now fisted in her hair, but

his grip was limp. Tina dragged her tongue up a thick, throbbing vein, circled her way around the top, and back down.

“Tina,” Dev’s voice was a hoarse groan, as she was rasping him with her teeth. Tina ignored him at first, intent on wringing every ounce of pleasure from him. Swishing, swirling, circling, sucking, nibbling. Then he pushed her back, and she let go with a soft *pop!* “Tina, please…”

“Didn’t you like it?” She gave him a pouting look from under her thick ash blond lashes.

“I love it, honey. But I want you.” He gathered her into his arms, and rained kisses all over her face; nose, forehead, cheeks, chin, eyes. Tina pulled away, long enough to shrug out of her bra, before straddling his lap. The chair rocked wildly, thrown off balance as she tried to steady herself with a hand on the curved back. A giggle erupted from Tina’s throat, but Dev was far too busy with the sight of the amazingly naked woman on his lap to notice that the room was wavering.

He caught a nipple, swaying from side to side like a hypnotizer’s pendulum, in his mouth. With a light suction, he was latched onto her. Then he switched to the other dusty rose coin, suckling as if it were the source of his nourishment.

It was so amazingly erotic to have her naked body pressed against his clothed one. The rough textures aroused her just as much as his skilled mouth. His arms, wrapped around her, were cotton bands. The jeans he wore was coarse against the silky insides of her thighs. Even his face, with his faint shadowed beard, scraped across the sensitive skin of her breasts until they were glowing red.

“I need to,” he started babbling, mumbling under his breath, as he fought with the buttons of his shirt. “I need to *feel* you.”

Tina helped him shed his shirt, and held on as he kicked his jeans and boxers off. Then he crushed her against him. A whole new range of sensations rocketed through her as they pressed skin to skin. She could feel the softness of his chest hairs against her tingling breasts. He was warm in some places, hot in others, and the heat seeped into her system like a drug.

Without thought or word, her every move like instinct, she rose above him, and impaled herself.

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I’m inside Tina. Me. Inside. Tina.

I don’t want to breath, don’t want to move for fear that I’ll wake and find this one of the best porno
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dreams I've ever had. It's the most mind-blowing feeling to have a woman wrapped around my cock. Inside, she's hot. Her walls are supple, expanding and contouring, until her wet, sinuous fire completely envelopes me. She's holding me within her, and I feel like I've come home.

There is a god.

Then she begins to move, and home becomes paradise. Her mouth had been unbelievable; her tongue fucking awesome. But this is the divine. Slowly her pace increases, rising and falling. My hands are gripping her hips, urging her on.

Rising and falling. Riding me.

I look down and see where we are joined. I can see myself between her ivory thighs; I can feel, as I watch, the head pushing into her entrance, and sliding up her well until I am buried completely to the base. She grinds herself against me in slow circles - the sensation of my rough hair grating against her soft skin is so erotic - and I am completely fascinated at the sight of our bodies merged completely together.

Then we begin again; rising and falling.

She leans down to kiss me, her tongue slipping around mine in time with her thrusts. Then she leans back, and begins to ride me faster, back and forth now. Our bodies stay fused as the pace quickens to a rough bump and grind. Tina presses down upon me as I drive my hips upward; seeking and searching for the end of her, and hoping that I never find it.

I'm watching Tina now. The way she has her back arched, head thrown back, and her hair streaming down. Her eyes are closed, but her mouth is open as she pants each breath out. Breasts, glorious breasts, are all but in my face as they bounce with her enthusiastic movements.

Whimpers begin to fill the air, and I am more than a little delighted to find that it is from Tina these sexy sounds are coming. Evidently I'm doing a good job. I can feel her nails digging steadily deeper into my shoulders. Her pace is becoming more erratic, the whimpers becoming a steady moan.

Then my cock is suddenly drenched with a new warm wetness, quickly followed by the most exquisite sensation of my life. It's like having a silken blanket wrapped around my dick, and then having it squeezed and released with convulsions that throbbed thickly with each beat of her heart.

It is fucking awesome!

I couldn’t hold back if I wanted to, and I certainly didn’t want to wait any longer to come in a woman’s body for the first time. So, I let go. My shouts drowned out Tina’s moans, and my body jerked violently upward. I could feel my jizz rocketing up my dick. When it exploded out to coat the shuddering walls that had sent me over the edge, I was blinded by the ultimate realization of unadulterated pleasure and primal satisfaction

Tina collapsed on me with a tiny sigh, curling one arm loosely around my neck and tucking the other against my heart. With what little energy left, I covered her hand with mine. Her breath caressed the back of my neck, and unseen fingers stroked my ear idly for endless minutes. The scent of our union hung thick in the air; sex and sweat a powerfully arousing perfume.

Strange to think that only forty minutes earlier, my goal in life was to lose my cursed virginity and finally become a man. I would have been eager to screw any girl tonight who was willing or too drunk enough to know the difference. Now, I was almost ashamed by the lust that had virtually rendered my brain useless. Any other girl would have been a fuck. Even Julie would have been nothing more than a fuck. A convenient fuck, but a heartless fuck nonetheless.

But Tina was blessedly different. Though we have only known each other for an hour at best, I’d like to think that this feeling in me is more than an impulse spurned by lust and booze.

Then again, I’m only eighteen. What the fuck do I know?