Jen, My first love

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My first lover. I'd never forget.

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It is said that opposites attract. I guess the story of Jen and me is a case in point.

God, I will never be able to forget Jen, my first lesbian lover. I met her for the first time when I stepped into my room at the uni. She was going to be my roomie. I used to be shyer in those days. I sported nerdy glasses, had a few friends and basically minded my own business.

It wasn’t like I was a virgin or something. Before college, I had my share of frogs to kiss -- well much more than kiss, actually. But, apart from the thrill and the obvious pride that a guy wanted me, I didn’t like guys emotionally very much yet. And also I wasn’t actually getting pleasured enough to like one on the physical level, even though I had been sleeping around with few.

I didn’t know if there was anything “wrong” with me, but I was put-off, sometimes even scared by men.

Since high school I knew deep down that there was something different about me.

Jen took time to make friends with me. While I used to spend most of my time with my face buried in one book or the other, Jen was the opposite. She was outgoing and friendly, and she was also open about her sexuality.

As talkative and outgoing as she was, she took care that I wasn’t disturbed or irritated.

Most weekends she used to excuse herself to go to some party or the other. Sometimes I went with her. While I either endured a guy hitting on me or sat alone in a corner, Jen would be making out with some “hot” guy nearby.

When she was home, once or twice I felt embarrassed when I thought I heard her getting off while she was showering.

Slowly we became the best of friends. I started spending time teaching her subjects I thought I was good at, while she stood up for me if someone bullied me. I started loving her company. Once or twice she tried to set me up with one of her guy friends, but I rejected them. From that moment on, she made sure that I was not left alone.

She watched nerdy and artful movies with me sometimes, just so that she kept me company. While I had seen her bitchy side from the gossip she always shared with me, I found out that she was sweet too.

Then one day it happened.

I hadn’t realized it consciously. We were getting ready for class that day, a Thursday when I caught myself staring at Jen while she was tying her hair.

Her hair was dark, not too far on the brunette side of the scale, but definitely darker than mine. She was a few inches shorter than me, and her skin tone was fairer than mine. I would have been just as fair-skinned, but my childhood was spent on a beach getting sunburned.

I knew she caught me staring when she asked me if I was okay. I made an excuse that I wasn’t feeling well. Jen hugged me and asked me if it was serious. I told her that I just needed to rest. She left me alone in the room.

When she came back, she found me lying on my bed. I was deep in thought. I didn’t understand what was happening with me. Maybe I knew it, but wasn’t courageous enough to admit it to myself.

I had a crush on Jen.

In the conservative household I was from, it was not even something to think of. I knew that at first I was spellbound by her personality, but it was much harder to admit to myself the fact that I was attracted to her physically too.

Jen felt something was amiss with me. She had asked a few questions and I wasn’t answering properly.

She took me out for a cup of coffee. Initially I tried to avoid eye contact, but she really tried her best to

open me up.

She asked me what the problem was. I told her that it was some topic in academics I wasn't able to understand. She looked me square in the eye, but I couldn't tell whether she had found out that I was lying. All she said was everything would be just fine.

After we had our coffee, we went to our dorm together. She made me sit on my bed and sat beside me. Finally she told me that she knew what my problem was. "If you think that it was the first time you stared at me, it's not," she said, smiling.

I was shocked. I felt my throat getting tight. I had goosebumps.

She gently took my hand in hers and said, "Yes, what you're hesitating to believe is true and there's nothing wrong with it."

It took me some time to digest what was happening. Jen knew it would, so she didn't remove my hand from hers, but sat there looking at me. I didn't know how much time had passed, but these moments felt like eternity. When I looked at her, her face showed me that she had become emotional, too.

Unable to control myself, I hugged her tightly and started weeping. All I could say was, "I love you, Jen. I love you."

She hugged me back and after a few seconds, even she started weeping. I broke the hug to look into her eyes. She was still crying like me, but there was a smile on her face.

"You know what, Ashley, you started staring at me almost a month ago. I had noticed it, but didn't mind. In fact I loved it. However, I wasn't sure whether it was just my imagination or not, so I was scared of asking you about it."

"But...But.." I tried to speak.

"You've told me about your mom and all she thinks about such things before, so your fear is rational. However, I promise you that I will stay by you whatever happens. You've been wired in a different way, and thank god you finally confessed it to yourself".

"It's – wrong," I said when tried to speak again.

"Let me give it to you straight, Ashley. You cannot change what you are. As for me, I'm both into guys

and women. I live in the moment. And I promise I won't leave you alone," Jen said.

Coming near, she held my face in both her hands. She sensed my nervousness.

"Are you sure you're not a virgin?" Jen asked with a grin on her face.

I was getting more comfortable. I giggled and said, "Yes."

She placed a hand on my neck while her other hand was on my waist. Bringing our lips closer, we started kissing. I hadn't ever felt so aroused and satisfied at the same time in my life.

The way her lips felt against mine was so intoxicating, I cursed myself for not having the guts to make this happen when I first felt my love for her. I reminded myself that it could only happen if she had the same feelings I had. I thanked my destiny that she did.

We kissed until we had to stop for a while. We stared at each other, both of us panting. My heart thudded and sped up.

I was wearing a spaghetti top and shorts while Jen was wearing a shirt and PJs. She was looking at me with love and lust and I was thrilled by it. She knew I loved it from the smile which came on my face. She asked if I needed help getting me undressed. I told her I did. Slowly, she helped me remove my top and shorts.

I was self-conscious of my body and whether or not she would like my private areas. We'd seen each other in our undies before, but this was going to be totally different. I was so self-conscious, I told her that maybe it wasn't a good idea for today.

I tried my best not to blush while she stared at me. She was turning me on in spite of myself as she gazed at my body, sometimes peering across my bra and panties.

She told me not to worry about it, and asked me to help her strip instead.

She started removing her shirt and PJs gently. It was like a strip show. Very slowly, she removed buttons on her shirt, one by one, while giving me a lusty stare. After she removed her shirt from her arms, she licked her lips, looking at me.

Then she removed her PJs from her legs and after it was done, she looked at me while rubbing both her hands on the sides of her legs, from thighs to ankles. Now, she was down to her bra and panties, like me.

I was finding her sexy.

“You know, Ashley, once I had a fantasy where we were making out,” Jen said.

I found this talk sweet as well as arousing. I stripped myself off my bra and panties, giving her a show, just like she had given me stripping off her shirt and PJs . I looked her in the eyes the whole time.

Thinking of all this makes me excited and emotional even today.

Now it was her turn again, but instead of being ceremonial, she stripped off her bra and panties in seconds. Her speed made me feel proud. I had found a girl who not only liked to be with me all through college as a friend, but also found me sexually attractive.

Both of us stared at each others naked bodies for some time. She untied her hair and spread it over her shoulders and back, slowly, while smiling at me. I had short hair which I left untied. It reached just a little below my shoulders.

I had a longing to feel her skin. I was mesmerized by her scent and closed my eyes to savor it.

I opened my eyes, went near her and we kissed again. This time I wasn’t as shy as before, and I started using my tongue too, though I found out that she really knew how to do it much better than me.

Our nipples rubbed against each other and we stopped kissing to take a look at them.

Her breasts were bigger than mine, though my nipples were perky. In our own way we complemented each other. She took my hand and put it on her boob while engulfing my nipple in her mouth. Both of us closed our eyes, as I started gently squeezing her boob within my fingers and she started flicking her tongue on my nipple.

My fingers conveyed the satiny softness of her nipple-skin to my brain. I let out a groan when she gently pinched on my nipple with her forefinger and thumbnail. Hearing that I loved it, she resumed flicking her tongue over and over my nipple, while pinching on the nipple of my other boob with her fingernails. Both of us could feel getting turned on as we played with each others boobs.

Soon, I opened my eyes and asked her to stop so I could kiss her neck. All this time we had been moaning silently. However, she let out her first loud moan.

I smiled at her and she smiled back at me, blushing.

Both of us held our breasts in our own hands and gave our nipples a lick while looking at each other.

We giggled and stared into each other's eyes. We started kissing again. Gently lingering, I felt her left hand on my ass cheek, while her other hand was just on my midriff. I loved the way she made me wait for her probing finger by playing with my ass cheeks and the area just between my asshole and pussy.

I had to stop kissing her. I was excited yet scared as I moaned when she plunged her middle finger inside my pussy.

"I..love..you..hon," I said as I grinned, unable to hide my pleasure. She bit her lip and winked at me.

I had never enjoyed my sexuality so openly before.

"Now massage my bum, love," she said.

I started gently massaging her ass cheeks. "Hmm...Hmm…Yes…Hmm," she started moaning too.

We stopped caressing each other long enough to make sure we were not audible to our neighbors.

I was wet, through and through. Jen removed her finger from inside my pussy and gave me a naughty glance. We took turns licking her fingers and palm while we looked into each others eyes the dirtiest way. I couldn't believe I was being so bold at my first time. Maybe it was because I had longed for it my whole life. Or maybe Jen's enthusiasm had made me confident.

Now Jen had me lie on my back while she climbed on top of me. I hugged her while we started kissing again. My jaw was stretched to accommodate her lips and her tongue as much as I could. She sucked on my tongue splendidly too.

It was good we were doing all this lying down, because I started feeling weak in my knees. I felt that I wouldn't be able to stand up.

Jen was kissing all over my shoulders, arms and navel in rapid succession. I writhed and bucked, lost in pleasure. "I'm gonna spoil you up for sure today," Jen said.

Next I felt her tongue filling up my pussy. I was so overwhelmed, I threw my legs up in the air and

spread them as wide as I could, so that she could access my love hole. I looked down at her and she smiled at me, resuming her licking in a frenzy. I loved to submit to the passionate caresses of her tongue.

She sucked on my outer folds for some time after which she inserted her tongue deep inside my pussy. My joy knew no bounds. Then she slid a finger into me, asking me, “Is that too much? Am I making you uncomfortable?”

I was too wet and too hot to reply in words. I just let out a loud moan. She knew my answer and soon I felt another finger being pushed inside. I was squeezing my boobs softly with one hand while my other hand was stroking her hair and my cunt interchangeably.

When she finished playing with my cunt as long as she could, she came back to lie on top of me.

We started kissing again, our nipples rubbing against each other, when I started rubbing my pussy on hers. She understood what I meant to do and started syncing her movements, so that she touched me down there with her clit.

Our breathing became faster and our heartbeats increased so much that we had to stop kissing so that we could breathe properly. Though I was the one to initiate the tribbing, I loved how she controlled the activity completely, while she placed her head on my shoulder.

Slowly I found myself building up an orgasm. She licked the rim of my ear and gave me a gentle love bite there. I understood she was going to come before me when she buried her face on my shoulder, muffling her moans. It was as if she was struck by lightning.

She clenched my shoulders as her thighs jerked wildly. “Oh…Ash!” was all she could say.

I was shivering with pleasure too but I needed more attention to push me over the edge. In a fit of passion, I crossed my legs around her waist and rubbed my pussy on hers. I came in a spasm after just a few seconds.

We laid there like that for awhile, unable to say anything.

Then Jen stood up and said, “Ash, I never thought you’d make me feel so good.”

“Well, I didn’t think so, either,” I said and laughed heartily.

Author's note: I would like to thank Letoria who spared some of her valuable time to edit the story. Without her, publishing this wouldn't have been possible.
This is my first erotica ever which I'm publishing anywhere. Originally it was intended to be read only by my first ex-girlfriend, as I started writing due to her requests.