

The First Time

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Published on Lush Stories on 15 Jun 2012

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A snapshot of the first time with a love

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/the-first-time.aspx>

The sound of her own heart beat gave her comfort
that she was still in the moment, and
perhaps it wasn't a dream.

She had put her head on his chest,
closed her eyes,
and saw and felt it again.

They had been completely
submerged and filled.
The joining had no beginning
nor ending.

The moment was, as if,
the world had stopped.
Yes, it had stopped.
He had entered her, and stopped.
The throbbing was felt and received.
The heat was exchanged and adjusted.

Her breath was held, as he groaned
with his breath into her mouth.

At last.

Their dance was one
inching to go deeper and closer

but they had found that sweet centre,
where they just stopped - bliss.

Then, the rhythm was found
like a sweet slow dance,
where there was no guidance necessary.

The movements, as old as time,
yet natural to the new lovers,
carried them further.

Her mouth and lips moved to his,
and memorized each contour.
Their kisses were deeper
than with anyone before;
as if they had found
a private nectar
to squelch their thirst.

He stopped,
and moved slightly away,
watching her face.
Her pupils enlarged.

He throbbed more,
needing to please her.
Her body felt a wave
of her slick wetness
exposing
all of herself to his hard cock.

Throbbing as they both were,
he could feel her pussy
engorge tighter
around his hardness,
indicating her orgasm was close.

He wanted to stop again
to enjoy this feeling,

but also wanted to make
her gush onto his cock.

So, he never stopped his rhythm.

She arched her back to get closer,
somehow.

And the tremor flowed
from deep inside her pussy
in a wave,
down his hard cock filling her pussy.

Her abandonment was too much
for him to take, and he submitted
to her as his own orgasm
throbbed and released
into her wet warm wanting pussy.

He trembled against her body.
Relaxed from their orgasms.
He rolled off her, with one arm up
over his eyes.
He dare not share his thoughts.

She propped herself up on one elbow,
watching him.
She leaned to his chest, and heard his heart;
thud, thud.

The world stopped again.

His hand moved from his head
to her hair, stroking the silky curls,
and he knew it too.

The world had not only stopped
but forever changed.