

Candlelight and Belts - Part I - Dominant Storyteller

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She tells him the story of her first college blowjob

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She takes me in her hand as she begins to tell the story. *I was eighteen. Early in my sexual life- but not that early.* She says. I smile as I listen to her. Changing the shape of my mouth actually seemed to help the work I was doing and she let out a little moan. *I had an apartment off campus with a couple of friends. I'd had the same boyfriend in high school for such a long time, and since that had just fallen into my lap, I'd never had to make any moves. I didn't even know how to pursue a guy.* She says, which I find hard to believe.

Now I take a moment to reply. "You swept me off my feet when we met. I swear, I didn't know what had happened to me until three or four days had passed and I hadn't left your trap."

She scoffs a little bit and gives me a little stimulation with her tongue, shifting back into my face so she can keep telling the story. I did ask her to tell me. *Anyway,* she emphasizes the word sharply, and sits even harder for a second to keep me quiet and keep me working, *I was coming straight from my last lecture, so I wore what I was wearing to the party before I left for class, and damn it was cold that night, The first thing I did was go to the kitchen and make a drink. The party was at my friend Kristen's house, so I just walked in and rummaged around in her fridge. I don't remember what exactly it was-* I start thinking for a moment about what kind of drinks she likes. The distraction obviously shows up in my performance, because she pauses her story and wriggles down on me again. *-but it was strong.* I go back to what I'm doing quickly, so I won't lose the momentum completely. I jump back into the motions with a little extra vigor and she squeaks a bit, which I enjoy. It only makes me go at her harder. For a minute. I want to hear where this story is going. When I let my tongue slow down again and relax a little, she goes back to stroking my thighs and gently massaging my balls. In a moment she starts back into the story.

It was a long night, and even though I was a little late, I made up for it by being the last one in the apartment who didn't live there. By the time midnight rolled around, most of the guests had gone home, and then it was just me, Sara, Kristen, and her roommate Leon.” She pauses for another moment to enjoy my tongue. I open my mouth to speak. She knows I'll ask what he looked like if she doesn't keep talking so she grinds into me to keep my quiet once more.

“He was blonde and tall. Taller than you. He had great shoulders, and a great ass.” She loves a guy with a nice ass. So do I. As she goes on and I want to fuck him as much as she did. *I wanted all of him by then. I'd never really had my eye on him, but I guess I had always just assumed he had a girlfriend. I found out that night he didn't, and I was fucking thrilled. We stayed up, drinking more and playing cards, but we never got very drunk- even in college I didn't really enjoy sex when I was drunk. That was something I knew and I had an agenda by then.* I pulse. *By two or three, Sara had gone home, and Kristen was passed out on the couch. At that point it was either go home or make a move. I was on my way out the door, when I just turned around and said “Is there anything going on here?”. He looked at me like he didn't understand what I was asking, so I clarified. “Do you want me? Because I want you.”* I stiffen more than usual at this. Imagining her five years ago. Imagining her life before me. I love it. I love her. I'm so aroused by the thought. It's different than imagining her with another man now would be. I want her. I will have her. B ut not yet.

He kept staring at me, dumbfounded. I'd had enough of that, so I just grabbed him and kissed him. As she says it I my mind hearkens back to the memory of when she'd done the same thing to me. Dumbfounded was the right word for that feeling she left me with. 'Whiplash might also be appropriate', I muse to myself, silently. Even at that moment, it seemed like he still just wasn't getting it. she says, At least not all the way... so I said goodnight and turned around to leave. A couple of minutes later as I was hunting around for my coat and my purse he stopped me and said. “Yes.” It had been so long since I spoke, it took me a minute to think of what he meant, but then some movement caught my eye. It was a rapidly growing bulge in his crotch. My own stirs and jumps at her as she says this, and, excited, she tugs at me, but only for a few seconds. Enough to get me as hard as is really possible, though. I can feel her smile. Tonight she's smiling in that sexy way where she uses her whole body. It makes me twitch a little harder than I had before. I want her more.

“I want you.” he told me. “I just assumed you had a boyfriend this whole time.” I asked him why, and he said “Why wouldn't you? Come to think of it, why don't you?” I didn't have an answer for him.

“I just don't.” I was the nervous one now. I still wanted him, though. There was another pause where neither of us said anything. I knew which one was his, but all I could think to say right then was “Which room is yours?”. I really wanted to have sex that night. He pointed to his door. After another pause I asked him if he really wanted to do it. You know how it is when you're just starting college. Still learning the rules. He nodded at me and opened the door.

His room was mess. Exactly what you'd expect from a freshman. I tripped on some clutter before he turned on a lamp. When he did, it revealed a full-size bed with the blankets all askew. The sheets were comfortable, though. Also clean, which I considered a bonus. Neither of us really knew what to do in a situation like we were in. He took a step toward me and kissed me, hesitantly, like he still wasn't completely sure I wasn't going to take off at any moment. I put my arms around him and pulled him in for another. He was starting to get it by then, so I thought it would be okay to go a little further. I reached down and touched him over his jeans. After a minute of standing up kissing, and groping I took him by the hips and sat him down on the bed. I was damn nervous but I knew I couldn't show it if I wanted this to go my way. I could tell he was too but I wasn't. I just hoped he wasn't going to go soft because of it.

He didn't. He was hard as a fucking rock at that point. I asked him if he had condoms. He shook his head unfortunately. "Does she?" I asked him, motioning to the living room. He shrugged. She stops talking for a moment. At first I think she's trying to remember the sensual details, but realize soon that she's just taking a moment to indulge. A moment of quiet. I feel her mouth take in the head of my penis, and I moan into her. She moans onto me and her tongue vibrates. I lick, she licks. I probe, she strokes. We both feel so connected. Alive. Intense. In another moment she sits back up again, but she keeps stroking me. Stroking me harder and harder, now.

It occurred to me that even if Kristen had condoms, we wouldn't know where to look. I was on birth-control, but I didn't want to risk it on what I pretty much knew was going to be a one night stand. That was one of those moments where I was really glad I like to suck dick as much as I do. I smile into her again and throb. She takes another long moment to go down on me and I groan loudly, muffling myself by thrusting my tongue deep into her. I am so intoxicated by her it's hard to pay attention to the story, but I try to find a rhythm so I can focus on her voice. Listen to the story.

I knew he would be into it, so after a good, long, over-the-pants feel, I opened his fly and freed his thick seven inches. As soon as I saw it I wanted it inside me, but I knew I could always come back for that another time. I actually did at another party about two years later, but that's another story. She smiles. I licked slowly from the base up the side with just the tip of my tongue. He shuddered. I knew he was sensitive and I was excited. I took each of his balls in my hand individually, and then, using both hands felt the weight of both of them and his penis. I took him into my mouth and put as much of it in as I could in one go before I backed off again. I was so turned on. I stood up and slid my pants off without even unbuttoning them. Leon finished taking his off and got out of his shirt just as quickly. I was glad to see him taking some initiative, finally. I left my shirt on, and climbed on the soft bed. I dropped from my knees to my elbows and took him in my hand, and jerked him off using my saliva as lube. He really liked that and started to moan.

I interrupt her by moving the tip of my tongue to her clit and flicking it, three or four times. Each time I do, it produces a shudder. To stop me, she drops her head and puts me in her mouth, bobbing her head up and down on my slick shaft for a long moment. "Can I tell the story, or not?" She asks. I respond by sucking on it for a few seconds, and then going back to some more tame licking. I do want to hear, I just can't resist when she's doing so much to turn me on. I am so hard.

Pretty soon, I was really going at him. He started to moan with my motions, and I was starting to get wet. I moved the hand I wasn't using to pleasure him between my own legs. Once I touched myself I started getting wet faster. A lot faster. I bobbed my head up and down and watched him move a little, from side to side. I knew I should probably slow down if I wanted him to last all night, but I was just amused at how much movement I was able to provoke. He was almost thrashing under me. His heels hit the hard, wooden foot-board of the bed and they made loud thuds. I hadn't ever seen that kind of a response to something I'd done before. It was really satisfying.

I was rubbing my clit softly and working a finger inside as I licked the bottom of his shaft. Once he started to notice what I was doing his gaze shifted from the ceiling to meet mine. I knew he wanted to see me cum, and even though he wasn't doing anything to actively help me speed that moment along, I really liked that he wanted me to. After a short while longer I moved the hand from his penis to his balls and gently caressed them. Shifting them and rolling them between my thumb and fingers so softly it felt like they were floating in my palms. Soon, I started to moan from the pleasure I was giving myself, and I worked us both even harder. My right hand drifted around his thighs and balls, but my left never abandoned its post between my legs.

As my right hand moved across the innermost part of his thigh I started to deep-throat him. Less stimulation on the head I think actually made him calm down a bit. Not for long, though, because I was about to invent a move I use to this day. With his cock deep in my throat I tilted my neck upward and back a few times, jerking him off with my esophagus. Each time, his dick would pull out and slide along my tongue, and then I'd let him slip back down with each downward movement. After about a minute of that I- She takes another break from talking to demonstrate what she describes on me. I arch my back and squirm under her as she grinds onto me and, almost retaliatorily I dive into her as deep as I smoothly and stealthily slip one of my restraints so I can and grab her hips to keep her from getting away even if she tries. My moans are muffled beneath her and yet her every squeak, yelp and groan she has to stifle in order to not draw the attention she threatened to make me attract.

As she throws her body into a really excellent blowjob, I have to hold her to my face even harder, and she turns to slap my hand away. She reverses position altogether now, her thighs continuing to straddle me throughout the movement, and roughly seizes the errant arm. "No." She says firmly. "Apparently your restraints need tightening."

“Alright.” I surrender, aroused by her power over me. She grinds against me while she makes the necessary adjustments to the belt, re-securing my arm in its rightful place. The other one is tight enough already, and I'm pleased when she discovers this and chooses not to do anything aside from checking it thoroughly.

“You're done for now.” She says, reinforcing her authority and holding me down at the shoulders. “You aren't allowed to touch me right now. You listen to the story. You wriggle under me. You stop when I tell you, and eventually, you're going to cum...” On the last phrase she speaks each word slowly and individually. “...When I tell you.” She waits for me to acknowledge her. Looking up at her in the low light of the lamp, lost in her beauty I fail to respond for a moment, so she picks up the candle and pours more than a small amount of hot wax onto my chest. A puddle the size of a half-dollar cools slowly on my skin and I arch my back, looking at her. Again she tilts the candle threateningly, and, remembering myself I quickly nod in affirmation of her commands.

“I understand.” I say aloud. Silently, I'm secretly plotting my revenge. Not for now. Later. When she's forgotten why she deserves it, remembering only that she does – that she wants it. Moments pass as she stares at me. She pulls on my shaft for a moment, making sure it's hard, then positions herself and slides over it. I gasp loudly as I'm sheathed inside her, and know that, for now at least, it's I who'll be making most of the noise.

She squeezes me a couple of times just to make sure I remember not to interrupt. She speaks again. “Where was I? Oh yes...” *He was moving around pretty good. I had my hand right below his balls, playing gently with them, and I was using my throat-jerk move to distract him when I finally put one finger inside him. He didn't moan. He didn't grunt. He fucking screamed with pleasure as I worked into him. Leon's scream had signaled the beginning of his orgasm. At first, I was letting him cum in my throat. Two or three pulses slid straight down while I was on a down-stroke, but when I came up that time, a second wave shot into my mouth. When he started to slow down I came up for air and wrapped my hands around him and jerked as hard as I could to get those last few drips. Several more blasts fired up in the air. They mostly landed on his chest and stomach, but two of them hit me.*

This whole time I'd been building my own pleasure. I was nearing orgasm when his arrived and in the moments I had spent prolonging his, mine arrived. I screamed out loud and quivered against my own fingers, leaning over his breathless, heaving chest and looking at him. I kissed him. I was impressed. More than that, I'd had a good time. I'd had more fun than I thought I would, and I didn't even get fucked. I was totally pleased, and he obviously was too. He lay there panting for minutes afterward. There was a look in his eye that I still remember, which told me he'd never experienced anything quite like it and I meant something to him. Neither of us wanted anything else right then, though. I wiped myself off on the sheets, and straightened my hair. I didn't really know what to do, so I said “Thanks.”, and gathered my things to leave. I kissed him once before I left and gave his slightly softened penis

one more good tug before I did.

She's riding me hard now, and I know I'm going to cum soon. "So. Did you like the story? Was that what you wanted?" I nod, biting my lip as she gazes into my eyes. She wants to see my face when I orgasm, and I know she knows how to get me. I want to hold on. I want to make her cum first. I want to hear her scream and moan. I want to see her writhe. Feel her clamp down on me, and make her cry. Just wanting it so bad pushes me over the edge.

"I'm going to cum!" I tell her, as quietly as I can, and just a little early. She keeps riding. She slides her slick pussy up and down my cock. She can tell when I'm actually starting to lose it, and dismounts. She returns to work with her hands and mouth, knowing it will prolong my pleasure. My suffering. She jerks at me furiously and circles the edge of my head rapidly with her tongue. My whole body is tingling and my vision is starting to tunnel. Breathing as hard and deeply as I can, I can't even form the words 'I'm cumming!', so I just do it. I shoot an enormous first spray in to her mouth, and she pulls away, wanting to see the rest. It seems to take at least a full minute for her to completely finish me, spilling semen across both of our stomachs and our chests.

Panting, it takes me minutes to recover. When I finally do, she unbuckles the belts and allows me to rest for a few minutes. "What's next?" I ask as she does so.

She ponders for a long moment, before saying. "Tell me a story." We both smile, laughing a little, and I quickly roll her from her side to her back and get on top of her in a smooth motion.

I tell her "Okay." Holding her still with my legs, I take her by each wrist in turn and bind it to the corner posts, just as mine had been. The belts are tight and secure. The way she likes them. The candle has burned down, but there's plenty left. Now that she isn't going anywhere, I'm free to gather the rest of my tools while I consider what the most appropriate story to tell her would be. There are a lot of options. That's okay. There's a lot of night left before the sun comes up.