Joanie's First Sex

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Gymnast get turned on watching a teammate getting fucked, then has to have it for herself.

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In my 20 years on earth, 14 of them have been spent doing gymnastics, at the expense of things like taking family vacations, hanging out at the mall or the beach, dating, and yes, sex. My family is very loving, but once they knew that I was both fond of and really good at gymnastics, they pushed me as hard as they could to succeed. I can't say it hasn't been worth it: I'm now in my second year on the US National Team, and an All-American at UCLA. Among the thousands of little girls across the country who are beginner gymnasts,I'm well known and recognized.

With the pressure of performing well and improving both for my own amition and for the UCLA team, not to mention a full course load of classes, I've become a very driven person, resisting distractions wherever they threaten to pop up. In a spare locker area after the conference meet on Saturday, though, I witnessed something that shook me from my single-minded ambition.

My teammate Tamara had performed poorly due to an ankle injury, and was nowhere to be found in the locker room after the meet. As both her friend and the team captain, I felt like I should try to find her, at least to make sure she's okay. Wandering through the auxiliary locker room areas of the gymnasium, I heard a noise. Looking through a window in the door, I was shocked to see Tamara having sex with someone on the cushioned training table!

You have to understand, I'd never even seen anyone have sex in movies, let alone had it myself, so I stood there, totally entranced and unable to look away. I watched the man's muscular body thrust her body downward over and over again, heard her moans of pleasure, and most of all, stared at his big, erect penis plunging in and out of her vagina, glistening with her wetness each time it emerged under the fluorescent lights. As I heard them both moan loudly and the thrusting stopped, I knew that he'd had an orgasm inside of her, the thought of which flooded my own vagina with arousal. I walked away, entranced by what I'd seen, and from then on, I've been able to think of little else.

Whenever people have talked to me, I may be answering what they say, but I'm thinking about sex. Whenever I'm on the bus or in the car, I'm thinking about big, hard dicks penetrating women, and fantasizing that it's me they're doing it to. I'll walk around campus, looking at guys and wondering

which of them are well-endowed, and how it would feel for them to have their way with me, a petite, virginChinese collegegirl. Late at night, I surf online porn in a constant search for big organs penetrating tiny little female bodies. Lucky for me, there's plenty of that to be found! I touch myself, setting off powerful orgasms as I watch young women getting dominated by men withmassive penises.

This was my new obession; I had to know what this felt like. My body demanded it, and my mind raced with images of Tamara on the table with that guy. I don't know if it was biology, or just 5 or 6 years of repressedlibido that was all escaping at once, but my mission was clear: I was going to find a cute guy, and I was going to find out what it was like to have sex with him.

I can't stress enough how wildly out of character this was for me. I had only kissed four guys in my life, and all four had been Asian-American as well. Three of them I'd met at church, and a fourth was a guy that I'd crossed paths with at national meets. The one and only time I'd allowed a guy to reach 'second base' was with him. Alas, it was only a fling, as we were both too busy to mess with trying to keep up a relationship. Now, even though I knew that the stereotypes about race and penis size weren't necessarily true, I wasn't interested at all in trying to find an Asian boy to experiment with. I knew it would either be a white or a black man, and I leaned heavily toward the latter.

My chance would come the very next Saturday, a week after the conference meet where I made my 'discovery.' The apartment village where I lived had organized a Toga party, where people were of course expected to wear togas, and prepare Greek food if possible. Alcohol wasn't officially part of the deal, but every apartment was sure to have loads of it. As we were getting ready, I mentioned to my roommate and teammate Jaclyn that my shoulder, which was a gymnastics injury that hadbothered me throughout the year,was really hurting. She came back out with a bottle of pills and asked me how many I wanted.

"How many do I need?," I asked.

"It's hydrocodone. The more you take, the better you'll feel. C'mon, it's party night, live a little," she said as she handed me four. I hesitated for a moment, then washed them down with my rum punch, the first drink of the night.

The pills started to take their effect as we walked out to the central pavilion in our togas and flip-flops, where a crowd was rapidly growing. We made small talk with a few fellow neighbors for a while, occasionally ducking into someone's apartment for drink refills or a snack. Between the painkillers and the booze, I felt like I was floating on air. I remember talking to people, but not exactly what was said. I remember two or three guys approaching me, but I wasn't attracted to them, so I politely excused myself after a few minutes each time.

Then I made eye contact with the one I knew was right. He looked a little over six feet tall, was muscular but very toned, his head was shaven clean, his skin was the color of mocha, and was so handsome that I moistened a little just looking at him. I was immediately reminded of that guy Jason Taylor who was on dancing with the stars, or was I thinking of Derek Jeter? While I deliberated about this in my head, he walked over to introduce himself.

"I'm Aaron," he said, extending his hand, "and you're someone I can't wait any longer to meet."

"I'm Joanie," I said, giggling from a combination of nervousness, excitement, drunkenness, and drug effects. "And I'm glad you didn't wait any longer," I continued, my eyes meeting his. After that, I don't know what happened to Jaclyn or any of the other people I was talking to; Aaron and I were in our own little world. Turns out, Aaron plays for the UCLA football team and we're both scholarship athletes. He's from New Jersey, which explains his accent, but finished high school in Ontario, about 15 minutes from where I grew up. We sat for a while at a patio table with another couple, and I found myself leaning against him, woozy from everything that I had put into my system. A DJ had been playing music for a while, and as the alcohol consumption grew, more and more people were dancing. Aaron asked if I wanted to dance, and I couldn't have agreed any faster.

He was a full foot taller than me, so my head rested against his muscular chest, feeling the warmth of his bare skin where the toga draped across his other shoulder. His big hands held onto my sides and his arms wrapped all the way around my back. I could feel his heart beating faster the longer we held each other in the slow dance, and I knew that mine was too. my arms were wrapped halfway around his back, my hands caressing the muscles as we swayed back and forth.

"Excuse me!", someone shouted at us to be heard over the music, needing more room to get through the crowd, towing a horrendously drunk girl on his shoulder. "I've got to get her out of here!" Instinctively trying to give myself as much distance as possible from anyone who might be about to vomit, I pulled my feet and hips closer to Aaron to provide a bigger path. A surge of arousal radiated through my body as I felt it:when I jammed my body up against Aaron's, what felt like a big, warm stick pressed into my abdomen! I knew immediately what it was, I knew it was big, and I knew I had chosen wisely with my instant attraction to Aaron.

"Ohhh,"he stammered, looking down at me. "Sorry...I....". He trailed off, embarassed that his erection hadmade contact with me.

"Don't be", I replied, looking up at him and reaching my hands up to his face. He leaned down to kiss me; our lips meeting halfway, then opening. His tongue surged into mine, and his arms pulled my body into his, again pressing his hard dick into my belly. I stood on my toes to reach his face, but was

held so tight against him that I didn't have to support my own weight. I ran my fingers across and overhis head, amazed at how smooth it was. He was mine now and I wanted all of him.My entire body was tingling with desire, my sex organsmoistening at the thought ofhim fucking me.

Weshuffled to a nearby chair, wherehe immediately lifted me up and onto his lap. My toga hiked up, exposing my legs as they wrapped around his waist.Had I not been facing him, kissing him, my bikini bottoms would've been exposed toeveryone at the party. I was lost in a trance, drunk and numb, but acutely aware ofAaron's touch as he caressed my body.I could hear people laugh at us,joking that they didn't know there would be live entertainment.I remember Jaclyn coming up to me, asking if I was okay, worried that maybe Iwas too fargone to know what I was doing. I broke the kiss enough to lether know with a wink that I was fine.Another sneered that we should get a room.

"You're right...I think we will," I replied, looking at Aaron. "Let's go." I almost fell as I stood again on my own weight, Aaron quickly steadying me as my knees wobbled.Taking his large hand in my small one, I led him to my apartment and into my room. He tugged on my hand, turning me around to face him as he leaned in for another deep kiss, nearly enveloping my mouth within his. His arms reached around me, lifting me up and then laying my down on my bed. He slipped his toga down to his waist, exposing his powerful upper body as he hovered over me, running his hands down my side and wedging himself between my legs.

Aaron pulled the toga beyond my shoulder and down my arm, eager to remove it. I lifted my ass off the bed, allowing him to pull it down my body and toss it to the floor below. All I had on was a skimpy bikini, and I noticed that Aaron was down to just a tight pair of briefs, his bulging erection noticeably poking through the cotton, struggling to keep cover. My head was already spinning from the alcohol and pain pills, and the thought of feeling that massive tool sent butterflies through my stomach.

What happened next was like a blur, his body descending on me, making me even more dizzy as he removed my bikini top, taking my small breasts in his mouth as he rubbed my crotch through the only clothing I had on. His hands gripped that last bit of fabric at each hip, pulling it quickly down my legs. I felt the wetness between my legs against the cool air, the cool draft against that delicate skin. I heard myself squeal as his warm mouth covered the lips of my vagina, his tongue slipping in and out of my pink opening. His big hands covered my tits, hard nipples grazing against his palms as his tongue reached further and further into my body. A rush of blood hit my head, my hips bucking hard against his face, my hands gripping his smooth head, as he licked and lapped my pussy. My tunnel was flooding with my juices, and my moans were getting loud. Just as I felt a giant wave of pleasure about to hit, my pussy felt the chill of the air again as he pulled away from me.

I propped up on my elbows, the room spinning slowly, my bare legs parted slightly, feet hanging off the end of the bed. Aaron stood up, his body like a bronzed greek statue towering over me. He pulled

his briefs down, releasing a beautiful, long, thick penis. The shaft was smooth, the head was purple, rounded at the end, just like so many that I'd seen in video and on websites. I saw it bounce heavily in the air as he stepped back onto the bed. I laid there, petrified of the idea that this huge piece of meat could be inside me soon, watching him crawl over me. Goosebumps shot across my skin as it grazed against the inside of my trembling legs. In my woozy state, I couldn't voice my apprehension; only gasps and light moans escaped my mouth as the dark shadow of his much bigger body cast across me.

Aaron took my hands and clasped them together, pulling my arms up beyond my head. I closed my eyes, and felt his hot breath against my neck. His tongue flicked across my earlobe, sending a hard shiver through my body.Suddenly, I drew in a quick breath, feeling a hot, hard masspressingagainst me between my legs. His hands released mine, running back down my sides, to my hips and legs as he pressedharder against me.

I cried out, a bolt of deadened pain shooting through me- I knew thatthe big, purple head of hiscock was inside me.Drunk and drugged, I knew that it should hurt far worse than it did, his thick shaft lodged into my tiny pussy, forcing me open. Ilifted my legs into air, giving his body the widest access to mine. His two hands felt like three or four, constantly swirling around and across my body as heslowly pushedfurther forward, forcing a little more of himself into me, sending another wave of pain throughme, making me scream.

My hands, helpless to stop me now, rested trembling against his chest. If I'd had anystrength or resolve, maybe I'd have pushedhim away, or told him how much it hurt, but I didn't. I onlywidened my legs more, my body's invitation for himtoenter my flower further, to take me for himself. I'd barely even let another boy touchmy bare breast before, now I was flaton my back, being deflowered by a muscular football player.

My delicatelittle pussybeing invaded by his large, engorged dick. He pulled out slightly, then moaned as he pushed more of his shaft into me. My mouth open, out of breath in a combination of pain and excitement as he began to thrust in and out. The outer lips of my vulva burned, his shaft too thick to not pull the surrounding skin inward as he stroked into me. I've never felt so full, like my lungs no longer had the space to draw a full breath, as I did with so much of him inside of me.

Aaron started to moan, his voice humming in my ear as he rocked up and down on top of my body, sinking several inches into me faster and faster.

"Ohh, I gotta stop!" he groaned loudly, pulling his long shaft out of me and grabbing my legs to pull me to the edge of the bed. Aaron stood up, his tool sticking straight out toward me. He pulled my toned little legs up in the air, flat against his chest as he sunk his head back into my chamber and

pushed forward. I moaned, a familiar rush warming my body as he filled me with his meat again. His strokes were shorter, but he stayed inside of me. His eyes were closed and his mouth open. I got wetter and wetter, watching his stomach muscles clench as he thrust himself into me.

Aaron grabbed my ankle, pulling my foot up to his face. As I was finally starting to adjust to having his giant erection inside of me, he took my toes into his mouth sucking and licking. My feet are incredibly sensitive and ticklish- I squealed as he took my other foot in his mouth too, caressing and licking my little feet and soft soles as he pumped me as full as my body could stand. I yelped in discomfort as I felt the end of his penis hit something sensitive deep inside my body. Aaron didn't seem to notice, too wrapped up in my feet and the feeling of being inside of me, I guess.

He jabbed in and out of me quicker, releasing my feet from his mouth and gripping my thighs against his body. His head was thrown back, mouth open. I saw the contrast of my olive-yellow skinned legs and feet against his deep mocha-toned body. Muscles twitching.

With a deep moan he threw my legs open and again climbed on top of me. I wrapped my legs around his, feeling his cock sliding deep into my tunnel, filling all of me like I could never imagine. I heard the bed squeak as he thrust harder and faster than before. My hips bucked underneath him, an incredible warmth starting to wash over me. I almost blacked out at the intensity; at the time I didn't know it, but I'd had my first orgasm with a man deep inside me. Feeling cloudy and wonderfully entranced underneath his beautiful body, I wrapped my arms around him, gripping myfingers on his back.

I felt his breath start to get heavier and more ragged, his thrusts get faster still, his muscles begin to spasm. I moaned and gasped, feeling what felt like an even bigger erection filling me up. His breath held, then released in grunts. I felt his engorged penis pulsing inside me as he pushed all the way in, again hitting that sensitive place. I felt him shudder, his body suddenly relaxing. A warmth flooded my vagina, and suddenly the fog in my mind broke, andI knew what had happened but I was struggling to stay conscious.

"Did you...."

"Yeah..." he answered, smiling as he groped my flushed body, still holding himself inside me. "Sorry about that....guess I got a little caught up. You do that to guys, you know."

"Oh god...." I mumbled, knowing that we'd done something wrong but unable really focus on it, or anything.

He pulled out of me slowly, leaving my stretched pussy gaping from the mass that had left my body. I felt the wetness escaping my opening, a mixture of our juices. His penis, still long and partially

engorged,was covered with pinkstreaks of blood and semen, aswere the sheets. Suddenly, I was thankful for the booze and painkillers. Aaron laid down beside me, his dick resting against my ass as he held me.

When I woke up the next morning, there was no sign of Aaron, apart from a note on the nightstand, letting me know he'd had a great time and leaving me his number. There were dark maroon spots of blood on the sheets, and I found out as soon as I stood up that walking was not going to be any fun for a while. After a long bath, I got Jaclyn to take me to the university clinic in exchange for 'all the details'. Had I not been on the way to get a morning-after pill, I don't think she'd have believed me. I could hardly believe it myself- I'd given away my virginity in a seek-and-destroy mission, finding the biggest hunk I could find to deflower me, wrecking and stretching my vagina in the process. It was great, though, pain and all, from what I remember. I can't wait to have another man, and another orgasm soon. First, I gotta heal up though. This soreness may stick around for a while....