Lessons in pleasure

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My introduction to the pleasure of sex

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It started back when I was just legal, 16 that is. I was seeing a boy who was 19, but he was a typical 19 year old. He knew how to fuck, but had no clue how to pleasure a woman. Sex was boring, just him on top rubbing in and out, in and out until he shuddered and came. I knew how to make myself damp but I was far to self conscious to do that while he rammed into me. After all, girls didn't wank.

At the time I used to help out a local DJ. He was 38 and reminded me of Noel Edmonds. We would chat freely about all sorts and once he made a bit of a cheeky remark about what a lucky boy my boyfriend was. The conversation moved on and I blurted out that sex with him was shit.

He told me that was such a shame and said he would love to show me how pleasurable sex could be. I laughed it off during the day, but as the evening drew in I was becoming quite receptive to the idea of sleeping with an experienced considerate man. We kept 'accidentally' touching and the sexual tension became thick. Once we had unpacked all of the kit from the day time gig we had done, he stroked his hand down my back, tracing the curve of my ass and in turn I traced my fingers up his arm and round the back of his neck.

Then we kissed. It was very strange, kissing a man with a beard. I had only ever kissed boys until then, with soft chins and downy facial hair. But the power rush I felt as his cock stiffened against me was a complete headrush.

He kissed me deeper and drew me into his body, and for the first time in my life I felt like a woman. He tenderly undressed me, and I stood before him naked, my shyness adding to his arousal as he moved my arms to my side exposing my breasts fully for his inspection.

Instead of having my nipples tweaked the way boyfriends did like they were trying to tune in a radio, he kissed them, gently, licking the pale skin all around the darkening circles surrounding my erect nipples. He lavished time and tenderness on my breasts until the ache in my pussy had me moaning for more. He took me by the hand and led me to the bed, sitting me on the edge and then pushing me to lie back, my feet still on the floor.

He knelt before me and kissed his way down my body to the mound above my pussy. His hands encouraged me to open my legs and I yielded, anxious by the prospect of what was to come but excited at the same time. No one had ever had their face that close to my pussy before. He kissed my thighs, leaving a silvery wet trail and then brought his hands to me, opening up my outer lips and exposing my young, pink flesh to the air. Then without warning he went down on me, his beard harsh against my tender skin, but the sensation of his lips and tongue was heavenly. He teased my clit sucking and nibbling on it, until it poked out of its little hooded cover, greedy for all the attention his expert tongue was giving it.

I was shocked by the intimacy of his actions but at the same time I didn't want it to stop. He carried on for what seemed to be hours, licking, sucking biting and slipping a finger into my tight hole. I was loosing myself in the pleasure being created in my groin. Even I had not been able to evoke pleasure on that level. I could feel his finger inside me, pressing against the front wall of my pussy, occasionally joined by a second one. When he did that and started with a scissor movement inside, stretching me he caused tiny shudders which I didn't realise at the time were the beginnings of my first ever orgasm.

He stayed there patiently working my almost virginal pussy into a wet throbbing mess. It felt like I had no control over my body my hips bucking and thrusting my soaking gash into his face. He was loving every minute of it and told me over and over how gorgeous my pussy was, and how he was going to make me cum and cum until I was totally spent.

He was such a considerate lover and a master teacher. His fingers and mouth brought me to a shuddering orgasm and warm liquid squirted out of me. I was mortified, convinced that at the point of climax, the loss of control I had experienced meant I had pissed on this beautiful man. He laughed at my shame and explained that I hadn't pee'd, it was the female equivalent of cumming. I wasn't convinced, so he rubbed his hand over my pussy, dipping each finger into me until his hand was slick with my sex and then he brought it to my mouth. Taste it, its your own delicious juice.

Tentatively I licked his fingers, surprised at the taste. I had no idea until then what I tasted like. I loved it and soon was licking every little bit from his hand. Then he pushed his index finger between my lips into my mouth.

"Have you ever taken a cock in your mouth?" he asked. I shook my head, his finger still resting on top of my tongue.

"It's the greatest compliment you can pay your lover," he told me, "and if you get it right you will be able to demand anything you desire, he will be absolute putty in your hands."

I'll be honest, I was not convinced, but keen to learn and repay him for my first ever orgasm, so I nodded my agreement.

He wandered off leaving me wet and horny perched on the edge of his bed. Then I could hear running water in the bathroom next door, as this very considerate man washed himself in readiness for my first encounter with oral sex.

He came back into the room naked and I was a little surprised to see a mature body, with slightly rounded tummy and body hair. But any doubts I had vanished as I remembered how he had delighted me earlier.

He offered his proud member up to me as he approached and I took it in my hand. Looking closely at a cock for the first time in my life. I noticed the intricate vein patterns along the shaft, the tear drop eye set in the midst of a shiny helmet that led to the ridge of creased skin attaching the foreskin to the head. He smiled down at my expression, his eyes gentle.

"Use plenty of spit to keep it moist, it feels much nicer then," he told me.

I took a deep breath and sucked as much saliva as I could onto my tongue then leaned forwards and licked from the point where the shaft emerged from his wrinkled hairy balls up and over the proud ridge of his helmet. I kept my eyes looking up at his face to make sure I was doing it right. He nodded and I repeated my action until I had covered all of his cock and it glistened. I delighted in the soft silk like texture of his skin and the heat of his hardness, loving the way I could change his breathing in response to what I was doing.

"Try and take it all in," he urged me. I opened my mouth widely and moved onto him until the tip of his head touched the back of my throat causing an automatic gag. My eyes watered and I panicked.

He stroked my hair and wiped the tears from my eyes smiling down, "Take your time, only as much as you're comfortable with."

So I started again, slowly running my tongue up and down his length, around the ridge of his head, and then as I took him into my mouth, I began to use pressure from my tongue against his shaft to add to the sensations I knew he was enjoying. Using my thumb and forefingers, I circled the base of his wide shaft. Then I tried again to take him deep into my mouth. I stretched my jaw forward and edged my way onto him, until his pubic hair was tickling my nostrils. I set my hand as a gauge and then with his hands on my face to guide me, I moved up and down along his lovely cock with a regular tempo that I let him dictate.

"Don't forget my balls," he whispered, so I cupped them with my spare hand, surprised at how cool they were compared to his cock.

His low moans became more urgent as I gained in confidence and began to explore the sorts of sensations I could deliver to him using my lips, tongue teeth and fingers. Occasionally I let him in too far and tears formed in my eyes but I was learning how to control the gag and was beginning to get really turned on with how slutty I felt. However my improving technique quickly resulted in him being brought right to the brink of his own orgasm.

"Noo," he cried pulling out, "not yet."

He returned his attention to me, lapping again at my pussy, encouraging the juice to flow again.

"You're very tight," he said introducing one then two fingers into me. The with his lips around my clit sucking it into his mouth he probed me with a third finger, opening me out and massaging against the tension that was dormant within my pussy walls. I had never been so full, but the initial pain quickly subsided and I relaxed again to enjoy all the new sensations he was giving me.

My hips began to rock against his hand and face as I looked forward to having his lovely wide cock slide in and out of me. But he wasn't finished with my induction and rolled me over so I was face down on the bed. He lifted my hips up and I closed my eyes embarrassed by the fact that my ass would be on view. But my discomfort soon deepened as he slid 2 fingers into my soaking pussy and then licked my asshole.

"Noo," I whimpered, but as he did it again and again, the pleasure I felt overcame the shame such a filthy act made me feel. It was to get worse though, as he poked the tip of his tongue into my virgin hole.

"Please no," I begged, "not there,",but he knew from the wetness in my pussy that my words were betraying my body's response, and he ignored my pleas. He spat onto to the puckered skin at the entrance to my arse and used the tip of his finger to spread the moisture, before slowly inserting his finger. I gasped and stopped breathing at the shock of such a rude intrusion.

"Relax," he murmured as we both froze, then as he slowly caressed my swollen clit I began to relax and he gently pressed in further. The feeling of a finger intruding into my bottom should have revolted me, but instead of turning me off it turned me on even more. My sphincter softened to allow him to finger my ass, gently moving in and out and rotating his finger inside to increase my enjoyment.

It did not take me long to forget my initial disgust at the thought of anal play and start to really enjoy my introduction to dp, albeit with just a finger in each hole. After a while, when he was satisfied that I was close to my second orgasm, he pulled out. I was aware of movement behind me as he repositioned himsel,f and then I felt his hard cock resting against my pussy lips. He slid it up and down my slit covering it in my juice and then he pushed into me. He was much bigger than any of the boys I had been fucked b,y and I waited for it to hurt, but it didn't. I was so wet that even as tight as I was, he slid easily back and forwards. What a difference foreplay made. I was loving sex, and pushed myself back onto him, taking him all the way in. He slapped my buttocks lightly, telling me I was being a naughty girl.

I didn't care and bucked against him harder, getting another slap for my insistence. He refused to be rushed and maintained a pace that teased me. I wanted harder and faster, and he was still at making love pace.

"Feel how wet you are," he instructed, and like a good girl I put my hand between my legs, amazed at how swollen my clit and lips were, and then I could feel his cock where it entered me and I was transfixed.

"Its ok for you to play with yourself," he told me, and I began rubbing.

He began to speed up, and I moved up another level, urging him to fuck me harder. He reacted by sliding his wet finger back into my ass and pounding hard and fast into my pussy.

I was stretched on every level and absolutely loving it. Why had sex never felt this good before? Christ, if I had known an older man would make such a fabulous lover, I'd have signed up for classes much sooner.

The gentleness had gone and all that was left were 2 people horny as hell, fucking as though their lives depended on it. But neither of us could maintain that intensity for long and I felt those welcome contractions start deep inside me.

I cried out, "Yes, fuck me please, yes, I'm coming," and the squeezing of my pussy walls tipped him over the edge and he thrust in so deep it hurt as he pumped creamy hot cum into me.