

Lovers Only Chapter 1

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Published on Lush Stories on 13 Aug 2011

Follow a girl just set on finding the right man.

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August 11th 20XX

Dear friend,

Hi you, the one who will never judge me because I'm no longer miss popular, the one who won't remind me that my fifteen minutes of fame is already up and that those who loved me have already moved on to newer and younger things. Being young means my naiveté gets the better of me but now that I know that true love is hard to find, the gravitas of the situation has dawned upon me -- the perfect guy isn't always so easy to find as popularized by sitcom television.

School is starting up again in a couple of weeks and I'm glad for that. I recently just quit my job so I can spend the last two weeks of break finishing the required reading. Summer has been way too long and I'm looking forward to some stability again, though this upcoming semester doesn't seem like it'll be as fun as the years prior as my two favorite professors are not offering undergraduate courses this year -- not a big fan of change! Hopefully if all goes well, I can take the LSATs at the end of this school year and start prepping for law school.

This morning was spent lounging around the television watching the world tear itself apart, fixated on how devoid of love everything is. Jen finally came home around 11 in the a.m. sobering up from what I can only guess is another night out chasing her escapades. She collapsed on the couch next to me and made a grouchy face as to tell me that I take everything too seriously in life and that I needed to lighten up. She asked me what I wanted to do for my twenty-first birthday in a week, and suggested going out to celebrate. I declined as it was only two days before the first day of school and knowing her I'd have a hangover that lasts through the end of the month. She asked instead if I would be interested in a party a friend was hosting this evening; if there were any time before school started, now would be the time. She got up and gave me a kiss and proceeded to take a shower. Truth be told, I was fond of Jen's carefree lifestyle -- the partying, meeting new people, going places. I buried my face in my textbook and kept reading.

Boredom eclipses my day; it makes time stagger by so much that I caught myself humping my pillow. Noticing that I had a brilliant wet spot on my crotch on my sweats, I bit my lower lip in embarrassment and scuttled into my room and changed my underwear and pants before proceeding to cry softly in my own privacy. Being single can be tough when you have nothing to do – no job, no friends in town. It wouldn't matter if I could just find something to do, short of studying my ass off before school even starts, but building a mental prison for yourself can be deadly and can drive you insane. I went out for lunch at the local McAlister's Deli and found myself completely self-conscious that I was eating alone, despite the fact that I was the only person in the restaurant. Wanting to break out of the straightjacket I found myself in, I called Jen and told her I was going with her.

Retrospect is always 20/20 and the irony is I found myself even more isolated with a bunch of drunken socialites with their tongues down each others throat within twenty minutes of the liquor arriving. I sat in my little corner sipping my mint julep and listened closely to the sound of the Duke in the background almost regretting the decision of coming. Just as I was about to leave, a guy approaches me. He introduces himself as...well this is embarrassing, I don't remember it. Or at least what happened in the next two hours rendered my memory moot. He spoke to me with sparkling blue eyes and a gentle smile enough to make me forget my place in the world and sink into his arms. I know I had a few too many drinks but I didn't care -- he made me flushed with joy and tickled my insatiable appetite for excitement that I wanted to risk it all with him. The next thing I knew we were in a dimly lit bedroom somewhere upstairs far removed from the party.

He stripped me naked and laid me down on the bed. Almost embarrassed, I tucked a finger in my mouth and bit on it slightly, and pushed my breasts together as to cover them with my forearms. He came down on me and kissed me down my cheek and down my neck slowly sucking his way down leaving a trail of tiny hickies on my skin. As he came to my chest, he sucked on my collarbone down to the top of my breasts where he then softly kissed them back and forth between each breasts. His strong hands cupped my breasts and massaged each nipple, pinching them occasionally just toying with me. His mouth moved down each nipple where his tongue would dance around and prod me. I could feel his warm breath against the saliva on my cold bare skin. Next he kissed down my abs and stopped at my navel where he ogled my piercing for a moment. He put his mouth around the stud in my belly button and tugged on it slightly; I wince slightly, squirming against his tugging and I moan slightly.

Finally he got down in between my legs and thrust his tongue deep in my pussy, wriggling it back and forth, up and down. I gasp at how far he went and tried squeezing my thighs together around his head, but instead he grabbed my legs and spread them further apart, not allowing me to keep him from his prize. I lost all inhibitions and cried out in ecstasy and squirmed and struggled to break his lock on me. After he was done eating me out, he pulled out his massive 10 inch cock and pressed it against my pussy, not yet putting himself in. He rubbed against me for several seconds, brandishing

his penis against my small pussy teasing me. I craved for him to ravish me and jumped on him, pinning him to the bed. I tucked his penis between my legs and grinded slowly against him as I hovered my body inches above his, letting my long gold hair drape over his chest, my breasts just within breathing distance of his mouth. He leaned forward to suck on them but I leaned back just teasing him tantalizingly with what he can't get. After a few more tit for tats, I finally let him wrap his mouth around my nipples and suck on them slowly.

I found myself dripping wet as I noticed a trail of juices pouring down my inner thigh and proceeded to guide his dick against my pussy. I leaned back a bit allowing him to fully penetrate me, though I let out a loud gasp as my tight pussy consumed his massive cock. I grimaced slightly as I tried to contain him inside me and bounced up and down on top of him whilst my breasts swayed back and forth. I start slowly by coming down slowly on him nine times followed by one sharp thrust until my butt slapped against his hips. I followed with eight quick strokes and two sharp and deep thrusts and then seven quick thrusts and three deep ones, working my way down until my buttocks slammed down on him ten times. He lifts me off the bed and onto my knees as I start sucking his cock, barely able to contain it as my saliva dripped down my face. I ran his penis back and forth in my hands while sucking on it twisting it in and out while my tongue batted against the head of his cock. I could feel the throbbing and heat in my mouth and fought to keep from gagging, even when at the end, he buried his cock in the back of my throat and came what seemed like gallons. Not being able to properly breathe, I sucked up and swallowed the load and collapse in a heap on the floorboards, cum dripping down my face. I must have been so tired that I started to lose consciousness and fell asleep right then and there.

I woke up the next morning still naked under the covers with my clothes folded neatly at the foot of the bed, all except for one article of clothing – my panties. On the night stand was a scrawled note reading, "Thanks for the wonderful night, hope you don't mind if I take home a trophy...and a picture." Men.