New Experience with my French Friend

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Things get a little more than friendly with my best friend from France

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Not again - how could this be happening to me again?!
Not that I didn't enjoy it; I mean how could I not enjoy having an intimate night with a sexy foreign boy?
It had been one year since my host brother from Spain had left to go back home. At first, I was devastated and was in a constant state of "mourning". Eventually, though, I moved on and began enjoying time with my family and friends again. And then, right at the beginning of my school year, I had met Julien. Charming, exciting, handsome, and (typical) another foreign exchange student. Julien was from France,and was theexact image every girl imagines a French boy to be. His brown curly hair was always perfectly combed, his blue eyes wereincredibly dreamy, and of course, he had a gorgeous French accent. I had met him early in the year and we had become the best of friends, hanging out nearly every day and even taking weekend trips together. It was strange, but we formed an extremely strong bond in just a matter of weeks. In some ways, I felt Julien was as close to me as some of my girlfriends I'd had for years!
I had to admit, Julien was definitely attractive. But we had become best friends, and to take our relationship to the next level made me nervous. What if something happened and we had a fight? What if we never talked again? The thought of losing Julien as a friend made me keep my feelings in control - there was no way we were becoming anything more than friends.
And yet, here I was - lying on a bed, with Julien on top of me! It started last week, when I had come over to his house after school. We went for a swim in the backyard pool, and I noticed that he was unusually touchy. During our games, his hands would wander more than usual, and he seemed to be in an extremely playful mood. I didn't stop him, and I couldn't help being a little flirty, but inside I wondered what had caused the change of emotion.
Then, today after school, I had come over to Julien's house again to hang out. After grabbing a snack, we headed to his room and messed around on his laptop for a while. We had been lying on his bed with the computer when he stopped and set it on the dresser. Looking at me with his gorgeous French smile, I couldn't help but let a few dirty thoughts come into my mind. His hand came up and caressed my cheek, sending a chill down my back. Before I knew it, he had leaned me down on the bed and gently got on top of me. We had hardly done anything, but I noticed my breathing had already escalated and I was completely willing to let anything happen at that moment. The things

those foreign boys could do to me! Julien slid his hand up and down my leg, rubbing my thighs and letting his fingers trail along my crotch. He stared into my eyes like I was the only thing in his mind and began kissing my neck, slowly letting his lips caress my body. Eventually, I felt his fingers unfastening my jean buttons, and I gasped as I first felt his fingers rub my clit. He moved his hand everywhere, touching every place, and I was completely lost in my own world. I moaned as he slid a finger inside me, and I could feel after just a few minutes how wet I already was. As he slid his finger in and out, I moved my hips back and forth and felt him deeper and deeper inside me. I moaned as I felt a second finger enter inside me, and his other hand slid up my t-shirt. Throughout these few minutes, I realized we hadn't even kissed yet, although most couples start out with kissing. At the time, though, I couldn't say I minded!

I didn't know how far Julien and I were going to take it, but I knew if this went on for long I was going to become incredibly horny incredibly fast, and that would take us places. I rolled over on top of him and took off his shirt, running my hands along his chest. I reached down and felt his package through his jeans. Just feeling it for a second, I already wanted it so bad. I took off his belt and slid my hands into his pants, feeling him grow in my hands. I heard him let out a soft moan as I rubbed my hand up and down his shaft, gaining a rhythm. For a second, I wondered if I should stop this right now.I had promised myself we were going to stay friends, hadn't I? But looking at him, and feeling him in my hands, I had some doubts. Maybe it wouldn't hurt just to let something happen just this once.....