Short-Slitted Lorianne Loses It

By SensualDesires83

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I am scared to death to let any guy see my short slit.

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There must be something fucking wrong with me. I am twenty-five years old, tanned perfectly across my whole body with no lines, my curves are all in the right places, and my slenderness exudes exotic features. My legs are always smooth, my breasts protrude with a perkiness that is almost so perky, I do not have to wear a bra half the time. Constantly, I am ogled by guys. I could have my share of them and even invite them into my bed if I wanted. But yet, I do not. My chastity is still intact. Yes, I said it. I am still a fucking virgin.

I am all natural, even up to my blond hair. No dye has ever touched it. My blue eyes pop with whatever I wear. Looking in the mirror, I am perfect in every way to other people. I am not bragging however. I have no reason to do so. To other people, there seems to be no flaws upon my body. But there is; one that I always hide and one that I only know about. My flaw, that only I have seen, is my tiny pussy.

That is the main reason why I am still a twenty-five year old virgin. I am scared to death to let any guy see my short slit. None of my ex-boyfriends ever saw it. I always made excuses not to show them. My current boyfriend, Blake, has never seen it either. I always tell him that I want to wait for that special moment. To tell the truth, I do not think that moment will ever come. I had no problem showing them my breasts. They are normal. I like and feel them myself many times. However, what is between my legs is a different story.

Just like some guys measure their cocks, I actually measured my pussy. It was actually very easy, seeing I have the kind that forms a perfect line between my legs. My outer labia is hardly visible and my inner labia is so packed inside, they only become visible when I spread my little hole open. With one of those flexible measuring tapes, I carefully laid it over my thin division. It was just a little over three and a half inches, almost four in length. No wonder my finger hardly fit inside.

Am I ashamed? Well seeing I always made excuses not to show my pussy to any of my former

boyfriends and not even Blake, I would say definitely yes. But I am not ashamed to show myself my body. I had grown used to it. It is a part of me forever. I did not mind looking at it. I actually think it is cute. Believe me, my pussy may be tiny and tight, but it is just as sexual as a normal sized one.

And I can say that because I have seen my girlfriends and I can honestly say their pussies are definitely normal. Like a guy with a small penis, I actually felt inadequate to my friends. That is why they have never seen it either. Let me explain something here; I surely am not saying my girlfriends go around showing their bits. There comes a time when one may need some help or advice or we see each other in the restroom. There could also be that one daring girlfriend at a pool party that thinks it would be fun to make a splash by skinny dipping. Those are the kind of moments I am talking about. It just happens. Of course, they were all different also, but mine was always smaller and personally, nonexistent to theirs.

But, as I said earlier, I am no less sexual because my pussy is tiny. It reacts to natural sexual situations. It gets wet. It feels good to touch it and run my finger across its smooth short pink line. Oh, and my clit, I do honestly love my clit. It is also tiny and looks so cute when it pops out. It looks like a pink pea poking out. I love how it protrudes and actually sets off the natural short line parallel to my body. If one was to look at me in a sexually stimulated state, my clit would be the only way one would know I am aroused. Even though I get wet, my inner lips never plump. My pussy stays level with the rest of my body.

In that stimulated wet state, I always play with myself and even as small and tight as my entrance is, I am able to insert my finger. But only one. I've tried two and it hurt so much, it brought tears to my eyes and I had to stop. I thought I was actually doing something wrong, so I began trying other objects. I tried sexual toys of all sizes trying to stretch my small pink sexual lips, but most of them hurt just as much as me trying two fingers. I even purchased a soft rubber dildo the average size in length and girth to a male penis to see if that would work. Only the head would fit. This was another reason why I was still a twenty-five year old virgin. Deep down, I was ashamed and why I never showed anyone, especially the guys of my past and the one in my present. In my mind, I knew they would never fit.

I would be remiss if I did not say it unnerved me a little not to be able to fit anything in my pussy. I pretty much resigned myself to remain a virgin forever. It was obviously my destiny. It must have been God's plan. But I was tired of making excuses to Blake. I was tired of making excuses to myself. My body was aching to know what it felt like to have a hard cock inside it. But the thought of trying to force myself to have Blake lie on top of me made me nervous.

It was not the thought of losing my virginity, however. My body so wanted to do so. It was the thought of being a failure. I did not want Blake to think of me in a bad way because I could not accept him. I

was scared that if I could not, he would leave. That was what drove away my former ex-boyfriends and I was certain if I did not try soon with Blake, he would leave also. I was in a lose-lose situation.

So, for the first time in my adult life, I made up my mind to finally show my pussy to someone. Was I nervous? Hell yes. Blake had seen me topless several times, but the thought of me removing my panties or thong scared me half to death. I wondered what he would think about its size. Would he think I was less of a woman? I knew I was not. Would Blake say anything? Would he just look at me and run? These questions played over and over in my mind that was already made. I was going to have to live with the consequences.

When Blake came over after work, I was going to talk to him. As he drank his beer, I would just come out and tell him I was ready. I had been playing it off telling him I was just not ready when I really was. This time, I was going through with it even if it killed me.

I had dinner ready when Blake arrived. It was nothing special; just a little something easy and filling. Blake did not need the mood set. He was one of these guys that got instantly hard at the thought of getting lucky. I had to admit that was extremely sexy. Well, tonight, he was actually going to be able to use it. Hopefully.

After having eaten, we settled on the couch. He had his beer, I had my wine, and he wrapped his arm around my shoulders as we watched some comedy on the television. I looked at him and smiled. I took his hand in mine and knew the moment had arrived.

"I'm ready," I just came out and said. The look Blake gave said it all.

"Are you sure Lorianne?"

"Yes, but there is something you need to know first." I said and squeezed his hand.

"I already know you are a virgin, remember?" Blake looked at me and said.

"Not that. But it has something to do with it." I answered.

"I'll be gentle, trust me."

"Blake, I trust you with all my heart. Truly I do, but there is something about me that you don't know. It may make you change your mind."

"Lorianne, I doubt that very seriously. What is it sweetie?"

"I am small down there," I said and blushed as I did.

Blake looked very perplexed. I removed my hand from his and turned away because I just knew I said something that would make him not go through with it.

To my surprise, Blake took my hand again and responded, "Small, Lorianne? You mean tight, don't you?"

"Well that too, but I do mean small. Really small actually."

Blake now looked more confused. "Lorianne, you've lost me," he responded. There was nothing else I could say to explain it. Well, there was. I could say plenty, but there was no use. There was really only one way to explain it.

So, I got up, pulled Blake by the arm, and said, "Let me show you. Then you will understand."

Down the hall to my bedroom, Blake followed. I was not sure just how to show him, so I treated this as a make-out session with emphasis toward foreplay. It would be best to reveal myself to him in stages. I walked over to my stereo and turned it on to some slow jazz. I turned around and Blake was standing in front of my bed. I walked over to him and pulled his face down to meet my lips and began kissing him tenderly.

The warmth of his kiss began to fill me and make me comfortable for what I was about to do. It began to set in that I was finally going to show my tiny slit to my boyfriend of one year. It had been long enough and I could tell Blake truly loved me, but would he still if I was unable to accept him? We were going to find out.

As I kissed Blake, I began to unbutton my blouse. His hand found one of my breasts and cupped it carefully through my bra. I knew it would not take him long to get my bra off. But it was going to be me that took my bikini panties off. I wanted to be the one to reveal what was between my legs. I wanted to see Blake's face when he first saw it. His reaction was going to tell me everything.

But for now, I was all into Blake's lips and letting him feel me up sensually. I loved how his hands felt on my perkiness. They would feel so much better when he had my bra off. As I kissed him long and hard, I began taking his shirt off. I could feel his warm chest permeate into mine. I traced a finger over Blake's pectorals as I felt his hand finally reach around and snap the hook of my chest holding lace. I let him take it off and throw it to the floor. Then his hand took my right breast and squeezed. God it felt so good.

At that moment, I felt the moisture form inside my tiny pink crack. I could feel it slip out onto the lining of my panties. My clit began to react also. I did not think that would happen so quickly. Now when I took my bikini style covering off, my little pink button would be visible. Blake could not help but notice my pussy then. There was no way he could miss the minute raised pinkness of my clit that shadowed my short slit so even with its surroundings. The moment was almost here.

I turned around and let Blake pull my hair back so he could drag his lips over the side of my neck. As he did, both his hands now felt my firm small mounds. My nipples, now erect and sensitive touching his warm palms, resembled my love button between my legs. My hands found the enclosure of my shorts and loosened it and I slipped them from my waist and let my shorts fall to my ankles. Somehow, I managed to step out of them with Blake's hands still feeling my protruding milk cases. Just one more item to remove and my small kitty would be exposed for the first time to anyone.

I could feel the bulge through Blake's pants poke me just above my ass. His erection felt good on my body. I turned around again and immediately began undoing his pants. My bare breasts pressed into his chest slightly as the button popped loose and my fingers found the zipper. I stooped and pulled his pants down and let him step out. On my way back up, I got a clear view of how big and long Blake's cock really was as it throbbed through his boxers. I began to get really nervous. I just knew it would not fit inside my body. This now began to feel like a lost cause.

As I stood, Blake's hands rested on the curves of my hips right on the waistband of my bikini panties. He looked me in the eyes and I felt his hands gently move to my ass and squeeze. I pressed my cheek into his chest and felt it vibrate as he said, "Oh Lorianne, I love you so much. I've waited so long for this moment," and then I felt his hand begin to slide inside my panties.

Scared, I pulled back, enough so he could not get to the final destination and said, "No, Blake, please. I want to show you myself. If I feel rejection, I want it to be of my own doing. Sit."

"Rejection, Lorianne? Why would I reject you? I love you."

"You might after you see this," I said and turned so that my back was to him. Slowly, I removed my underwear, stood there for a minute with my bare ass showing, and when the nerve passed over to make me turn around, I did, but covered my tiny tender spot with my hand.

"Don't be ashamed Lorianne. It's just me."

"But, Blake, my kitty, it's... It's... So... little. See," I said as I removed my hand and revealed the short line that I had become used to as normal.

Blake looked right at my pussy. My little stimulated bump was protruding nicely, but I was more concerned with what Blake thought about my short naturalness.

"Lorianne, what's wrong with your pussy? It looks normal to me. It's got me hard, see?" Blake said and removed his boxers.

I looked straight at his erection and it was just as big as the rubber dildo I tried to fit inside myself. I had a feeling this was going to be disaster. I tried to smile, but smirked instead and said, "Blake, you were hard before you saw it. And yes, it's normal to me, but honestly, I know you've seen bigger, or I should say, um, longer."

"Doesn't matter. You are still perfect to me Lorianne," Blake said and grabbed me, turned me to the bed, and laid me on it. I was about to lose my virginity. Maybe.

"Oh God, this is really going to happen. Blake, forgive me now if I can't accept you. If I can't, I want you to know, I still love you."

"Oh so this is what this is all about. You think you are too small to take me."

"Blake, I know I am. I want to; my body says its ready, but..."

"But nothing, Lorianne. Just relax and let the moment happen," Blake said and lied his body upon mine, ran his hands through my hair gently, and began kissing me again.

I felt his love begin to pour into my body and before I knew it, my body relaxed so much that I spread my legs without even realizing it. I only realized it when I felt what I thought was the head of Blake's erection rub my tiny slot.

"Blake is that?" I asked and did not have to say anything further.

"Yes. It's ready and you are too I can tell."

Blake was right on one part. Mentally, I was more ready than physically. My clit may have been showing itself and my pussy may have been wet, but my body was actually screaming, 'NOOOO!' even though I so wanted Blake inside me. I was just as confused as ever.

"Blake, before you try and enter me, may I ask one thing first?"

"I said I'll be gentle. I know it may hurt."

"Not that. Just tell me when you are going to, Blake. I want to be somewhat ready."

"You'll know Lorianne. Believe me, you'll know," Blake answered and cupped one of my breasts again, only this time, his mouth found my erect nipple.

The tingle inside my body from his warm mouth covering my hot raised sensitive upper love button shot right to my short vertical smile. For the first time, I felt something inside my pussy I had never felt. I felt acceptance.

Then it happened. Blake, without the guidance of his hand, slowly pushed the head of his hard cock into me. I felt my tiny sexual lips wrap around it. It felt like a heavy warm pressure being inserted slightly into me.

Was I really about to take my boyfriend? Was my body going to allow something bigger than my two fingers and the toys I tried inside it? Was the delicate thin membrane just inside my tiny crevice finally going to be broken? God, my body was experiencing a new kind of ache.

"Uuuuuhhhhh," escaped my mouth as I grimaced from the piercing pain that followed the plunging into my inner recess. Tears instantly ran down my face in reaction to my hymen being torn, and I could feel a warm trickle flow slowly I knew was blood. Blake paused when he felt it. He knew what he had done.

I wanted to literally cry from the new kind of hurt my body was now enduring, but I could not. It was because the shock I was experiencing would not let me. It was a different kind of pain that actually kept the painful kind of cry at bay. This was a jolting pressure I felt as my pussy was invaded. The only way I can describe exactly what it felt like was that of a car being driven at sixty miles per hour and hitting a brick wall causing it to come to a complete stop for a brief moment.

Once the wall had been broken, it left room for more. Gently and methodically, Blake began to puncture me deeper. I actually could feel my inside walls spreading open to accommodate his hard length. I felt the warm wet secretions of my pussy flow out allowing me to accept him. I could not believe I was actually fitting something inside my pussy.

"Ooooohhhhh," I sighed as I felt Blake's cock penetrate my tight pink hole. The feeling was overwhelming. I took a deep breath until I knew I had actually consumed all of his hardness. I could not breathe at that very moment. I held the breath I took in and felt and heard the echoing pound of my heart beat a rhythm inside my body like no other. I could actually feel the throb of Blake's hard

cock as my inner walls wrapped tightly around it as he paused deep inside.

When he began to slide his hard member out, I let the breath out with a resonating whoosh. "Aaaaahhhhh, God," came out in that whoosh. It was all I could muster. The feeling of my inner labia sliding along his hard shaft left my body wanting more. My naturally coated lubricated fissure wanted to feel the ridges of his blood filled tissue penetrate again. I wanted to know for certain that my pussy had finally become a woman.

There were no words that described the enveloping feeling that now surrounded my body. As Blake began to push into me again, I moaned an audible, "Uuuuuhhhh" and clenched the sheets with my fists. My body had done it. My pussy was indeed large enough to take the opposite sex's equivalency. I was actually lying there in awesome wonder.

The moans began to happen quicker, one right after the other, and my body's pores was beginning to form beads of sweat. The feeling was mesmerizing. The slow methodical rhythm Blake found as he pounded into my now relaxed body set me at ease. My breasts jiggled as he rocked on me, pressing my body into the soft mattress. The way they moved back and forth made my nipples poke out in extreme erectness. I had never in my life felt my nipples so fucking hard. I had to feel them as Blake continued to find his way in and out of my damp small slit.

As I tugged on my taut nipples, the jolt I never expected ran through my whole body and culminated in my groin where Blake had invaded. The liquid began to pour out of my tender pinkness causing him to go even deeper. As Blake did, his body slammed into my hard clit sending sensations inside my whole being that I never gave myself. Then there was a feeling like no other. Something had been triggered inside me and it began to run amok. I felt it travel through my veins filling every ounce of my body with jolting pressure. I knew it was the beginning of an orgasm; an orgasm I never gave myself. It would be my first true orgasm.

Blake could tell also. I was so amazed he could feel my orgasm coming forth just by being inside me. "Let it go Lorianne. Let your orgasm spill all over me deep inside you. We can cum together. It'll be so real."

My body responded. I could not turn it off even if I had wanted. My pussy began to quiver, my clit began to pulse, and I could feel every hard ridge of Blake's cock inside my now more than ever sensitive state. I was going to have my first real cum. It felt so vibrantly titillating. I was filled with such sexual bliss and it was Blake that was giving it to me.

Suddenly, my body felt like it burst wide open and with a long dragging moan of, "Mmmmmmm," my orgasm was unleashed in a wave of perpetual freedom of having lost its pureness. At the same time,

I felt the pulses of Blake's cock. He was cumming inside me. I actually felt the warm jets of his orgasmic fluid splash my pink insides in erogenous spurts. Like he said, we both came together. It was as if he knew that was going to happen.

After Blake had pumped his orgasm into me, I felt his penis go limp and as he slid it out of me, I literally heard the slurping pop of my vaginal lips as his large round head exited. It was a sound that made me laugh and realize that I had actually taken a real man inside my body.

Blake held me for minute afterward. It felt so good being in his arms, but I knew he could not stay. He got up and headed for the bathroom to clean up. I lied there in my bed a few more minutes reeling from virginity lost. As I lied there, I felt warmth under me. I knew what it was.

I leaned up and slung my bare smooth legs off the side of the bed and sat there a minute. Blake came out of the bathroom, put his clothes back on, and came to the side where I was sitting. He looked at me, smiled, and leaned down and kissed me tenderly. Blake was not pulling a fuck and run. He had a job to go to in the morning. I was not going to hold him back; that was something I never did.

He walked out of my room and where there was no carpet, I heard Blake's shoes clunk with each step until he was out the front door. Only then, after Blake was gone, did I finally stand up.

I had done it. My body had full closure now. I could finally say I was a non-virgin; a twenty-five year old one. It felt good not to feel pure anymore. Then I turned around and looked at my bed where it all happened. There, I snickered as I looked where I had been lying with Blake on top of me and saw the pale pink stained spot, a mixture of my virginal blood and my and Blake's sexual juices that had spread slowly through the fabric of the sheet. The pale pink hue of that spot was just a gentle reminder of what I used to be.

Now I was a twenty-five year old short-slitted non-virgin. My pussy may have been small and tight, but it proved me wrong by accepting Blake. I guess it needed the real thing and not the toys I had bought for it. My pussy had more sense than I did. Just goes to show that the shortest things can often pack a punch. I was going to have fun using it again. And again. And again.