After The First Time

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The stories are mine. I wrote them. They are about my experiences.

What happened after my first time with a man other than my husband.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/after-the-first-time.aspx

After I submitted my first experience, in the comments and in the emails I received, I was asked many times to write about what happened after I kind of lost control with the older patient in the recovery facility. I have to admit that what happened during that first time definitely escalated beyond what I was ready for and any control I thought I had over the situation was an illusion. To my husband's intense pleasure, I just basically let "it" get away from me and pretty much jumped on that man's penis and suddenly I was having uncontrolled intercourse with only the second man in my entire life.

And, of course, most, but not all of that loss of control was due to my husband's urging. Up to that point he was the only man that I had ever had sex with. After that first time due to my husband's passionate requests I continued to let the older gentleman play with me between my legs by his bed and I masturbated him at the same time. At some point I began to really look forward to watching my hand move up and down on his penis and pulling his foreskin over the top of it and then down again. Of course his touching me "down there" and in particular his kind of flicking my clitoris with his middle finger aroused me to almost seeing stars.

During these "sessions" I always had my orgasm first. I got into the habit of laying my head on his stomach, as my legs tried to buckle under me. From this posture I watched him ejaculate in quick spurts through half closed eyes, first clear semen dribbling out and then his milky sperm quickly following right after. I grew to love watching this and hearing him moan while he was clutching at my vagina as he ejaculated. His fingers occasionally grabbed at my pubic hairs providing little electric shocks which I also liked. In this position, s sometimes, his semen would spurt onto my face and once even got into my eyes. I didn't't like that part very much. However, I swear, that my husband loved it more and more each time he asked me to tell him about it.

Once, and only once, as I was having a particularly strong orgasm, he pushed the back of my head towards his penis. I think it was an unconscious thing on his part. My head slid over his stomach and I knew what he wanted. I don't ever do this for my husband as I have never really liked it. But, when

my mouth reached his throbbing penis I opened it and just swallowed his enlarged purple head with my lips coming to rest firmly just beyond the flair. My instinct was to pull away but I didn't't. The skin was so firm and hard and very, hot. He gently thrust into my mouth several times and I did not move, just held myself there and waited, knowing exactly what was going to happen. A few urgent thrusts later semen shot explosively into my mouth hitting the back of my throat. That first time we had intercourse with me sitting on top of him he was deeply embedded in me and I could FEEL his ejaculations inside me. But, still, I was surprised at its force in my mouth. It instantly coated my mouth with a sticky feeling, acrid tasting film. That is the only way I can describe it. It was not pleasant. Then, right after, came a salty spurt of sperm, which, to my surprise, although very different, tasted kind of good. My instinct was to not swallow it but I gagged and some went down my throat, anyway.

When his penis stopped twitching spasmodically in my mouth amid his moan's and a kind of loud "Oh, my God", which startled me, I slid my mouth off of him closing my mouth carrying his semen away from his penis. For some reason I tried to not spill any on him. I sat up and looked into his face and turned to him with my mouth full of his semen. He was drained and this had taken a lot out of him (no pun intended, really). Tiredly, he thanked me and I stupidly tried to say something and when I opened my mouth some of his semen dribbled out and onto my chin. There was a lot more in there than I had thought. I was immediately embarrassed and can only imagine what he saw inside there.

He laughed out loud and I ran to the bathroom and quickly began spitting it out in the sink. When I came back he was still laughing. I had never heard him laugh before. I was really self-conscious and probably red as a beet but I could not help it - I started to laugh, also.

I had to describe all this in detail to my husband who seemed to be quite impressed. What a strange man I married.