

# Bluebirds Sing

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*I finally discovered why sex is such a big deal.*

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I guess I was a little slow in becoming sexually active, at least that is the way it felt listening to almost all my friends describe all the encounters they had had with the much discussed 'Penis'. It seemed like every time I got together with my friends, who were sixteen or seventeen too, the subject always turned to boys and everyone seemed like they had a new experience with a boy to share. Not me. With rather strict parents, I had only been allowed to start dating after I had turned 16. The story am I about to tell you took place about six months after my 16th birthday. Let me introduce myself to you. My name is Jessica. I have brown eyes and chestnut hair. Back then I was 5'7", a skinny 115 pounds with still-growing breasts then at 34A. I considered my best features my dark brown eyes and long hair that almost went down to my waist. My total experience with boys prior to dating had been a few fumbled kisses at parties, sneaking looks at my brothers porn collection, and masturbating as I imagined what it would be like to live some of the stories my friends had bragged about. My first real date was with Tim. He was one of the most popular junior guys at school and I was thrilled to be going on my first date with him. Now that I look back on it, I am not sure what I really expected a date to be. I must have imagined some "Disney-like" adventure with blue birds singing in the distance. I thought we were going to the movies and then out for some pizza. I had done that many times before with my friends and I guess this is what I expected, only with maybe some hand-holding and a few kisses. That was not what it was like. Almost as soon as the movie started, Tim started making his moves. He moved his arm around my shoulder. I liked that. Then he began to move his hand toward my breast. That I hadn't expected. I was embarrassed with people all around us and told him to stop. The arm came back around but the hand went to my knee and started to move up my leg. I told him to stop and said, "Not now." After the movie we didn't go for a pizza but stopped at our lover's lane called "The Pit." After a few kisses, Tim started to become much more aggressive. He tried to feel my breasts again, put his hand between my legs, and started to try and get my shirt off. I guess I went a

little nuts. He got really angry and roared out of The Pit, saying nothing to me until we pulled into my driveway where he ended the evening with, "Get out, Bitch!" I cried myself to sleep that night, but more crying would follow the next week in school. It seemed now that everyone had learned, I was a "frigid bitch." I was mortified and wanted to move to a different state. I figured my days of dating were over before they ever started. My closest male friend in school was a guy named Chris. He was almost seventeen and relatively new to my school and didn't have a lot of friends. He was smart and really funny. We had several classes together and got along great, sharing insights and helping each other with class assignments. Chris was not the hunk Tim was. Chris was about 5'8", overweight at maybe 200 pounds (maybe more), and usually had several zits going on any particular day. I never had any romantic thoughts concerning Chris, he was "just a friend." Chris and I were on the phone later that week after my "Tim date disaster." Chris was trying to explain the difference between macro and micro economics (something I still don't really get) when he said he was really sorry to hear what was going on around school about me and could he do anything to help. I started to cry. After a few minutes trying to console me he suggested we go for a walk along a nearby lake to talk in person. He would pick me up in a few minutes. We didn't say much on the drive to the lake, he basically listened to me cry. When we got out of the car, he hugged me and said Tim was a jerk and whatever happened, he was sure it was Tim's fault. I think that was the first real hug a boy had given me. That hug felt good. At the end of our walk, I asked Chris if he wanted to go to the movies next weekend. That began a series of dates with Chris that were more like I had expected; blue birds and hand holding. But that was all. I began to wonder why Chris never tried to kiss me. Was he gay? Was he really shy? Was there something wrong with me? I began to suspect that I was the first girl that Chris had dated. After a few more dates, we were walking along "our lake", when Chris stopped and hugged me and this time kissed me. As he pressed close to me, I was pretty sure I felt that he was "hard" there, but I couldn't be sure. I thought a lot about that kiss over the next few days. Did I make this boy hard just by kissing him? About a week later, Chris told me his parents had gone to Arizona for a week and he was left home alone for the first time. He said they had been gone for a couple of days now and he was sick of microwave food. I told him how my grandma was from Italy and she had taught me how to make the greatest spaghetti in the world - the secret is to cook a whole carrot in the sauce to absorb the "bad" stuff. He said he would love to try it. I offered to come over some night, if he wanted me to, and make him supper. He said spaghetti was his favorite meal and that he would love it if I would make him some of the family recipe. We agreed to do so the next night and I gave him a list of everything I would need. I told my folks I was going to study over at Julie's house (she would cover for me) because I knew they would never agree to letting me go over to a boy's house with his parents out of town. When I got to Chris' house, everything was spread out on the counter and the table was set. I started in. First the big pot for the sauce. As I poured tomato sauce into the kettle, Chris offered to chop up the onions and make the garlic bread. We were having so much fun. We talked about school and how boring Mr. Stewart was. I was laughing so hard that I spilled sauce all over myself and onto the floor. "Oh no, my favorite shirt and jeans will be ruined! Where is the bathroom? I need to wash it immediately! Do you have any Dawn detergent?" I was in a panic. Chris

handed me the dish soap and pointed the way to the bathroom. "I will clean up the floor and stove. Go! Go!" Chris said. In the bathroom, I ripped off my jeans and shirt and began to flood the stains with cold water. I then saw the sauce had even soaked through my shirt to stain my best bra. I quickly added that to the sink. Standing by the sink I was frantically scrubbing my clothes in cold water and soap wearing only my panties. That's when Chris walked through the door I had accidentally left open in my mad rush to wash. We both saw each other and froze for a second before we both screamed! Chris stammered, "I am sorry Jess, I just brought you a robe." He quickly turned away and closed the door. I stood there in shock. Chris was the first boy ever to see my breasts, to see me almost naked. I was shocked but also excited. I kept thinking, "what was he thinking now?" I wondered if my body could excite a boy as I finished rinsing my clothes. I called out, "Chris, are you there? Could you put these in the dryer?" I handed him my pile of wet dripping clothes through the door. A moment later I thought, "Oh my god, I have just given a boy my bra!" I heard the dryer start down the hall and decided I had to face Chris. I slowly opened the door, wearing the robe he gave me. There he was, at the end of the hall. "I didn't see anything Jess, I am really sorry!" stammered Chris with his face bright red. "Ya, right," I muttered "You saw everything. You are the first boy ever to see me naked." I slowly walked down the hall toward him. "Honest, I was too shocked to see anything. It was too fast," Chris explained. I wanted a reaction from this first boy to see me! "Well this isn't too fast," I said as I undid the robe and let it fall to the floor. I stood before Chris wearing only panties. His mouth opened and he didn't say anything. But I saw his crotch expanding, tenting his pants. "It looks like you like what you see Chris. That makes me happy," I said as I put my hand on his crotch and started to feel the outline of his hard penis. "Take it out and let me see it." I started to unbuckle his belt, undo his pants, and unzip his fly. I reached inside his pants to feel his penis. I couldn't wait to see it. Suddenly he jerked and let out a little "Ohhh" and pulled away. "What's wrong?" I asked. "I am am sorry Jess, something happened," he said as he looked down. "I came, I am sorry, I've never had a girl touch me there before." "Let me see, I've never seen one do that. Heck, Chris - I've never seen one before do anything," I pleaded. "No, I am embarrassed. It's all gooey," he said. "Let me wash up first." "Chris, you see me, it's only fair. Let me see," I urged him. "I want to see your penis." "All right, but let me clean up first. I will jump in the shower," Chris pleaded and then added, "Then you can join me!" I followed him back to the bathroom. I watched him turn on the water and saw him from the back quickly strip and step in the shower. I could barely see him soaping his crotch through the opaque door and then he said, "Come in, if you want." I peeled off my panties, and stepped into the shower with Chris. There it was. A penis, not just any penis mind you. My very first penis. It was rock hard, looking right at me with its one little eye! It was so beautiful I stared at it looking at it from different angles. I guess Chris was doing the same thing looking at my body, but I really didn't notice. "Can I touch it?" I asked? Chris nodded. It was so hard, yet I remember to this day thinking how soft it was at the same time. I began to stroke it and then soaped it and stroked it more. My god, it was so magnificent. That is the word, magnificent. As I did this I noticed Chris was now washing my breasts and playing with my erect nipples. This was just getting better and better. I now understood (at least at that moment I thought I did) what the big deal about sex was all about. Suddenly Chris tried to

move my hand away, saying "Stop Jess, I am going to cum again!" Not stopping, I said, "Let me see it," and moved in for a closer look. Chris started moaning, grunting, as spurt after spurt shot out hitting my chin, neck, and breasts. Oh my god, it was magnificent all right. I had made a boy cum in my hand! Chris now hugged me tighter than I had ever been held. Our naked, soapy bodies, squeezed together made for the most amazing feeling I'd ever experienced. Chris just held me tight and we kissed, our tongues exploring each other as the warm water cascaded over us. Chris stepped back and started to wash his cum off me. Soaping my body as his hands explored me. I loved having my breasts felt this way. Then his soapy hand headed towards my pussy. I wanted him to touch me there so much. My labia were swollen and open to his approaching fingers as he started to explore me. I hung on to him tightly as my legs felt like they could buckle at any moment as I opened my legs wider for him to explore me. I felt his fingers moving along my lips, getting ready to enter me. I wanted that so badly. I wanted to feel his fingers inside me. They then slipped slowly in. Oh my god, this was much better than I had ever imagined in any masturbation fantasy. Our wet, soapy bodies sliding against the other and Chris' fingers probing me, sliding in and out of me were bringing me close to an orgasm. I whispered into Chris' ear "I am going to cum for you. You are the first boy to make me cum Chris." I almost fell as it hit me. My arms around Chris' neck were the only thing that enabled me stand. "I feel it Jess!" Chris excitedly screamed, "I feel your pussy quivering, spasming, squeezing my fingers." I held him tighter as we kissed deeply again, never wanting this moment to end. I wanted this to last. It was like Disney, the blue birds were singing! Slowly I noticed the water getting colder. We had run out the water heater! Chris turned the shower off and we stepped out into the bathroom. Chris handed me a towel and we slowly towelled each other dry under the warm infra-red heat lamp. We totally explored each other as we dried off from the shower. Chris took my hand as we walked down the hall. "Let's go to my bedroom Jess," he said as he put his hand on my ass. I grabbed his penis - my penis now - and said, "Let's."