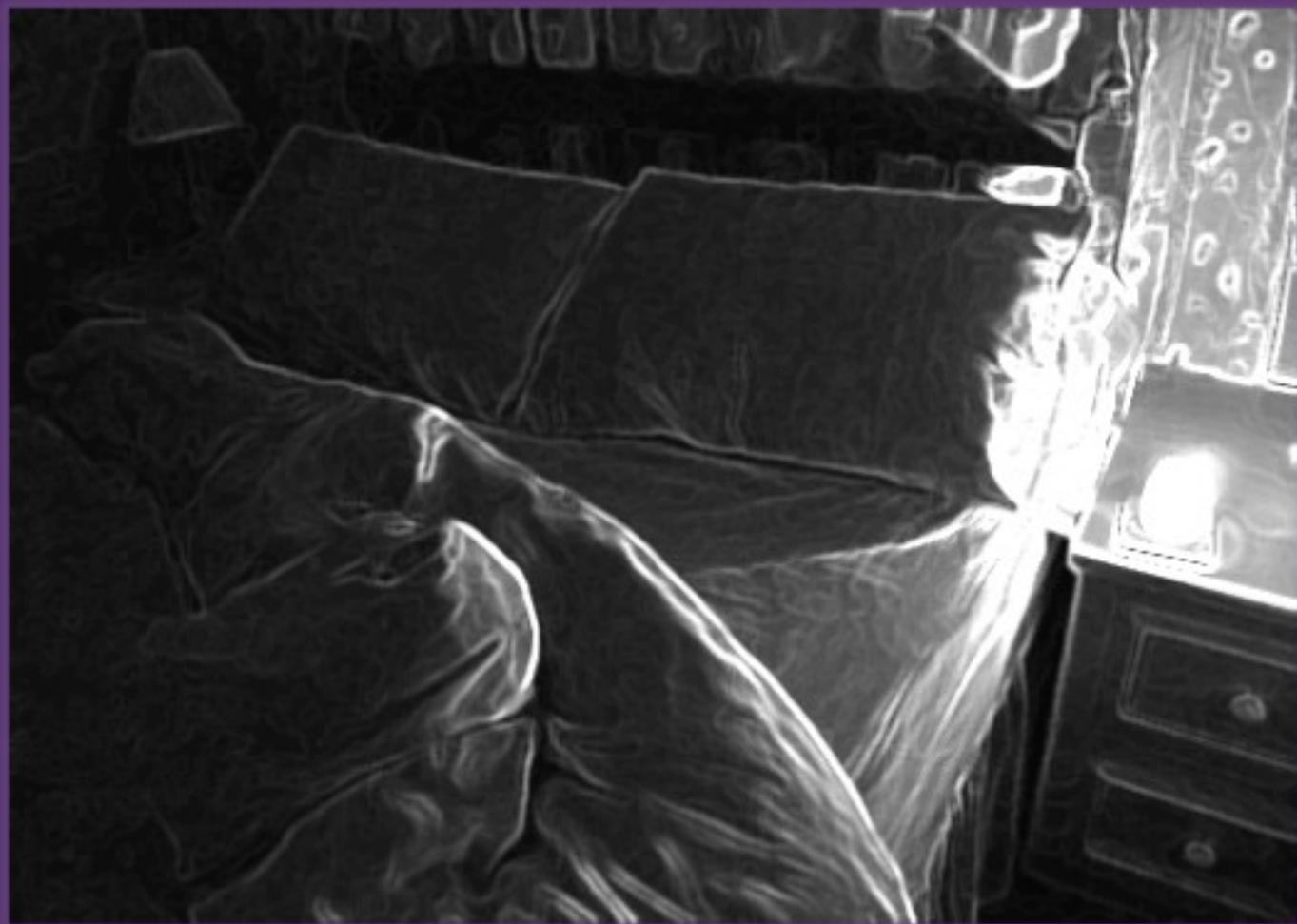


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The First Man in My Bed

Excerpts From My Inexperience – The First Man in My Bed

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I wasn't sure what was meant to happen next...

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This story only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. I don't get out much. It isn't because I am a wild, rampant nymphomaniac whose sole object in life is to fuck anybody and everybody I can lure through the door via the internet and sex lines (although I am sure there are many of you who were hoping I was). Nor is it because I am so agoraphobic that I cannot cross the threshold into the Huge Outdoors without sacrificing three goats, turning round 16 times and promising my teddy that I won't step on any cracks in the pavement (and there may be one or two of you who would have quite liked that too).. No, it's because I don't really have many places to go, or people to go with. My wanderings, other than practising my hobby (which is not exercising my vaginal muscles around the expanses of enormous dildos whilst wanking two men and alternating my tongue between three dripping pussies), take place elsewhere. In my imagination, to be exact. Whilst I could take you on long and arduous journeys across mythical moors and through forests of Fairyland, that's not why you're here, is it? And so, to business... Because I don't get out much, I am painfully shy and not at all used to talking about sex other than in a giggling way. I am always getting told off for constant innuendoes and sniggering at "dirty" words. But, dear reader, I am – shock horror – a virgin who didn't even have her first kiss until the age of 32. And even now I don't know if I was any good! There were so many sensations that I... no, sorry, that's a different Excerpt. With being so shy, and having so little experience, when the opportunity finally presented itself for me to spend the night with a friend who had just become a bit-more-than-a-friend, I didn't know what to do with myself! Therefore, I found myself, having lumpily slithered into bed backwards for fear he would see what happens to my large and unruly boobs when I have unleashed them from their industrial scaffolding, lying face to face with a man! A real man, with a willy and everything! For some of you, that is nothing, because you do it every night. For me, it was a first. I lay there thinking, "Oh god! He might even kiss me! What do I do?!" Now, I have an unfortunate habit. I blurt the most ridiculous truths out at the silliest times, and this was no exception. I lay there, looking him in the eye somewhat blearily (I'd taken my contact lenses out and without them, I am mostly blind). He had insisted on taking off his boxer shorts when I said it was odd but I didn't notice he was nearly naked, and I lay there in my long t-shirt nightie and parachute knickers, painfully aware that his body heat was seeping through the sheets towards me, like a huge magnetic hot water bottle, drawing me ever closer. But for fear of getting my knickers wet if I got turned on too much, I had put a sanitary towel on. And for fear of him possibly discovering at an inopportune time that I was wearing it, I blurted out in a strained and high-pitched fashion, "I'm wearing a sanitary towel!" He laughed and I hid my face in the pillow, wishing I could just keep my mouth under control. And then he kissed me. It was gentle, and soft, and quiet, with the sharp, thin taste of his tobacco mingled with my toothpaste. I pulled back, and looked at him. Blushing bright red, I asked if I could put my leg over his hip – my bad back makes lying down painful sometimes, and I often sleep with my leg hooked over a pillow. He smiled and said, "Of course." I hooked my leg over him, and he mmmmed, suddenly sliding a leg between mine. So help me, I gasped out loud! The feeling, round and heavy, weighed down on places I didn't know could respond

to such a simple thing! He smiled at me, and I smiled at him, and we kissed again. But this time I wanted more. And he must have known it. This time when we kissed, I let my tongue do a little wandering. I don't even remember what happened, just that our tongues seemed to be doing some sort of dance, slow and smooth, deeper, shallower, deeper, rounding and turning through angles not even my toothbrush may have yet discovered. I felt him shift his weight onto one arm, and next thing I knew, he was over me, looking down into my eyes with his body laying over me and between me. Instantly, without realising, my legs came up around him, bending round his waist and his tongue was in my mouth, searching as though for something to hook and pull me deeper to him. I suddenly realised his mouth was no longer on mine, but was at my nipple, sucking and teasing through the thin cotton. I felt a burning, slightly unpleasant sensation, but I was fascinated as I watched him working at it. I threw all caution to the wind at that point and pulled my nightie down to expose a large mound of pendulous flesh. I remember the brief flash of gladness that not only was it dark, but my boobs look more rounded, more magazine-like, when I am lying down. He moved his mouth across to the other side, and I thought, in for a penny, in for a pound, and took off my nightie completely over my head. I didn't know what to do with my hands; I lay there, watching him, and then he moved his mouth back up to mine, and the next thing I knew, we were back on our sides again with my leg over his hip, and I could feel his hand on my bum. I wanted to feel his hand on my bare flesh, to feel him squeeze and maybe lightly pat it, but his gentleness was so fascinating, so warm and happy, that I didn't have cause to regret not asking. And I suddenly felt his hand on my plump mound, the secret one that not even my doctor is allowed near. He stopped and looked at me. I said nothing but looked into his eyes. He said, "I never thought I'd be touching that tonight!" I blushed and hid my face again. I heard him chuckle at me, and he began kissing me again. We alternated from lying side by side to him on top of me, and by this point (excuse the pun), his cock was hard and ready for action that I could not hope to give it just then. He rubbed the head against my inner thigh, just where my knickers met the crease between thigh and mound, sighing, "just there... mmmm... just there..." As he climbed off me once more, he said, "I so want to be inside you". I was so upset, because I wasn't ready for that, and I began apologising, and he smiled at me, and told me it was okay, it wasn't a bad thing, and he kept telling me I was lush. I wanted to believe him, and I just smiled back at him in between hiding my face from his hot, hungry gentleness. When he climbed back onto me again, I grew a little braver, and gently stroked the base of his shaft. I wanted to hold all of him in my hand, but my hand is little, and I was too shy. I burst into a fit of the giggles when my nightie, somehow discarded onto the pillow fell down, hiding my entire head from view, and I couldn't disentangle myself from it. In the end, he helped me so that he could reach my mouth again. It was late at night, and we slept. At one point we both stirred in our sleep, and he kissed me on the cheek, and I kissed him on the cheek, and we slept some more. When we awoke, we cuddled a little, and suddenly, I felt much braver. I had put my nightie back on before we slept, and as early morning light was seeping through, there was no way I was going to take it off again. But I asked, "Will I squash you if I get on top of you?" He laughed and said no, and helped me climb on. I couldn't sit up on him, I felt too exposed, and my legs are so short that my knees struggled to meet the mattress. I sort of lay half crouched on him, arms supporting me

on either side of his head, face to face with him staring down at my cleavage through the neck of my nightie. I blushed and confessed I didn't know what I was supposed to do now that I was there. He laughed and put his hands up on my back. And I have no idea what happened then, but I shivered uncontrollably, my arms shaking, writhing against his touch. And yet... it wasn't unpleasant. But I had no control of myself. I had to get off him as soon as I could move. Lying on my back again, still shivering and embarrassed, I realised he was hard again. I wanted to feel the length of him inside me, to know how it felt to have him fuck me, and for me to make him cum so hard he could never get enough. But I wasn't ready. Instead, I asked him, would he put his hand inside my knickers, which he did instantly. It was also instantly apparent that my knickers, the big safe kind, were a complete hindrance, and in another flush of bizarre confidence, I whipped them off! Suddenly, his big, gentle fingers were between my lips, his middle finger on my clit, rendering me helpless once again! He watched me for a little time, until I whispered, "Will you put your finger inside me? Do you mind?" And gently, expertly, I felt him enter my little tunnel. I have never even been able to use tampons before, let alone have a workman's large calloused finger up my most secret and shy place. I wanted him, but he could only go so far before I felt pain. He must have known, and asked me if I was okay. Disappointedly, and frustrated with myself, I nodded, and we went back to kissing. I put my knickers back on, feeling too vulnerable and exposed, and once more we found ourselves laid side by side, smiling at each other, my hand holding a part of him I was too shy to look at, gently moving up and down. He told me he could let me do that all day if I wanted to. Again, the wanton recklessness struck me, and I asked if I could try something, although I wasn't sure if I could do it. He smiled his assent, and I moved down his body, so that my mouth was in line with his large cock (and it didn't just seem large to me, it actually was large – he tried to warn me before and my eyes water every time I think about how big he is!). I don't think he was expecting to find my mouth suddenly next to his cock, though. He'd got used to me needing everything to be slow and careful. I started by gently touching, patting and cupping his balls, a funny little sack of "somethings", like unknown sweeties in a floppy wrapper. I wrapped my other little hand around his shaft. I was desperately afraid I was going to do it wrong, or hurt him, or make a fool of myself, but my desire to give him something that would make him happy overruled that fear. And gently, tentatively, I let the tip of my tongue touch his end. Fear making me breathe hot and heavy down his large shaft, I opened my mouth a little, and let my lips slowly and carefully envelope his head. My hand gave soft little rubs and twists to the shaft base – I was still too shy to look at him, and I had to do it all by feel. Worried I would gag on him (and every time I thought I might gag, I did), which would mean I might hurt him with my teeth, I went as slow and gentle as I could. I liked his taste. He almost didn't taste at all. He was clean and... neutral... and ... I liked having him in my mouth. It felt right. I began to realise that if I flicked my tongue just so, he would give out a large sigh. Instinct told me he liked that, and so, with one hand supporting my own weight, the other wrapped around his bulk, I found a rhythm I thought might simulate how it might be if he was fucking me. Gently, my hand moved up towards me, whilst my lips moved up towards his little hole, and then back down, firm but slow, my hand sinking to reach his torso and my lips sinking to just beyond his head, all the while, my tongue flicking back and forth where his shaft met his

helmet in a little sort of wishbone shape, a little shallow rim of nerve endings that made his breathing go funny and made his eyes close. I felt his hands on my back, where they had made me lose control earlier, and I had to concentrate extra hard not to lose it, so I didn't hurt him or make a fool of myself. I suddenly stopped and looked up. I asked if I was doing it right. He asked me if I was sure I hadn't been practising or something. I stared at him across the length of his body and grinned. I said, "People tell me things and I listen". And it's true. It's amazing what drunken girls will share in each others' bedrooms, and how men forget the presence of a woman whilst out fishing with her male buddies. But mostly, it just felt like what I was meant to do. I carried on a while, until my jaw was aching, and I wanked him by hand for a while too, getting steadily faster and harder. Suddenly, his body convulsed, and he began to go soft. I slowed my hand right down until I was just holding him, worried he might be too sensitive for me to carry on. I was confused, and I said, "Did you just cum or what?" I couldn't see anything white and I didn't know what was meant to happen. He told me he had stopped himself (some men can, apparently) because he didn't want to scare me with how far it can shoot. He didn't think spunking on the curtains (just above the bed) was the best impression to leave a girl with on her first time doing something like that. I was torn between being incredibly grateful, and worrying that he didn't like it after all. I'm guessing he did like it in some way, though, but I'm not going to tell you any more, because then it wouldn't be an excerpt – it would be the whole story. And to read the whole story would leave you with little time for having your own happy ending... This story only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.