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the first time i had an orgasm

Excerpts From My Inexperience – The First Time I Had An Orgasm

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When being bored and sleepless led to the most beautiful experience I have had so far...

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This story only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. I've always been a bit of a loner. Even in my daydreams, which largely featured a handsome prince who saw me completely differently to how I really am, more time was spent waiting and dreaming of him in those solitary imaginings than I did actually with him in them. I believe that was prophetic, leading into (or perhaps from?) pathetic. When it comes to sex, with two startling exceptions, all of that has been on my own too – life has been a relatively boring and pretty much totally sex-free event for me. Which princess sang, "One day my prince will come"? Whichever, one day, I hope my prince will cum too. I never saw a nudie magazine until I was 16, and one of the lads brought one into art class. I never got a chance to look at it, as the (rumoured to be) lesbian teacher swooped down, and stood there flicking through it, saying things like "Mmmmm, she's a healthy girl... Oooo, full frontal... How beautiful the human form is, I would love to paint her bits, that's rather lovely..." as the lads cringed in embarrassment and I kept drawing my two coconut buns, wondering if anybody else thought they looked a bit like boobies, and did that make me gay? And as for when I went into a sex shop for the first (and last!) time... well, that's a different excerpt. But I believe you are here to read about my first experience getting off using just my own fingers, are you not? Then settle down, and I'll begin: With nothing to go on except a remembered page from one book in the school library which had some small comment about a "pleasant feeling" experienced by a woman during "climax" next to an unattractive pen drawing of female genitalia, all I knew about orgasms was that it was a word which some women knew the meaning of, and others didn't. I knew more about why they couldn't than what it actually was. Therefore, I never attempted to experience one, because... well, I didn't know how! What I did know was that I had put a couple of fingers between my legs a couple of times, and it kind of felt nice, but my fingers smelt a bit weird, even after a shower. So one moonlit night, with sleep unavailable, and nothing to do but stare out at the night sky with its nearly full moon, I did what any self-respecting bored lass does, and put a couple of fingers between my two plump lips. Wearing just a little nightie (shorter than the ones I wear these days, all you who try to find out what clothing I have on when you message me!), and a big pair of knickers (it's my security blanket, okay?), I proceeded to relax and finger. I had read about this body part called the "clitoris" – an awful word! And I knew what a "vagina" was. Whilst I knew what these things were, I had no idea where they actually were. Using a mirror and trying to compare these parts with the rubbish picture in that book, I had proceeded only to gross myself out, and I decided it didn't matter where these things were, as I was unlikely ever to use them. But you want to know about the fingering, don't you? Alright, back to the matter in hand (arf arf)... Lying on my back, staring at the moon which cast its pearly light down on me (certain writers would, I am sure, mention something about allegorical spunk dripping down on me from the lusty Man in the Moon), I had my knees bent out sideways almost frog-like (not French, silly, just... kind of frog-like), leaving the two lips of my ... I can't bring myself to use the technical words as they sound ugly, and I hate the word pussy, but I'm sure you get the idea... Secret Place (awful, I know!) wide and welcoming. At first I used my three fingers of my right hand to just gently knead the

outer lips, feeling a gentle sensation of relaxed calm. Then I progressed to pressing a little harder, more like going from making little depressions in play-doh to making large dents and hollows, as if one were trying to smooth and knead it flat without a rolling pin. I had no idea where this would lead. Indeed, I wasn't looking for it to lead anywhere, it just felt... somewhat... mmmm... keep doing that... now my fingers were on my inner lips... oh weird! I felt wet! Yuck! Immediately I sniffed my fingers, worried I'd peed myself. But it didn't smell like wee. It was almost a clean, thin smell, but not thin... more a sort of warm, smooth, round smell... but... Oh well, I thought, I'll just wash when I've finished playing. At the time it didn't occur to me to try to put my fingers inside me. I didn't even know where that was, for a start – for somebody way past puberty not to be able to feel that, says how little awareness I had for my own body! More kneading, getting harder; my fingers had developed a rhythm, rolling sideways from the third finger to the middle finger to the forefinger to the third finger to the middle finger... I had found (without realizing what it was) what I now know was the ugly-named clitoris, which I have given a new name (I'll tell you later)... fingers rolling sideways from the third finger to the middle finger to the forefinger to the third finger to the middle finger... and now a new progression – still with the rolling, my wrist began to play too, making a stirring motion as my fingers rolled, so I was constantly fingering my whole sensitive area around my... I told you, I'll tell you the name later... I began to roll my hips in a circling motion too, every down movement of my fingers resulted in an up movement of my hips, to the point where I thought to myself I must be quiet or I would be heard. Because by now, my breathing was deep and loud, and whilst it was the middle of the night, with the bright moon looking down on me in that solitary place, I was not in the house alone, and I did not want to be discovered. Stirring... circling... rolling... stirring... circling... rolling... I felt the whole lower half of my body grow heavy, as if all my blood had collected in my hips... Stirring... circling... rolling... stirring... circling... rolling... I began to hold my breath for as long as possible, worried I may be over heard, and taking deep gasps when I could bear it no longer (I still do that to this day)... Stirring... circling... rolling... stirring... circling... rolling... The deepest innermost parts of my lower abdomen were full of weight, heavy and leaden like a deep resounding beast roaring, longing to be freed... Stirring... circling... rolling... stirring... circling... rolling... Suddenly, like a large tub of water being tipped from side to side, the weight of water thumping itself first on one side, only to deliver its weight thumping against the other, in a perpetual tidal wave that booms back and forth, back and forth, the beast roared its loudest, with the legends of ancient galaxies suddenly gushing their most solemn, yet joyful memories, a giant fist punching into my womb the deep utter weight of ecstasy and heat, pulsating like the storm waves breaking on soft sand and shifting the foundations of the earth, the hurricane pushing from it's wildest strength through to the quiet eye and back to the outskirts of power, thumping, rolling, waving, ebbing.... I lay there with eyes closed, eyebrows raised, a soft smile on my face as the tremors and aftershocks rolled through me, with the simple words, "Beautiful... so beautiful..." climbing their way from the depths of startling new abandonment... I could tell you all the ways I have learnt to make myself happy, and help me relax; things I have found out, things I have tried. But like I have said before, this is an excerpt. So I will leave you for now with the name I give the clitoris – quite aptly, The Happy Button. This story only available on Lush Stories .

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