

First Time with my Spanish Host Brother

By XIME3

Published on Lush Stories on 14 Sep 2008



This is my first story so please comments are appreciated

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/first-time-with-my-spanish-host-brother.aspx>

It was a Friday, and I had just finished with tennis practice at school. I walked by the soccer fields to wait for Joaquin, my host brother from Spain. He had been living with my family for about 2 months now. We didn't plan to host a foreign exchange student, and actually, my mom swore she would never let it happen. But Joaquin and I had become friends at school, and when there was a problem with him finding a home, I convinced my parents to let him live with us. After all, it was only for a year, and he had already been here for a few months.

I set my bags down as I waited for the boys' practice to finish. Joaquin had been playing soccer in Spain for years, and he had easily made it onto our high school team. I watched him as he dribbled the ball down the field. I always thought he was the opposite of what you would think a typical Spaniard would look like: shaggy blond hair, blue eyes, and slightly tanned skin. Still, no girl would deny the fact that he was good looking. In just the few short months he had been going to school, he had already gained a lot of lady fans. I just happened to be the lucky one to become good friends with him.

The coach blew the whistle signaling practice had ended and Joaquin and I headed out to my car. I picked up my backpack and he instinctively reached out to carry my books. We were only friends, but Joaquin is probably the most gentlemanly boy I have ever met. He is the epitome of what a girl dreams of. As we headed home, we talked about school and how our days went. He had an irresistible Spanish accent that would turn any girl on. Staring at him out of the corner of my eye, I myself couldn't help gazing at his hot body. I had thought about the possibility of me and him before, but always put the thought out of my mind. After all, we were now living together. Still, I couldn't help fantasize about him from time to time. He was so sexy and hot, and a few times I even thought I caught him gazing at me in the same way.

We came home to an empty house. I had almost forgotten—my parents and younger sister were out of town. They had left early that morning to go to my sister's softball tournament for the weekend, leaving me and Joaquin to fend for ourselves. Not that we couldn't handle it, after all we were both seniors in high school.

We both hopped in the shower (separate bathrooms of course) to clean up before dinner. I examined myself in the mirror before stepping into the steaming water. My long brown hair hung over my nearly C cup breasts, and my body was a nice bronze tan from all my tennis practices. I have a nice figure, but despite that fact, I had never had sex with a boy before. I had had a few boyfriends in the past, but none that I had gone all the way with.

After showering Joaquin and I fixed ourselves something to eat and picked out a movie to watch for the night. Soon both of us were settled down on the couch with the tv on. After just a few minutes, I was getting a little chilly, so I got up to get a blanket. When I came back, Joaquin had moved and had "stolen" my spot on the couch. "Hey!" I yelled throwing the blanket at him. "Move out of the way!" He looked up at me and smiled. "I think I like this seat better" he teased. "Oh no you don't!" I teased back, as I tried to push him over. We both started laughing as I realized I was never going to get him to move. "Fine" I said. "Then I am just going to stay right here!" and with that I sat right next to him and threw the blanket over my legs. "Aren't you going to share with me?" he asked with a sly smile. I tried to fake a mad look as I pushed some of the blanket onto him. He laughed and we both went back to watching the movie.

I couldn't help it-we had only gone a few minutes into the movie, but sitting there snuggled up with Joaquin on the couch was making me extremely horny. I desperately wanted to sneak my hand down and begin to stroke his...no! I can't! Oh God I was so stupid. But even so I couldn't help it. He was such a turn on. Trying to get my mind off my dirty thoughts, I told him I was going to get some dessert and started to get up. He grabbed my arm gently and pulled me back on the couch. "Don't go now" he said. "It is so comfortable here with you, I don't want you to leave." Oh great. He was so freaking hot, I didn't know what to do with my mind now. "Fine" I reluctantly agreed as I resumed my snuggle position. I leaned my head on his shoulder and wrapped the blanket tighter around us. My eyes slowly traveled his body, starting at his head and neck and then making my way down to the gym shorts he was wearing. There. Was I really seeing this or was my mind deceiving me? Here I was with Joaquin on the couch, and I was now staring at the erection he was beginning to have. So I wasn't the only one whose mind was filled with fantasies and desire. My mind was brought back by the sound of a voice. "Erika" Joaquin said (in his wonderful accent that made my name sound so great). I turned my head towards him and I knew that he had caught my staring. I tried to explain. "I'm sorry I just..." He interrupted me by placing his hand under my chin and drawing my face close to his. I hardly had any time to think before his lips met mine. He kissed me slowly for a moment and then pulled away. When I looked at him again, I could see the desire burning in his eyes. He wanted me tonight. And I wanted him.

I grabbed his neck and began kissing him again, feeling every move he made. Soon his tongue made his way into my mouth, and we picked up the pace. Could this really be happening? I pulled him down

on the couch and then climbed on top of him, our lips still connected. Slowly my hands roamed his body until I reached down and started to inch into his shorts. In a moment, I felt his cock in my hand. I could tell it was thick and it felt so huge in my hands. I started moving my hand up and down his shafts slowly, feeling every inch of it. Joaquin let out a slight moan and pulled his mouth away. "Erika" he said breathlessly. "Please, I need to have you now" I knew what he meant, and got up off the couch, grabbing his hand and taking him with me. We quickly went a short ways down the hallway until I found what I was looking for. My parents bedroom was the perfect place, and it was the only room in our house with a king sized bed.

I quickly jumped on the bed and took off my shirt and shorts until I was left in my lacy red bra and matching boy shorts. Joaquin likewise stripped down, but went a step further, until his shorts fell to the floor and he revealed his gorgeous cock. I gasped as I got my first look at it. It was thick like I had thought, and it also had good length. He smiled as he saw my pleased look and joined me on the bed. He eagerly pushed me back on the bed and got on top of me, beginning to kiss my neck. "Oh God, Joaquin" I murmured, still not able to believe this sexy Spaniard was about to be the first to make love to me. "Erika" he said between kisses "I have wanted you for so long." He continued to murmur to me, only this time in Spanish. I couldn't understand what he was saying, but boy did it sound so good. He began to move down my body further, taking off my bra as my full breasts tumbled out. My perky nipples became instantly hard as his tongue ran over the top of them. My breathing became faster and he sucked and licked them more and more. The wetness of his tongue felt like heaven on them, and his fervent sucking was making me beg for some kind of release. He seemed to read my mind as he continued to roam my body, slowly slipping off my panties. I instinctively spread my legs, revealing my already soaking wet pussy. Joaquin ran his tongue up and down the inside of my thighs, teasing the tension building inside of me. I spread my legs even further and prayed I would feel him inside me soon. There was a pause, and I looked down to see his face about to be buried inside my folds. He glanced up at me and murmured something in Spanish, then started slowly tracing his tongue along my lips. I moaned as he made his way up and down, never entering, just grazing along the outside. He was teasing me like no other man had ever done before. I was so wet already, I didn't know how much more I could take. As his tongue ran up me the second time, he broke the pattern and I felt his warmth envelop my pussy. I moaned and threw my head back as I felt him making love with his mouth. His tongue was roaming every part of me, and lapping up all the wetness I had already produced. My back began to arch slightly as he found my swelling clit. He flicked it with his tongue for a few precious moments before softly nibbling on it. With that, my body gave way to a flood of juices as I moaned even louder. I had already hit a climax and my orgasm was rushing through me in a flood of pleasure and desire. Joaquin licked and sucked up everything, not willing to let any get away. When he had finished, he kissed me and I could taste my juices on his lips. His cock began to press on my mound as he drew me in closer, and I felt my desire mounting once again. I needed him inside me so badly, more than anything. "Please, Joaquin" I said to him, "oh God please..." He knew what I wanted, and in one swift motion positioned himself onto me, his cock at the opening of my pussy.

With a quick thrust, his cock was inside me, and I gasped at the feeling of it. His cock was so big, and it was my first time. He waited while I adjusted to the feeling for a moment, and then slowly began to pull it back, until his cock was almost completely out of me. Then he thrust it back inside me again, repeating this action again and again. The discomfort I had first felt began to give way to a flood of pleasure. I began to feel every move his cock was making, and the length of it moved deeper and deeper inside me. I pushed my hips up to allow him further entry, and he continued to push himself onto me. I moaned and my breathing became heavier, I was experiencing so much pleasure. I could feel the same tension from before building inside me, and his cock became tighter within me. "Erika" he panted "I'm going to soon..." He didn't need to tell me what, but I began to move my hips in rhythm with him to keep him going. I was on birth control, and now I only cared about feeling his cum inside me. He began to thrust harder and deeper, until finally I felt his warm cum flowing into my pussy. It came in a rush and I moaned loudly at the feel of it, it felt so incredible coming into me. A moment later I couldn't contain myself any longer, and my rush of tension released inside me. We were both cumming, our flow of juices joining inside my formerly virgin pussy. He slowed down as our flow began to end, and he lay on top of me, still inside me.

"You are the most beautiful girl" he murmured as he slowly planted kisses over my upper body. "I had dreamed about having you for so long..." I sighed with pleasure as I let the moment sink over me. We still had the rest of the weekend left, and he was going to be living with me for a few more months. I wondered if we would be doing something like this again soon...