

Gemma's First Time

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Gemma loses her virginity.

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I tremble with nerves as I wrap my arms around his neck and lean into him. Jack leans down and kisses me, a soft, tender kiss which calms me a little, before entwining his fingers through my hair and pulling me in for a deeper kiss. He bites my lip and arousal sparks through me, dispelling the last of my nerves. I pull him down onto the bed and sit as he straddles me, hands roving over my back, my collarbone, my breasts, my stomach. He guides me into a vertical position and lies beside me, hands on my waist. My previous nervousness forgotten, I grab the belt-loops of his jeans and pull his pelvis into mine as I wrap my legs around his waist, aching for more. Jack strokes the hollow at the base of my neck before slowly unbuttoning my blouse. As he reaches the last button I stifle a moan at the feeling of his hands so close to my sex, and my hips give an involuntary jerk upwards to meet his hand. Jack reaches around, his lips on my neck, to unhook my bra. His mouth trails from my ear to my jaw to my collarbone, then down, kissing my right nipple before tracing it with his tongue, and then taking it into his mouth and gently sucking it. He cups my left breast in his hand, stroking his thumb across the nipple. My breath is coming fast and heavy now, my whole body ultra-sensitive, my sex craving his touch. Breaking away from the kiss, I take his hand from my breast and place it over my crotch. He fumbles with the button of my jeans, pulls down the zip and slips his hand inside my panties, stroking upwards with one finger through my wet slit. His thumb grazes my clit and I groan. With more of a sense of urgency now he pulls my jeans and panties off me and pushes a finger inside me. I whimper, and pull him in for a kiss, deep and hard. He slips a second finger into me with ease, his thumb still circling my clitoris as his digits push steadily in and out, reducing me to a writhing mess. As he touches me I become aware of the hard bulge in his jeans pressing against my hip. I cup my hand around it and he emits a long, shaky breath, his fingers in me twitching briefly. I unbutton his jeans and pull the waistband of his boxers down to reveal his hard length. My hand encloses the soft, pale skin which I pull slowly, gently back to reveal the red, throbbing head. He groans into my neck and withdraws his fingers to grip my hips as I stroke his cock, the tips of my fingers massaging his shaft. Taking control now, I give him a quick, teasing kiss before nibbling at his earlobe, kissing down his neck, pulling up his t-shirt, sucking at the taut skin on his chest to leave a spectacular purple hickey. I kiss along the top of his pubic hair, kiss the inside of his thighs, kiss the base of his cock. Slowly, I lick up along the shaft, then in one swift movement take the tip into my mouth. He gasps as

he feels the wet heat of my mouth encircling him. A little hesitantly, for fear of choking, I begin to move my mouth up and down his length. It is he, now, who is prostrate beneath me, his right hand grasping at the sheet and his left gently holding the back of my head, begging me for more, please. I withdraw, and he makes a noise of disappointment which turns into a moan as my tongue circles his corona, swirls over his glans and licks delicately the frenulum and up the slit. Then I take him into my mouth once more, as far as I can, until I almost gag. After a last hard suck, I sit up, my lips red and swollen. "Now?" he asks. Filled with anticipation, I nod silently. Together we undress him; I pull his t-shirt over his head as he takes off his jeans and boxers. I lie back, propped up on my elbows, legs parted, as he kneels and rolls on a condom. We both hesitate for a moment; then, tenderly, he leans forward over me, kissing me softly on the mouth, as he presses his cock into me. I catch my breath at the stinging sensation as the tip of his dick stretches my opening, and he murmurs reassurance into my ear. He pushes further in and I moan at both the pain and the pleasure, biting my lip to stop myself from crying out. He moves in and out a little – short, gentle motions – and as badly as it hurts I feel the burning, tingling ache of wanting more spreading through me, and I rock my hips up to meet his. He thrusts harder and deeper, and I move with him, ignoring the pain. My hands grasp his ass, my legs wrap around his, my pelvis jerks upwards and I feel the climax building in my abdomen. As I feel his thrusts become irregular and impulsive, so do mine as my orgasm takes hold of me, burning through my body. We keep moving together for a few seconds which feel like hours; as he withdraws from me the final wave of climax washes over me and I slump back onto the pillows, breathless, motionless and blissful.