

# Her first erotic encounter

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**The Critic.**

*A small extract of love and eroticism...*

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"What if your roommate comes back?" I asked. "I don't care" She purred back at me, whispering in my ear. After saying that, I grew bolder, and ran my hands down her smooth sides, waist, and backside. I let them wander farther down, and just tugged a bit at the hem of her dress. She answered by slowly licking my ear again. "It's okay." I ran my hands up her creamy thighs again, and felt incredible warmth. And lacy underwear. I ran my fingers along the tops of her thighs, and she shuddered and bit my ear softly. Her own hands were working at my belt buckle. I found the top of her panties, and began slowly sliding them down. She raised her hips to help, and then took hold of my zipper. I felt it buzz as it went down, and then I felt her hand massaging my growing arousal. The sensation was amazing. My whole body felt rigid, but ready to go when she gave the word. Her underwear were at her ankles now, and she kicked them off onto the floor. I ran my hand up her legs again, slowly stroking my way to the top. I went under her dress, and further up until I felt her warmth again. I took hold of the hem of her dress and began pulling it up her belly, chest and she moved so I could take it over head. She was wearing a strapless bra, and she sat up and allowed me to take it off. I slipped it off after unhooking it and she embraced me. I could feel her breasts against my chest. They were immaculate. Firm, yet soft and warm. I put my hands on her shoulders, and held her out at arm's length. She had crossed her arms in front of her chest to hide her nakedness, and was blushing. "What's wrong? Are you having second thoughts? It's okay if you are." She looked up at me and smiled weakly. "No. I am alright. I'm just nervous that you would not find me pretty once I took my clothes off." "No. You are the most beautiful girl I have ever known." That wasn't a lie. She was different from every other girl. There was something about her that made every second I spent with her magical. She slowly let her hand drop from her chest, and revealed herself fully to me. She was sculpted from a pale marble, and my breath caught in my throat. She leaned toward me, and began pulling on the waist of my pants. I stood up so she could remove them, and stepped out of my socks. She looked up at my face while she gingerly slipped her finger beneath the waistband of my boxers. She found me harder than ever, and gasped a little when she touched it. It was the first time she had

touched or seen one on a grown man. My boxers slipped off onto the floor and I stood before her, naked. She took my hand and pulled me down onto the bed again, with me on top. I kissed her deep, and she answered with a powerful embrace. She let out a few muffled moans, and whispered, "I love you." in my ear. I let my hand slide down her beautiful body, tracing a line with my fingers. I crossed her belly and soon was at her soft mound. She kept herself smooth all over, apparently. I let my hand go further down, and she slowly parted her thighs. This time it was warm and moist. My fingers just brushed against her lips, and she shuddered; her hand clamping down on my throbbing hardness. I cupped her, and slipped a finger inside. She squeezed me tightly against her body, and moaned into my ear. I began working my finger in and out gently, and she seemed to to be clamping down on it. She was slick inside, and warm. It felt velvety soft, and by the way she began grinding her hips in time with my hand, she was enjoying the new feeling. She had let up on stroking me while I was fingering her. I was okay with that, though; bringing her this much pleasure was all cared about. I stopped for just a second, and she pleaded with me. "Please." That was all she needed to say. I gently slid my finger out, and added another to it. She moaned again as I slid both fingers inside her, and she held me tighter. She was starting to perspire again. "Does it feel good?" I asked. All she could manage was to squeak out a small moan. She continued rocking in time with my hand, and making these little moans into my ear. It was almost too much for me to take, I was throbbing and was sure I would come before we even got to the sex. Her rocking got faster, and her moans louder. She was thrusting her hips into my hand forcefully, and her breath was coming in little pants. Her body was slick and glowing with sweat. I could tell she was getting closer to climaxing. Her thrusts were becoming faster and her moans louder. "Does it feel good?" I repeated. "Mmm-hmm", she managed to say through biting her bottom lip. Her toes were curling up, and she was squeezing her eyes shut. She moaned loudly, clamped her thighs together, and dug her nails into my bare back. I grunted at the pain, but it was still wonderful. She cried out, shuddering with an explosive orgasm. I could feel her quivering and her face had the look of a woman in pure ecstasy. Her thrusting was slowing down, and she was panting harder for breath now. My hand was covered in her wetness, and still held tight by her thighs. When her moans stopped, I tried to withdraw my hand, but every time I moved it she would shudder again and let out a little moan. I whispered, "I love you. I love you so much." I stroked her hair, now wet from perspiration, and kissed her face and neck. "I love you too" She quietly and breathlessly said, and squeezed me tighter to her chest. Her legs finally relaxed and I took my hand back. It was glistening with her wetness, and a little blood. Oh god! I've take taken her...! I got a little panicked, but calmed down when I realized she had not once complained of any sort of sting or pain. She had essentially taken her own virginity by riding my fingers. She was breathing normally now, and let out a sigh as she rolled over into a spoon position. I said I had to use the bathroom, and got up to go. She could only utter a small "Mmm" as I rolled off the bed and crossed the room to the bathroom. I relieved myself, and washed my hands off thoroughly. I didn't want to freak her out about the blood, so I grabbed a towel as I left the bathroom. As I came back over to the bed, I handed it to her, and she graciously accepted it. "I've never felt like that before. It was wonderful." The smile on her face, and the way she was glowing told me she was telling the

truth. "I'm happy to have helped." I joked. "Stop that. You made me feel this way. I love you." She blushed a little, and said, "I'm sorry I let go of you." I laid back down behind her and took her into my arms. "It's okay. I got much pleasure from making you happy." I swallowed, and decide to ask her, "Do you hurt at all?" "Umm...no. I heard the first time was supposed to hurt, but it didn't. You had me feeling so good, and I love you so much I didn't care if it hurt a little." Her voice trailed off at the end. She was tired, and closed her eyes. It wasn't long before her breath became regular and she was asleep. I kissed her on the top of her head, and inhaled her sweet scent again. She must have felt the sting at some point, but never said a word, or made a whimper. I loved her more every passing second. They talk about finding your true love, but some never do. I knew for a fact I had; and she was right here in my arms, sleeping soundly. I slipped the blanket over us, and closed my eyes.