

If You Love Me Then Lick Me

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This story is dedicated to a very special woman whom I love very much. I hope you all enjoy it as much as I did writing it. Especially you my love. Muah! * * * I was in the elevator back to my new apartment when you stepped in. Long dark hair with curls, curvaceous body with DD tits, flat stomach, and a fantastic ass, all on a short 5' 5" frame; you were absolutely stunning. Then I met the gaze of your deep brown eyes. I realized my mistake, I should have been looking down at the floor the whole time, not letting my eyes roam over your beauty, soon I would be met with the same scowl that every other woman gives me when they saw me, whether I was looking at them or not. But then you did something I didn't expect, something that no other woman has ever done at me; you smiled. Like you, it was beautiful. I blushed, did my best to return my own smile, as awkward as it was, my head bowed downward but my eyes stayed on yours. The door to the elevator opened and before you stepped out you gave me a wink, the sound of your giggling trailed behind you as you walked out of the elevator and toward your apartment. As the elevator doors closed I slap my forehead and berate myself, "You dolt, you were supposed to say hello. You know, introduce yourself? 'Hi my name is Eric' and all of that. Ugh, why do I have to be so socially awkward?" I curse my luck knowing that even though we apparently live in the same building it is unlikely that I will see you again, and if I do you probably wouldn't be so generous with me as you were today. Or you would be with your boyfriend or husband. A woman of your beauty almost certainly has one. Maybe it was best I didn't say anything and just thank the good spirits I was let off easy this time. Another few floors up and it was time for me to depart the now heated confines of the elevator and return to my apartment holding. Another lonely night was in store for me, perhaps I'll finish reading my book tonight, play a video game, or maybe after I eat my dinner I'll go online and find some good stories on my favorite erotica sites. Perhaps I'd think of you while I stroked myself, thinking about your lips stretched around my thick shaft as your head bobbed up and down on it, or imagine you moaning, screaming out my name as you writhed beneath me while I filled you with my cock. I chuckled at myself, one look at you and I was already thinking of you in perverted ways. No wonder why all those other women meet me with scowls on their faces. But then I was a warm blooded male just like any other. Wasn't I? What made me so different from any of those other men? It was always clear what other men wanted, sex, nothing else. All I ever asked for was dinner and a conversation; I was interested in more than just a warm body at night; I wanted an intelligent mind to go with it. Five years is the amount of time that

has passed since I last had the privilege to sit and talk to a woman in any intimate form. All of my requests to buy them dinner, go to the theatre, join them in some other manner were all met with confusing, unsure and vague answers. Games. That's what they wanted to play. If they weren't interested all they had to do was give me a simple "No" or "No thank you." Not once have I heard those words come out of a female's mouth. Instead I would get the often "Maybe" or "Um... sure OK," only to be cancelled on at the last minute. I wasn't interested in playing games. I guess the bright side to all of it is that I haven't been laughed at... yet. Sure I could probably go to some bar someplace and pick up a random chick drunk enough to fuck me, but that wasn't me. Maybe that's what is wrong with me. I care too much about the experience. I can't just enjoy it for the mindless, anonymous act that it could be. Instead I have to know the person, actually care about the woman I'm having sex with. Sigh.... What a mess I must be. As I slept that night my dreams were haunted by your beautiful smile. It was nice to see such beauty in my dreams, I was usually lucky to have any, but one as nice as this was a welcome respite. It was several days later before I saw you again. I was walking back to my place from my car and you were heading out to yours. I wasn't quite sure how to react, as we were about to pass each other and our eyes met. You surprised me again with another one of your smiles, you even said, "Hey." My face turned beat red even as I did my best to return a smile and "Hey" of my own. God I felt so awkward. Just as we pass each other something in the back of my mind that's been confined for far too long took over and I turned around. "Um... Excuse me miss." You turn around to face me, still smiling that lovely smile of yours. "Yes?" "Hi, my name is Eric." I extend a hand in official greeting, you do the same and we shake hands. "Hi there. I'm Malia." You return my greeting, your voice sounding so sweet to my ears. "Ahhh... sorry if this seems horribly random but, would you like to go out to dinner sometime? With me?" I cringed on the inside knowing how terribly awkward I sounded just asking the question. But what's done is done, no going back now. "Sure, I'd love to." I could have sworn I misheard you. "Really? Th...That's great! Um... How is Saturday night for you? I'll pick you up around seven?" "Sounds good to me. Here give me your phone I'll put my number in it for you." A few minutes later I had your number and you were off to your car. "Thanks, I'll give you a call tomorrow about plans for Saturday." I yell back to you as you walk away. You turn your head and wave back at me signaling that that would be just fine, your mouth still stretched into that welcoming smile of yours. I head back to my apartment, feeling happier than I have in years. I can't believe what just happened; surely I just imagined all of that. I check my phone again and see your number there, it really did happen. Saturday evening was finally here and I arrived at your door ten minutes before seven. A habit of mine being to arrive early, which for some reason people tend to find annoying. You open the door and you looked ravishing, a white top that accentuated your breasts perfectly, but didn't show too much cleavage, blue jeans that hugged your hips, and simple heels. I handed you the single rose I had brought along with me, to compliment your natural beauty as opposed to distract from it as a full bouquet would, and you graciously accepted it with that special smile of yours. I think I may have even seen you blush, but that was probably just my imagination. "Are you ready to go?" I ask as I extend my arm for you to take. "Mmmhmm." Is all you say in response with a firm nod of your head as you take my proffered arm in yours and I walk you to

my car. We didn't go anywhere fancy for dinner, just somewhere comfortable where we could talk while we ate. I mentioned that I was new to town, only having just moved here to California for a new job in earthquake research, and you suggested taking a walk along the boardwalk by the beach to show me some of the area. We even took off our shoes and walked along the beach with the surf washing over our feet. It was turning into perhaps one of the greatest nights of my life, and yet I was still extremely nervous. There was something I wanted to do, I just wasn't quite sure how. Then as we paused to stand and enjoy the water washing over our feet and the moonlight reflecting off the expanse of ocean in front of us I threw caution to the wind. I kissed you. When I pulled back, you looked a little surprised. It may have been you just weren't expecting it, but I suspected it was something else. "I'm sorry... I've never... I mean..." I stammered. "Shhh..." You lulled as realization hit you. You reached up and took my head in your hands; one on either cheek then pulled me back down to meet my lips with yours. It felt wonderful. When we broke apart again you asked, "You mean you've never kissed before?" "No." I say, shaking me head. "So then you're...?" You begin your eyes go wide with further realization. I nod my head in the affirmative, my blush more than likely noticeable in the bright moonlight. Yes, I was a virgin. You kissed me again, gently, and then said, "Let's go back to my place." And we did. Back at your place we remained on the couch for what seemed like forever making out. You taught me how to kiss you properly, what you liked, what you didn't, you taught me to kiss behind your ear, on your neck, you liked it when I nipped you with my teeth, leaving little love bites here and there. By the time I was done there was at least one mark on your neck revealing my presence there. There were other places on your body I wanted to learn to kiss, to lick, to suck but you wisely decided to call it quits for the night. "Next time." You assured me. There was going to be a next time! I was elated! That night I had dreams of you in my arms again as we kissed. It felt nice, having you in my arms. There was a certain feel of comfort, warmth, that was unfamiliar to me when I held you. Almost as if you belonged in my arms. Several nights later we were back in your apartment after another date. I was carrying you in my arms, your arms and legs wrapped around me as we kissed. I walked us to the bedroom and lay you back onto the bed. We had taken off each other's shirts on the way to you bedroom and I moved my lips downward to your heaving breasts. You told me earlier that they were sensitive, I was going to find out just how much so. You gasped as my lips first touched your left breast, moaned as my tongue licked and circled around your rose colored nipple and slowly hissed out the word, "Yeessssss," as I wrapped my lips around it and sucked your breast flesh into my mouth, nipping at your skin with my teeth. You tangled your fingers in my hair as you held me closer to your bosom, inviting me to take yet more of you into my suckling mouth, whimpering, gasping and moaning with increasing pleasure. My hands weren't idle during all of this; I had unbuttoned and unzipped your jeans, revealing your royal blue thong underwear. I moved them to the side and rubbed over your nether lips; you were drenched. I moved my mouth over to attend to your neglected breast, much to your delight; at the same moment as I began my loving attentions there I plunged two of my fingers into your dripping snatch. You nearly screamed, you were so close, and you began hunching your hips up against my fingers attempting to get more of my hand inside of you. I obliged your unspoken request by having a third finger join the other two inside of your velvet

sleeve and began to twist and thrust them back and forth inside of you. You came. HARD. It was one of the most incredible things I've witnessed, and what I was somewhat amazed about is that I was responsible for it. Your body writhed and twitched in pure, ecstatic bliss beneath me as you screamed and moaned in your pleasure; and I had only used my mouth and hands thus far. I pulled away from you, letting you come down from your high, I looked at my soaked fingers and couldn't resist sucking your juices from them. You tasted absolutely divine. Your face looked so beautiful, peaceful in your post orgasmic state, that special smile of yours ever present as you lay there enjoying the moment. You opened your eyes to look at me, your face took on a more sinister appearance. You sat up and grabbed my shoulders, pushing me further up onto the bed and forcing me on my back. "A virgin he tells me." You growl out as you straddle my body and take my arms and tie them to the bedposts with blue silk scarves that were already attached to the bed. "He makes me cum like that and he tells me that he's a virgin." You stand next to the bed as you strip completely of your pants and I receive my first real look of a naked woman. You sit next to me on the bed, working the fasteners on my pants then stripping them off my legs leaving me fully naked as well. You straddled my legs and took my thick cock in your hand, "Aahhhh, yessss. Let's see just how good this big boy is." You nuzzle your face against my length and caress it with your cheek before you lavish loving kisses up and down my shaft, followed by licks, both long and quick, and I even felt your teeth graze over me as you took a few gentle nibbles of my meat. Finally you wrapped your lips around me and slowly engulfed my cock into your mouth until I felt myself begin to curve at your throat. I moaned in sweet agony as you kept your lips wrapped firmly around the base of my cock, I was struggling not to cum right then and there; you sense my struggle. A glob of precum leaked out onto your tongue as you slid your mouth back up my shaft, you hummed your approval of my offering. "Mmmm, my you're so tasty." You say and smack you lips and tongue as you pull off my schlong. "Here, you should have a taste too." And you lean down and kiss me, your tongue wrestling with mine, tasting myself on your tongue. "Now I think its time you tasted me." You straddled my head, slowly lowering your glistening pussy until it was enveloped by my mouth. "Time for you to learn to lick me stud." My tongue eager to learn quickly reached out and began to lap at your sex. I sucked and kissed with my lips, licked and delved with my tongue, slurping and drinking your womanly juices down my throat. You ran your fingers through my hair, grabbing the back of my head to pull me firmly against your delicate flesh, your hips hunching against my tongue and mouth increasing your pleasure. Faster, your hips moved your cunt across my tongue and mouth. Harder, you pressed against my face smothering me between your legs. Louder, your moans became as with each buck of your hips against me your orgasm grew closer and closer. Finally, "OOOOHHHHHHHHHH.....!!!" You scream as you cum and cum and cum. My face bathed in your sweet honey as I drank and feasted on you; your body trembling all over as pleasure courses through you. After you recover, you lift up off of me, lie on top of me and kiss me gently yet hungrily. My cock rested wedged between your pussy lips, still pulsing from your climax. He throbbed against you, enjoying the embrace of your sex. You look down at my straining member poking up from between us, smile wickedly at me, then kiss your way down my body until you reached my hard meat. You kissed his head then licked him clean of precum before you swallowed him whole. I didn't last

long, it was the first time I had received a blow job, my cock had never felt such pleasure before, by the fifth or sixth stroke of your head up and down on my shaft I came in your mouth, you swallowed almost all of it. Only a dribble of my seed dripped out of your mouth and hung on your chin, you stuck out your tongue trying to lick it back up. You kiss me and untie my hands, wrapping them tight around you. "Stay with me tonight." You ask sleepily. "Yes Miss." I reply, never having any intentions of leaving you in bed alone on this night. We cuddled up close and held each other tight; your head snuggled against my chest. It felt wonderful holding you in my arms; I wanted to have you in them always. Gradually we fell into a satisfying slumber. We continued to see each other regularly over the next two months, even dropping by the others apartment just to hang out and be with each other. But we didn't do anything sexual beyond making out and touching each other, my choice more than yours. We had already done so much in our first few nights together that was well beyond my expectations and experience that I just wanted to slow things down a bit. I didn't want to cross the final line so soon into my first relationship. There was still so much I didn't know about relationships in general that I didn't want to complicate things by getting fully involved sexually until I knew my way around this new experience. You've had the patience of an angel. Tuesday was our three-month anniversary and we were having dinner at my place; you looked spectacular, as usual, when I opened the door at your arrival. Your body was draped in a teal off the shoulder, long sleeve top, just short enough to tease me with a hint of midriff when you raised an arm; white, hip hugger, bell bottom cotton pants and teal sandals with sparkles. Your hair was swept up, tied with white jasmine and baby's breath, while your neck was adorned with freshwater pearls with teal glass ornaments between each pearl. You were simply breathtaking. I was wearing a black button down collared shirt, with thin blue vertical stripes, a pair of dress kakis and tennis shoes. Not quite worthy of your beauty, yet you didn't seem to mind as you wrapped your arms around my neck, stood on your tip toes, to try and match my 6' 4" height, and kissed me. I couldn't let you strain your feet for long so I graciously picked you up in my arms and held your body close to mine as we continued to lock lips, your feet dangling several inches off the ground. Eventually we sat down to eat our dinner, grilled chicken with baked potato and I made you your favorite salad to go with yours too. It was surprisingly good considering my lack of cooking skills. Looking at you from across the table I realized that when I'm with you I feel a sense of confidence and inner calmness that I've never felt before. Its like when I'm with you, everything in the world just doesn't matter anymore, that it will all work itself out for the better. When we were done you volunteered to take the dishes to the sink and grab the dessert, kissing me on the cheek before leaving the table. My eyes followed the sway of your ass as you walked away; you knew I was watching. As you rinsed the dishes in the sink I moved up behind you, my hands grabbed your hips, pressing your bottom up against my bulge. You gasped in both surprise and approval as my lips roamed your neck and my left hand came up to caress and palm your sensitive breasts. They may have been big but they were a perfect handful for my large hands. You tilted your head back and ran your hands through my hair and ground your ass back harder into me, encouraging my kisses and caresses. I began to nip at your bare shoulder and neck with my teeth, leaving a few small marks on your skin, marking you as mine. My right hand on your hip traveled

along the waistband of your pants until I slid my fingers beneath the cotton fabric, finding your yellow chiffon thong already beginning to soak through from your juices. I turned your head so my lips could meet yours and kiss you deeply as I rubbed your thong-covered cunt. I soon hooked my finger under the protective fabric and pulled it to the side so my fingers could have unhindered access to your moist and dripping slit, inserting first one, then two and even three fingers inside of you. I thrust them slowly in and out of your honey pot; rubbing them against your g-spot and making you tremble with need. I turned you around so that you were facing me and gently pushed you down to your knees, your eyes met the slab of meat that was just released from my pants. You took it eagerly into your mouth, liking the new item placed on the dessert menu far better than what was expected. I placed my hand behind your head, guiding myself in and out of your warm mouth as you sucked and licked around my shaft. I lasted much longer than the first time you had me in your mouth, but I was still inexperienced and didn't last as long as I would have liked, but I was only preparing for the main course later on tonight. I came in your mouth and you eagerly swallowed my thick, milky ball batter as you sucked every last drop you could from me, leaving me still semi-erect. I pulled you up by the hair and kissed you hard, tasting myself on your tongue. Leading you back to the table I bent you over it and took off your pants along with your thong, leaving your bare ass exposed and presented to my predatory gaze. I gave each of your ass cheeks several slaps with my hand then bent to bite one reddened cheek. I whisper in your ear, "Now its time for my dessert." I pick you up and sit you down on the table in front of the chair I'm now sitting in. I take your ass in my hands and pull you toward me as I take your delicious cunt into my mouth and began to feast on your sweet honey. You wrap your legs around my neck and grab my head in your hands as you try and push my face further into your wanton cunt, your thighs pressing around my head. I lapped, licked, sucked, slurped and devoured your pussy, loving every moan, every whimper, every shudder my tongue and mouth gave you. "OOOHHHH!! YESSSSS!!! Oh my god ERIC!!" You screamed as you came. Your womanly cream squirting and coating my face, drowning me in your sweet honey. You moan in protest as I take my head from between your trembling legs, but not for long once you realize I'm carrying you to the bed. I drop you unceremoniously onto the blankets and crawl on top of you, our eyes filled with a mutual predatory lust for the other, and we begin to strip each other of the rest of our clothes. Your top gave way to reveal a yellow demi-bra that matched your thong as you tugged open my shirt, buttons flying off as you're much to impatient to have me to undo them one by one. You groan and grunt when I take your very sensitive right tit into my mouth as I took away your bra, suckling and licking and gently biting at your ample breast flesh. I kick my pants and underwear the rest of the way off as you eagerly grasp at my hard, throbbing cock, wanting to guide it deep inside of your hungry little cunt. Slowly I slide my thick schlong inside of you, as you are my first I'm not quite certain how to describe how you feel as I sink deeper and deeper inside of you. Velvet, hot, tight, soft, liquid, perfect. I remain motionless fully buried inside of you, enjoying the feeling of just being inside of you, your sugar walls clamping and massaging around my length. I look deep into your brown eyes and saw what I knew was already there. Love. I kiss you with a lover's kiss, and then I began to thrust. You wrap your arms and legs around me as I slowly thrust my maleness inside of you again and again. I certainly had no

desire to end this moment anytime soon, glad I had you suck me off just moments before, knowing I still wouldn't last as long as I would like but in time I would learn to love you like you deserved. I kiss across your jaw, behind your ear and down your neck, sucking and nipping at your skin. You began to moan as I increase my pace, plunging deeper and harder into you, letting your pussy gorge itself on the cock meat its been craving for all these months. Your fingernails scratch down my back as your hands grab my ass firmly, encouraging me to fuck you still faster, deeper, harder. Gradually my pace increases, our gasps and moans become more frequent, faster I thrust, deeper I plunge, harder I pound into your flowing snatch. Your hips hunch to meet mine with each and every thrust, wanting me as much as I want you. Until finally, "OOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!" We cum together. Your pussy cums around my pulsing shaft as I fill you with my rich, virile seed. And for the briefest of moments that seems an eternity we are as one soul, one body, one mind. When we come back to ourselves, looking into the others eyes, we're panting, smiling, spent and happy. We kiss and curl up underneath the covers, wrapping each other up in the others arms. I hold you close to me, your breasts pressed tight between us, your head against my chest where you can hear my heart beating for you. "I love you, Malia." I whisper as we both begin to drift off to sleep. "I love you, Eric." You whisper back. As we lay together I think about how it is that I never feel so content and calm when I'm with you as when I'm holding you in my arms. And just before I'm claimed by the blissful and contented sleep that I know is to come I realize exactly what that feeling is. Home. * * * I LOVE YOU DEAR HEART!