

love, soccer, lax

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This is a story of two high school seniors, one a star soccer player on her way to college, the other, a mediocre lacrosse player at best joining the work force. His former high school was shutdown from the inside of the school parish six weeks before the semester started, so he was very angry, lonely and confused because his best friend went to a different school than his. He met her in his first period English class on the first day of classes. He didn't know who anyone was in the class except one person who went to his old school. She asked his name and he gave it to her, and he did the same. He was about 6'3 230 pounds, deep voice, dazzling blue eyes and a pretty sick beard. He was very self confident and very positive. She was about 5'9, 130 pounds, in great shape with a great pair of legs (except from the bruises from soccer), and soft, sweet green eyes. She was very giggly and had a voice that could calm a beast down. They talked every so often outside of class, but not much was really said that meant anything. He had a small crush on her but she didn't feel the same way, but thought it was really sweet and was flattered. He went to a couple of her soccer games to cheer her and some of his new friends on. As homecoming was coming up, he wasn't planning on going until she asked if he was going to go. He thought she didn't have a date and asked her if she would go with him. She said no because she had a tournament up state the same night and couldn't make it. He felt a little crushed inside but it quickly changed the next day at the first lacrosse meeting. The meeting had got him all pumped up and exited for the season that was still four months away. Homecoming, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New year's all went by with the same small talk but it made him want her more. Lacrosse season had finally come around and they started the season off slow with a 1-3 record. As a defenseman this was very frustrating for him, he had a hard time finding pride for the new colors he wore instead of the old ones he loved so much. He paced on the field for two hours after a tough-to-swallow 19-2 slaughter from a team that was going to win, but it still hurt. He thought everyone had left as he let a slow tear drip from his eye. It slightly smeared his already messy eye black as it ran down his cheek. He heard his name called and new the voice instantly. It had calmed the beast inside of him for only a moment for her to give him a hug. They talked for an hour until it got dark and they walked to their separate cars. The next game came and she was there. He wanted to put on a show for her but the game took a turn for the worse. One of his teammates was cheap shot and had to be carried off the field. This unleashed a monster inside of him and he

went off. He had found his pride, not for the name on the front of the jersey, but the love for a friend. The game was tied with 30 seconds left. The other team had a fast break and as one of them threw the ball, he landed a bone crushing hit that knocked the other team's middy on his ass. All of the sudden he saw the ball in front of him and he scooped it up and high tailed it. He shot the game winning goal, and won the cheers and praises of his team. He wondered if she saw it and when he looked up into the bleachers, she was nowhere to be found. He went home a little crushed, but happy at the same time. Lacrosse season was going great with them 12-3 with the number two overall seed. He was as cocky as ever. So cocky that it pissed off the coaches and some of the team. The team coasted through the playoffs and the normal school day was getting shorter and shorter. As the championship game rolled around, the school was in a frenzy. The news came out with the all conference players and he was one of them. She came up and gave him a hug for the big news. She asked him if she could wear his away jersey since the number one team lost. She looked amazing at the game, so good it was almost distracting. She was wearing a short jean skirt, a pair of flip-flops and his jersey tied in a knot to show off her amazing lower torso. As the game went on, she cheered and he played until he made another bone crushing hit. The whole stadium was in awe as he went off for the penalty. As the other teams player limped off, all he could hear was, "HEY, 29, YOU FUCKED HIM UP". He couldn't help but laugh. They won the championship and he was so happy he had tears in his eyes. He jumped the gate to meet the cheering fans and got hugs and high fives from many people. He looked for her but found her friend with his jersey saying she had to leave. He felt crushed after a big win, yet again. As prom was rolling around, he had no date yet and asked her friend if she had a date yet. She said they were both going together because she had just recently broken up with her boyfriend (the team's all conference goalie). He could see the honesty in her eye, so he accepted it like a man. Prom night, what a night. Everyone was dressed up and looked damn good. He had a black shirt, black vest, black pants, white tie, and a white jacket with a red rose. He and his friends went with the 'Godfather' look and pulled it off very well. As her limo pulled up, she was the last to get out. She looked stunning. She had a yellow strapless dress that hugged her body very well. They both hugged and she said sorry for missing the last bit of the game. She played for an indoor soccer team and had to leave for Rhode Island for a tournament (he knew it was legit because he watched her play a couple games for the team). Prom went on and he sat through the slow dances because he had no date. All of the sudden she tapped him on his shoulder and said, "Do you want to dance superstar?" (His nickname for her when he watched her play soccer). As they both slow danced, she was bumped into him closer and they hit their heads together. She started to bleed a little and ran off, and he followed. He found her sitting down with tears in her eyes. He asked if she was ok and she shook her head. He moved her hands to find a small cut that had already stopped bleeding. He asked if it hurt and she said yes. He kissed it hoping to make it feel better. She giggled and he asked where else it hurt. She pointed to her lips, the lips that he wanted to kiss since the first day he met her. The kiss was slow and passionate. He could hear her moan softly which turned him on. They could hear a proctor coming and stopped. They looked into each other's eyes and knew they would continue later. The rest of the dance went on smoothly as they danced together and with

friends. Then after prom came. Their after prom was at an ESPN zone and they had to pay 90 dollars for it so they were going to use the four hours to all of their advantage. They got separated for a little while but it didn't matter, they were both having fun. Then he saw her playing a Minnie bowling game and was doing terrible at it. He laughed at her and she threw a little stuffed soccer ball at him. He went on to the floor and asked her to show him how she bowled. It was a classic girl bowl where she bent over, put it between her legs and lobbed it. As she did that he could see her bright red panties through her white shorts. This made his penis wake up and he asked her to show him again. She noticed the slight rise in his shorts and smirked. She did it again but this time as she bent over she ground her ass into him making him very hard. Then an announcement came over saying that after prom was over. It was 4:30 and neither of them were tired. She gathered her things and he did the same. He had driven to prom in his own car so he could be out as late as he wanted to. As he walked out she was on the bench crying. The limo left without her. He offered her a ride home and with no hesitation. They walked back to his car and drove out of the city. They laughed and played music when they got back to her house (her parents both had to be at work by six so they were gone). They sat on the couch and turned on a movie. He had a feeling they were not going to watch it. A scene came up where two people kissed and she snuggled up to him and looked at him. He looked back and went in for the kiss. The kiss was amazing. She laid on top of him and whispered in his ear to follow her to her room. They laid on the bed, lips locked and hands roaming. He found the ass that ground on him earlier that morning. It wasn't big but it fit her body perfectly. She quickly found his butt too and squeezed to make him jolt up in surprise and rubbing his hard cock on her. She blushed and took off her shirt. She had small breasts but he was always taught that more than a handful was a waste. She went back down on him for one final kiss, which again was long and passionate, but this time she took off his shorts and boxers to reveal a seven inch penis that hit her stomach. She slowly kissed down his chest and started to rub his cock with both of her hands. She was silent and so was he. The silence was broken by her moans. One of her hands had slipped to her pussy and she started rubbing on her clit. She shocked him by taking the head of his penis in her mouth and started to hum. This made him both laugh and moan. She then went slowly down until she was at the base. She slowly came back up to only go back down again. He was so close to cumming but didn't want to ruin the moment. He quietly told her to stop and pushed her back down on the mattress and sucked on each one of her nipples. This made her squirm under his large body frame. Then he slowly kissed down her body until he got to her waist. He slid down her shorts to find soaked red panties. He kissed her clit through the cotton fabric which made her moan loud. He slowly moved the panties down to find a shaved vagina that was gushing with juices. In his mind was he the first one to do this to this girl.....hell he really didn't give a fuck. He started by kissing her clit and lick the lips of her opening. She was almost at a soft orgasm by then. He then stuck his index finger in her, sending her over the edge and cumming all over her pink sheets. They both knew what they wanted but were both nervous. He had no condoms (party foul) and she wasn't on the pill. They could both tell that they wanted each other and just went for it. He entered her slowly and hit something unexpected. Apparently he was the first to ever be with her and he felt humbled and exited at the

same time. He slowly pushed into her, finally breaking her cherry. She screamed with pain and pleasure. She eventually met his thrusts when she calmed down and started to get more into it. They were both going at it like wild animals. She hit another orgasm as he pulled out to blow his load all over her sexy, sweaty body. She took her fingers and gathered all of his juice and put it in her mouth and swallowed it in one gulp. She got up, grabbed him by the hand, and led him to the shower for round two.