

My first

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Published on Lush Stories on 30 Dec 2010

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/my-first-1.aspx>

I got out of the car and made my way to his house. I didn't want to be dropped at the door, instead a couple of streets away so I could calm my nerves as I walked. He was my best friend, but in a way, so much more. Jordan. He was tall, 6ft 2. Dark brown hair shortened and often ruffled in a bed head style. His eyes were dark brown too, with a hint of green in the middle. I remember looking into them as he moaned my name. His smile was his best feature. I always go for a guy with a killer smile, a guy who can make me laugh. He was the joker of the group, popular with everyone at our college. He only had one fault, and it was the fact he only wanted people he couldn't have. Girls in a relationship, girls who weren't ready for any commitment. I still don't know why, maybe he just saw it as a challenge. But I loved him as a friend nonetheless. I was the exact opposite in looks. On the smaller side, I'm 5ft 5, blonde and slim. My eyes are a steel coloured blue, and Jordan always said he loved my eyes. They're big and warm, even though they're cold coloured. He said I had a killer bum too, but that's a little less romantic. As I set off, I reached for my phone in my jean pocket. I dialled his number and waited for his voice. "Hello?" "Put the kettle on, dick head." I laughed down the phone "Charming. I take it you're nearly here? Get your ass to mine!" I giggled again, "well, I dunno. Maybe I am, but maybe I'm just joshing..." I reached his front door and knocked. I heard him sigh from inside as well as on the phone. I hung up and waited for him to answer. I saw his shadow through the glass and the door opened. His smile stretched across his face as he pulled me into the hallway. "Merry Christmas!" he yelled, and swept me into a hug, lifting me off the floor. He carried me into the kitchen, letting me down so he could make us a cup of tea. We talked for ages, standing there with our backs against the sink, sipping on our tea. His parents and sister occasionally walked in, just to say hello and ask how I'd been. It was so comfortable and relaxed, and the Christmas lights shone softly into the room from the hallway. He sat down his empty mug, and strode away from the kitchen into the living room. I followed him, and saw him sitting casually on his sofa. I took off my coat (which I was bizarrely still wearing) and placed it onto the arm of the chair. Jordan looked me up and down, a smile creeping into his eye. "Nice shirt. Look better on my floor though." "Ha ha ha. Very smooth." I bit back sarcastically, and sat down next to him. Straight away a playful look came onto his face, and he turned to face me. "I got a load of new DVDs for Christmas. We could watch them if you like? I have the tv here," he gestured towards it, "or the one in my room. What do you fancy?" Looking at him, seeing the casual look in his face, I began to blush. I knew what would happen if I went upstairs into his room, but it didn't stop me from wanting to go up there. "Upstairs, I guess" I shrugged, hoping to

sound casual. He leapt again from the chair, grabbing my hand. Leading me up the stairs, he took me straight into his room. His dad put his head in the door, saying they were off out, but would be back in time to make dinner. With that, his mum and dad set off to do some shopping, and Jordan's sister went to her boyfriends house to see him. I sat down on the bed as Jordan put on the TV. He lay next to me, and as the time passed I couldn't help noticing him. I wanted to touch him, have him hold me as we lay there. He slowly stretched out his arms, yawning and screwing up his eyes. I sighed happily and lay my head on his chest. He brought his arms down and curled his left round me, bringing the right behind his head. His long fingers cautiously made their way down into the back pocket of my jeans, and I gently pushed against his hand with encouragement. I saw the corners of his mouth twitch as he gently traced his fingers over my ass, and slowly turned his head to look into my eyes. I couldn't breathe, time was going slowly, the only thing going double time was my heart pounding against my ribs. A sly grin came across his face as he pounced on me, grabbing my ribs as he tickled me. I screamed with laughter as he attacked, and I twisted and turned while fighting to get away. His hands kept grabbing me, pulling me closer as he laughed, and we rolled around his bed. I can't tell you how amazing it felt, having an excuse to squirm against his body as his hands explored my body, finding where I was most ticklish. My thigh brushed against his crotch, and I felt him grow harder as I tried to fight him, pushing my body harder into his. Suddenly he was on top of me, his crotch right on top of my mound. Instinctively I spread my legs out underneath him, and he gripped my back as he pulled me closer into him. His face was buried into my neck as we stopped, panting and gasping for air. I couldn't tell what he was thinking, but the sound of his heavy breathing in my ear was a real turn on. "You don't have to go anytime soon, do you?" he said, his voice deeper than usual. I turned my face to him, going to answer, when he moved his head too. Our faces were so close together my eyelids were forced shut, and I could feel his lips trace across my cheek. I sighed involuntary, and his lips met mine. He kissed me, his lips barely moving as we just pressed our lips against one another. I gently opened my mouth and his tongue worked his way against mine as we started to kiss more passionately. I traced my hands down his back and grabbed his ass while digging my nails into his back. He sucked hard on my bottom lip and gently bit it, silently begging me to keep going. I felt him grow harder against me, and I used my hand to push him further down against my pussy. His hips started to grind against mine, his hard on working its way over my clit. I gasped in pleasure, pushing up to meet every thrust. His hands made their way from my back and up across my flat, smooth stomach, creeping up my top towards my breasts. He felt them through my bra, and I pushed him up so he was in a sitting position. I sat on his lap facing him as I undid my top. It was a checkered cowboy style shirt with popper buttons, and I seductively pulled on the fabric as they popped open one by one, revealing my turquoise lace bra. "Fuuuuuck..." he moaned, his big hands massaging them firmly. His eyes met mine. "I wouldn't mind a suck on your titties" he said quietly. I purred, grabbing his hands and pressing them harder against my tits. Jordan slipped his fingers underneath the material of my bra and found my hard pink nipples. Using his thumb and forefinger, he gently pinched them, gaining pressure as he twirled them around. I gasped again, pushing myself against him. His head was level with my boobs so he took off my bra with ease and sucked onto my tits, his

mouth wetting my hard nipples. His tongue licked around it, gently kissing it as he massaged the other with his fingers. I started to grind against his cock again, and he bit down onto me, sending waves of pleasure through my body. I ran my fingers through his hair, pushing his head deeper into my breasts. I was so wet and turned on, mainly just over the thrill that my best friend was doing this to me. It was so taboo, so wrong... it made me feel so kinky doing it. I felt a sudden animal hunger, and pushed him back down onto the bed. He looked shocked, and when his dark eyes met my blue ones, his eyes narrowed in the same animal instinct coursing through my body. I ripped off his shirt, all shyness forgotten. His muscles were tensed and incredibly sexy, sweat gleaming on his chest. He growled and buried his face into my neck, biting and sucking. I moaned, and reached between his legs to find his hard cock. I squeezed it, rubbed it through his jeans. Jordan started to pant, rubbing his dick against my hand. I couldn't take it any more. I needed to feel it properly, to touch it, kiss it, suck it. I pulled his jeans and boxers down in one, and saw his erected over 8 inch dick in front of me. Well, you know what they say about tall guys. I started pumping it with my hand, circling my thumb around its head while I used my other hand to massage his balls. He threw his head back and moaned, his chest rising and falling heavily. Without warning he shoved me against the wall by his bed, and furiously started working his fingers between my legs. The shock of it made me squeal, and get even wetter. I pushed his hand past the waistline of my jeans and into my thong, feeling his long fingers trace over my soaking wet pussy. He expertly started working on my clit, circling it and pinching it. I started to cum, breathing deeper and deeper as he worked me up. Fuck, it felt good. I opened my eyes and saw him looking at me, biting hard on his lip. It was Jordan. Jordan was touching me. The taboo feeling washed over me again as I felt hornier, the desire for his fingers to enter me became overwhelming. Wrapping one arm around his head, I pulled him in for a passionate and hungry kiss. Our mouths worked furiously, keeping in time with the fingers slicking backwards and forwards over my clit. I grabbed hold of two of his long fingers and shoved them into my cunt, moaning as they pushed past my g spot. His thumb kept going against my clit, the juices from my pussy coating his fingers as he pumped them into me. Every motion felt incredible, and his breath became ragged against my mouth, getting turned on by my moans every time he plunged his fingers into my tight wet hole. I was beginning to lose control, and closed my eyes tight as my body shuddered with every wave of orgasm that hit me. "Faster, faster, FASTER" I gasped in between groans of pleasure. Jordan complied, slicking his fingers in and out of my pussy. I began to gain some control over my body again, and knew I needed him. I needed his dick in me, I wanted him to feel like I did, right then. Sliding my jeans and thong down my thighs, I threw them to the floor. Jordan's fingers were still in me, slicking over my g spot. He rolled me onto my back with force, slamming me onto his bed once more. Grabbing his cock, he pushed it in to my hole until he felt my cherry. Sliding in and out a little more, he got me used to the feeling of his dick inside me. Then, he pushed against it, and I yelled in pain as it broke. The pain turned into pleasure as he kept thrusting into me, making me cum again. It felt even better than his fingers, his big cock filling me up as he fucked me. I felt his dick begin to tense, and it sent me over the edge again. We both came at the same time, and I dug my nails into his back and wrapped my legs around his waist, holding him in

me. He shot his cum into me, grunting and moaning my name. I never felt anything better than that. After a while he rolled off me, and he laughed, taking me into his arms and hugging me. I'll be doing that again with him some time soon, there's no doubt about that.