

The boytoy of my best friends older sister

By dominated

Published on Lush Stories on 28 Nov 2010



Rumors about my anatomy got attention from older girl - now I'm the boytoy.

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When I started the tenth grade I had to ride the bus about 10 miles. The school was out in the country. At 16 I was old enough to drive but didn't have a car or license. My best friend went there with me and it wasn't too long until we were bumming rides with his older sister, Beth. She was pretty well put together but a little backwards. The girls in the school were cliquish and she wasn't in the clique. Beth had plenty of friends and she dated other guys but she was quiet and reserved. One day when I got out of school my buddy was nowhere around. As I was scouting the parking lot I spotted Beth. She said that her brother left early, their older brother had picked him up so he could work part time after school where he worked. Beth offered to take me home anyway and I was happy not riding the bus. Instead of dropping me off at my house she asked if I wanted to go with her to her house and make some milk shakes. Beth's mom was a single parent and she worked the afternoon shift. I was very comfortable being at Beth's house with her. She was a good looking girl but I was sure she had no interest in me. I was three years younger and she dated plenty of other guys. I thought she was being very thoughtful and I was sure she thought of me like a younger brother. She changed into a pair of shorts as soon as we got there. They were tight around her ass but the legs were wide and loose. They were plenty short but didn't really expose anything while she was standing. We started chatting about things like we were old friends. I had never really had much of an opportunity to talk to her before. She finally asked me if she could ask me questions and I had to promise not to talk about them to anyone else. "Of course," I said and I meant it. I had plenty of friends and I valued people who were trustworthy and loyal. Beth started asking me about what other boys thought about her. Suddenly she seemed to have low self esteem and needed to hear someone say that she was attractive. She really was but she was so quiet she didn't really draw much attention to herself. I told her that I had heard other guys talk about trying to get in her pants but had never heard anyone brag about getting the job done. She then asked me if I thought she was attractive and I told her that I had fantasized about her. She smiled and said she had heard a few things about me. She said that my nickname was mule. She said she assumed it meant that I was well endowed as in "hung like a mule". I told Beth that I didn't compare myself with other guys but I thought my tools were big enough. She said she assumed that rumor had come from other girls who had had first hand experience with me. I laughed and said, "I wish, I am still a virgin". Beth seemed shocked. She said she didn't believe

it. I asked her if she was a virgin. She said not exactly. She again told me that I had to promise not to tell me what she was about to share. She said that she had been a victim of a sibling rape when she was younger. She had never had sex with anyone else. She was sitting on the couch with me and I realized that she had no bra and no panties under her shorts. She was exposing her bare cunt to me and it was no accident. My swollen cock ached in my shorts and she could see the bulge. She asked me if I would like to learn to have sex with her. She said I had to swear that I would never discuss this with anyone or it would never happen again. I don't remember what I said because she had just shocked the hell out of me. I almost came in my pants. I must have said the right thing because she took me by the hand and led me to the basement. They had a family room there that didn't get used much and we would be able to hear if anyone came in and surprised us. When we got to the basement she unbuckled my pants and started to pull them down she was squatting right in front of my rock-hard cock as she started to pull the pants off of my legs. She took my cock in her mouth and expertly worked it over for a couple of minutes. I told her she had better stop or I would explode right there. I had been leaking pre-cum and that had provided me with some relief but I was really at full charge. Beth rolled on her back and slid her shorts off then she unbuttoned her blouse exposing her entire nude body. I was totally stunned. I think I had an out-of-body experience. She laid back bent her knees and spread her legs. Years later that sight is still perfectly clear in my mind. Beth then smiled and said, "Well come on mister mule." As I started to climb on she told me to take it slow and take deep breaths. She said that she promised that she wouldn't hurt me. She was talking to me like a child and I loved it. I tried to push my cock into her wet cunt but I was missing the mark. She reached down and guided the swollen head into her opening. As I started to push in she whispered forcefully, "Go slow". I asked her if I was hurting her and she said no she wanted to enjoy every inch of it. I finally bottomed out and she flinched a little. She said to hold still for a minute. She muttered, "My god, my god it is so big, please just hold it still right there." After a couple of minutes she said, "Okay now pull back real slow and then push back to the bottom again". As I did, her cunt made a slurping sound. We both started to laugh a little. She said, "You are a damn mule, keep going slow and take deep breaths." That afternoon I wasn't able to push my entire cock into her. That came after more practice. We only lasted a few more minutes and we both exploded at the same time without warning. She put her legs around my back and bucked like crazy all the time yelling at almost a scream. I was afraid the neighbors would hear her and call the cops. I felt like I sent a pint of cum into her big cunt. When we were done she said, "You were awesome, but please don't tell anyone what we just did". I told her not to worry but I reminded her that I never did get the milkshake that she promised. She laughed and said she never had anything to make a milkshake with to begin with but she would make sure that had the stuff for the next time I came over. We had many more milkshakes over the next few months, but I noticed that she never took me anywhere where we would be seen as a couple other than hauling me home from school when she wanted a "milkshake." There is more to tell if there is enough interest.