

Without Love

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The emergence of a young girl into a sexual adult.

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Without love.

Part one

First time

With her knees clasped together; a finger touching her hard little nub through the fabric of her night dress while her hips gently rocked, Michelle discovered the satisfaction of masturbation, enjoyed the warmth of the glow it gave her after just a short while and the sleep it induced when she stopped. The sheets dampened and a light perfume of her sex.

It had been an accidental discovery, bathing her body, making sure her sex was clean. A touch of the soap laden sponge as the textured surface lightly rasped over her lips and brushed against her clit.

So it was that she often got herself to sleep after bringing her body to a quivering condition, bathed in a light sheen of perspiration, her heart rate more than double its normal rhythm and breathe being

sucked in as if gasping in the rarefied air of altitude and her fingers slicked by the essences of her body.

Michelle, at sixteen years old, never thought of the act as dirty or something to be hidden. How could something so rewarding and pleasurable at a fundamental be anything less than joyful? She didn't associate the act with sex either, it was just something personal, something she did to get to sleep.

Although they had covered the mechanics of sex at school the teachers had stopped some way short of going into the finer details, of nerve endings or emotions and orgasm. They concentrated on just the male and female genitalia, how they connected in the act of procreation and the outcome of a successful mating. They completely missed the opportunity of sharing the pleasures that sex can bring; the emotions that are evinced or that it isn't automatically going to result in a pregnancy. In the classroom, sex as just a function, a tool to propagate the population, nothing more.

The teacher instructed them on the use of prophylactics, even went to the length of demonstrating how they should be applied over an erect cock; it was the first time Michelle had seen a dildo. She remembered thinking that it was impossibly huge and something her small body could never accommodate. The idea that something so big was going to invade her skin was more than daunting and acted, as if it were necessary, as a preventative to any thoughts of experiment.

Despite warnings, from her mother, of being told that she would likely turn into a worm; Michelle pleased her clit from the age of sixteen or so and continued from time to time until an elderly age. It was more of a comfort thing; even when she knew it for what it was, if she needed to sleep, her finger would find her clit; her hips would rock as she lay on her side, knees locked together in a foetal position until a satisfying glow was achieved and sleep followed.

Her first foray into the experience of sex was at aged seventeen, while on holiday in Tenerife. She

met a lad whose name she could never remember after the vacation. He was also on holiday with his parents, seemed to be quite nice, touching a switch in her developing body that had not yet been activated. He had a funny accent, coming from Newcastle as he did, and a funny way of phrasing his sentences. The fact that he was a bit gawky, a year or so older and suffering with mild acne, was all ignored. They had a compatible sense of humour, laughing at the differences of language they had.

Michelle fancied him. Pure and simply fancied lying with him, naked, touching and exploring. She didn't love him or even have a teenage crush, just wanted to see how he looked and felt with all of his clothes off. Towards the end of the two weeks, the hotel organised a disco for its younger patrons. The DJ spoke with a heavily accented and very loud voice through the mike, making it impossible to understand a word. The sound production was terrible with a distorted bass hum drowning out almost everything else. Michelle and her newly found friend decided to leave and go for a walk along the beach.

They held hands and looked at the lights shimmering across the wavelets as they walked under the shining moon. In another context or even with a few years under their belts, it might have presented a romantic scene and set the stage for a lustful conclusion, but neither of them had any experience of romance, were far too young to appreciate the finer points of love or the niceties of the prelude to lust. They were both aware though, of a heightened sense and awareness of each other. Their nerve endings jangled with a shared excitement for what might happen. They were aware of a sense of risk and of a previously un-experienced feeling that might ensue and engulf them. At some fundamental level, a tacit and unspoken agreement had been reached, nothing articulated, but an agreement none the less, that they were about to take this brief liaison to another level. Beyond any place they had been before.

Eventually, they found a beach hut, vacated and abandoned by the daytime hordes of sun worshipers. Wordlessly, he ducked under the timber lintel and gently pulled her in behind him into the gloom of the thatched roof. They stood facing each other, heat radiating from between them as adrenalin raced around their bodies, hearts beating wildly, hammering in chests, heaving for breath. The crowning moment of their holiday was imminent, all of the build up to this, this culmination, the wild flights of fancy imagined in private moments apart, all coming to a realisation of dreams.

He stepped closer, closing the small distance between them and then kissed her lips. Just a light touching of skin on skin, no more than that, it produced a shiver through her body. Automatically, her arms came up and wrapped around his neck. The second kiss, at her demand, was altogether something else from the previous chaste touch. Her mouth opened, breath joined as lip met lip in a crushing collision. He held her waist, drawing her ever closer as tongue met tongue and the fires of passion threatened to burn them where they stood.

He felt for the clasp of her bikini top under the gauzy blouse she had chosen to wear, his fingers uncoordinated and awkward in his attempt to undo the unfamiliar thing. Eventually, he succeeded; the garment slowly fell between them to land on the sandy floor at their feet. Slowly, his hand came around to her front, snaking up between their bodies to find her breast under the flimsy blouse. The first touch to her nipple, made it harden in anticipation, was electric; Michelle gasped at the unfamiliar touch of his hand, the first time she had felt a trembling exploration of her breast. Her nipples physically ached for his hands and fingers.

Along with the ache in her chest, was the first stirring of a pressure in her abdomen, a mixture of excitement, trepidation and lust all thrown together in a maelstrom, roiling in the pit of her stomach. Her sex began to produce its natural lubricant, using for the first time, glands that would help him enter her. She felt the wetness and thought for one wild moment, that she had begun menstruating, then realised that it couldn't be that, not so soon since her last cycle.

She was aware of the aroma of her body too; an aroma she had not smelled before, but knew instinctively, that it was uniquely hers. Her body was making ready for sex, winding up nerves and heightening senses, inflaming her receptors, pulsing blood to her genitalia. She could feel everything and nothing, all at once and the only sound she was aware of was the rushing of blood in her ears.

The touch of his hands rubbing over her nipples with a slight rasp was sending her into delirium. She could feel the raised taste buds of his tongue as it fenced with her own, mixing saliva and tickling the roof of her mouth. His hardness, pressed into her stomach through the fabric of his Bermuda shorts, was like a hot poker, as yet unseen, but all too evident.

At last, she broke the kiss to lift his tee shirt over his head with his arms held aloft. She kissed his hairless chest as the shirt joined her bikini top on the sand. She slipped her blouse off, baring, for his inspection, her breasts with nipples pointing directly at him as if he was guilty of their current engorged condition and not the reactions of her own body.

He returned her kiss, brushing his lips over one nipple while cupping the other breast. She felt almost sick from the amalgam of senses that rushed around her veins, her heart thumped behind her ribs as if trying to break out. They joined in a kiss again while she frantically tugged at the waist band of his shorts. Unseen, she managed to get them over his hips, freeing his cock; she felt it slap, hotly, against the skin of her stomach. Without breaking the kiss, she pulled her own bikini bottoms down and stepped out of them.

He cupped a breast with one hand while the other travelled down the middle of her back, lightly slipping over the humps of her spine until he reached her buttocks; then, slowly, he felt around her hip on a journey to her sex. They parted slightly, creating a gap between them so that his hand could reach its destination; Michelle grasped his cock, mildly surprised that it was not anywhere nearly as big as the dildo used in the demonstration of how to apply a condom. This was a manageable size and didn't worry her that it would be too much to take in her virginal body.

She spread her feet slightly, allowing his questing fingers free access to her sex. His first fumbling touch missed her clit by some way. Instead, he tried to find her entrance. He was a little clumsy; even, too impatient to get inside. Although she had been lubricating for a while now, he needed to be a little gentler, but his inexperience didn't allow for the niceties of taking it slowly. His first finger inside was uncomfortable where her slickness had not been worked to her outer lips. She gasped at the intrusion and then gasped again as he forced another finger inside her.

She rubbed his cock, trying to block out the discomfort he was inducing. He was uncut; a glance down showed a purple head as she drew back his foreskin. Then, to the surprise of both of them, he

shuddered and spurted his seed to splash against her stomach. He sighed as mini-peaks lessened, instantly satisfied and saying how wonderful it had been for him.

Michelle was still somewhere about six feet off the ground, but not likely to reach a peek or even really enjoy the experience that much. He had made her hotter than she had ever been and very ready for her first time, but he had let her down badly, interested in his own pleasure before anything else. She said, without feeling, that yeah it had been great; he missed the irony in her answer. She dressed hurriedly, wiping his come off of her stomach and hand with his shirt. On trembling legs, she left him in the beach hut with a few words of promise to meet again the next night. It didn't happen, Michelle feigned a headache.

As a first exploration into the sexual act, it had been a huge disappointment. They went to their respective homes a few days later, promising to write, but not meaning a word of it. She would be his first and a lasting memory for him. She had forgotten him by the time she had arrived home and wrote it off as an experience only.

Michelle dated a few boys, but was not interested in sex with them, finding the youths somehow far too immature. She was considered frigid by her peers as she went through school, earning the nickname 'Ice Queen'. It didn't bother her too much. In fact, she rather liked the infamy of her status.

Michelle didn't respond to the name calling, preferring to remain aloof; rising above it all. She furiously masturbated most nights, knowing it now for what it was, especially as her imagination became a featured part of the act and the gratification was no longer a means, solely to bring sleep on. Her body filled out over the next year or so, hips flared and breasts grew to a 'C' cup. By the time she reached her seventeenth birthday, she had developed in all ways but the one; her experience with sex had remained the single, fumbling event with the gawky kid in Tenerife, or the wild flights of fancy her mind concocted during her sessions of getting herself off with her fingers. Until, she decided that, perhaps, she would like to experience the sexual act in all its full glory. It would be her choice, under her own volition, her rules and to hell with convention.

She chose her partner with care. He was to be the one who would take her cherry as virginity was popularly called. Michelle wanted it to be with someone she could control, one whose ego wouldn't be an obstacle and was possibly virginal himself or even grateful for the opportunity.

Ray was one of those kids who go through school or college, excelling in all subjects except social interaction. Ray was a geek by any other name; someone who had intelligence seeping from their pores in abundance, but just did not fit with the rank and file. As so often happens with social misfits, he chose a style of dress that tended to mark him as different from the norm; sloppy tee shirts, baggy jeans and a baseball cap, usually pointing the wrong way. Without his glasses, she thought, he wasn't that bad to look at. A bit on the thin side perhaps, but tall, with a well shaped body form. His hair hung lank and looked greasy, but he would do for her.

Manipulating a situation where they might be in the same place at the same time was not as easy as she first thought it might be. Although the direct approach, go straight up to him during the day and ask him flat out for a date, might have been the easiest. She somehow, didn't feel entirely comfortable with that as an option. The shame of being turned down flat by him, especially if he had his small band of geeky friends around, would have been too traumatic to contemplate. So, instead, she contrived to join the computer club that met regularly after school, of which, Ray was a leading light.

The second evening, staring at a screen that held no interest for her whatsoever, was enough. There was no way she could go through another mind numbing discussion about sprites or the vagaries of 'random access memory'. To her, a Gig was somewhere a band played and bytes were something mosquito's did.

If she didn't manage to attract his attention this time, she would be giving up on the idea altogether. She feigned a problem with the machine assigned to her and asked Ray to come and have a look. Before he had drawn up his seat next to her, she blurted out that what she really wanted him for, was

to ask him out, in a voice barely above sotto-voce. More like a stage whisper.

His reaction surprised her a little. The enthusiasm of his acceptance was quite comical to observe. Ray nearly skipped delightedly, tripping over his words and visibly shaking from head to toe. Michelle wondered if she had made the right choice after all. A date was eventually settled on; she escaped the computer room with as much haste as she could, without it being, unseemly.

'Aliens;' 'The resurrection' did nothing for her at all. It was far too predictable and special effect driven to inspire her imagination. She thought Sigourney Weaver was trapped by a poorly crafted screen play and a dialogue that had more to do with a comic than a film. So far, their first date was not going terribly well. His car had given up the ghost on the way over to pick her up. The film was crap and his hands were covered in grease from trying to find the problem with the baffling array of wire and moving parts of his aged Ford Capri.

They walked to the restaurant, passing only a few pleasantries. She was losing the desire to continue with her plan until Ray started talking about his other passion, music. He had been playing the guitar from an early age and loved the music of Jimmy Hendrix, Santana, Marc Knopfler and so on. Suddenly, he became animated, talking about the greats of guitar, spilling words over words trying to get his point across.

He almost missed the opening Michelle gave him to invite her back to hear him play. Perhaps it was his inexperience, but fortunately for both of them, just in time, the penny dropped.

His parent's home was far from what she had expected. Set in a private estate, it turned out to be styled on a country mansion, complete with wrought iron gates and a gatehouse that Ray had to himself. It occurred to Michelle that his inability to mix looked as if it arose from the lack of a family bond. She could empathise with that, she and her parents might as well be on different planets for all the interaction they had as a family.

A glass of wine later had them semi-naked, lying on his queen sized bed. He was dressed only in boxer shorts; she was wearing one of his tee shirts and a smile. Although inexperienced as they were, mutually, they had decided to move along slowly; spending time touching each other, exploring with fingertips and lips. The choice of tempo had been hers, it was more than likely that he had no idea he was being manipulated, but even if he had, it probably wouldn't have made a difference.

His calloused finger pads, hardened from the friction of playing the steel strings of his guitar, rasped across her nipple, causing it to respond, infusing and darkening, her aureole pimpled, enhancing the delicious tingle that travelled through her body to centre in her lower stomach. She gasped as his skin snagged her rawness, producing a shiver to ripple up her spine. Michelle was being played, as she had so often imagined, when her fingers had sought her clit on so many solo nights. So far, she had lain quite still, enjoying the sensations he was giving her, but she thought it would only be fair to return the favour.

Her hand sought his cock, finding the slit in his shorts, then shock; his rigid member was super-heated and way bigger than she thought it might be. Her mind's eye had it measured as officially huge. Without the benefit of sight, her imagination doubled its actual size. It was hard to concentrate where his fingers were tweaking her aroused nipples. It was almost painful, but he really wasn't pinching them hard, just taking the sensation to a level, nearly too much to bear.

She shifted, turning her body while deftly flipping out his cock from the protective haven of his shorts. She looked down between them; his purple headed dick, held in her fist, pointed accusingly at her, its slit slightly agape, a pitch dark ovoid hole, surrounded by his engorged head.

Without thought, she rubbed his cock head between her pussy lips, upwards until she found her clit, hidden in its secretive folds. She pulled him slightly further so that her hood was forced out of the way. The friction of skin on skin distorted his head, prolonging the connection. The thrill of having his cock pushing her most intimate parts, albeit at her behest, was almost too much. She shuddered, a mini climax and felt her natural essences lubricate her canal in preparation for coitus. The next pass

between her lips liberally coated his dick with her slickness.

Thought was left behind, sheer invention and spontaneity took control. Michelle scooted around to take him in her mouth. Ray, equally without thought, only reaction, shuffled in an opposite direction so that they were suddenly sixty nine. Her tongue flicked out, tasting her secretion on his cock as her perfume inflamed his sinus. She opened her mouth wide, sinking his length as far as she dare on the first invasion, then, pulling him back so that she could do it again.

Only this time, as her mouth opened to accept his throbbing muscle, his tongue found her clit, causing her to jerk unexpectedly. The sudden spasm brought her head up quicker than she meant it to, his cock, already passed her lips, buried its self, all the way to the back of her throat. She gagged and then laughed slightly, shyly, at the natural reaction. Ray, if he noticed, carried on flicking his tongue tip over her clit without pause. It was driving her mad. Either it was too soft a touch, or, not soft enough, either way, it was kind of tickling. She reached around the back of his head and pulled his face into her hard. His suckling, instead of tip tickling, was satisfying in a warmer, deeper way. Once she had him at the right pressure, sure to bring her off, she returned to gulping his dick as much as she could.

Time passed without measure. It might have been an hour or only a few minutes, but it came to a point that, if they remained in this position, satisfying as it was, one or both of them was going to go past the point of return. Unspoken and mutually, they broke from their oral exertions, spinning in unison to end up face to face, stomach to stomach on their sides. Ray's cock flipped up between her thighs to poke insistently against her pubic bone as if knocking at the door.

In synchronous unison, they adopted a missionary position. Michelle's legs parted. Ray slide down, his cock rubbing over her clit in its passage to her private depths. Slowly, the head lined up in a natural angle, poised at her entrance and then, equally slowly, Ray pushed forward. Slick from her juices and Ray's saliva, her body accepted him in an embrace that adjusted to his girth. He was deep into her canal when her muscles contracted, trapping and squeezing him.

Starting with small hip thrusts, ray began the coital dance. Slipping only slightly, so that the movement seemed almost negligible, the dance began. Her knees came up, opening her body to him, then, her feet crossed behind his ass, pulling him into her even deeper. Her need was such that the urge to set the rhythm was all consuming, she pulled him into her trying to increase his pace, but Ray was oblivious for the moment, enjoying the snug embrace of her body too much to want to speed up.

Gradually though, his thrusts became longer, withdrawing almost to the point of exit, then, pushing forward into her willing and needy body until his pubic bone mashed into hers. As the thrust became longer, so did the pace pick up. Little by little he sped up until his fucking was in almost sync with his heart rate.

Michelle's hands snaked around his waist to meet at the middle of his back. The pressure of needing to climax was becoming desperate and in that desperation, her nails raked his skin. It had the desired effect, because Ray pushed into her now at a rate designed to produce only one outcome. It was the final lap to completion. He was harder now than he had ever been before; his unyielding rigidity was pounding into her, bringing forth gasps and cries from her throat as her first sexually stimulated climax rushed up to hit her. Suddenly, the constant stimulation overcame her nervous system; she came noisily, with a scream that escaped through clenched teeth.

Almost triumphantly, ray pressed up to support his upper body on hands either side of her body, putting space between their sweat soaked torsos and allowing him to look at her face as his own climax announced its arrival in spurts of hot seed into her depths. Shot after shot hit the back wall of her pussy while it milked him with contractions of muscle.

Later, after an hour of laying in each others arms as their combined essences leaked from her, they showered and dressed. Ray asked if he could call her, why not tomorrow, but Michelle, having calmed down now, was noncommittal, needing to analyse what she had experienced.

Perhaps it was cold, but as she drove home, she reviewed the events of the evening. It had been good, great in fact, but not the earth-shattering event that her dreams told her was out there. Michelle decided that she would blow Ray off. It had been an experience, pleasant, but nothing more than that. He wasn't to get the chance to improve on his performance. And that was how she viewed the event, a performance, something to be reviewed and compared in time.