

All About Drew

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The true story of my first interracial sexual experience (AKA The First White Guy I Had Sex With!)

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(This is true as best I can recall. Names have been changed to protect some privacy.) It started with my co-worker Chris. I was in college and working at a movie theater for extra money. It had its downside like any job, but mostly I loved it. I was assigned to train Chris on the fine art of box-office cashiering. Chris was different from most of the theater employees who were high school- and college-age kids. He was a little older and had just ended his service in the Navy. Along with his red hair and closely cropped beard, his cynical attitude and sense of humor also made him stand out. We got along perfectly though. I could handle his intense nature, and I just “got” him. We had great conversations and amused each other, which made the workday move pretty fast. One day before going on break, Chris told me that his roommate would be stopping by the theater. Employees could admit family and friends into the theater for free and he wanted to be sure I took care of his friend. Eventually a cute, blonde-haired guy showed up and asked for Chris. I confirmed that he was Chris’ friend and we introduced ourselves. His name was Drew. He gave me an unexpected reaction when I told him my name. “Oh, YOU’RE Felicia?” He said, and went on to say that Chris had mentioned me at home. By this time Chris had returned. “You’ve been talking about me, huh?” I immediately said to Chris. He shot Drew a “what the fuck, dude?” look. Apparently, he had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar when Drew shared that bit of information with me. He eventually admitted to mentioning me, but would not give me the exact details of what he actually said. “Come on! What did you tell him?” I pushed. I was super curious but was mostly teasing him. In spite of his gruffness, Chris was a softy at heart and I enjoyed making him blush. “Don’t worry it was all good stuff,” Drew told me with a wink. However good the information had been, his big grin and teasing manner told me that it was also highly salacious. I could not have been more interested, but neither guy would break the “bro

code” and spill all of the beans. So the conversation moved on. There was an interesting dynamic happening that I was not fully aware of at the time. I just remember how easily the three of us seem to fit, how easily the conversation flowed and how comfortable I felt with them both. I was trying to figure out Drew and I could tell that he was doing the same to me. I would not find out until later, but Chris had a crush on me. So I’m sure he had shared a great deal about me with Drew. With Chris being Mr. Cynical, I’m sure Drew was trying to figure out who the hell I was and why I got along with his friend so well. I felt immediately taken with Drew. I would not call it Love at First Sight . But it was SOMETHING at first sight. He was more social and easygoing than Chris, but intelligent like him. It was obvious why they were friends. I sensed a wildness, a fire, underneath his calm demeanor that intrigued me. Drew and I were opposite in many ways. Ironically, none of the differences was the source of our break-up...But I’m getting ahead of the story here. I would eventually find out that Drew was unique compared to my other friends and past boyfriends. He was a heavy-metal, hard-rock, motorcycle loving type of guy. He had that “I don’t give a fuck” rebellious attitude about society. Yet, surprisingly, he was a single dad raising his two-year-old daughter on his own. I really admired that about him. So, oh yes, Drew was a real DILF! His career was in the Navy Medical Corps and he was only three years older than me, but had way more life experience. He had already been married, had a kid, and divorced by the time we met. Meanwhile, I was a college kid, still living with my parents (The school I chose was pretty close to home). I had always been an independent person, but I was still finding my way. So opposites were really attracted in this situation. Oh yeah, and there was the whole race issue. It wasn’t an issue to the two of us, though! He had dated black women before and I had always been attracted and open to other races. There was no fear or weirdness. He was just a boy and I was just a girl. Now, we didn’t completely ignore it either, as you will see. We found our own balance about it. Our next encounter was one evening when Chris’ car wouldn’t start in the cool fall weather and I gave him a ride home. Somehow, I came inside the apartment with him. I don’t remember if he asked me or how it happened. Drew was home and there was that amusing dynamic happening between the three of us again. They both were so happy to have me over. It was like I was dating both of them! That night was when I first saw Drew’s tattoo. On his right arm he had a HUGE, beautifully painted tattoo of Storm from the X-Men comics. The detail was amazing with the gorgeous African Princess, her flowing white hair and her dark black/navy catsuit with a cape. I was a girl who loved her comics and superheroes. I adored Storm as a black female role model and I was truly blown away that this white guy had this tattoo. I was even more impressed when he showed me some of his own artwork and drawings. He was becoming my favorite person with each meeting. There was a strong physical attraction. Drew wielded an amazing smile that made my day brighter and my nether regions tingle. His blond hair was a mop of waves and he had a way of looking at me with his penetrating gray eyes that made me all lusty. He was 6 feet, and fit. (He looks a lot like the actor Patrick Wilson for a visual reference.). At the time I wore my hair in long, long skinny braids that were curled at the ends. It was a fun style and I got plenty of compliments on it. I’m short and at that time I was at my most fit, I had recently lost weight and I worked-out regularly. Still I was closer to the plus-size and curvy. I was really confident about myself – it was a good time in my life. The first time

Drew and I were alone when we went for lunch on my break one day. I had that nervous yet comfortable feeling that seems to exist when I was getting to know someone special. We shared a similar sense of humor and instead of ignoring the different race issue we would joke and quiz each other about it. For example, he'd ask me, "What is the deal with black woman and their hair?" And I would give him the low-down. Then I would ask, "What is it with white guys and pickup trucks?" And we'd have a good laugh about the whole thing. No subject was off-limits and we talked about everything, including sex, of course. I found out that he preferred ethnic woman. But even more interesting, I discovered that he loved to eat pussy! He shared this with me with a devilish glee. He liked to push my buttons and see what I would say. I had to tell him I had never had a guy do that to me. It was like telling a baker you'd never had cake before. I think that sealed our fate. He announced to me one day that, "All white guys do NOT have small dicks. That is a total stereotype!" I was like, "Okay, thank you for that information!" I was wondering why he felt the need to tell me that. He said that he would definitely prove his statement to me and show me just how false this stereotype was. Who was I to argue with him? I was psyched. Sometime later, his family took his daughter with them out of state for about a month. So he could let loose and he and Chris would have parties and invite co-workers over. But the best thing about this time was that Drew and I could have the place to ourselves. By this time we'd gone out on a few dates, and fooled around and even watched porn together. But we hadn't had intercourse yet. That would soon change. So when the big night came, there were three facts he knew about me: 1- I'd never had a guy go down on me, 2- I'd never given a blowjob, and 3- I had no idea if I'd actually experienced a full orgasm with someone or not. I had been with four guys by this time and those facts were still all true. I had one good lover out of the four but he never did oral and I never came by penetration alone. It was all murky to me. I still had some new things to experience. The atmosphere was electric, we were ready to burst or pop like two cherry bombs. We attached ourselves and kissed our way to his bedroom. He fucked me with his eyes before I shed a stitch of clothing. I'm surprised I didn't combust just from his hungry, lusty gaze. I felt so connected to him, appreciated, wanted, and so sexy. We began to undress. I sat on the edge of his mattress and took off my shirt and my bra. I stripped down until I was naked. By the time I'm at this point with someone I'm bold and like the lights on so we can see each other. He took off his shirt and we continued kissing. I'm fuzzy on some details here. But I remember lying down, getting into position, and more kissing. Perhaps he played with my hard nipples and fingered my pussy?. I do remember him licking his way down my body until his face was between my thighs and he was kissing the lips of pussy and the usually hidden skin of my inner thighs. His first mission was to do what he loved and what he wanted me to experience - oral. Again, who was I to argue? I felt his fingers part my juicy, dark lips and his pale fingers slide down my wet slit. Then he switched to his tongue, which tickled my super-sensitive skin, making me giggle. Drew was not laugh though. He was serious, hungry and focused on eating my chocolate lady pie. He took it slow and kind of eased me into the sensation and thoroughly explored me. How do I describe the first time a man licked my pussy and tasted me? At first, it was an out-of-body experience. I was distracted and not really connected to what he was doing to me. I remember feeling that I was truly naked for the first time.

Like there was nowhere to hide and I was totally exposed and at his mercy. I was looking up at the ceiling feeling too shy to look at him and wondering what I should be doing while he was eating me out. I was mentally locked on that question at first. It was like: "Drew is licking my coochie. Now, what?!" I've since gotten over that! But during this first time I felt incredibly vulnerable. The best experiences sometimes happen when we are in that state. I was needlessly concerned, of course. I soon could tell that he was really enjoying pleasing me. Once I connected with what was happening and the sensation he was creating inside of me, I realized how damn good it felt. The sensation of my pussy being licked was an experience a various touches happening at once. There's the basic friction of skin sliding upon skin, the tingle of his firm, cool tongue stroking my hot, tasty ambrosia, the raw reaction of fingers penetrating my tight entrance, and the direct attack of Drew's fingers and tongue stroking my clit. It's a bombardment of powerful ecstasy-inducing caresses. With the first tremors of an orgasm all my shyness went out the window! It crashed the window! The window didn't even exist after the little earthquakes began inside of my pussy and I reached the peaks of my climax. And I found something to do with my hands when I raked my fingers through his blonde curls. As I was experiencing Drew tongue-fucking my cunt, I was besieged. My legs shook, and I felt transformed, revamped. He stretched himself over across me for a bit and then he got up to take off his pants and underwear. I got my first close range view his dick. Remember, he had something to prove to me! It was not my issue, but I indulged him. (Ahem.) Well, ladies and gentlemen he was not a liar. To this day, he had one of the biggest dicks, if not the biggest, I've ever had. He began to stroke it for me and then brought my hand to it so that I was stroking it between us while we kissed. I wanted him inside of me so bad. Watching him slide on the condom, knowing that I would have that inside of me, made even that safety precaution a turn-on. There's nothing like having the person you care about, who you long for, joined with you, positioned between your thighs and watching you as he fills you up, penetrating you. There is no room for anyone else. It was just us, private, familiar, a couple. I remember him being very affectionate and being lost in him. We slowly screwed for a while. I could enjoy every inch of his cock and he could enjoy me as I surrounded him with my depths. After taking his time in spite of being so horny, eventually he came. We both left each other full, satisfied. So here's what happened when I gave my first blow-job. I had previously told Drew my issue - I wanted to give one, but I was scared! It's simple. I'm perfectionist - if I can't do it perfectly I don't want to do it at all. (Stop laughing!). I just wanted to do it right and blow the guy's mind as well as his cock. I'm an over-thinker for life, yo! Here's what Drew did about it. One night we were in his room fooling around and he went to the kitchen. He comes back with a jar of peanut butter. He informs me that I was going to lick the peanut butter off of his cock. I'm sure I looked at him like he was crazy. But it turned out that he was a fucking genius. We got naked and we both smeared the peanut butter on his rigid cock (smooth, not crunchy!). This was fun, more playful than the first time we had sex. We were left with sticky fingers, so we licked the sweet thick mess from each other's fingers, getting even more turned on, yet laughing the whole time. When every inch of his stiff "banana" was covered with peanut butter, it was time for me to lick it and suck it clean. (Whip cream wouldn't have been as good; it's too fluffy and melts easily. But with peanut butter you have to work to get that gooey stuff off the dick, and

it has a richer taste! Nutella would be a good choice, though.) While I worked to get the Nut Butter off his cock, my tongue sliding slowly up and down his shaft, my lips wrapping tightly around his swollen head, and my mouth giving suction and pressure, he got off from a nice long, detailed blow job. Plus, it took the pressure completely off of me as I savored every inch of him. After this I loved giving head (condiments optional), so he must have done something right! I guess my future lovers owe Drew a big thanks. As Drew and I became closer, Chris began to fade into the background. He stayed out more and partied more. I just saw less and less of him. I now wonder if it was because of his feelings for me and his possible anger at Drew for getting into a relationship with me. I remember one time when Chris was leaving for work, he warned us...No, commanded us to not! have! sex! on! his! bed! His bed was technically the couch. And, of course, we enthusiastically had sex on his "bed" anyway. He knew it the minute he stepped back into the apartment and he was not pleased with us! But we thought it was funny as hell. Poor Chris! All good things come to an end - a cliché, but no less true. Eventually, Chris and I both left the movie theater and we lost touch. I went through a total life change within months and spent most of my time in school or a different set of friends. I do wonder what would have happened if he had made his feelings about me known. As far as Drew is concerned, I think I purposely tried to forget him because I did get my heart broken. When we met he had just broken up with his ex-girlfriend, April, and unfortunately, for me he was still in love with her. They got back together a short time after we'd ended. One freaky detail that I do remember vividly: I saw a picture of her when I was dating Drew and we looked so much alike that we could have been sisters! He had not been lying when he said he preferred "ethnic" woman. Now, this is all water under the bridge and I am able to remember Drew (and Chris) with good thoughts. From (deceptively) silly, little things, like him showed me how to make his daughter's favorite smiley face pancakes as a family one morning, to more life-changing situations like my sexuality and sexual preferences...I now realize the impact he had upon my life. Some people are meant to walk by your side for a lifetime. While others are meant to just make a brief, but lasting impact. Ask me. I know all about it. The End.