

# Crazy Kids In Love

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When I was 18, and nearing the end of my senior year in High School, I fell in love with one of my closest friends. Her name is Kelsey. We used to talk back in middle school, and hang out a lot. Then we stopped talking for years. In my senior year, I signed up for a drama class, she was in it too. I asked her to the senior prom, she said yes. A few months later, the night arrived. I was looking handsome (I guess), and she was beautiful. On the way to the banquet hall, I had to stop off at my apartment for my cell phone. She was actually impressed that I lived by myself. I wanted to invite her in, but we were running late. We made it just in time. We ate, and slow danced. I wanted to tell her how I felt, thinking that this was going to be the last chance I may have to tell her, but all I could do was stare into her eyes. She gently kissed me on the lips during an extremely slow song. It was nice. I used to dream about her in intensely sexual ways, but after the kiss, all I wanted to do was hold her close, and if we did nothing more I would be fine with it. The song ended. We kept our embrace. She planted another kiss on my lips, and bit my lower lip as she moved back. I looked into her eyes, I could actually see the sexual tension in her eyes. "Lets get out of here," she whispered into my ear. "Is that what you want?" I asked, holding her tighter. "I want nothing more," she said. I held her hand as we walked back to our table. I grabbed my jacket that I placed on the back of my chair, put it around her bare shoulders, and put my arm around her as we walked out. Once we were in the car, I knew what was going to happen. She knew what was going to happen. I drove slowly, I could feel her eyes on me as I made every turn with precision. My apartment complex was completely dark. I pulled into my usual spot, got out, and opened her door. She held onto my hand as we walked into my front door. The second my door closed, she wrapped her arms around my neck, and pulled herself into my lips. She kissed me passionately. She shrugged the jacket of her shoulders. I took mine off and threw it on the couch. Her dress unbuttoned in the back, I undid it and watched as it slid off her small frame, and landed on the floor at her feet. She wore no bra. Her underwear was a tiny blue thong. Her skin is pale, and smooth to the touch. I unbuttoned my shirt, took it off. I unzipped my pants, and let them fall at my feet like her dress. She slowly turned. Her breasts were so natural, so supple, and extremely perfect. She walked closer and kissed me. I could feel the pressure of her breasts against my chest as she thrust her body into mine. She helped me take my shirt off, and we walked, hand in hand, into the the bedroom. I sat down on the bed. She stood in front of me. I grabbed the front of her underwear, and pulled it down slowly. She was completely shaved. Her hands were on each side of my face, as I kissed the smooth, shaved skin above her vagina. I laid

back, she grabbed the front of my boxers, and tugged them down. She kissed the base of my penis. My pubic hair was neatly trimmed, and shaven. I was semi-hard. I had imagined getting a blowjob from her for years, but now that I was on the brink of javing my dream come true, I didn't want it any longer. I wanted to have sex with her. To so her how much I care about her. The real reason for sex. Love. I reached over to the night stand, and opened the drawer. A brand new pack of condoms. I grabbed them, and she took them from my hand. She removed one, and opened it with her teeth. She wrapped her warm hand around my hard penis, and began to roll the condom over me. She pushed me back, and climbed on top of me. "Have you ever done this before?" I whispered. She gave me a smile, "No," she said softly. I believed her. She guided me in with her hand, I fit nicely. She softly moaned as she rocked on top of me. Her boobs wiggled slightly with every pump. She leaned down and gave me a wet kiss. I rolled her over. I wanted to make love to her. She moaned loud, and I panted hard. Her hand found its way to my buttcheek, she pushed as I entered her each time. She came while I was on top of her. She rolled me over, and pulled me out. I thought she was done, but then she positioned herself on top, facing away (I believe its called reverse cowgirl). We rocked back and forth like that. After a few, she was really moaning loud. She rolled over, and we began to have sex in the spooning position. Eventually, we found our way to the edge of the bed. She bounced on top of me, and I sat. She got off of me, and turned around. She sat on my lap. "Have you ever tried anal?" she whispered so softly into my ear, that I almost couldn't hear her. Without warning, she guided me into her asshole. I didn't want to, but I didn't object either. She slowly moved up and down. It was incredibly tight. After a few minutes, she moved me back into her vagina. We bounced on the bed. I had to cum. I began to rock faster, and faster until I felt her cum heat my penis, and I could hold on no longer. My cum filled the comdom. I moaned, she yelled. We pumped a few more times, and then she stopped. I laid back. She relaxed as well. She gave me a nice kiss with tongue, and got up. I walked to the bathroom with her, and then I removed the condom, tossed it into the toilet, and flushed. She started the shower, and we both got in. We showered for a few, and then we got out, and then laid back down on the bed. I held her until she fell asleep. Not soon after, I nodded off to sleep as well. In the morning, we awoke as boyfriend, and girlfriend. We've been that way ever since.