

First College Romance Part 1

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Mel and Thomas go beyond the friend-zone for the first time

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This is my first story. The characters and story are fictional. Hope you like it! Thomas and I had been friends for a while. We met in my first ever college class, physics. We were randomly selected as lab partners and hit it off quickly. We talked for hours that night and soon became inseparable, especially when we found out we lived in the same apartment complex; neither of us wanted to live in the dorms because we were focused on school. Most of our friends thought we were dating, but we were just close friends. I mean, he was good looking: tall, muscular, dark hair, and a smile that made all girls swoon. And he was sweet. He defiantly had a lot going for him. OK, so I had thought about us getting together several times and did have strong feelings for him, but he never really showed the same signs. We were just friends. It was the Friday before winter break. I had just changed into sweats and a tank top after getting home when he said we should have a movie night. So I walked over to his apartment. Everything was the same as usual, same greeting and joking. Nothing out of the ordinary. We sat down on the floor with our backs to the couch and started the movie. I had seen it before so I wasn't completely absorbed by it. I was focused on the discomfort in my shoulders. He noticed that I kept trying to get comfortable and offered a back massage. I immediately agreed. His hands were so warm on my shoulders. And they were like magic! He rubbed in exactly the right places, not too hard but not too soft. It felt so good. I couldn't help it when a little moan escaped my lips, it was that good. He chuckled a little and kept going. I closed my eyes and only focused on his hands touching me. That's why it surprised me when I felt his lips on my neck. I moaned out again, and then I felt a light pressure as he softly nibbled the tender skin. A ripple of pleasure went through my body. I hadn't been touched like this in a long time and it felt so right. He bit down a little harder as one of his hands wrapped around my waist, pushing us closer together. I moved my head a little so more of my neck was exposed to him. He moved his lips up my neck to my ear and began to nibble it. His other hand went under my shirt to my breast. He let go of my waist and went to my other breast, caressing them under my bra while still nibbling my ear and neck. I leaned forward a little so that I could take off my tank top. He let go of my chest to take off my bra and I turned around to face him. He pulled me close and I wrapped my legs around his waist so that my pussy was pressed against his increasing hardness, only are pants separating us. He lowered his mouth to mine with a softness that made me shiver. Our lips moved together. His tongue parted my lips and the softness turned into a fierce

passion. He thrust his hips forward, pushing the hard lump in his pants into the soft material covering my pussy. I gasped into his mouth. His hands cupped my ass, pushing me closer to him in time with his thrusts. I pulled my head back to get air and moaned. I'm not a stranger to foreplay, but it never felt like this before. My body knew that unlike the other times, it wouldn't stop at this. It would go further, and knowing this heightened the feeling, making my skin more sensitive, like every caress would send me over the edge. I was aroused like I hadn't been before and I was ready to take the next, and final step. I looked him in the eyes and saw something surprising: love. Love and desire. He cared for me as I did him and it made me tremble. Our eyes stayed locked as I waited to see what would happen next....