

# My Shannon

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Aug 2009



*Teenagers seemingly perfect for each other fall in love.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/my-shannon.aspx>

I flicked off the high beams as the only car we saw for almost an hour was approaching in the opposite lane. As the vehicle drew nearer, my car was filled with bright white light. Looking to the side of the road as a reference, I saw Shannon asleep, head against the door, legs pulled close to her body on the seat. The white light pouring through the windshield made her slightly pale face shine in an almost angelic way. The intrusion of light also illuminated her white panties under her skirt. I could still see a couple wet spots from my juices seeping out. The corners of my mouth rose to a thin smile as I thought about how this girl is the love of my life. I was tired from driving for the last few hours, and I was a little scared about our uncertain future. Yet this beautiful girl laid still next to me, glowing as if she were an apparition from a dream; a dream that for me had finally come true.

As if a switch were turned off, the oncoming vehicle quickly passed, and the car was once again filled with dim natural light. As I flicked the high beams back on, I took another look at Shannon, her body again covered in darkness except for her arms and face being tickled by moonlight. Oh, how beautiful she was! On the first day of high school I first laid eyes on her soft skin, her shoulder length red hair, her shimmering green eyes, her petite figure; she was the most magnificent sight I have ever seen. To this day, almost four years later, she still is.

When I met her sophomore, she had a fairly plain figure, small breasts, a flat stomach, a rear end that I would give anything to fill my hands with, and legs that would take a man ages to gaze at from top to bottom. She was a relatively quiet girl, but she had her moments. She was an only child and her parents were divorced. She used to live with her mother, but her father gained custody after her mother had financial problems.

Over the course of our sophomore year, after I worked up the courage to talk to her, we became good friends. In the fall I would watch her run cross country and cheer her on at every meet. In the winter she would come over to my house occasionally to drink some cocoa or play some games with friends. Some evenings we would be alone and we would find out so much about each other. How she liked guys who were honest and open, and how we both loved the song "The Boys of Summer"

by Don Henley. It was the small things we had in common that made our friendship grow, but it was how much we understood each other that was slowly pulling us closer together. In the spring, I kissed Shannon for the first time.

I remember it like yesterday. I took the small of her back in one hand and pulled her towards me. I took my other hand, pushed her hair behind her ear, and leaned in as I let my hand slide down the side of her body. It was a good kiss, and very romantic, but she didn't want to mess with a good thing, at least that's what she said. I could tell she wanted me, but because I understood her so well I could also see something was wrong. I respected her privacy though and left her alone. I didn't see her as much during the summer as I had a job at the family store a couple cities away, and she was always busy with one thing or another.

At the beginning of junior year, her legs had toned up more, and seemingly over the summer she had become much more of a woman. Her hips looked wider and her breasts grew to a more pronounced B cup. As the fall progressed we caught up with each other and she continued to fill out her figure. It was as if her body was fine tuning itself. She also started behaving a little weird. Most notably, she didn't get involved in cross country this year. I thought it was a little odd, but figured that she probably just didn't have the time this year, even though she enjoyed it.

Just before the winter break, my grandfather lost his fight with cancer. Shannon was there for me every step of the way. It was then that our feelings for each other grew until they could no longer be avoided. One night, after a super bowl party with some friends, she pulled me aside and got the most serious face I had ever seen on her, which is until tonight. She told me that she had wanted to have relationship beyond our friendship for a very long time, but that her father wouldn't allow it. She said she never asked him directly, she just knew. She was telling me all this as she was holding both my hands and at times she would squeeze them a little bit harder and seem to fight off tears. I understood though as my feelings for her were almost as intense. She kept saying that we could be together, but no one could know. Not our friends, not our family. I leaned forward, held her tight and lightly kissed her neck and whispered in her ear that I had dreamed of being with her and that I would do anything to be with her.

For the rest of junior year we hung out on a pretty regular basis. She would usually come over to my house when we wanted a little more privacy than hanging out with friends. This wasn't too odd considering everyone knew we were good friends. They figured that one day we would end up together. Little did they know we had already begun our secret relationship. Near the end of the school year we started going on actual dates. We would see movies, get dinner, play mini golf, all that usual relationship stuff. I even met her father when I went to hang out at her house once. He gave me a kind of mean look, but I guess that's what fathers are supposed to do. Besides that, he was pretty talkative and seemed to take a liking to me, besides the fact I was a boy that was spending time with

his daughter. He seemed to really care for her. He would give her hugs and call her his baby girl. Shannon would kind of smile awkwardly when he would do this, probably because it was slightly embarrassing for her. I figured they had to be pretty close though because of the divorce and what they went through with her mother.

During the summer, our relationship continued to progress, but remained well behaved and innocent. Shannon and I would spend time out near the soccer fields in town and look at the stars, thinking how beautiful they were. Every once in awhile I would prop my head up and lay on my side. I would look at how beautiful her face shown in the moonlight and how I was certain I could see the stars reflect in her fascinating green eyes. Her eyes would then wander over to mine and ask me what I was looking at. I would just run my hands up and down the soft skin of her arm and gently kiss her lips. We would make out in the fields for hours. I would feel her breasts through her clothing and lead my hand up her legs to her squeezable butt cheeks.

During the end of summer, before we went out on another date, I was at her house. Her father was saying how she was always out so late and that he was beginning to get a little concerned. Remembering how Shannon said her father would never allow it, I told him nonchalantly that we spent a lot of time with friends watching movies and things like that. He seemed a little more at ease, smiled at me, and said I wasn't a bad kid. That night, in the soccer fields, Shannon gave me a blowjob. We had been making out when she told me she had a surprise for me. She gently pulled down my pants as I got a grin on my face. She started to stroke my cock which was already hard from the excitement and looked deep into my eyes. She had done this with me before, and I wasn't sure what would come next. She told me to then close my eyes, and when I did, I felt her warm mouth come over the tip of my penis and slide down to the base.

She moved her tongue in circles around my cock and I couldn't help but think for a moment that she had done this before. It was utterly amazing. She would bob her head up and down for a while, teasing my dick with her tantalizing tongue and sucking softly on my rock hard cock. Then she would take it out of her mouth and lick around the shaft of my penis and almost giggle. One time when she went back to sliding my cock in and out of her mouth, I cracked one eye open and saw the most beautiful girl, the girl of my dreams, sucking my cock in the moonlight. She started to move up and down faster and I was getting closer and closer to orgasm. As I was about to release my pent up sexual energy, Shannon gazed up at me with those green eyes of hers and I felt my balls and my cock tighten up. Her eyes closed, and then darted back up at mine with great surprise. She immediately stopped and with the biggest smile on her face exclaimed that I wasn't supposed to look! At that point, due to the chain of events set in motion by her first look into my eyes, my cock exploded and shot my semen all over her shirt and her neck. For a moment, she was surprised and turned on. Quickly though, she became upset and started yelling at me. I told her I couldn't do anything about it and she started to leave. Before she stormed off, I grabbed her, kissed her, and told her I loved her.

Her eyes started to fill with tears and she said that she loved me too. I asked her to stay, but she said she couldn't. I went to sleep that night thinking of how amazing my cock felt with that orgasm, but was also unsure why Shannon got so upset.

The next few weeks leading up to the start of school I didn't see Shannon at all. No one saw her. Not a single one of our friends, no one's parents, not a single person saw or heard from her. I thought she might have gotten in trouble for staying out so late all summer. Then again, it could have been because her father found her shirt covered in dried semen. I figured that would be hard to explain. After a couple of weeks of being unable to reach her, I tried her house, and her father told me she was grounded. Not wanting to get involved I didn't ask why and respectfully said goodbye. It was one of the hardest times in my young life. I felt incredibly guilty and dearly missed my love, Shannon.

I finally saw Shannon again on the first day of school. I gave her flowers and a few notes I had written over the weeks explaining how sorry I was. She seemed a little upset, but wasn't mad at me. We kissed for the first time in weeks, and it felt almost like the first time. We had a lot to catch up on, at least I had a lot to tell her, and she quickly forgave me for anything I thought I did wrong. I told her about pretty much everything I did during the weeks without her. I said how much I missed her and how time with friends wasn't nearly as good as time with her. I also told her I would think about her sucking my cock and touch myself. I told her about how I would close my eyes and imagine her looking up at me as I would get closer and closer to orgasm. She always enjoyed this, and it made her smile. She was surprisingly quiet though about her weeks being grounded, but I suppose being grounded didn't really generate anything fun to tell about. She got really upset whenever the topic came up, and so I gradually stopped wondering what was up with all that drama at the end of the summer.

Halfway through the fall, we were back to being incredibly in love. She was happier, and we started spending more time with each other again. It was around this time that some of our closest friends found out about our relationship. We explained to them that her father wasn't too keen on her having a boyfriend, and that's why it had to be secret. One of our friends made a comment to me that her dad probably figured out she had a boyfriend and that's why she was grounded for so long. I figured that had something to do with it. In fact, I was certain that it was. Remembering how Shannon got so upset talking about those few weeks though, I didn't bring it up with her. Things were going better than I could imagine.

A little after our one year anniversary, we went to a formal dance. We had a very romantic yet entertaining time. At the dance, Shannon would grind up on me in her short dress until I would get hard. She would feel it and know how she was making me feel. Then she would stop as if she were teasing me. One time after she rubbed her ass against my cock, she reached her hand down my pants and started to jack me off. She gave me a passionate kiss and then pulled her hand back out.

She continued to tease me all night.

After the dance, we went to my house with some friends. As the night turned into the wee hours of the morning, we were eventually left to ourselves. Now we had discussed having sex a few times before, but decided that we should wait until we were totally ready. We didn't want to spoil the tenderness of our relationship by just going all out within a couple of months like so many other couples at school. At this point in time though, with things going so amazingly for us, I thought I had found what could quite possibly be the love of my life. Here we were, Shannon was holding herself above me with her arms, her breasts just touching my chest. She was down to her white cotton panties and I was in my boxers. I told her that I was ready. I kissed her and as I pulled away I said I was never more ready for anything in my life. I knew she was ready too. I had felt it for the last couple months. What happened though, I did not expect. Shannon told me she was ready too, and then started to cry.

She got up to start getting dressed but I pulled her back and held her from behind asking her what was wrong. She cried for a good five minutes before answering me. She said that she didn't want her dad to find out and that she didn't want to be grounded again. I told her that he didn't have to know and that he wouldn't find out. This made her more upset and she cried harder. Not wanting to make things worse, I didn't say anymore. She cried and cried for what seemed like hours, but in reality was only about half an hour. After lying side by side with her facing away from me, she finally stopped crying. She turned on her other side to face me. Her eyes glistened from the tears and her face was red. She looked deep into my eyes and said that she loved me more than anyone she has ever loved, and that she wanted to make love to me. She said that she wanted to so bad, but that she just couldn't. I told her that I understood completely, and that she shouldn't feel bad. I kissed her, got her dressed and drove her home. In her driveway I told her that she could tell me when she was ready, and that I would wait as long as it would take for her to feel safe enough from the consequences.

From that night forward, we graduated to an amazingly close couple. In fact, it seemed like we were closer for not having sex. I felt bad for her, but I knew she didn't want to be grounded again. I'm sure her father was very upset the last time. If he found out she had sex with someone that would probably have terrible results. Thinking about everything that had happened over the course of our relationship, I started to feel a little uneasy inside. I thought that Shannon was keeping something a secret. I respected her privacy of course, but this seemed like something was growing between us that she couldn't really keep a secret anymore, at least if we were to be happy together. I started to get impatient with her sometimes, and was building up worry inside about what could possibly be going on with her. She stopped doing cross country, she seemed a little weird sometimes, and was extremely emotional when confronted about certain things. All of these emotions and the building tension between us culminated to tonight.

It was a warm and calm evening. Uncharacteristically warm for this early in June. I decided to surprise Shannon with a visit to our romantic soccer fields of old. The last time we were there I had blown my load all over her shirt, but I tried to lead everything away from those memories. I had brought a small picnic and just tried to be a little bit different. However, the visit led to what it usually did. We ended up making out in the field and started taking each other's clothes off. Shannon was wearing a tank top that I could see her nipples through, a pleated skirt, and her classic white panties. After stripping down to my boxers, I slowly lifted off Shannon's tank top to reveal her perky breasts and hard nipples. I sucked each one gently as I pulled off her skirt. Once again, I said I was ready. Almost on cue, Shannon started crying, just as she did the last time we were in this position. This time though, I had been growing upset inside about this secret she was holding onto, and I finally lost it on her. It was the first time I was angry with Shannon.

"If you're so certain you want to make love to me, why are you so scared!" I asked her. "You know I'll always take care of you. I would never leave you and I would never do anything to hurt you! It just feels right!" She started to cry more, but I couldn't stop. "I mean I know your dad must have been pissed when he saw the cum stains on your shirt, but seriously, I don't know what I'm doing wrong! He doesn't have to know! I would never let you get grounded again." Then I asked the one question that changed everything. "Shannon, if you love me so much, wouldn't getting grounded for a few weeks be worth expressing these feelings we have?"

At this, her eyes snapped to mine. She had the most serious look on her face I had ever seen. Instantly she stopped crying, and it looked as though with my last inquiry, she too had snapped inside. She then mumbled something unintelligibly under her breath.

"What did you say?" I asked. "You were mumbling."

"Being grounded again isn't the only thing I'm scared of!" she barked back.

"Why? Does your dad beat you or something when you get in trouble?"

"No, it's not."

"Then what is it!" I said abruptly. I began to feel uncomfortable and scared that I uncovered something I wasn't entirely ready to handle. Still though, I was extremely upset. "Tell me Shannon, what is it!" She began to cry a little again. She then slid herself closer to me, looked down at the ground and spoke just loud enough for me to hear.

"My father does things with me," she said timidly.

“Okay honey, things like what?” There was a pause, and I held her hands just as we held hands the night we decided to be together. She looked up at me, her lip trembling.

“He has sex with me,” she said beginning to cry harder, and then another pause. “He rapes me.”

The words hit me with such force that I started to cry too. I pulled her half naked body closer to me, and held her tightly in my arms. I didn’t know what to say, and we both cried as I held her for a little. I couldn’t believe that she was telling me this. I couldn’t believe that it was true. But it explained everything. Why she was so scared of being grounded, why he didn’t want her to have a boyfriend, and why he was so physical around her. I played back in my mind every time she looked upset about these things, and could see it in her eyes that she was hurting, but I couldn’t see it at the time. I wanted to ease her pain, and mend her heart. If she can feel the way she does about me with what her father did to her, I could definitely save her.

“Run away with me,” I said without thinking. Her eyes again met mine. “I’ll take you away from here and you will never be hurt again.” Without a vocal response, she jumped at me, pressing her lips against mine and shoving her tongue deep into my mouth. She pushed me to the ground kissing me and I put my arms around her. I started to get hard as her breasts pushed into my chest. Shannon sat up and I could see the tears were gone from her eyes. She looked at me lovingly, the silver moonlight creating a glow around her face. She moved down to my boxers and took them off. She then proceeded to take off her panties and crawl back on top of me.

“You are the love of my life,” she whispered in my ear. Then she took my cock in her hand and slid it into her wet pussy. She started to slide my hard cock in and out as I could see the waves of pleasure begin to hit her face. For a moment I thought of how she had done this before and she knew what she was doing. It almost made me sick to my stomach, but then looking at her eyes and then back down seeing my cock disappear into her tight love hole I realized that I was the first person she ever wanted to have sex with. I could see that she worked past the pain of being hurt by someone else and was feeling immense new waves of pleasure as she fucked me there in the fields.

This sight before me was almost more than I could take. She started shoving my cock deeper and deeper into her pussy, and it felt as though it was pulling on my cock wanting more than I could give. She started to moan with each thrust, and her beautiful breasts were moving with her motion now. Seeing the love of my life surrendering herself to our feelings as my cock was being taken in by her pussy, my balls began to stir. Much like the last time we had been in the soccer fields, I was about to blow my load.

“I’m going to,” I stammered, “I’m going to come.” She looked down at me with those godlike green eyes and I squeezed onto her buttocks. I held her hips down on my cock and shoved it as deep as it

would go, and I shot my seed deep into her. Pulse after pulse of my juices was being loaded into her. When the waves of my orgasm started to slow, Shannon collapsed on me and kissed me passionately. I felt the sweat drip down from her breasts onto my chest, and I squeezed her ass one more time before putting my arms around her again. We stayed like that for a little bit before she got off me and put her clothes back on.

“We need to get going,” she said to me. “You’re still taking me away right?”

“Of course,” I replied. “We’ll go up north to my uncle’s cottage, and then figure things out from there.” As I started to get dressed, I began to realize what we just did, and I was the happiest man alive. My cock was getting hard again as I put my boxers on. It was still wet from her and my juices. Then I realized, “Shannon, I didn’t give you an orgasm, did I?”

“It’s alright babe,” she said to me. “I love you more than anything and having your cock and your semen in me is pleasure enough. Besides, we’ll have plenty of time together when we’re away.”

And so we started driving. I don’t know what is going to happen when her father finds out she’s gone. I don’t even know what we’ll do if we get caught. All I know is that I’m with the love of my life, and I couldn’t be happier. Over such a short time, I fell deeper in love than many other people can. Better yet, I had the most amazing first time with my Shannon. The look on her face with the green eyes as I was about to orgasm, her hips grinding onto my cock, were all things that I will never forget. I think if we get caught, we can explain our actions with what Shannon’s father did to her. I don’t know all the details, but right now, as we’re driving down the road, I don’t really care. I’ve got my beautiful Shannon beside me, and now that there are no more secrets between us, nothing can come between our love. Another car was approaching. I flicked the high beams off again.