

Kids In Love

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A 20 year old and her boyfriend Alex begin their exploration of each other through a little foreplay

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In the summer of my nineteenth birthday, many things began to change in my life. I dumped my fiancé of two years and met a seventeen year old boy online who quickly stole my heart. His name was Alex and he was gorgeous in my eyes. By October, we were practically inseparable online. Some nights, we watched a series of YouTube videos, and on more adventurous nights, we would chat by webcam and show off our naked bodies to one another. This resulted in quite a few masturbating sessions, as well as many wet dreams for me. We were so anxious and excited to meet each other, that when the time finally came, we were full of all kinds of emotions. Our meeting came the next June, after he turned eighteen and his mother kicked him out of his Oregon home. We had agreed in December that when it happened, he would move to Georgia and live with my family while we both finished college. That August marked my twentieth birthday as well as our one year anniversary. Our lust growing since we hadn't been able to do much around my parents. On this particular hot August day, my parents decided they could trust us alone for an hour or so since we both had our heads stuffed into our school books. As the door shut, the air changed in the house. I kept my head in my book, attempting to understand Erikson and Vygotsky, completely unaware that my boyfriend was no longer focused on his studies. I was oblivious to everything until I felt his arms wrap around me from behind and his lips touch my cheek. "Hey cutie," I said, giggling. "I can't focus on school anymore," he said, trailing his lips to my neck. The feeling had always been electric to me, and it was no different this time. As his warm lips touched my neck, I gasped and tilted my head to the side. "Baby, I really need to study," I whispered. "It can wait," he said, throwing my books off of my bed, "Right now, we're alone, and I want you. It may be our only chance to have sex for a while." I blushed at the thought. Before he came to Georgia, we always thought about what our first time would feel like. He was nervous because it would be his first time, I was nervous because I wanted it to be perfect for him since he was a virgin. Now, we had the chance. I'm not really sure if it was my own natural desire or those lips on my neck, but I surrendered. "You better make it worth the lost study time," I said, turning and passionately kissing him. He deepened the kiss, sliding his tongue across my bottom lip, sensually requesting entrance, and I gave it to him. Our tongues dance against one another's as he tangled his fingers in my hair and eased me back until my entire body was resting against my bed. All my mind could process were his lips on my and the ever-increasing

moistness between my thighs. Our lips separated and he began to kiss my cheek, my jawline, and down my neck. He started to lick and occasionally graze his teeth, sending shivers up my spine. One of his hands slid down my waist and under the hem of my shirt, trailing up my stomach and resting on my bare right breast. His hand massaged my soft skin, his thumb and forefinger, teasing my hard nipple, making me moan softly. After he heard my desire, he became more lustful himself, helping me up so that he could take my shirt off. As my shirt peeled away, my nice 40D breasts bounced, and I saw his eyes glitter with a still-growing lust. He eased his head to my chest, taking one of my nipples in his mouth, and he began to suck and tease it with his tongue. At the same time using his hand to tease my other nipple. I wrapped my fingers in his hair and moaned softly, biting my lip in pleasure. As he continued to tease my nipple with his talented mouth, I felt him ease his hand off of my other breast and begin to slide it down my stomach and into my pants. I whimpered as his hand began to softly rub me through my already soaked panties. At this, he finally pulled his mouth away from my breast. "Someone's already wet," he whispered coyly, knowing it would turn me on more. Slowly, I laid back again and allowed him to ease off the rest of my clothes, exposing my pink, perfectly shaved mound to the air. I brought my knees together to hide my womanhood from his piercing eyes, and I blushed like a virgin. "Now baby," he said, easing my legs apart, "No acting like a virgin now. I want to see that tight wet pussy I've waited so long to check out." He eased his head down, and gently spread my plump wet pussy lips, gazing heatedly at my soft pink sex. "You really are wet," he moaned, gently licking my slit. My whole body shivered at the sensation. No matter how many times I had been with someone, no one had ever done this. Being eaten out truly was virgin territory to me, so I laid back and closed my eyes. I felt, more than heard, him growl against me, "and you're so sweet." His erotic words sent shivers through me, producing more of a wet mess for him to clean up with his more than agile tongue. His tongue worked me into a frenzy, teasing me in all the right places until I was at the brink of release, and then he ceased the pleasurable onslaught. Soon, I found his mouth focusing all its attention on my little bud, alternating between licking and sucking on it, as two of his fingers found their way between my lips. This alone was enough to turn my soft mewls into full on moans, and my minor grinding into the back-arching, hip bucking convulsions of an already impending orgasm. Every thrust of his fingers and stroke of his tongue sent me further and further into oblivion, and soon I was gasping and begging him not to stop. It was so pleasurable, I never wanted it to end. He was more than willing to oblige, and even sped up, getting rougher with his fingers, which made me cry out as my hips bucked, "F-fuck. I think I'm gonna cum!" At this this hand and mouth stilled. He pulled his mouth away from my pussy and smirked, and I can honestly say that I don't think I have ever seen such an erotic sight before. His eyes glittered with a new found dominance and my juices on his lips just made him look even more sexy and domineering. What came next just confirmed what I saw in his eyes. "And what if I don't want you to cum until I say so?" he growled sultrily. I always knew he had an inner dom; that much was discussed between the two of us before he moved. We talked all hours of the night about our fantasies and kinks, setting up limits and lists of things to try, but I wasn't expecting it to start happening so soon. Either way, it was a turn on. I moaned loudly, "Then I won't cum." "Good girl. That's what I want to hear," he whispered,

moving his mouth back down to my aching clit, eliciting another moan from me. Soon his fingers were back in motion, rubbing my G-spot while his expert tongue assaulted my clit. All the while, all I could do is whimper and moan, feeling myself tense up more and more. "Do you wanna cum baby?" he asked me with a moan of his own. All I could do was nod my head and grind so his mouth was back against my throbbing cunt. His fingers sped up more, and he put more pressure on my G-spot, sending my body into a frenzy. "Are you going to cum hard for me, baby? You're only allowed to cum if you cum hard," he growled, grazing his teeth on my clit. Right then I was lost, feeling what had to be one of the most ultimate orgasms of my life, and what made it better was that as soon as it started, he had his mouth back on me to catch my cum, which made me cum again and again until I was nothing but a shuddering mess. After I had calmed down, he came up to give me a sweet passionate kiss. "Now, should I be nice and give you a break, or should we continue?" he asked me. Something told me I was going to be busy for a while.