

12th! I Fall in love!

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I meet an old school friend!

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The following Wednesday the weather was unusually mild for the time of year, I was looking forward to my date with Alan. We met outside the cinema which was a common practice in those days. I did worry a bit that I might have shocked him by having sex on our first date, things were so different then and he was happy to see me. He bought the tickets and we settled into seats in the back row to watch the picture. This was known as 'lover's row' as it was mostly teenagers who would sit there; they could kiss and cuddle in the semi darkness under the flickering light from the projector overhead during the film. We were no different that night, with our coats over our laps for privacy we settled down to some heavy petting. I had worn a more suitable dress that buttoned to my waist to accommodate his searching fingers as they undid a button and pushed my bra up to free up my tits. He was very gentle, using just his finger tips to caress me as we kissed. He undid the buttons on his trousers for me as the angle made it difficult for me to free up his manhood so I could return the pleasure. I enjoyed the petting, it gave me a warm glow and I loved the feel of his cock, so hard and warm. He licked and kissed my ear, whispering telling me how much he wanted to shag me. A hand crept its way under my dress and I opened my legs to accommodate him, his fingers found their way under my knickers to gently rub my wet pussy lips. I was soon wet and ready and would have liked to have mounted him right there, but there was only so much permitted in the confines of the theatre. Before we left I went into the ladies room, after my pee removed my knickers altogether and arms around each other we hurried to the park where we found a deep doorway at the side of the library where we could find privacy. He had left his fly undone leaving the picture house so I could put my hand inside to take out that lovely hunk of flesh. Being unusually mild we were in no rush to get it over with, Alan took a moment to remove a rubber from his pocket and roll it down over his cock, so now he was really prepared. We went back to kissing and petting each other and when I felt ready brought his manhood to meet its partner. The rubber made it feel slippery as I rubbed it outside my pussy lips, teasing myself for a minute before placing the head into my opening. He didn't thrust it into me the way most men do, he took his time latterly inching it into me a little at a time, in and out and back in till finally I felt him right at the back of my vagina. So hard to describe the feelings surging through me and nearing the peak of my pleasure I began thrusting back matching his thrusts as they got to be faster and faster till a most magnificent orgasm burst over me and a split second later felt him cum.

We stopped movement for a moment to enjoy the feeling; I was thrilled to feel his pulsing as he deposited his seed into the rubber still deep inside me. When he was finished, he threw the rubber into some bushes and we walked arm and arm through the park till we got close to where I lived and again stopped in a doorway and had another 'quicke.' It wasn't quite so nice this time still I loved the way he entered me, so nice and slow just a little at a time till I could feel his cock at my cervix. It was a beautiful sensual feeling although he managed to cum, I didn't have an orgasm. We made a date for the following Saturday night to go dancing again and we were to swap addresses so we could write to one another once we were back at University. During that time mother had a talk with me about University. I knew she wanted me to become an Accountant like her, and never thought about money. Never had to as we were middle class, and although I was seldom allowed to have any money, I never thought it would run out. While I wasn't failing at University, I wasn't getting good enough marks to attract any scholarships, and apparently from what she said couldn't borrow any from a bank. So unless I could find a better paying job or get more hours at work I might have to sit out a year to save enough to continue. I didn't feel too much troubled by the news at the time; it was a question of what I could do in the meantime to save up. Of course Mother didn't know about Emma helping out by giving me some pocket money, and I certainly had no intention of going without a social life. Anyway I had a few months to think about it and see what I could do. When the Saturday Evening came around I left early to meet Alan in town, first we went to a pub for a few drinks before going to the dance hall where we had wonderful time dancing up a storm. Following the dance he walked me home again and as before stopped in a doorway to kiss and pet one another. He was so good and gentle I believe I was falling madly in love. The weather wasn't very nice that night, cold and blustery still we managed nice shag and again although I didn't cum, wished we could do it in a warm bed where I'm certain I would have had another mind blowing orgasm. I spent New Year's Eve at home sipping sherry with the family, not very exciting really, and it seemed to drag as all I could think of was Alan and how I wished we could have spent the evening together. After midnight we sang 'Auld Lang Syne' hugged and kissed one another and I went to bed where in the privacy of my room I could indulge in a beautiful masturbation thinking of him. The following day Emma was back and came to visit, although she promised to be lower key in mother's presence, I thought she was still a bit too forward, still I would be seeing her the following afternoon before catching the evening train back to Glasgow. As before we made love all afternoon, and I couldn't help but kept thinking how nice it had been with Alan. Don't get me wrong, I still enjoyed shagging and being shagged by Emma, and the orgasms were powerful, I couldn't help but compare the differences. Her 'Robbie' still felt good inside me but not as warm as Alan's cock, also her technique was different, she was like most men where she put it in me and started banging away albeit a little slowly at first, then speeding up till I had my orgasms. It was the way Alan had entered me that made the difference, how he had introduced his cock to my pussy, then very slowly inched it in just a little at a time till it was in all the way that made the difference. After I went home for an early supper, then finished packing and Emma came to drive me to the railway station to catch the train. On the way I told her what Mother had said to me about sitting out a year, Emma immediately offered to loan me the money to be able to

continue. I said I would think about it, if I accepted mother would have to know and I wasn't sure how she would take it as she would consider it charity in a way. Also as I said our relationship was troubling me in a way. On the way back I had lots of time to think about what Mother had told me, as well as to research my feelings for Alan. I wondered if I was to quit University, could I find a job near where he was going to School to be with him. Back at school I soon settled in to my routine with my job and writing to Mother and Emma and now Alan, his was the most difficult certainly at first when I expressed my love for him and told him how much I'd enjoyed his company, short as it was. He wrote back and said he also had a good time with me and that he would be interested in us getting together any time we were home for the holidays. Talking about holidays, as I told you once the school year was over for Emma she went away to the Continent for usually 3 weeks summer holidays. Now of course I knew where and why she went and this year she wanted me to go with her. She told me about the clubs where we could go and have fun with other women like us, where a lot of these activities were legal and we could meet other women from not just here, but other countries as well. I didn't answer right away, her descriptions were as graphic as her so called 'dreams' and it did sound very exciting, but I thought if I was to go away with someone for a holiday, I'd like it to be with Alan. On Saturday nights I still went dancing, enjoying some flirting, feeling their cocks hard against me as we danced the slow ones on the crowded dance floor. Other than that with men I managed to keep to myself and not date any. My own needs were taken care of by my own hand, usually each night once I was in bed and my favourite, when I took my bath. I didn't go completely without sex as Emma came to visit once a month, and it was as awesome as ever, even better in a way as I said I stayed celibate in between her visits. In many ways it was better than ever now an element of pain was introduced. Before her visits I would have a problem trying to decide how to end our relationship but then she would visit and remind me how delightful the sex was with her. She was pressing me more and more to, 'take charge' and do whatever I wanted with and to her. I gave her answer just before the school year ended for me, that I was going to stay in Glasgow and work to save my money, and besides how could I explain taking time off to mother when I was supposed to be saving for my tuition? One afternoon when I was walking along the street I happened to pass a recruiting office for the Armed Forces. Stopping and reading the ads for the different services it sounded very exciting how one could travel, see the world etc. and more importantly for me further my Education. I went in and a recruiting Sergeant talked to me and gave me some brochures to take home and read. After a few weeks I made up my mind, there was my answer, I would join the Military, this would get me away from Emma and my home environment, it offered excitement as well as the possibly of further my education. I ran the idea past Mother and although she wasn't happy about it didn't really insist I don't enlist. Emma took it differently, even going to Mother offering to lend us money so I could continue at University, but fortunately for me Mothers pride wouldn't let her accept as she put it, "Any charity."