Date to the Movies

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The day that I went to the movies with my best friend...

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It was a boring old Saturday night when my best friend called me up. He asked me if I wanted to go to the movies with him, and I agreed. Our relationship thus far had been strictly platonic, we had been friends since we were in diapers. He had been my first kiss so many years ago, but now we both had a significant other.

It was a warm night, and when he opened the door to my house, I felt a light summer's breeze rustling the hair on my neck. Tonight was different, he looked so strong and tall, and for some reason I found myself wanting to kiss him right then and there.

He had dark hair and shocking blue eyes that I could feel staring back at me. I coincidentally was wearing my white shorts, his favourite. We continued looking at each other for a split second longer and then he pulled my hair and laughed. We decided that we were ready to go, and I was more excited than I should be with him.

We made easy conversation like normal in the car, laughing and joking. I couldn't help but feel a sexual tension in the air as we got closer to the theatre. We bought the tickets and went inside, where there was only two other people in the whole theatre. We sat far away from them, continuing our conversation until the movie started.

It got dark, and I looked at him, he quickly looked away from me. I smiled to myself, wondering why I had never thought of him in a sexual way before tonight. He squeezed my knee, letting it rest there for a couple seconds before taking it away. I grabbed his hand and placed it back on my knee. I could tell that he was looking at me, and his hand soon relaxed on my leg.

He was still looking at me as he later moved his hand up my leg, to my thigh. He was slowly but surely making his way up to where I wanted it the most. It felt like ages had passed when he finally moved his hand again, playing with the outer hem of my shorts.

He slowly moved inward, and I got so excited as his fingers brushed the tops of my thighs. He glanced at me again, and slowly slipped his fingers under my shorts to my now damp panties. I relaxed and spread my legs a little bit.

He played there a little bit, applying pressure to my folds, slowly rubbing. Without warning, he then shoved his fingers right up inside my underwear and played with my now dripping vagina, me wanting him more than ever. I leaned over and kissed him softly, my tongue exploring his mouth. He continued to press his fingers into me, deep and slow, until I was on the brink of climax.

I pulled away slightly, mounting him in the theatre seat. I undid his pants and grabbed onto his smooth hard cock as it sprung from his pants. I stroked up and down as I leaned down to lick the precum off the tip. He shuddered, and undid my shorts, pulling them off my slowly.

I ground against his solid dick, making him hard, and making my clit throb. When it started to drive us both crazy, I flung my panties to the side and slowly pushed his long cock inside my tight pussy. He kissed my harder, moving from my mouth to my neck as we moved together, my muscles already starting to contract with orgasm.

I then rode him harder, him grabbing my boobs and kissing and biting my neck, playing with my clit. I reached under and grabbed his balls, making him breathe in hard.

My vagina walls contracted hard, as waves of orgasm rushed over me. I could tell that he was about to cum too, and I leaned in, telling him to cum right inside me. I could feel it happen as he did, our bodies slowly exhausting.

We continued to kiss a little bit and stare into each others eyes. We looked at the screen. The end credits were playing. This had definitely been the best trip I had ever had to the movies, and I knew that we both hoped it would happen again soon.