

Submission

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By : Artemis Rose

My first erotica short story. Hope you like it!

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He fondled me, kissed and caressed me. He placed his legs firmly around my hips and smiled. I blinked, eyes wide. "do you feel me?" he whispered. "Y-yes," I stammered, gasping for air. I could feel him poking me, and the idea of him thrusting himself inside me, made me nervous and enthralled at the same time. He took my hand and drew it to his pant zipper, my hands trembled, "May-maybe you should," "No," he moaned, "You do it, it's okay," he grinned, "I don't bite." He guided my hand so that I pulled on the zipper. His cock slipped out of his pants. My eyes widened, my breath drew in. He showcased a cocky grin, "Now, Hold it. There you go Kell." I held his cock, and rubbed my hand up and down along his shaft, feeling his harden in the process. He stared straight into my eyes, blue and intense, I could tell he'd been waiting for this for a long time. "It's so hard," I whispered softly, "Mhm," he smiled. He began to pull off his pants, and then proceeded to take off his shirt-and undershirt, so now he was only in his drawers. "Now lets see what you look like gorgeous," I laughed, "I'm not georgous." "Yes you are," he said, "You're so beautiful Kelsy," he moaned, kissing me. I felt like I was being given more then I deserved-what with my feelings of inadequacy about myself. *sigh*. He undressed me, fondled and sucked my breasts. I moaned delightfully, and ran my hand through his fluffy blond hair. He made his way down to my panties, and grinned mischievously up at me. He pulled them off delicately, then fingered me-making me moan exponentially. He then put his free hand on my womb and smartly grinned up at me, like a cheshire cat. "You're going to make me lots of babies," he teased me, I would normally protest at this joking chauvinism-but as he fingered me, I could only moan my pleasure. Finally, he couldn't linger anymore. He took his drawers off and moved on top on me so that his hips matched up with mine. He took his legs and curled them around mine, hooking his feet around my ankles and spreading my legs wide. I looked up at him, and then he thrust himself inside me, hugging me in the process. It hurt only a little, and he kissed my wince away. We moaned together and hugged each other tightly, all the barriers were down, all pretense was shagged, we clung to each other with the passion we had withheld from each other for five years. After he-and I-climaxed, he rested inside me, fondling my breasts. He was simply happy, and he rested his head against my breasts as he pulled out. as he turned on his side, I slid down to where his dick was, his eyes glimmered, he looked at me as I was about to go down on him. "You don't have to, you know," he said tenderly "But I want to," I moaned, I held his cock in my hand and placed my mouth around it-he hardened instantly. I gave him my first-and probably not well done-blowjob. He cupped his hands and placed them on my head as I bobbed up and down on his penis. He came, inside me. I gagged. "auk-uk-ew". "Not that easy as it looks, apparently." He teased my nipple, 'that was good for a first try'. "Really?" I asked, "Yes," he smiled.

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