

My First Orgasm ... Repost

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the true account of my first orgasm



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I was living in the UK, in a typical two up two down terrace. My maternal Grandmother owned the street. She lived at the bottom of the row of red brick terraces. We lived at the top. In between lived a range of people that either belonged to our family for real or were called Auntie and Uncle as Mr & Mrs was too formal for the closest of our friendships. Rows of houses. Rows of gardens. Neat and tidy people with green lawns and white net curtains.

It was a beautiful sunny day. I had no intention of going to school. I waited till my parents left for work, slipped back to my bedroom, tore off the uniform I had falsely worn and slipped on my new bikini. It was chocolate brown and quite skimpy. Checking the mirror to see how it looked, I was pleased I was filling the top out nicely and I was quickly realising and enjoying the attention that being full breasted could bring. Stomach flat and firm and ass just rounding up a bit, a nice tan to add to this would be great. With radio, rug and Ambre Solaire, I sneaked to the garden to work on that tan.

I was drifting off to sleep as Donny Osmond was declaring his love for me when I heard a male voice asking why I wasn't at school. I squinted my eyes open to see my Granddad leaning over me. This was not my real Granddad but he was, if this is at all possible, the step Granddad of my cousin on my stepfather's side. So if he was real family at all it was only by marriage so this is not a tale of incest. I have no idea how old he was but I imagine now that perhaps mid fifties, hair greying and swept back from his forehead. He was slightly deaf due to an incident in the war. Tall dark and handsome my step Grandma had said when she met him and though I didn't think it then in hind sight and looking at old black and whites he was, certainly when photographed in his uniform with umpteen medals on his chest.

I stammered and try to tell him I was sick. He looked down at me and laughed "Don't worry it can be our secret. It's nice to enjoy the sun for a while." He sat beside me on the grass and asked how school was going, gentle chit chat, nothing inspiring, nothing to set the world on fire, just passing time. After a while I reached for Ambre and as he passed it across of course he offered to help. I saw no reason not to let him. His hands rubbed over my body firmly not lingering anywhere for too long, the coconut oil soaking my skin. His strong strokes relaxing and pleasant on my back and I did not notice that he had loosened the top of my bikini, deftly undoing the string ties as he rubbed the oil on my back. As I rolled over to tan my front, I quickly had to grab at my top to cover myself. I was not quick enough for him not to have caught an eyeful of my large breasts, full and firm with puffy pink nipples. I already knew how much the boys at school loved them and it was not really a surprise to see the look in Granddad's eyes. I was sure of one thing now, he would not be telling my parents that I had skipped school.

"Wow!" he uttered his appreciation of them. I covered them with my hands embarrassed but still liking the effect it was having on this man. "Fantastic pair you have there hun " he said, then laughed and mentioned he'd seen it all before even changed my nappy as a baby. I doubt he ever did and he hadn't seen them when

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they 36 dds either. He stood up. "I am going to make a drink. Come down if you want one ", he said. He lived two houses from our own and I watched him stroll down.

His name was Jess. I shall call him that now. I fastened my top and walked down to his house. I liked the effect his rubbing had on my body. The way he looked at my tits pumped my ego. He was much better than the boys I knew who fumbled and rushed and had no idea. I stood in his kitchen in my tiny bikini showing off a little, brushing against him as I took the drink, giving him my best sexy look. The peppermint cordial he had made for me was icy cold and refreshing.

Jess sat on the couch and patted the seat next to him. I sat down on the floral chintz. He took the drink from me and asked if he could see my tits again. I nodded a yes and he reached out and moved the material to one side exposing one breast fully. His fingers traced the shape and my nipple hardened under his touch. His hand slid round and loosened the ties and my top came off completely. This time his hands went firmly to both breasts and he rubbed and pressed and felt them shaking them in his hands. His voice excitedly praised them before his lips began to suck on my nipples. I felt a hand pushing down my bikini bottoms. I was nervous now, no boy had gotten this far but I could tell he wanted to see. I was enjoying his sucking so much. I knew I was already damp below. He kissed at my tummy. It tickled and felt nice.

Jess slid a finger to my vagina tugging a little at the light smattering of pubic hair I owned. I braced expecting him to slide it into my hole, but he didn't. Instead he began to open me up higher, moving my lips gently apart till he exposed my clitoris (not that I knew what it was then). He began to kiss there and I moaned to the pleasure it brought. It felt lovely. He interchanged with his fingers and tongue, building a steady stroke until I began to lose control. I did not know what was about to happen. I panicked a little but Jess whispered to me to let go. It would be great and he was right. It was. It was heaven as waves of pleasure flooded over me I felt my vagina throb and pulse and some liquid spurt a little from me.

Jess had unzipped himself now and his cock was in front of my face. I didn't know what to do with it but I watched as he began to tug it. He rubbed it close to my lips and against my nipples. It was large and his pubes were bushy and a silver grey colour. It was very, very hard. He left a trail of stickiness on me. Then I saw my first cock cum, white semen pumping on to my body, spraying everywhere. Jess groaning loudly and his body arching as it came out.

Afterwards he grabbed a hanky from his pocket and wiped it off, me first and then himself. He quickly made me get dressed and out of the house insisting that Gran would be home soon, though I knew she wouldn't be. Tell no one he said as I closed the door. I didn't, not till long after his passing and I wanted to recall my first time.

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