

THE V-WORD:

TRUE STORIES ABOUT FIRST-TIME SEX

By Amber J. Keyser

My head is between my girlfriend's legs and I'm finally having sex. Here's my tongue. Here's my girlfriend's vagina. Here's my tongue on my girlfriend's vagina and here I am having my first sexual experience. ...Courtney's pubic hair starts tickling the tip of my nose, which is about to make me sneeze. Fuck! That would suck! So I push my face further into her folds. Pressing my nose and mouth more into her, I can now feel her pubes on my tongue. ...I don't know if it's my saliva or some sort of wet coming from Courtney's vagina, but I feel a liquid starting to spread across my lips and trickle down my chin. Then she moans. I must be doing something right. With her feet on the floor and her knees bent over my shoulders, I loop my arms around her legs and hold on tight. My hands grab onto that soft area between the top of her thighs and the insides of them. ...I squeeze my arms around her legs like they're a harness slapped down on me for a roller coaster ride. ...My tongue separates the lips of her vagina and I find her clit with the tip of my tongue. At least I think it's her clit. It's this hard little ball thing. I press on it, and Courtney's legs start to quiver. I'm not quite sure what to do with my chin, so I push it closer to her, dig my chin a bit further past the fringe of her lips. She likes this. She moves her hips, riding my face like the horses she loves. Her hips are bucking. ...I explore. I unwrap my right arm from her thigh and stick two fingers inside of her. Wet, warm—could be called swamp-like—but only a swamp found in heaven! ...My fingers have found their place in the world. ...I push my fingers further in, add a third, pump away. From her increasingly loud moans and heaving breathing, I know she feels good. The further in I go, the more it feels like I'm touching a

part of myself, my identity revealed. Every second in her vagina, I am more and more a lesbian. ...I slightly-salty wet seeps out of her as she grabs onto my hair and squeezes my head with her legs like I'm one of Suzanne Sommers's ThighMasters. I'm having a harder time hearing her moans now. The sound is all muffled because now, with her legs squishing my ears into her inner-thigh flesh, I feel like I have ear muffs on for this muff-diving adventure. But even with muffled hearing, I can still hear some epic moans. And then she pushes her wet vag further into my face, gyrating. Well, this is the best activity, ever, though my jaw's starting to get a little sore and I'm losing some tongue strength. She's wearing me out. But with my tongue on her clit and her body squirming about, all I can think of now is I'm a lesbian! ...There's another big moan and some more hard hip thrashing and more of that thigh-squeezing and then soon her hands let go of my hair and my mouth lets go of her sex as she breathes heavily, her breath heaving her chest up and down. Up and down. I sit up and wipe her salty liquid taste from my chin. ...“Mmm. Dessert.” I imagine my chin is glistening like the fingers that were inside of her are glistening. Sparkling, even.

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