



MY FIRST TIME WITH SARAH – PART 2

As i was driving home, my head was spinning. I went over and over the evening's events like you would replay a good scene in a movie. Sarah was a lot younger than I, but yet she was so confident. I found it incredibly sexy.

As any teenage guy would do, I spent the remainder of the night marvelling at the situation i had found myself in and considering where things would go from there.

I went to bed without contacting Sarah. Being slightly immature, and somewhat insecure with my sexuality at the time, i found the most logical decision was to play it "cool" and wait until Sarah contacted me. Sarah must have been thinking the same, or suddenly had decided to play "hard to get" because She didn't contact me either.

Day after day went by, and i still hadn't heard from Sarah. In fact, I didn't so much as see her in the halls at school. My highschool wasn't huge by any standards, but still large enough to make running into a grade 9 in the halls fairly improbable. After what seemed like weeks (in actuality a couple days) of holding tough with the "play it cool" plan, i began wondering if what we did was more of a one time deal. My thoughts were changed when on the friday during my second period functions class i received a text from Sarah reading,

“hey stranger, what are you doing this weekend? ☐ ”

I'm pretty sure I wore an permanent smile for the rest of the day.

I worked at a local restaurant on weekends, but luckily i worked friday night and saturday morning. so relieved that i was free saturday afternoon/ evening, i quickly responded,

“Hey! i was starting to think i wasn't going to hear from ya! ☐ im free on saturday. what did you have in mind?”

“Hey! i was thinking the same thing!!! but Amy, her boyfriend and I were going to rent a movie Saturday night. Wanna come?”

I felt foolish for waiting three long days for Sarah to text me. I made a mental note not to do it again, and considered her invite. Part of me was hoping that our next so called date would involve us being alone, however i was still excited to see her. And hey, hanging with Amy didn't really stop us last time so who knows!

I confirmed her invite and got the details of when I should be there and we both broke off our conversation to concentrate back on class work (that was the idea anyway). The rest of the day went by incredibly fast. I worked until 11pm Friday night. I worked from 9am to 4pm the next day, and before i knew it, I was sitting down for dinner with my family on saturday. I casually brought my plans up as a dinner conversation topic. I left it so that I was just hanging out with “a friend”. After a couple of investigative questions from my parents they bought it. After dinner i got cleaned up the best i could and left for Amy's.

When I arrived this time, I rang the doorbell but instead of receiving a warm welcome from Sarah, Amy's dad answered the door. I was 100% thrown off my game and in all honesty I can't remember what he asked, or what I said, but it must have worked because he let me in and showed me downstairs to where

Sarah, Amy and her boyfriend were. I found them concentrating hard at playing rock band.

I announced my arrival, and received somewhat casual responses as all three of them were glued to the screen. As they played, I noticed Sarah was wearing grey trackpants with a red tank top. Im sure other guys can agree, trackpants on some girls can be a bit of an eye sore, however on a perfect ass and toned legs like Sarah's, it looks amazing (as you can tell i have a soft spot for girls in trackpants). I sat down and watched them play (rather impressively) until they finished the song. Once they finished, Amy introduced me to her boyfriend Zack. Once introductions were finished, Sarah handed me the guitar and said

"here, you HAVE to play" while giving me a surprisingly stern look. I took the guitar and Zack chose the song "reptilia" (for any enthusiasts out there). I remember this song, because to this day it brings back fond memories. I started playing, barely managing (as I was playing on hard for my first time), when i felt a hand creep over my hip and rest in my lap. I was startled by the contact after being here only minutes. I knew it was Sarah's hand, but i was confused and concerned as to why she did it with how obvious it would be to the others. I answered my own question when i peaked away from the screen and saw Amy and Zack with fixated gazes at the game. Even though Sarah just rested her hand in my lap, and she refrained from teasing me further, i found myself getting hard. I could have sworn i made out a small grin of satisfaction on Sarah's face as she noticed my involuntary reaction. The fun didn't last long though. The combination between looking away from the screen, and more importantly, the added distraction now sitting in my lap, took a tole on my playing ability and within the next minute I lost all concentration on the game and the three of us failed the song.

With the end of the game, and the increased chance of her being noticed Sarah pulled her hand from my lap and patted me on the knee as she withdrew her arm.

“nice try! you did well” she said with a smile. I gave up the guitar, and Sarah suggested to Amy that we start the movie. Amy threw in some horror movie and the four of us settled in. Amy had requested that her boyfriend and her get the long couch, while Sarah and I sit in the smaller loveseat. Sarah reluctantly agreed on our behalf, and we began to watch the movie. Amy and her boyfriend were snuggled up under a blanket and Sarah and I shared a blanket covering our legs and lap.

I half anticipated Sarah to grab hold of my hard on as soon as the movie started but she held off. This time was different. Although last time there was a chance of getting caught if Amy returned to the room, this time Amy and her boyfriend were feet away and the chance of our activities being discovered was greatly increased. We watched the entire movie without making any real sexual move apart from the odd hand caress.

The relationship/ Soft side of me was happy and content with just cuddling while watching a movie. At the same time though, I was already Hard before the movie even began. And that didn't change with our bodies being in such close proximity to each other.

As the credits rolled for the movie, I noticed Sarah start to play with her phone. And then I noticed that Amy was using her phone shortly after Sarah. This continued for a minute or two and I guessed Sarah and Amy were talking to each other. I made a mental note to ask Sarah about this later. After a couple minutes passed and neither couple wanting to move and disturb their comfortable position. Amy finally got up, much to the discontent of Zack, and she removed the movie replacing it with the movie I Spy. I wasn't counting on a second movie tonight, but it was still relatively early and I could afford to stay out a couple more hours. Besides I was still hard as a rock, and curious to see if anything would happen with Sarah. As the second movie started, Amy got up and took Zack by the hand and lead him away from the entertainment room. I didn't care to look, but i made the assumption from Zack's awkward

dismount off the couch that he was dealing with similar problems in his pants.

As they disappeared out of the room behind us, Sarah leaned into me and kissed me. It was soft but still firm enough to indicate how long she was waiting for it. I kissed her back, and then i'm disappointed to say that i broke off the kiss. "Are they coming back?" i asked

"eventually" she said with a laugh.

"they went to Amy's room, so im sure they will be a while" she said smiling at me.

That was all the encouragement i needed, as i took control for once and moved in and kissed her. This time was longer and more passionate and it didn't take long before our tongues met each other. Sarah didn't waste another minute either and broke the kiss momentarily as she focused at undoing my belt. Once loosened, she dove her hand into my shorts and under my boxers. It took her a matter of seconds before she had a comfortable grip and was slightly stroking me in the same direction as my right leg.

The feeling of her warm hand on my dick was amazing. I soon realized however that my shorts weren't very accommodating to our situation and it was difficult for Sarah to build up any speed with the limited space she was working in. At first this disappointed me, but i realized that limiting her control of my dick, was consequently increasing my endurance. Although the touch of her hand on me was sensational, I was fairly certain that i could hold out without blowing my load for a good while like this.

Pleased that our interaction was going to last longer, I decided to pay Sarah some attention and repay her for the pleasure she was giving me. I tucked my fingers under the edge of her tank top and worked my way up. To this day Im the kind of guy who takes pride in taking his time with foreplay

ensuring to lengthen the experience as well as fulfill a girl's needs. However, after being hard for 2 hours now, my mind and body ached for her. I ran my hand up Sarah stomach, and stopped only when it hit her bra. I wasn't an expert at bra sizes, but looking back I'd guess her to be a large B cup at the time. Which looked amazing on her small grade 9 frame.

I worked her breasts through her bra. That didn't last long before my desire to explore her body further drove me to tuck a few fingers under her bra. She jumped and grabbed my arm. I was concerned that maybe I pushed my boundaries and went a little too far or fast but then my worries disappeared as she took my arm, removed it from her shirt and then placed my hand directly in her crotch giving it a slight "press" before letting it go. I could feel heat rising from between her legs. I convinced myself that she wanted my hand to work her pussy so bad that she removed it from her bra. (I later found out she actually is very self-conscious about her breasts and that's why she removed my hand). I started rubbing her through her track pants. Although I knew she was enjoying this, I felt by the intense look on her face she was ready for more. I stuck my hand down the front of her pants, under her panties, and went straight to work on her pussy. She was already extremely wet. And at the time I had very little to compare it to, but I can comfortably say now, she was more wet than almost every girl I have been with.

I didn't spend much time on her clit, I went straight for what pushed her over the edge last time. I inserted a finger and started massaging her G-spot. Her pussy was so wet that the slightest motion with my finger inside of her was causing an obvious swishing sound. I didn't care now and continued harder. She responded by doing her best to quicken the pace on my dick. The result was actually slightly painful with my shorts constricting my dick's movement, but it didn't stop me. I continued massaging Sarah's insides and like before, it didn't take long before I could feel her getting close. She

removed her hand from my dick and grabbed onto my spare hand, holding it tight. meanwhile her spare hand shot to her crotch and held my hand still. My finger still deep inside her. She turned her face into my neck and buried it above my shoulder. Her hips spasmed and her pussy held onto my finger like a vice. her spasming paused as i felt what seemed like every muscle in her body contract. she stayed like this for the better part of a minute before she started to relax somewhat. Small erratic twitches still corrupted her body from time to time but she was calming down. She leaned in and kissed me. As she broke the kiss and she whispered "that was amaaaazing" in my ear. I couldn't tell whether her loss of breath and weakened state caused her to whisper or her fear of the others catching us. Regardless it was really hot.

I'm sure before she was calmed down completely, her hand returned into my shorts and started stroking my dick again without wasting a minute. This time, without having to worry about maintaining access to her pants, i adjusted slightly giving my dick slightly more room to move allowing Sarah much easier access and control. She started at a very quick pace, obviously determined to repay me now. I knew at this pace, i wouldn't last long. Now with less friction caused by my shorts, the feeling of her hand was blissful (for lack of a better term). As i felt myself building, knowing that i would probably lose control in the next minute, a stern voice from behind us interrupted Sarah's rhythm.

"where is Amy?"

it was her dad. somehow he came into the room behind us without us knowing.

I could hear him approaching behind us. fear struck, i quickly glimpsed down and was relieved to see the blanket still covering us adequately. Sarah left her hand around my dick but remained motionless now as Amy's dad stood over us. He was evidently checking on us and apparently how the movie was. Before Sarah could answer as to where Amy was, Amy and Zack

both walked back into the room.

“hey dad!” she stated as innocent as she could. Evidently the two of them heard her dad come down and came out of her room before he discovered where they were.

Amy’s dad questioned them about the whereabouts and Amy simply replied

“we went for a walk”

I didn’t think her dad was going to buy it, and I was a little nervous to be in the room when he snapped, but he calmed down and accepted her excuse and soon left us alone.

With Amy and Zack now in the room watching the movie with us, Sarah discretely withdrew her hand from my pants, and snuggled closer to me in an innocent, but somehow apologetic fashion. This is the first time i became quite clear with the meaning of the term “blue balls”. I had come so close to losing control and finishing i was almost in pain from the way things stood now. The only positive was the fact that my dick no longer hurt from being so hard after Amy’s dad scared the shit out of me and it frankly.

The movie ended and i found myself saying good bye and leaving incredibly turned on with a bad case of blue balls. Sarah stopped me at the door grabbing my shirt.

“text me when your home safe ok?” she said. I agreed before she pulled me a little closer by my shirt and kissed me. It was innocent at first but after we momentarily broke, she pulled closer to me still, and we made out for a long minute. before she said bye. Once again i swear i could sense an apologetic tone in her voice but i couldn’t be sure.

I drove home quickly, wanting to get home and “relieve” my pain. Once i got home I kept my promise and sent a text to Sarah. She hastily responded saying “im really sorry about tonight. ill make it up to you i promise!”

The last part of the message jump started my imagination. As if i needed more fuel to run with while trying to remove my "tension". I went to sleep thinking about what she was talking about and how long id have to wait before i found out.