

Hot New Sluts

by Devin Brees

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Darling Girl Becomes a Sex Kitten

THE BOY NEXT DOOR HAS repeatedly tried to get me into his bedroom ever since I moved in next door, but I turn him down flat every time. He's twenty-two and lives with his divorced dad where they run a limousine service together.

My friend Rachael can't understand how I can remain chaste.

"He's good looking, isn't he?" She says.

"A real hunk," I say.

"Then go for it."

"I'm saving myself for marriage, you know."

She gives me that look and rolls onto her back, exposing her tan, bikini-clad front to the sun drenched California sky. We're on the beach in late October (one of the reasons that I came to Southern California to attend college), and I admire Rachael's full bust; she makes my 36Cs look small by comparison.

"Maybe I should meet him," she says, smiling.

"Don't you dare!" I shoot back, clenching jealousy both sharp and surprising jab at me. Rachael doesn't meet men, she fucks them, and I don't know why I don't want her to fuck Ellis. No, I guess I do know, my throbbing pussy between my thighs is telling me why.

"I'm done baking for the day," I say.



I COME HOME TO a good sized four-bedroom, three-bath house in the heart of the valley. I'm renting a room from a nice couple. It's cheaper than renting an apartment near campus, and they treat me as if I was their own child.

I don't have to work hard to find Ellis; he's washing one of their limos in their driveway next door. He's shirtless and his muscular chest and abs call for my attention.

"Hi," I say to him. He calls me over.

"Anabelle," he calls my name. "How was the beach?" He says, marveling at the curves of my body through my opaque, yellow cover-up.

He really is handsome, and I don't know how long I can keep Rachael away from him. Suddenly, my desire to have him before she does overwhelms my desire to wait for marriage.

"I need a shower," I say, and when he kiddingly invites me to his shower for the umpteenth time, he about falls over when I accept.

We go to his bathroom and he turns on the shower.

"What made you change your mind," he says, dropping his pants and boxers to the floor.

“That,” I say, looking at a swelling cock up close for the first time in my life. The admirable cockhead pulses larger before my eyes, and soon I’m staring at his elongated length sticking out from his body.

He helps me get naked. First he lifts the cover-up over my head, and then my slim bikini top hits the floor. He services my swollen nipples with his mouth and tongue as steam fills the bathroom, and he slips his hand into my bikini bottom and fingers my cunt. I groan involuntarily at the first touch of a man’s hand inside my sex, and he soon has a finger deep in me and a thumb rubbing my clit, and within moments I’m coming like a horny slut.

At first I’m embarrassed, but he smiles, pulls his hand from my sopping folds, and eagerly licks my slippery juice from his fingers, and I grow proud that he loves the nectar of my flesh.

He goes into the shower, leaving me to drop my bottoms myself and join him, which I gleefully do, and soon we’re soaping each other’s body.

My hands explore his every muscle, and when I reach for the muscle between his legs, I marvel at its strength. It feels even harder than it looks, and I beg for him to put it inside me.

I’m sure he can’t believe how quickly I changed from a prude virgin to a loose nymphet, but he doesn’t waste any time turning me around and slipping his beefy cockhead between my legs and against my willing pussy lips.

He runs his heated crown along my slit until I’m begging him to enter me, which he does, slowly and respectfully.

I grunt with pleasure as I feel his cock slide into my folds far more easily than I thought my virgin cunt could handle. His cock is deep inside of me and it feels wonderful, but not as wonderful as when he begins to saw his raging cock in and out of my writhing walls.

He wraps his arms around me, caressing my tits and pinching my large nipples, and I come again, this time my body quaking harder and longer than before.

My splayed, wet cunt easily handles him, and I insist that he fuck me harder, hoping for another orgasm. He’s banging me like a cheap slut and I love it!

I’m close to coming again, but he comes next, his plunging erection filling me with his seed. I didn’t expect that I’d be able to feel his cock throbbing inside of me when he came, and it almost feels as good as my own orgasm.

He fills my tiny snatch to the brim and pulls out, satisfied to have finally deposited his sperm into my body.

We jump out of the shower and dry off. His cock is still swollen, and I enjoy watching it swing and sway like a heavy elephant’s trunk. Two orgasms and a cunt full of come and I’m still not satisfied, so I take him by the hand and escort him to his bed.

I lie on his bed and spread my legs for him, and then I use my fingers to splay my tight cunt lips. I want to show him every bit of my most private part, and it has the

desired effect, for his cock starts to rebound, growing tall and hungry for my oozing pussy.

He lies on top of me. My soft breasts are warm from his chest pressing down on them, and my cunt is hot from his throbbing cockhead splaying my folds. I spread my legs as wide as I can and grip his thrusting ass, urging him to jab every inch of his manhood into me.

“Fuck me hard, Ellis,” I say, never envisioning that I’d cry such dirty words.

He props onto his arms and thunderous claps of our pelvic skin sound out as he slams into me. I touch my clit, encircling my eager nub with my finger tip and drawing back the elegant hood so that his hard root can grind against me.

He’s not fucking me fast enough and I throw my hips up to meet his thrusts and soon I’m writhing and coming on that beautiful cock.

After I climax, I see him hungrily looking at my bouncing orbs, and I squeeze them together with my forearms to offer him my hardened peaks. He pulls out of me and leans in to suck me, and I grip my breasts and squeeze the taut hemisphere of my melons. He moans with guttural appreciation, devouring my protruding flesh.