

FIRST DATE SEX

A Spicy Encounter

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To you, my valued reader. Thank you so much.

I started messaging Sandra one Saturday afternoon using an online dating site. Our messages were coated with an undeniable energy of chemistry and flirtatious behavior.

Not long later, the desire to hear the color of her voice persisted and we exchanged phone numbers. We seemed to have a lot in common and the conversation flowed with ease as the passing of hours faded quickly into the afternoon. Her voice was a soothing tone of provocativeness.

I immersed myself in the melodic charm of her words as the day gave way to the glow of the setting sun. I peered out the living room window to a city readying itself for a night of festivities. Restaurant goers and romantic gestures added to the anticipated vibrancy of a Saturday night.

I asked Sandra what she missed most that single life couldn't offer.

"The sex," she giggled. "Also, cuddling and sharing experiences with someone. How about you?"

"The companionship, having a glass of wine and good conversation and, yes, definitely the sex too."

I was enjoying the conversation, but I deliberately changed the topic to avoid appearing pushy in anyway about sex. Instead, I asked about a passion of hers, which was fitness.

"What's your favorite exercise?"

"I love training my legs and buttocks, so squats and lunges are my favorite exercises. What's yours?"

"Arms and legs," I replied, already thinking of her tight buttocks.

"Mmm, arms!" She replied with enthusiasm.

I laughed, "What is it about big arms on a guy that women love so much?"

"The thought he can lift me up, carry me to the bedroom and throw me on the bed. And feeling his muscular triceps while he's on top of me."

Her forwardness surprised me but I liked where this was going. "Do you like a guy to take charge in the bedroom?"

"Love it."

I sensed she was completely comfortable with the direction of the conversation, which led to my next question.

"I love to take control. Is missionary your favorite position?"

"I love when a guy takes me from behind, as long as I totally trust him and he makes me feel really turned on. It can hurt me sometimes from behind."

"I understand. I always have to be careful during that position."

"Why is that?"

"Um ... because I'm well-endowed."

"Oh! How big are you?" she asked.

"Let's just say, I'm above average in length and girth."

"I'm nervous now," she laughed.

"You don't have to worry. I'm always attentive. I listen to a girl's reaction and ask if she's OK. I also like to focus my attention on her clitoris as another form of stimulation and pleasure for her. You'll be fine with me."

"I'm sure I will be," she said sincerely. She then responded in a soft and earnest tone.

"I'm really enjoying our conversation and I would love to continue it, but I don't want you to think I'm only interested in you for sex or that I'm going to sleep with you straight away."

"Even though we are chatting like this, I still don't expect to sleep with you. I'm just enjoying finding out what turns you on. Also, there still has to be chemistry when we do meet in person," I answered.

"OK, cool. What's your favorite position?" she asked.

"Woman on top, missionary and doggy style. I also like to be spontaneous, keep her clothes on, pull her underwear aside and enter her."

"I love when a guy does that. I enjoy a quickie, but I also love when a guy takes his time too. Do you like a longer session?"

"Although I like the odd quickie, I prefer to take my time by prolonging my orgasm."

"So, you can control your orgasms?" She asked.

"Yeah, I taught myself years ago. I find it so much more pleasurable for myself and my partner."

"That's amazing."

"Wait until you see what I can do with my hands! I give great massages."

"Ooh, I love a guy that's good with his hands," she giggled. "Such a turn on."

"Do you like a guy going down on you?"

"Definitely, and I enjoy going down on a guy too."

"I like to play with a girl's nipples while going down on her."

"That's such a turn on. My nipples are actually my main erogenous zones. I can have amazing orgasms like that."

"I'll have to remember that," I said cheekily. "What other positions do you like to orgasm in?"

"Doggy style, for sure," she said.

What about having your hands held behind your head in missionary?"

"Wow! That gets me so wet. I haven't had a guy do that in ages." She paused. "I have to admit, I'm so horny. I haven't been this

turned on in a long time. My nipples are so hard. You have put a silly grin on my face.”

“I love that you are so turned on. What do you like the most about our conversation?” I asked.

“All of it, especially when you said you’d be gentle during doggy style, and your sexy take-charge manner. I feel really comfortable talking to you. I wouldn’t normally chat about this stuff so early on with a guy.”

“I like that you feel comfortable talking about this stuff with me.”

“What are you up to tonight?” She asked.

“I have no plans tonight.” I paused. “Would you like to meet for a drink?”

“I’d love to,” she said.

“If you like, we could meet at a nice bar or, I hope I’m not being too bold, but you’re more than welcome to come to my place for cheese and a glass of wine.”

“Your place sounds good,” she said without hesitation. “How does eight o’clock sound?”

“Eight o’clock is perfect,” I replied.

“Awesome. Text me your address.”

“Will do,” I replied, quietly excited by the spontaneous nature of our meeting.

“Would you like me to bring anything. Wine?” She asked.

“No, just your lovely self. Do you prefer red or white?”

“Both but would love a red tonight.”

“Great. Text when you’ve arrived and I’ll come down to meet you.”

“See you at eight. I’m looking forward to meeting you,” she said.

“I’m looking forward to meeting you too.”

* * *

A couple of hours later, I showered, shaved and sprayed on some cologne, then threw on a pair of jeans and a black, long-sleeve dress shirt. Just as I finished preparing for her arrival, Sandra texted letting me know she had just parked. I made my way downstairs to the visitors parking to meet her.

Sandra got out of a luxury SUV, wearing a knee-length, dark purple dress and black heels. A warming stare from eyes of a stunning jade green met mine. Her brown hair was decorated with highlights and reached the middle of her back.

I greeted her with a kiss on the cheek.

After entering my apartment, we made our way onto the balcony. I had placed cheese and crackers on the outside table, which had views of the buzzing city. I'd poured two glasses of red wine twenty minutes earlier to allow it to breathe.

"This looks amazing, thank you," she said.

"My pleasure."

After thirty minutes of chatting, she took a sip from her glass and placed it on the table.

She leaned closer and whispered, "I want you! I am so horny from our phone conversation earlier. I'll confess, I was touching myself driving here just at the thought of what you said and how you described yourself in that sexy deep voice of yours."

I smiled, a little shocked, but I loved her take-charge manner. My mind wandered, picturing her driving while her fingers stroked up and down between her legs, becoming increasingly wet.

I quickly refocused to prevent my thoughts from entering into an abyss of lustful bliss.

"OK, but my way! I responded to her advances. I want you to get even more turned on."

"I don't think that's possible," she giggled.

I raised an eyebrow and grinned, "Let's try."

I took her by the hand and led her into the bedroom. We kissed as I took off her dress and bra but left her underwear on. I then guided her back onto the bed. I placed my hands on her bent knees and slowly moved them down between her legs. I paused a

few inches away from the material of her underwear, then guided my hands back to her knees again. She let out a moan. I leaned forward and began placing soft kisses on her inner thighs, alternating with a kiss on the left thigh followed by the right.

She raised her head off the pillow, "I want you inside of me, so bad."

"Not yet!"

Placing her head back on the pillow, she smiled.

"You are driving me crazy. I love it."

I kissed the material of her underwear, "Oh, wow. You are wet."

"So wet. I don't believe it, but I think I'm more turned on."

I pulled the black material aside to reveal her deliciously swollen lips. I trailed my tongue between her legs, sliding in and out of her with ease. A groan followed each slow lick. I then flickered and twirled the tip of my tongue around her clitoris.

"You taste great," I said.

"Your tongue feels incredible," she moaned.

I removed her underwear and tossed them on the floor. The muscles of her thighs tensed while I fluttered my tongue over her clitoris and played with her nipples. I continued until her legs shuddered and pressed against my head as she let out a loud moan.

"Wow. That was intense," she said, breathing deeply. "Now, get inside me."

I took off my clothes, placed a condom on and entered her. I moved inside her, slowly swirling my hips in a circular motion. I kissed her, sucking lightly on her bottom lip before releasing it.

"You feel incredible," I said.

"So do you. You're so deep."

I then moved her onto her hands and knees, facing the closet mirror. I looked at Sandra's reflection as she gave me a smile.

"You know I like this position," she said.

"Yes, I do," I replied, grinning.

I slowly entered her, adjusting the depth of my thrust.

"Is that OK?"

"Yeah, that's nice. You can go deeper if you like."

"OK, let me know."

"I will."

She closed her eyes and moaned.

I clutched her hair and pulled gently, another moan, as she leaned forward and buried her face in the pillow, gripping the sheets tightly.

After a few minutes I moved her onto her back again. I took hold of her left hand and placed it behind her head. Next, I did the same with her right.

She spread her legs further apart as I thrust back inside her.

"Harder," she urged.

I increased the tempo, thrusting harder, faster, again and again. I could feel myself close to orgasming but restrained the urge, relishing every groan from her beautiful lips. I continued, until finally exploding inside of her.

I collapsed on top of her with my chest pounding against hers. I kissed Sandra's lips and forehead, then moved onto my back beside her, still inhaling with deep, satisfied breaths. My hand rested on her thigh as we chatted. After ten minutes, I got up.

"More wine?" I asked, putting on my pants.

"Yes, please," she smiled.

"Do you mind if I have a shower?" She asked.

"Not at all."

I poured two glasses of wine and made my way into the bathroom with a fresh towel for her.

"Would you like to join me?" She asked.

"I'd love to."