



Cumlust Anal Beginnings

(MFF, orgy)

By Vanessa

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Well here I am again. I thought that after writing the details of `that' night of cum-soaked passion I'd be finished, but apparently not. Phil, my husband wants to see all my exploits in print., as do a few other people who have responded to that story. Not that I have that many exploits! (I wish I did) But the few that I mentioned in `Cum-Lust' anyway - written once again in the `third person' (for reasons of my own). Like the story of how I lost my anal virginity at the tender age of 16, and first developed my unusual (to most, but not to me) taste for cum...

Vanessa woke up from her light slumber and got out of bed. Apart from a slight headache, she was feeling much better than she had at 6 o'clock that morning when she first rose. She had looked, and felt terrible, so her mother had sent her straight back to bed.

"Stay home from school today. I'll be back late today anyway and so will Dad, so you've got the house to yourself. Sleep, rest, and get better. Call me if you need me, but if not, see you tonight." That was it, Vanessa had mumbled a vague reply, and stumbled back to bed. She had fallen asleep again the moment her head hit the pillow. Now, it was going on 11:30 and she was wide awake and feeling fine.

She drew herself a bath and soaked in that for as long as she could stand it and wished that Chloe was with her. Chloe was her best friend – her very best friend in fact, as their relationship had recently moved up a notch or two after an incredible evening of steamy (and completely unplanned) lesbian sex, followed by several repeat incidents.

They had both developed a taste for each other, and indulged themselves as often as they could – which was not nearly as often as they would have liked! Just thinking



about it made her tingle, and she had to restrain herself from rubbing her pussy as she shaved her legs and pubic hair. Her older sister had introduced her to the practice of shaving her vagina when she had started wearing smaller bikini's, and Vanessa liked the feel of it (so did Chloe) so she always ensured she was smooth and silky all over.

She finished her bath, dressed herself in a light singlet top and a snug fitting pair of gym shorts, and was making herself something to eat when she saw her next door neighbor, Max through the large kitchen window. He was a good friend of her parents, a gifted electrician who was had taken early retirement due to a medical problem with one of his legs or something –Vanessa was not sure. She did know that he was a pretty funny and interesting bloke to be around, even though he was twice her age, and then some.

He saw her looking at him through her window and waved – and then pulled a funny face before he disappeared into the large workshop from which he now worked. She laughed, shaking her head and made an impromptu decision to saunter down there and see what to.

"How ya' going Max?" she asked him, and he beamed when he saw her, and invited her in to the workshop. They chatted for a while; she helped him fix something by holding a screwdriver in place somewhere while he fiddled with something. She had no idea, but she was having fun.

"I'm sorry to say that I have to go and pick up some parts" he said after they had finished, "Simone will be out all day but you are welcome to hand here till I get back if you are bored – saves me having to lock up and so forth. I should be back in about an hour or so." Vanessa didn't mind staying there and made herself comfortable on the small lounge he had at the back of the workshop after he left. He practically lived there – it was equipped with TV, VCR and even a small kitchenette for making coffee and so forth.

Pretty soon however, she got bored with `Popular Mechanics" and chucked the magazine she been reading on the table. As she moved, she noticed that the seat she was sitting on moved with her and that it was in fact a lid to a large glory box type of thing converted that doubled as a lounge. She opened the lid out of pure curiosity and found herself staring at a box full of pornographic books, magazines and videos.

Trembling, she took one out – a magazine called `Lesbian



Lust' with two beautiful women on the cover, engaged in a very graphic 69. She couldn't put it down, and began to read, instantly feeling herself growing wet. The next one was an even more hardcore magazine, showing more girls having sex in all kinds of positions. She picked up a video, its title unreadable as it was in German or something - but its cover was pretty clear in what it contained.

After a moment's hesitation, she looked at the clock and slipped the video into the VCR. She had never seen anything like this. Beautiful women were sucking and fucking a steady stream of well endowed, hunky guys, taking them in their mouths, pussies and even their arseholes! Cum flew every where - in every scene some gorgeous model would wind up drenched in layers of thick white goo. She couldn't help wondering what it would all feel like.

She was entranced and glanced quickly at the clock as her hands began to roam all over her own body. Plenty of time, she thought, not realizing or noticing that the clock had in fact stopped about 15 minutes before, it's battery flat. She was far too engrossed in the video, the magazines, and now her own rising passion as she pushed her gym shorts all the way down, and lifted her shirt top so she could caress her own breasts.

Her fingers found her wet pussy and slipped deep inside, her eyes never leaving the TV screen as she began to rub herself faster and faster. She totally forgot where she was and in frustration at not being able to fully spread her legs, actually removed her shorts and soaking wet panties altogether.

"I can't believe I'm doing this" she whispered to herself, as she mimicked the image on screen and pushed first two, then three fingers deep inside herself. She pinched her nipples, squeezed her breasts and caressed herself all over, moaning, panting, and even giggling to herself.

"I'm fingering myself in my neighbor's shed!" Yet she couldn't stop. She wanted to come now and her orgasm was fast approaching, so she began to pump faster. "Oh yeah," she moaned, "That feels goooood!" She never even heard nor saw Max come back in until he was standing right beside her, watching this beautiful young teenage girl furiously masturbating on his lounge, in his shed.

"Need some help?" he asked, and Vanessa nearly fainted



from shock, surprise and embarrassment. Giving a surprised yelp, she hastily withdrew her fingers and frantically made to reach for her clothes but he stopped her. "It's okay," he said, "what you're doing is perfectly normal. But we have to finish it – you were almost `there' and if you stop now, you will end up with massive stomach cramps, trust me."

She was still too embarrassed and aroused to say anything, so just nodded and he grabbed her hand and placed it back between her legs. "Go on" he said softly, but she was too self conscious now, so he gently moved her hand away, and replaced it with his own. "Do you mind?" he asked, looking her in the eye. She shook her head, (almost imperceptibly) then tilted it back in pleasure as his fingers began to caress her. Within seconds she was back where she had been before he walked in. His thick fingers were surprisingly nimble and skilled, she moaned softly as he pushed two or three into her. Then suddenly he stopped and now positioned himself between her widespread legs and knelt down.

"Oh nooooo," she gasped as he began to use his tongue on her instead, sending her spiraling off on waves of pleasure as he probed his tongue deep inside her hot wet pussy. Not only that, but he soon began exploring her tight, burning anal opening with his tongue and his fingers, delving three or four of them deep into her virgin passage.

The sensations washing over her body were now so strong that she had no desire to stop him there. To her own surprise she was actually enjoying it, and she knew that he knew that she was. As she began to climax, she knew then that he would soon be fucking her, and she knew that she would let him. Again and again he made her body shake until he finally released her. He smiled at her as he stood up, his face drenched in her cum juices. "You okay?" he asked. She nodded and smiled, still breathing heavily and he removed his shirt.

She watched him curiously. He was a big man – not fat but solid, muscled, with what she had heard her mother say, `rugged good looks.' Her eyes traversed down his body and she took a deep breath when she saw the huge erection straining to be released from his jeans. She had only had sex with a boy once, a complete unmitigated disaster and she had sworn never to do it again, which was why Chloe had become such a welcome relief.



But here was a man, big, solid, imposing and obviously very skilled in how to pleasure a woman. She almost licked her lips in anticipation. Moments later, he revealed his mammoth cock to her. He had gently pulled her forward by her hand until she was sitting at eye level to his groin and now she had his enormous cock right in front of her face. She took a deep breath, her mind reeling with awakening passion and lust, and took him in her mouth.

A thick drop of pre-cum clung to his bulbous head and she tasted it. Sweet, sticky, but strangely enticing. She took more of him in her mouth and liked the feel of his hardness on her tongue. She stroked him with her hand, tracing the thick vein with her thumb, slowly pumping the shaft while she gradually took more of him into her mouth, just as she had seen performed on the movie she had been watching.

Faster and faster she went, growing rapidly accustomed to the long slab of meat in her mouth. She liked it – a lot, and would have happily continued all the way if he had not stopped her.

"Whoa!" he panted, "keep that up and I'll end up cumming in your mouth."

She reluctantly released him. The thought of him cumming in her mouth was not that abhorrent to her. In fact, she was now strangely curious as to what it would be like. He took her hand again and this time guided her onto the long, narrow coffee table, sweeping magazines and cups carelessly onto the floor, and laid her on it, on her back. "Are you going to fuck me?" she asked.

"Would you like that?" She nodded and he checked again, "are you okay with that?"

"Yeah" she whispered, "I'm definitely okay with that. It's okay; I'm not a virgin – just." She quickly told him about her disappointing experience with a boy from school while he stroked her pussy (and anus) again, and then began smearing his cock with a thick coating of lubricant from a nearby cupboard. "Why are you doing that?" she asked, curious.

"I can't fuck your pussy, much as I'd love to," he said, "it's too dangerous – I'm just too close to cumming and neither of us wants you pregnant do we?" She nodded uncertainly, her breathing once again ragged and shallow.



"So that means..."

"I'm going to have to fuck you in the arse instead." He was between her legs and already positioning his cock as that statement sunk in. Sensing her panic, he gently kissed her, caressing her breasts and nuzzling her neck.



"Relax" he whispered, "I am very, very good at it, and I know you are going to absolutely LOVE it. Just do exactly as I say, alright?" Panting, trembling with both fear and anticipation, she nodded.

"Okay." And with that, she suddenly felt her anal opening spreading apart as his well lubricated cock-head began to push inside. She had heard people talk about this at school, how gross, how awkward, how painful it was all meant to be, but in that instant, she felt only a rising exhilaration that grew as more and more of his massive pole invaded her tight back passage.

She thanked Chloe silently for her bizarre obsession with the same, for her probing fingers and tongue that had so frequently explored and titillated that area. It was the perfect preparation for what she was now experiencing. Max was as good as he said he was. He took his time, a long time, driving her mad with a strange and new desire born from this strange and new sensation.

He seemed to know every curve of her bowels, and eased himself into her so carefully, and so skillfully that Vanessa felt little more than mild discomfort as her anus slowly distended to accept this foreign object, despite its vast girth and length. She wanted to feel every inch of him, he had been right, she was LOVING it. It made her feel dirty and slutty, yet bold and adventurous, nasty, but uninhibited.



"Oh yeah, that feels good. Fuck my aaaaaaaaaaaaaarse!" The words came tumbling out unchecked as another inch or two slipped inside her. She was fucking him back without even knowing it, pushing downwards with her hips as he pushed forward in her eagerness to completely swallow his entire length.

At last the moment came, and she exclaimed loudly when his balls squished against her thighs, his entire cock stuffed inside her tight teen arsehole. But instead of beginning to pound her then and there, he rocked backwards and forwards against her, moving just an inch

or two of his cock, slowly building up momentum.

Vanessa had never felt sensation so intense, she was cumming but she didn't know how, even though she did know he had been rubbing her clit during the invasion of her anus. This orgasm though, seemed to come from within her very bowels, moving through the membrane that separated her pussy from her arse and spilling out in a stilted, almost electric wave of pleasure. She could deny it no longer, she wanted more.



"Please, fuck me, fuck my arse Max, fuck it HARD, I want know how it feels, please, please fuck me as hard as you can, I can take it, I swear, just please fuck me hard!!" That was more than even Max could take, he had never known a girl so openly uninhibited this way.

Grunting, his own orgasm now very close anyway, he began to thrust harder and deeper into the young teenage girl's willing body, until he was literally pounding her so hard that they both nearly fell off the table. Vanessa stifled a scream as another orgasm rocked her body. This was indescribable.

When Max suddenly stopped and withdrew, she nearly cried out in frustration, but he was only re-positioning her on the table, this time on her hands and knees. She obeyed his instructions willingly and eagerly and soon he was pounding her again, this time from behind – even deeper.

Vanessa came and came and came. And then she felt Max increase his pace even more, himself grunting hard, his hands on either thigh, driving himself ferociously into her amazed at how unbelievably hard she was allowing him to pound her fragile, hitherto virgin arse. And then he too, was cumming.



Vanessa felt his cock surge, and then there was an explosion of hot liquid deep within her bowels. Jet after jet after jet of searing hot cum pumped into her narrow passage, splashing her insides, gushing out past his still pistoning cock, pumping, pumping, pumping.

Max was nearly screaming too, Vanessa moaned, relishing the sensation of her bowels being flooded with his hot, thick cum. It seemed to go on forever, an endless eruption, but finally it stopped and Max's pounding subsided, slowed, stopped. They stayed still for a long time, both panting, gasping for breath. Vanessa's thighs were soaked



with her own juices, and strings of cum that was beginning to trickle from her arse as Max very carefully, very gently withdrew his softening cock.

Twenty minutes or so later, Vanessa stood under the shower, still in stunned, but pleasant disbelief at what she had just done. Max had been almost apologetic, but she had managed to reassure him that she had no misgivings, and he had sent her off to get cleaned up. So they had dressed and she left, her pussy and anus tingling pleasantly - the latter leaking a steady flow of thick cum as she walked the short distance to her house. And now, in the shower, her arousal was soon rekindled, as was her curiosity.

She remembered the way his hands had felt all over her body, and she traced his `tracks', feeling her full, round breasts, down to her flat, trim stomach and narrow waist and lower. Her fingers found the sticky wetness between her thighs, several long trails of brilliant white semen that had leaked from her overflowing anus, trickling almost as far down as her knees. She scooped it up, coating her fingers and brought them to her lips, slipping them into her mouth before any misgivings could take hold.

Like anal sex, she had heard so much from the older girls at school about how disgusting cum was to taste. But to Vanessa, at that moment, this could not have been further from the truth. It had a strong, pervasive taste, sure – made a little muskier now that it had been `inside' her. But it also had a definite sweetness to it, a sublime, subtle taste. It was the actual fact of having semen in her mouth, of tasting it, of drinking it, that made it not only palatable to her, but deviously, decadently delicious, like chocolate to someone on a strict diet. She found herself liking it, and liking it a LOT!



"Mmmmm" she murmured as her hand crept between her legs and scooped up more of the sinful liquid. Her other hand strayed to her pussy, and she began rubbing herself again while she licked her fingers clean once more, filling her mouth as much as she could with Max's sticky ejaculate. She licked her lips, her eyes closed in bliss as she swallowed and masturbated to the taste of it. When she opened her eyes, startled by a noise at the bathroom door, she found herself looking at Max. For the second time that day he had caught her naked, and pleasuring herself.

"Need some help?" he asked again, just as he had done the first time and she tried to look away again, ashamed at what he had just seen her do. But he simply stepped forwards, stripping his shirt off as he came towards her. He began unbuckling his pants again. "You like the taste of that?" he asked softly, and she shrugged, then nodded, then giggled and bit her lip nervously. Her hand was still between her legs and the musky scent of her arousal was unmistakable in the small room.

"That's good. I'm glad you do. It's alright to enjoy it you know, that's perfectly cool."



She nodded again and he took her hand and led her out of the shower after he stripped of his pants. "Do you want some more?" he asked with an evil grin, and she gave him one in return. Her hand clasped his rock hard cock and she started to kneel down in front of him. "No" he said, pulling her close, "I'm going to fuck you first, then I'm going to cum in your mouth!"

The words were barely passed his lips when he hoisted her thighs up around his waist and pushed her against the bathroom wall. With one well guided thrust his throbbing cock plunged into her steaming cunt and she instantly cried out in pleasure.

"Oh yes!!!!!" she wailed, and Max slammed into her again. No gradual build up this time, no gentle prodding – her pussy was hot, sopping wet and hungry and ready and in desperate need of a brutal pounding. She came instantly, splashing his thighs with her hot liquid and after several more thrusts he pulled out of her pussy with an audible `pop' and they both slid to the floor.

He began to furiously rub her still swollen, still `boiling' pussy but guided her head, firmly towards his loins. "Suck my cock now" he demanded, and she obeyed. His fingers never left her pussy, ensuring she stayed in her advanced state of uninhibited ness, and she engulfed his huge cock. Although it was only the second time that she had ever had a cock in her mouth, she instinctively knew what to do, spurred on by pure, unadulterated lust and desire. This time she knew there would be no stopping, so she stroked him furiously, her head bobbing hungrily up and down, her lips noisily clasp around his engorged, throbbing shaft.

She sucked him hungrily and anxiously, wanting his climax as much as he did. Without realizing it, she was taking



more and more of him into her mouth, not gagging, not choking, just completely enthralled by what she was doing.

"Holy cow, the little bitch is deep-throating me!" thought Max (he told me later, with an apology for the `bitch' part) and he was unable to resist gently but firmly pushing her head down even further as his orgasm neared. Then it happened, with a long, loud groan he pushed his meaty cock up so hard that his balls literally squashed against her chin, and unleashed the full strength of his climax into her mouth. Vanessa could not believe what was happening. Her mouth, her throat, was full of cock, and suddenly that cock was pumping one high pressure jet of boiling cum into her.

With nowhere to go she swallowed the first salvo in one massive gulp, by which time the second one was already spilling out of her mouth and over Max's balls and thighs. She had to let go of his cock. Gasping for breath and swallowing at the same time, she slid her mouth of his still pumping cock. Splat, splat, splat – the streams were now blasting onto her face instead, splattering unevenly all over her cheeks, her chin and her nose.

She gasped, realized she was cumming herself (again) and decided that she liked the sublimely `naughty' feeling of cum on her face as much as she enjoyed its salty-sweet taste in her mouth. She now had herself composed enough to hold his cock and direct the next few spurts onto her outstretched tongue, ladling them down her eager throat.



"I am such a slut," she thought, "I must look like something out of one of them pornos." Still she did not let this thought deter her from enjoying the experience, and continued toying with the throbbing, spurting cock in her hand until at last, every drop was spent. Her mouth was full, it dripped from her chin and was splayed everywhere on her face and tits.

She shuddered in devious delight and savored every drop her tongue caught, and somewhere in her mind the thought surfaced that she was probably rather unique amongst women for her enjoyment of not just anal sex, but cum swallowing. "Nothing wrong with being unique" she thought happily and smiled sweetly at Max as at last her own orgasmic state subsided and she licked the last of his cum from his cock. "That was nice...." she said, "I love cum."



Well, that's where it ended. We managed to talk a bit over the next few days but that was about it. Max felt guilty about seducing a 16 year old girl, even when I pointed out that I had actually seduced myself, and he just happened to come along at the right time. Were it not for the fact that I had responded with such uninhibited lust and desire, he said he would never have gone as far as we did, but he couldn't justify doing it again, despite the fact that he and I had both enjoyed it immensely.

He'd forever see himself as some kind of manipulative sleaze bag if we continued, plus the fact that, after all he was a married man kind of put paid to the whole thing. I had to respect him for that. So we did not have sex any more, although he made me promise to come and see him – if we were still around – when I turned 18, which is more or less what I did – albeit once only.

Was it good? You bet ya!



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