

Amy Moaned

Lord Koga

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**ADULT CONTENT
FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS AND OLDER**

Amy Moaned

“I just don’t like skinny fat chicks,” was the last thing the monster dickhead I called my boyfriend said before taking the last of his crap and fleeing from our apartment several months ago.

“Skinny fat chicks?” I thought, standing naked in the mirror that night after dickhead left, noticing the slight curved rounds of my abs over my snug tanned flesh; the hint of my ribcage pressing outwards across the sides of my body. “Hmm,” I grunted, rolling one of my hands over my sharply curved breasts, the tips of my fingers beating against my pink, roused nipple as my other hand snaked between my inner thighs. Tangling my fingers into my dark pubic mound before driving deeply into my heated insides, “I guess I could use a little toning.” I thought, not really needing it I know, but still, the idea of being called fat and skinny by the man you f’ed and saw you naked last does linger on your mind or rather at least, it did with me.

Hence, as the weeks of self-loathing passed, I found myself joining a local gym and even taking it upon myself to sign up for my first ever aerobics class. I guess you could say that was how it came to be, how I came to find myself lusting over the flesh and touch of another

woman. Something, oddly enough I never ever considered or really gave much thought about until that day I saw her on the other side of the aerobics room.

Her name was Amy and she was a college student who had come to the gym looking to tone up after her live-in lover dumped her over a similar situation. Yet, just like me, she wasn't fat, she wasn't overweight, in fact her body was very tight, sharp and breathtaking.

It was odd at first as I watched her from afar, her body moving with such perfection and rhythm. I found myself comparing her physically to the typical man I would get all wet over. The type of guy I would drop my panties for before even knowing his name. Like I said, it was odd. It was my first time looking at another woman in that kind of way, and I have to admit that at times, when the sweat poured down the sharply curved rounds of her breasts through her white t-shirt. I found myself acting like a typical male in heat; the kind of guy that smacks his lips and touches his cock through his shorts, as he becomes intensely turned on and horny.

"That workout was intense, I've become so much more flexible now than I ever was when I was dating the jerk," Amy said that day after class had ended, her large, bright crystal blue eyes gazing deeply into me, sweat pouring down the sides of her face as her body shook excitedly. "I just love how I can feel almost every muscle in my body bursting with enjoyment right now," she said ecstatically, "can't wait to see how great I am in bed again."

"Every muscle huh?" I asked, not really thinking of how it might have come across or how I said it. My mind not really paying too much attention to her words as she continued to slowly inhale and exhale. Each time allowing me to see the tightness of her flesh washed softly over her ribcage.

"Well... there may be one that needs... some added attention," she whispered hungrily, gazing deeply into my eyes once more, this time more serious than ever before. "I...I," I stuttered, my heart fluttering as she continued to gaze into my eyes. Her stare so penetration it felt like she could see right through me, as if she knew all along I was watching her lustfully from across the way.

"You what?" she asked teasingly, her voice quiet and muggy, as if trying to hide her true self from the other girls that quickly walked out of the room. I could see one of her hands slowly trailing over her sweat drenched T-shirt, cupping her hand over her breast as her fingers stroked over her hardened nipples, which pressed out from her shirt.

"I...," I said again, I could feel my pussy heating up, aching for her touch, for her sweet savory lips and tongue upon my insides. I felt like a virgin in high school all over again, gazing shyly into her lust-filled eyes, the warmth of my own body tearing through me. Experiencing a completely new sensation, a desire for flesh I never felt before.

"I..., I think I need to go take a long cold shower," I said, quickly grabbing my gear as I walked into a completely empty changing room. "Where... where the hell is everybody?" I

gasped, expecting to see more than just me in the room only to hear Amy come up from behind, her voice heating me up even more.

“Isn’t it great... you chose a gym near the college,” Amy giggled as she walked behind me and to her locker. I could hear the locker door creaking open as she continued. “Mid-terms are coming up; a lot of times this place is pretty dead cause the girls that go here will only do the class and then leave to study.” Amy said. “Might be the best time to take a long HOT shower even,” she added.

“Really,” I sighed, opening my locker, suddenly seeing her back towards me in my locker mirror, catching a hint of Amy’s seductive smile as she watched me remove my sweatpants through her own mirror.

“Damn it,” I paused for a moment, hesitating to the ideas of what was to come if we both stood naked in front of each other. “Do I... do I really want to swing this way?” I asked myself as I slowly rolled the tips of my fingers over my damp cotton panties. “Can I... can I actually go down on another woman? Can I really press my tongue into her hot, damp insides?” I thought as the tips of my fingers roamed back and forth across my hips.

“Well,” I heard Amy purr shyly as I looked back at her through the mirror, amazed at the sight that stood behind me.

“Shit,” I whimpered to myself, knowing at that moment that if I were a man, my cock would have been rock hard and standing at full attention to the site I saw behind me. There she stood mere feet away from me, facing me with that halfcocked smile, knowing the thoughts fluttering through my mind.

“I think,” Amy said as she purposely paused, allowing me to watch as one of her hands glided up her tanned body, cupping one of her breast tightly in her hands, crushing it against her chest only to roll the tip of her tongue over her aroused nipple. Her other hand snaking down between her muscular tight thighs as she pressed two of her fingers roughly into her bare, shaved opening, slapping her thumb over her clit.

“I... I think I need that shower now,” Amy sighed, walking slowly away from me, rocking her hips erotically from side-to-side, letting me see the firm rounds of her tanned ass before disappearing into one of the private enclosed stalls. I could hear the showerhead in her stall turn on as pillars of hot mist slowly rose up towards the ceiling, followed by a long, drawn out moan from Amy.

“Fucking hell,” I said to myself, pulling my panties down around my ankles and stepping out of them. “Damn it... Shit,” I said several more times, I could feel my body giving into each of Amy’s long, deep moans which seemed to echo and reverberate across the empty locker room. Each moan, each high-pitched gasp, sending heated chills down my body, causing me to sigh to the pleasures quickly consuming me.

“Fuck it,” I grunted taking off my t-shirt, felling the rush of warm damp air rounding my breasts as I finally accepting what I wanted most at that moment. “Life is full of first times,” I heard myself say as I gazed deeply into my mirror, staring at my body as my hands scrolled over my sweat covered flesh. “I need this no more than ever,” I hissed, wetting my lips with my tongue, taking a deep breath, “No, scratch that... I want this.” I sighed excitedly, penetrating myself with my fingers, feeling the sweltering heat of my own erotic juices heavily flooding my fingers.

It was at that moment the torment inside me took over and I found myself standing in front of her stall. Without knocking, without asking or really giving her a chance to respond I rushed into her stall, pushing the door open, quickly stepping in.

“Hey there,” Amy purred seductively as the hot spray washed over both our bodies. Her shimmering blue eye gazing into my own as she continued to play with her pussy, driving three of her fingers in and out of her wetness, cupping one of her breasts firmly with her other hand. “What took you so...,” she breathed heavily, unable to utter another word as I pressed my lips rough against hers, kissing another woman for the first time in my life. I could feel the warmth, the heat of her moist sweet lips crushing into my own, taste the savory flavors of her tongue sheathing over me.

“Fuck,” I gasped as I broke away from the kiss for only a second, quickly roping one of my arms around her, my hand firmly cupping one of her ass cheeks, circling my fingers around her asshole.

“Mmm, kinky your first time out,” Amy moaned deeply, cupping my breasts into her hands, raking the tips of her fingers over my nipples as her other hand quickly slid between my thighs, penetrating my hot, moist pussy with her fingers.

“Fuck... fuck yes,” I yelp, arching my head towards the fluorescent lighting, gasping for breath, barely able to speak, Amy slammed me against the back of the shower. The boiling hot spray rained down over my body as she took me like a sex-crazed man.

Her lips gliding down my neck and then to my chest, feasting on my breasts, I could feel her slowly sliding down my body. Feel the rage of lust, of intense fire and brutal animalistic yearning rising up inside me as she continued further down my body. I was awestruck by these feelings, these emotions, for no man had ever stirred them up inside me so quickly before.

“Mmm,” Amy purred against my stomach, her hands gliding down my sides before cupping the rounds of my ass into her hands. “Mmm,” she moaned again, falling between my thighs as she gazed lustfully at my wet, raven-haired pussy. It was then in that moment that I felt her, felt the flick of a woman’s tongue draping across the outside of pink lined pussy.

“Fuck... Amy,” I gasped, bracing myself against the back of the shower as she raised one of my legs over her shoulders. “Amy... I... I...,” I gasped, only to feel her middle finger lashing

into me, her lips and tongue gliding over my clitoris. “Fuck...,” I yelped, the feeling of her tasting my flavor overtaking my every thought.

“Mmmm... so delicious,” Amy gasped before thrusting her fingers deeply back into my throbbing pussy. Arching her fingers upward, she found my weakness like a pro, stabbing them across the roof of my pussy, forcing an overwhelming sense of euphoria to wash across me as my pussy contracted hard and fast.

“Fuck... yes... Amy,” I grunted, biting down on my bottom lip, my insides coiled around her fingers as she continued to ram them deeply into me, her lips and tongue lashing over my clit, building me to completion as I came all over her fingers.

Looking down between my thighs, I watched as Amy pressed her lips over my opening, her tongue scooping out my heated nectar, sucking it into her mouth. “That was good for your first time,” she whimpered. One of her hands gliding over the rounds of my ass as her other slid up the side of my body, quickly cupping my breast.

“I...I,” I gasped, the feelings inside me continually washing over me as the hot streams of water sustained the pleasure of my sexual release.

“You?” Amy sighed, standing up only to quickly lather my body with soap as she waited for me to continue.

“I... I didn't get to,” I grunted, amazed that I was able to say anything as a sudden burst of shame mixed with an intense erotic pleasure came over me.

“There's still tonight,” Amy hissed, lathering the soap over my breasts before snaking her hand back down my body, her fingers grazing across my swollen clitoris.

“Tonight?” I asked, widening my eyes only to watch as she scrolled her tongue over her lips.

“Like I said earlier, I can't wait to see how flexible I am in bed again,” Amy purred.

Little did I know then that my life as a woman was going to change; little did I know then what it meant to like both guys and skinny fat chicks.