



It was such fun having a secret lover. Ever since Abby had arrived at St Mary's two months ago, she'd had her eye on Owen, and he the same back. He made her warm and giggly and everything just fell into place a few weeks ago when he kissed her. Just the other day, Owen told her he'd never felt this way about anyone before or even had a real girlfriend.

She never had sex before, and Owen only had a couple of times years prior. But four days ago they did it for the first time in one of the empty rooms, and it'd been amazing. Abby couldn't help but think about him and the way he felt in her since. Now beyond just him always making her smile, her mouth watered when she saw him. Owen was all she could think about. But she still had her duties to attend to as a Firefly and no one else could know, especially not her dad.

Abby's shift finally ended and she knew Owen's did at the same time. As planned, he was going to wait for her by the south exit and meet up with her.

TWITTER: VVET3D



“Psst” she heard him call. Abby spotted him and grinned, half jogging up to him.

“Hey!” she greeted before being pulled in close for a kiss. Owen gripped her body tight, one hand moved to the front of her shirt and held her breast. Abby blushed at his forwardness, he normally kept it cool.

Owen leaned his head down, exhaling hard, “I kept thinking about you all day.”

“Me too,” Abby admitted. Just being near him and holding him was starting to make her wet.

Owen gave her a light squeeze on her side, and then dropped his hand down to hold hers for a second.

“Let’s find a room.”

They went down the halls, peeking in the rooms for a good one. Finding a largely intact and cleanish looking one, Abby pulled Owen by the hand inside. The tall teen shut the door with his other hand and turned to kiss Abby fiercely, holding her close and kissing her as if he’d been starved for it. Abby did her best to keep up, opening her mouth to let in his tongue and pawing at his shirt.



Owen leaned his head to the side to stop and guided her to a chair in the room. He sat down with a plop and wiped the dust off it. Abby glanced around, she supposed it was better than the old hospital bed.

“Sit on my lap, babe,” Owen offered, and with a shy smile Abby obeyed and went over to sit on him. She hoped it wasn’t uncomfortable for him, that she wasn’t too boney or heavy, but Owen seemed happy and leaned in to kiss her again. It was turning her on so much how he was leading the way.

Their makeout seemed to spice up a bit as Owen moved his hand to the crotch of her pants, rubbing her over the fabric. Abby hummed and wrapped an arm around his shoulders. After a moment his other hand wandered to her shirt and Owen pulled it up revealing her tummy and lacy red bra. Owen paused to look and admire her.

“You were wearing something so sexy this whole time? You’re such a bad girl, Abigail.”

Abby felt a tinge of self consciousness, “How am I bad if I’m doing it just for you?” She played with the collar of his shirt. “Shouldn’t that make me good?”

Owen gazed intently at her, “Yeah, you’re right. You’re a good girl. But good or bad,” he began rubbing her crotch again over the pants in circles. “I’ll take either one.”

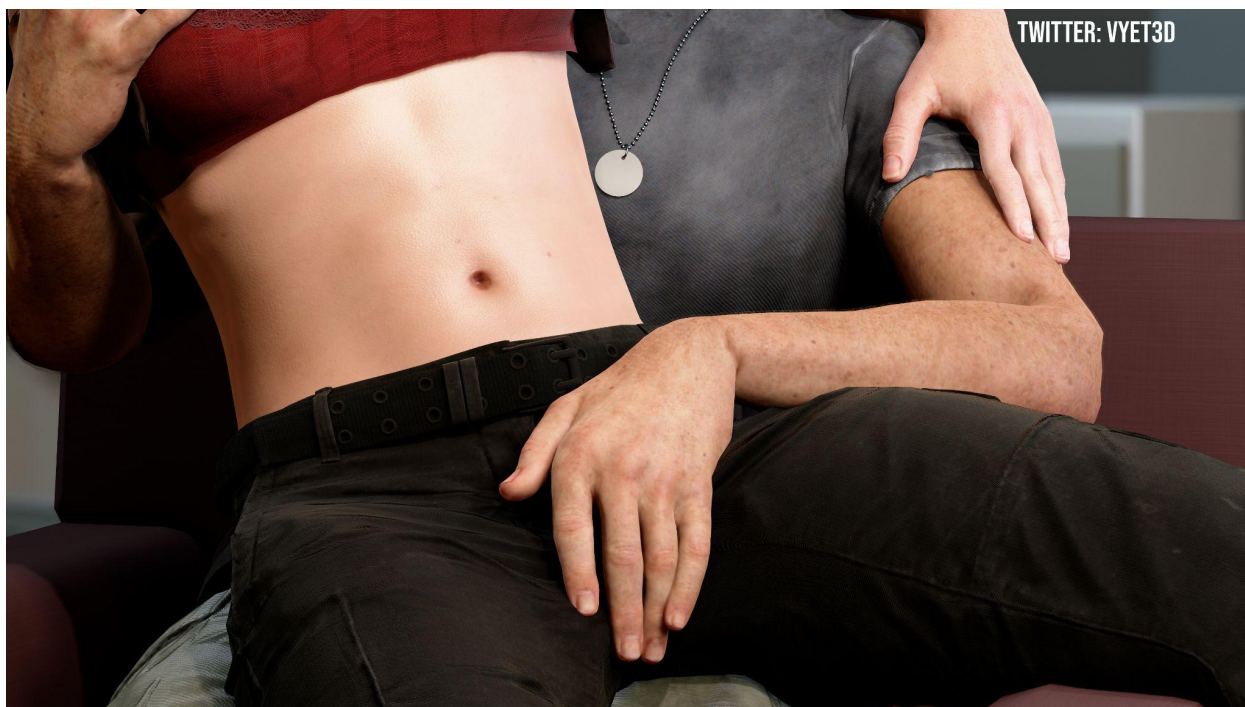


Abby bit her lip and kissed Owen again, desperate for more feeling. She then brought back her hands and undid her belt, then struggled to pull her pants over her thighs and ass which were thickening with muscles from the tireless training she'd been doing.

Abby then pulled up and over her shirt leaving her in just her red, silky underwear. She remembered finding this set at an abandoned store on the way to Salt Lake. She'd discreetly tucked them in her bag, hoping no one noticed. Abby always did kinda of like pretty or girly clothes, it's just she was never in the environment to wear them. She always had to be ready to be down and dirty, though sometimes she'd dream what it'd be like in the old world, hanging out in something flowy and soft at the park with her friends.

Abby's daydreams were interrupted by Owen's strong fingers now rubbing her crotch over her thin panties, she could feel the warmth of his hand over the thin layer of fabric. When Owen had done that during their first time, he'd driven her crazy with anticipation. It seemed they were both at a point though that the teasing needed to go further.

"Take them off," she told him.



“You’re so wet.” He murmured and Abby inhaled sharply.
“Because I want you so bad.” Abby responded and bit her lip. Owen moved his hand in and out, and her slick pussy squelched. Abby groaned and gripped his shoulder ducking her head. His fingers were thick and he curled them in her as she moaned.
“Fuck....” Abby whimpered, she made eye contact with Owen and it was almost intimidating, he seemed so dominant.

Then he pulled out his fingers and Abby opened her mouth in protest. Owen responded by sticking the digit he'd had in her into her mouth. Abby began to suck them as she figured that's what he wanted. She tasted sweet on his skin.



“Damn, you are such a good girl,” Owen hummed, his pupils were wide. He pulled out his hand and began to shimmy down his pants. His cock, Abby thought, pressing her thighs together. She wanted it.

Owen pulled out his thick member and rubbed it vertically against her pussy. Abby adjusted herself on his lap. “Where’d you learn all this, Goober?” She asked, putting a hand on his face.

Owen tilted his head. “Porno DVD’s. That and Manny telling me shit in great detail. It’s way better in real life though.”

“Are you gonna fuck me hard?” Abby teased. He’d been gentle the first time but she could handle it. She was almost trembling next to his cock.

“You want that, don’t you?” He purred, putting a hand on around her jaw.

His cock was hot and grew rock hard as she could feel it pulse next to her. She was getting so wet.

“Yes... please put it in me,” she whispered to him. “I want it.”



“Hmm,” hummed Owen, giving her a confident smirk. He hooked a thumb through the back of Abby’s bra and gave it a tug, undoing the clasp. Abby gasped as it came loose and Owen leaned forward to give her chest and nipple kisses.

Abby moaned and held the back of his head as he kissed her. He was teasing her so much it was torture, Abby grasped at his cock, craving at least some friction. Owen growled and Abby pressed herself up against him. “Put it in me,” she practically begged.

Owen shifted them both and leaned back to align himself up with Abby’s entrance. Abby lifted herself up and could feel the head pushing to get into her. Her nails dug into Owen’s shoulder and she gasped as the slickness of her pussy allowed his dick to slide in. Abby scrunched her face and toes as he slid in deeper and deeper until Abby was sat all the way down in her lover’s lap, him pressed against her. Abby let out a dangerously loud noise and threw back her head. Owen brought his hand around her thin waist to her clit, and Abby began to shift her hips around in circles with him in her.

“Happy now, baby?” Owen asked her in a low voice, and Abby moaned a “Yes!” and nodded.

It felt so good, Abby wanted to cum already. She was really enjoying this sex thing, it beat just sticking her fingers in herself and wishing they were someone else’s.

Abby got the urge to move around a bit more and adjust her weight to her limbs, moving her hips a bit more. Owen moved his grip to help her, the smack of their skin reverberating throughout the room.

Abby gripped the arm of the chair and used her legs to push herself up and down. Owen's cock went in her deep as she bounced up and down in her lover's lap. "Fuck, fuck..." Abby moaned.



Owen held her hips as she moved, but she moved one up to grab her breast as he thrust.

"Your tits are bouncing as much as your braid," he kneaded it, "I love your beautiful little tits."

"Mmmm," Abby hummed, appreciating the dirty talk. He just turned so possessive when he had sex, and she was loving it. Abby was also happy he found her attractive and it made her feel wanted. She found him very attractive as well, so handsome and tall. The sound of the bodies hitting together filled the room, Abby wasn't well versed in having penises in her, but his felt really good.

Abby leaned back into the seat and looked at Owen. He lifted up her leg and brought it in, moving his hips. This angle felt even better and Abby moaned needingly as she stared at him.

"You like how my cock feels?" Owen asked, his eyes full of lust.

"Yes!" Abby mewled with a gasp, she figured he'd like dirty talk back. "It's so big. It feels so fucking good, Owen."

Owen leaned in and kissed her ferociously. He then gripped her thigh and started thrust up rapidly and Abby squeaked against his mouth as she struggled to keep steady. She was getting close and moaning as it built.



Owen could tell and brought a hand to her clit, going in circles, the pressure was just what she needed.

“Fuck! Owen I’m gonna cum!” Abby buried her face into his neck, his pace was merciless as his balls slapped up against her and his length moved in and out.

“Owen! Oh my god, fuck! Owennnn!” She dug her nails into his shoulder.

He shouldn’t cum in me. Dad would be so mad if I got pregnant, she thought. But for some reason Abby didn’t care, and felt her orgasm take her over the edge as Owen thrust up in her rapidly. Abby squeezed her eyes shut and held onto him for stability and moaned as she felt the pleasure hit her in waves, the pressure from his hand and his cock stretching her magnifying the feeling.



“Owen... cum in me,” Abby groaned, her pussy was extremely sensitive from the orgasm, but it was what she wanted to feel. He’d pulled out the first time, shot his warm loads all over her tummy. But now Abby wanted him in her so bad.

“I want to cum in you too, goober,” Owen responded, but he seemed a little hesitant. “Do it, please!” Abby begged, burying her head into his neck and squeezing her nails again into his shoulder.

Her boyfriend grunted and clenched Abby’s hip hard as he moved her body to his liking. His cock twitched in her and was deep in her as it came its multiple loads. Owen cursed and groaned loudly and Abby felt him grip her tightly onto him as his hot cum began to fill her and then bubble out.

“Oh my god,” Abby gasped, unable to keep her thoughts straight. She could hardly believe she was in this position with someone. Three months ago she’d have never have guessed. But three months ago she wasn’t in love.



They stayed there for a minute, breathing hard. Eventually, Abby knew she had to get up and gingerly pushed herself off of Owen gasping as she felt him leave her body. Everything was so sensitive. Owen had gone semi-limp and watched her as she stood up naked, cum beginning to run down her leg.

Abby swore and took an old cloth to wipe it off. In her peripheral she saw Owen sit up.

“The way your ass jiggles, Abs... maybe there is a god.”

Abby snorted and gave him a look of disbelief. She tossed him the cloth as he looked like he needed it.

They put back on their underwear, but when Abby reached for her shirt, Owen grasped her forearm and guided her back to the chair. She let him pull her into his lap again, despite knowing they had to go soon or people would notice.

She put her legs up and Owen wrapped his arm around her bare legs and torso almost as if she were a baby.



“Hey, Goober,” Abby murmured to him with a smile. Owen’s face was relaxed but confident, “I love you,” he told her. “Sorry if that’s too early to say. I wanted to say it weeks ago, though.” Abby felt her stomach flutter, she almost felt like she was in one of those teen romances she used to read. In this hard world she lived in, maybe this was the closest thing she’d ever get to that. She was good with that. “I love you, too.”