Instinct & Improvisation
by theclaravoyant

Summary

Jemma is nervous about losing her virginity, and Bobbi is nervous about being her first, but these two have always had fun together and what else can I say? They love a challenge.

(Fluffy First Time smut, Rated M/E)

Notes

This fic was written for my meukinkbingo "First Time/Loss of Virginity" square, as well as for an Anon prompt "Simmorse + first time".

This is a softer dynamic than I usually write these two when it comes to smut, but I had fun. I hope you like it! You are welcome to prompt me as well (smutty or non smutty - @theclaravoyant on tumblr) but I will be prioritising prompts that help with my bingo squares.

Jemma Anne Simmons had never planned to be particularly late about losing her virginity; it had just sort of happened that way. She had flirted, of course, and had kissed the odd person. She had even dated, despite moving countries and pushing herself academically and generally not having a lot of time for such things, but none of her relationships had really turned into anything. Not that she
needed them to, she supposed; she was not overly attached to her virginity, nor did she feel that sex and love were necessarily intertwined. Her main goal, after giving it a great deal of thought, was that she simply did not want to regret her decision. She didn’t want to be drunk or not remember; she didn’t want to do it with somebody she would come to hate, and taint that memory forever. She wanted to have a good time, with somebody she could be proud of. That, she figured, was not too much to ask.

The trouble was - she realised, after she had mapped out this philosophy in the quiet of her best friend’s bedroom in the middle of the night – that without being able to see the future, how could she know who such a person might be? Fitz, romantic that he was, insisted that she would “just know”. Jemma, pragmatist that she was, of course did not believe him. At least, not until tonight.

She and Bobbi were alone in Bobbi’s apartment, where she seemed to spend more time than her own of late. She had paused the movie they were watching, this being the fifth time so far that Bobbi had gotten up to check her phone or go to the bathroom or, apparently, to pace around the kitchen for no reason at all. Jemma was starting to get a little concerned, as there was obviously something on her mind, but still she was somehow blindsided when the words finally made it out:

“Jemma,” Bobbi asked. “Do you want to have sex with me?”

“Hm?” Jemma blinked, bewildered, and Bobbi shook her head, fighting a sudden instinct to backpedal wildly.

“Sounds kind of ridiculous, doesn’t it?” she joked, with a nervous laugh. “I didn’t mean tonight, by the way. I guess I mean, tonight if you want, but um – well, it’s just – I was wondering how you might um. How you might feel about um. Having sex. With me. You know, as a concept.”

Blushing again, Bobbi glanced downward. Her getup was just as soft as she was, in an old band shirt and flannel pyjama bottoms with blue clouds on them, always just a little too short for her long, muscled legs. It was an oddly vulnerable look on the woman – valedictorian, triple threat, and renowned social butterfly – and Jemma found herself blushing too, and smiling at the endearing sight.

But underneath the fluffy amusement and joy, Jemma was surprised to find a deeper running current. She and Bobbi had been dating almost six months now – in fact, she now realised, almost six months to the day – and maybe the current came from the stability of their relationship. Maybe it came from the sense of safety she felt around Bobbi; never belittled or dismissed, never made or allowed to feel inferior because she was younger and less experienced; never pushed further, in physical contact or otherwise, than she had ever wanted to go. Maybe it was both these things, all of them and more. She didn’t have time in this brief moment of introspection, to examine each and every one of them, but just as Fitz had promised, the answer to Bobbi’s question was clear. She knew.

“Yes,” she said, a little breathless as the realisation fell from her tongue.

Bobbi sighed – “oh, thank God,” – and Jemma blushed apologetically at having left her hanging for so long.

“I’m sorry I’m being so weird about it,” Bobbi explained, cringing a little, “but I’ve been trying to schmooze you into it the last couple weeks and you haven’t really been picking up what I’ve been putting down, and so – I just, I wondered – but like I said, it doesn’t have to be tonight. I just wanted to put it out there. On the table. But okay, yeah, good.” She brushed her hands on her pants, nodded to herself and offered: “Tea?”

“Please.”
Jemma sidled up to the bench as the kettle boiled, turning the thought of Bobbi’s alleged “schmoozing” over in her head.

“Oh,” she realised. “So last night when you –“

“Yeah.”

“And the other day with that –“

“Yep.”

“Oh… Oh dear, I’m sorry!” Jemma squeaked. “In your defence they were very alluring. I’m just not very good at this, I’m afraid.”

“What, sex?”

“Yes. Well, no. The signaling. The actual sex part, I’m not too sure about, to be honest.”

“How d’you mean?”

“I’ve never, technically uh, had sex before.”

The kettle boiled, and Jemma reached across the bench to switch it off as Bobbi was taking a second to absorb every possible interpretation of this.

“Like, actually never? Not with a guy, nothing?”


“No, no,” Bobbi reassured her. “Just a little more pressure on me is all. I don’t think I’ve ever been someone’s First.”

“Well, it’s not like I’ve got high standards to live up to, do I?” Jemma retorted, and gestured helplessly up and down Bobbi’s body. Underneath the baby blue flannelette there was a martial artist’s frame that, Jemma knew for a fact, had rocked many of the most legendary beds at the Academy.

“Well, it doesn’t matter, and neither of us need to freak out,” Bobbi reminded her, “because we’re not going to do it tonight, right? It’s just on the cards, waiting to be played, some time in the indeterminate future. Tonight we’re just having tea.”

“Yes. Quite right. Tea.”

Bobbi cleared her throat, and passed Jemma her teacup. Jemma took a sip in silence, watching Bobbi. Bobbi drank from her own cup, watching Jemma. The seconds ticked by, full of a quiet, thrumming energy like the beginning of a surprise party, or waiting for a special package to arrive. The nerves, the excitement, the sheer anticipation tangled together into a buzzing ball of electric energy. Bobbi smiled.

“You want to try anyway, don’t you?” she offered.

Jemma sprung into action, abandoning her tea and sprinting into Bobbi’s bedroom. She gave a shriek of delight as Bobbi chased her onto the bed, pinning her down with kisses, rubbing their bodies against each other. They’d had many a make-out session before, and it was that kind of heat that
began to build quickly between them: a heady cloud of desire fuelling their bodies, moving instinctually, hungry for each other. They kissed and kissed until they were gasping for breath, and Jemma’s fingers clutched the bedsheets and Bobbi pulled back a few inches.

“How’re you doing?”

“Good,” Jemma assured her. “A little nervous, but good. Is this all we need?”

“If we stay away from oral, yeah,” Bobbi assured her. “Clean hands, short nails, can’t lose. Unless you wanna use one of my vibrators?”

“No.” Jemma shook her head, still breathing hard, and smiling at the thought of following Bobbi into this. “I just want you.”

Flattered, Bobbi smirked, and leaned in for another kiss. Her hand crept up under Jemma’s shirt, brushed her breasts for a tease, and then ventured down below her waistline. She stroked and explored with her fingers as Jemma explored her mouth, and the crackling heat between them continued to build. This time it was Jemma who pulled back, just for a moment, and with a devilishly enthusiastic smile that promised it was anything but fear making her hesitate.

“Can I… see? What you’re doing?” she asked.

“Oh, yeah, of course.”

Bobbi ravenously tugged Jemma’s pants down the rest of the way and tossed them off the bed. She followed pants with panties, discarding them with a little extra flair while Jemma watched. Her legs now entirely naked, Jemma shuffled further down her stack of pillows, and opened her knees to give Bobbi better access. Bobbi tucked a pillow under her hips. Both of them were smiling now, their mutual nerves giving way to a mutual excitement and eagerness to please.

“Can I unbutton my shirt too?” Jemma requested. “I think I wanna –“

“Oh, yeah yeah yeah,” Bobbi agreed hungrily, her eyes widening at the prospect of watching Jemma touch herself. Purple flannel with white polka dots might not be the most alluring of ensembles, but as its open folds bared Jemma’s smooth white skin, Bobbi could hardly have imagined anything better. She bit her lip, slowly and intensely, and let out a groan of approval as Jemma began to run her fingers up and down her own body.

“Yeah, baby,” Bobbi encouraged, “show me what you like. Where you want me to touch you. Relax and let me take you for a ride.”

Bobbi could feel her own desire building too; her cheeks flushed with heat, her groin pulsing with need. She encouraged Jemma to let her legs spread across the bedsheets, and straddled one of them, rutting to the beat of her own desire as it fell in sync with Jemma’s. Slowly, she added her fingers into the mix, stroking Jemma’s legs and hips and groin, easing ever closer to her core.

When Bobbi reached it, and brushed a finger over Jemma’s clit, Jemma groaned in delight. Bobbi’s rocking picked up its pace, frustrated at the lack of friction against her slick folds. Still, she kept hands busy with Jemma, until she could bare it no longer and removed one of them to fondle and pull at her own breast underneath her shirt. Jemma’s body curved and arched and mewled with desire and it was all too much, not to mention her fingers stroking and teasing her nipples, and her sweet little pulsing pussy, so eager for Bobbi’s touch. All Bobbi wanted to do was feed it.

“Do you like this?” Bobbi whispered, her voice hoarse with her own desire as she slid her fingers inside. “My long fingers, they can reach everywhere, can’t they? Where do you want them Jemma,
tell me where.”

Jemma sighed and whimpered.

“More,” she begged. “Do that again.”

“Here?”

“Mmm. Faster.”

Bobbi obeyed, and felt Jemma’s hips begin to twitch of their own accord. Her hands on her breasts became more frantic, more engaged - even a little rough.

“Oh, fuck, just like that,” she begged. “More – more curled. You’re almost-“

Bobbi curled her fingers, and hit Jemma’s G-spot, and Jemma shrieked as her pleasure intensified. Dripping with her own wetness, Bobbi rutted shamelessly against Jemma’s leg. Her body screamed for attention, but as Jemma tried and failed to resist the urge to move one hand from her nipples to her clit, Bobbi remembered she had one more card to play.

“I’ve got you, I’ve got you,” she promised, crawling up over Jemma’s body. She reached for Jemma’s abandoned breast and massaged, tweaked, pressed and pulled it. Their fingers brushed each other; breast and breast; clit and pussy; and with the power of four hands dedicated entirely to bringing her pleasure it was not long before Jemma was thrusting and shaking, right on the very edge.

“Bobbi-?” she squeaked.

“Are you ready?” Bobbi beckoned. “Cum for me. It’s okay, don’t be nervous. Cum for me, Jemma.”

With a strangled gasp, Jemma did, her limbs spasming from the shock of an orgasm more intense than she’d been able to give herself in a long time. Her hands went limp, and then the rest of her body, trembling with aftershocks. Bobbi eased her fingers from Jemma’s slick and tender folds, and moved up the bed to wrap her in her arms. Placing a gentle kiss on her collarbone, she asked once more:

“How’re you feeling?”

“Amazing,” Jemma breathed. “Just amazing. No regrets. Fuck, Bobbi… Sorry about the colourful language, I just - I’m feeling colourful right now.”

Bobbi laughed, and kissed her again for good measure.

“I love you too, babe,” she said, “and trust me, there’s plenty more where that came from.”

“Good,” Jemma replied, “‘cause next it’s your turn.”

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