# A Long Hard Look (part 6)

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*The eyes are more than windows to the soul.*

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I freeze. My knickers are wrapped around my ankles, some cum leaking off the sides. I've always been fascinated by how much I cum... it gets released in strings. My thighs are smothered in the warm white substance as well. My chest starts sweating and I get a sticky feeling on my tits. That was David's semen from a few hours before. It makes my chest oily and more pliable to eat. My tongue dips into the deep cleavage of my dirty pillows and cleans it, it tastes just as wonderful and creamy as I remember.
"Are you okay in there?" asks Cara. She walks over to my stall.
"Erm.. yes." I manage to squeak that much out. I am breathing hard and there is no point in lying. "It's me, Judy, Cara. I am just finishing myself up." Wow that rum and coke really worked it's charm. I wouldn't be saying this to anyone else otherwise. My pussy is pulsating and calls for my fingers, they are debating whether to open the stall door. It is a stall for invalids so it can fit a wheelchair, let alone two girls.
"Oh, my god, Judy...I never would have believed it! I am really surprised at you, you naughty bitch. Can I come in and help you finish you off?" I can hear her taking off her coat.
"Bloody hell yes!" I cry, I open the stall door and there she stands. Stunning as ever. Her hair is pinned up and she wears a slinky, scalloped cut wine dress. Her pert little titties are pushed up and they look damn good. A beautiful smile plays upon her lips and shows me white teeth. I wonder what her other lips look like. I'm sure they're covered in silky black hair. I think she's part Irish and French she told me.
She enters my stall and she stares at me. "Well what have *you* been doing?" she looks shocked. Remember I told you I was the slightly modest type? Well I fooled her!
I didn't answer her question. I walked over to her and did what I had always longed for. I kissed her, hard and slow. My tongue sloshed against the back wall of her throat and I tugged her hand, locked the washroom stall and pushed her up against a wall. It seemed like hours as we two girls kissed, our hands exploring rather foreign places to the both of us, yet we knew our own body quite well. That's the irony in it.

I leaned up against her beautiful dress and felt the peaks of her breasts rise andstand at *my* attention. My pussy continues to drip its warm luxurious oil. My stockings are now caked in my love juice. Her fingers make a beeline for my chest. "Mmm baby take it off," she whispers lustily in my ear whilst biting it. "I want to see those beautiful tits be set free in *my* hands. Mmm now!" I do as she asks, no questions or complaints. I can't get my shirt off fast enough let alone my bra. When I finally do take both items off she stares at me, amazed.
"They'rereally huge! Mm you know ilove it when you wear those tight low cut jumpers... it makes me so wet. I want to rub my pussy on your chest. I love your tits so much.Do I have the pleasure of finally sucking on them?" She walks over to be and bends her head down. She takes one of my nipples in her mouth while a free hand massages my other breast. Another hand is still in my stockings fingering me. What have I done to deserve such bliss?
I came. Five times. All of It ran down her hand and onto her forearm. She rubbed her lips (the ones on her face, thank you very much) on my pussy and I am desperate to reciprocate that amazing feeling so I yank up her dress and stare in wonder at the lacy blue thong that she wears. The apples of her ass cheeks are nicely formed as she turns and takes off that dress. I want to tear it off her, I feel so sexually charged. I feel exhilarated that I am sharing this experience with such a mature, beautiful17-year old girl. She reminds me of a woman of the world. Cara then turns around and comes back to kiss me. I pull her thong down and expose a set of finely shaped legs, curvy hips and a gorgeous pussy. Covered in black hair like I had envisioned. I pet it like I did a small kitten. She felt so soft and I wanted that hair grazing my chin. I get on my knees and peel apart her vaginal lips with my shaking hands. Craning my neck up I rub my face in her loins and my tongue attatches to the hot opening that I enter with excitement. *Fuck me she tastes good,* I told myself. I moan as I'm licking her. One of my hands pets her puffy breastsand rubs down her body. Her taste is addictive and sweet.

"Oh Jude I'm cumming drink it baby let me cum on your face!" she moans. All of a sudden her vagina lets out a jet of clear sweet fluid. "Mmm you're a squirter" I say excitedly. "wish I had that talent". I lick up her cum. "Baby your pussy is just like brown sugar." I tell her lovingly. I stand back up and look into those beautiful brown eyes. I want to kiss her and hold her for the longest time, as I lay behind her and Dave lays behind me. I want to have an orgy with the pair of them and I am sure I will get that some day.
"I should get back to my table. Dad and Tony are waiting for me and they'll have a cob on if I'm later." I open my mobile phone as it buzzes twice. *Wtf did u fall in?* A message from Tony. Jesus Christ. Cara giggles and kisses me. She gives my tits another feel and my nipples one more lick. My heart pounds for more but it wouldn't be wise to risk another 20 minutes. Dad will be proper upset because he has to work in the morning, and so do I.
"If you want I can come back to your table with you," she says shyly. We both re-apply our clothes and our kohl. Walking back out to the tables, I feel a more confident woman.
"What took ye?" Dad asked, a bit bemused.
"I saw Cara. Her and I were just chatting it up." I lick my lips as I bend my head down to drink more

rum and coke. I couldn't believe my day.
"Well I am gonna go up and pay," said Dad. "I'll be back in a bit you two." He gets up and whips out his credit card. Tony looks at me curiously. Cara kissed him as she walked back to her table.
"Jude, whats up with you. Everytime I turn my back on you and you're at one of my mates houses you look flushed. I should tell you though that Cara fancies you."
"Oh, erm I didn't know that. Thanks for pointing that out." I look straight into his eyes when I'm talking otherwise he might suspect more. It would be wise to say nowt at this point. When Dad comes back, we get our things and leave. I briefly turn around to Cara's table but they've left.