My Best Friend

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Helping to cheer-up and comfort a best friend goes farther than ever expected.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/my-best-friend.aspx

“Come in Foxtrot, Whiskey, Echo Bravo, Whiskey dot Foxtrot Alpha Charlie Echo Bravo Oscar Kilo dot Charlie, Oscar Mike slash Sierra Tango Echo Papa Hotel Alpha November India Echo dot Mike dot Oscar November Golf. Do you read me?”

Oooops! Oh, are you reading my story already? Haha! Oh, okay then I better get going. Hey, okay, so my name is Crissy. Well “Cristina” if you want to be formal. Actually social convention and I have never been properly introduced. We sorta smile and nod at each other on the street before I go back to celebrating silliness and he walks off shaking his head in mute disapproval. Okay so now you get why my mom is so frustrated with me. So don’t expect a lot of formality from me okay.

What am I like you ask? Oh you can look at my profile. I’m nineteen now and I was born in Vietnam. I was adopted before I was one-year-old so I grew up in the USA. Outside I look “Asian” and “innocent” and geeky I guess. Lots of people think cause I always got good grades and stuff that I’m the “good girl” kinda girl. Well I did get into a good Uni and everything, but hey I’m your true 100% All-American banana. I’m petite and yellow and goody-two-shoes looking on the outside and white and crazy and impulsive on the inside. So, well, yup I’m just your regular horny crazy All-American “party girl” as far as that goes.

If I were on one of those fucking dating sites what would I say about myself? Hmmm now that’s funny. Probably something like: I am a professional doodler, passionate biter (I love biting necks, shoulders, lower lips…anything sexy that is bite-able), fan-girl, techno-dunce, cuddle-slut (I love cuddling that leads to intense fucking), geek (yup I’m smart), movie buff, worry wart, girl scout (wanna buy cookies handsome?), purveyor of corny jokes, multi-tasker, goofball extraordinaire, animal lover, environmentalist, master procrastinator (I have a PhD in procrastinating), human scratch post maker, lucid dreamer, impromptu massage giver and a veritable bottomless well-spring of enthusiasm and quirkiness.

In other news, right now I'm traipsing through life in a self-cultivated bubble of whimsy and unjustified explosive optimism about the future and my stellar role in the planetary cosmos. Why is my optimism

unjustified you ask? Well my parents got divorced a coupla years ago. My dad is living with a twenty-six year old “young slut” (my mom’s endearing term for her) named Judy. My mom has regressed into a second “teenage girl” sorta “boy crazy” phase and is dating guys I should be dating. I swear my mom has fucked way more guys in the past year than I probably have. I even met one of the guys my mom had been dating (a really hot cutie named Derek) in a club a few weeks ago and he hit on me? Holy shit now is that weird or what? But that’s another story. So basically my “family” has imploded and I really have no reason to be optimistic about anything.

Anyways I think I’m probably boring you guys by rambling on (my mom says I talk too much). Well I wrote my first story a while back that was about my first time with a guy. That story was about how I lost the big “V” kinda story. The story did okay and some people liked it (THANKS Emilia especially!), but my boyfriend found out about it and I had to delete my profile and there was a whole bunch of drama about that story. He was sort of pissed I wrote about it?? Guys?

Anyways, that drama has all calmed down now and we had a “time-out” for a bit and I made this new profile. I don’t plan on telling any boys about this profile hehe. Too much damned drama! As my mom says, men are basically very insecure and are like “little boys” deep inside. Shit I’m drifting and rambling again…hey, that’s another story also. Mom always says I need to “get to the point” and I guess she’s right.

I’ve been told that I’m very good at being “weird” and “lovable” at the same time haha. Sometimes I’m unintentionally funny more often than I am intentionally funny to my eternal dismay and confusion. Why are they all laughing I ask myself?? What did I say that’s so funny? So anyways I have several girlfriends that I’ve had for a long time and we really love and support each other. Even though they think I’m weird and crazy they love me to death and I love them for accepting me as I am. Maybe one day I’ll find a guy like that? Who knows? Do such guys exist? Can you get one at Walmart? How about Saks?

Okay so this story is about my “first time”, but with a GIRL, not a guy. Got it? Actually this happened first (before I lost my “V” to a guy) and it happened when I was sixteen. I won’t use my friend’s real name (to protect the innocent haha, well she’s anything but innocent, but hey?) so let’s just call her “Stephanie”. What’s Stephanie like you ask? Well we can summarize Stephanie by saying Stephanie SPARKLES! Oh you want me to be more specific? Okay.

Well Stephanie is a year older than me and she’s also Asian. Her dad is Chinese and her mom is Korean. Stephanie is really beautiful and she is very outgoing and vivacious. When we go out Stephanie is always the one chatting guys up and meeting new girlfriends and making sure everyone is having a good time. Steph is like five-foot five, has long dark hair, beautiful eyes? Well I could go on and on about how physically beautiful Stephanie is and how guys just fucking oogle her when she

is in a bikini (it's true, they literally drool at the mouth….don't laugh, it's true!), but it's how much she cares for me that really makes Steph so beautiful inside.

Even when Stephy is going through so much shit at home. Like her parents fight a lot because of her dad's affairs and stuff and I know she's under a lot of pressure and stuff, but Stephy never shows it and she never complains. Stephy is always there for you no matter what. Stephanie and I dream of setting up our own company one day, a very girly company doing something involving lots of lace, powdered sugar, lingerie and travel to exotic locations for client meetings. We are hoping our clients will be mainly located in Bali, Paris or St. Petersburg? Well, it's just a dream.

Oh quick interjection. The other day my mom asked me the six things I could not live without? I'm thinking like, mom, any teenage daughter is gonna know you're filling out your OK Cupid profile if you ask a question like that. Gosh. You'd think she's a bit beyond Internet dating considering all the guys she can meet through work? Anyways, I didn't make fun of her. I know it must be tough to have been dumped for a twenty-five year old hottie.

Do I sound like a blond bimbo so far? Well I'm NOT! I have really dark hair haha. Oh and I'm expert at a few things so don't think I'm useless. I'm really good at converting oxygen into carbon dioxide. I like to say I'm great in bed. I can sleep for days. My mom (when she's pissed at me) calls me a "jack ass of all trades" and a master of none. Shit I digress too much. Hey I can be used for something. I can be used as a bad example. I'm also quite pleasant on the ears when it comes to belting out a tune. I sang in the choir and took singing lessons. Steph claims I'm at my best during drunken karaoke sessions. If I had to make any claim I would say arts and crafts are my true calling and gift-wrapping is my art. I love Christmas and I make everyone let me wrap all their presents.

So this story takes place like three years ago when I was sixteen and Stephanie was seventeen. Stephy was going through a rough patch cause her parents were fighting a lot. Stephy's dad had left to go to his factories in China where he has sexy young girlfriends and Stephy's mom was taking it out on Stephy and her brother with lots of yelling and stuff. Stephy was pretty bummed out and needed to be cheered up and comforted.

Our other friend Cindy had recently got a seriously good fake ID from her brother's friend in university so we were all having house parties and learning to drink at this point. Yes, stop laughing. Okay there were a few sessions hugging the toilet and puking and stuff. "Learning to drink" is a fucking painful process. The main thing I've learned is to drink less and to flirt and talk more.

Most of the other girls I was a friend with were also seriously experimenting with sex at that time. If they hadn't already fucked their first guy, they had a target in mind that they were soon going to jump him. Cindy modeled part-time and she had a boyfriend who was twenty-eight already. Stephy was

“experienced” with both boys and girls, but I was still a big “V” at this time. I didn’t really want to lose my virginity to a sweaty-palmed young guy who didn’t know what the fuck he was doing and was more nervous than I was? For some reason that scenario just didn’t appeal to me. That didn’t mean I wasn’t horny. I mean HORNY! Yes I was HORNY…..ALL the time. Mostly I just had to masturbate at night and think about guys. Most of the guys I fantasized about were much older than me, but again I’m digressing and that’s another story.

Anyways, it was summer and a Friday and my parents were still together at that time so I still had our backyard pool. My parents were going out that night to some Oracle function my mom had on and so they would be out late. I knew Stephanie was feeling low so I asked mom if she could sleep over. Mom loves Stephy because she thinks she’s a “good girl” like me. This is all because Stephy gets really good grades and in front of my parents she acts and sounds like a paragon of virtue. Cindy, on the other hand, my mom (at that time) thought was a bit of a “slut”. This was mainly because Cindy had some ink and had a much older boyfriend and she seemed to “go through boyfriends like a box of tissue” as my mom said. Anyways, I think sometimes older women are threatened when young sexy women hit on older guys? Maybe my mom saw what was coming with dad and she sensed Cindy was a threat? IDK?

I didn’t really tell mom that Cindy would be coming over too since I didn’t want to get her blabbing on about what kind of girl Cindy was. So Stephy came over around noon and I knew she was down from her mom yelling at her and all. We put on our bikinis and went out to suntan and swim for a bit and listen to our iPods. Stephanie was soon her bubbly self and we were giggling and having fun. I got up and showed Stephy the new eight-counts I had learned at dance class and we talked about the new summer dresses in the shops at Santana Row. Stephy had bought a new pair of cream-colored platform sandals and I told her how cute they looked. Since Stephanie is a year older than me she really rocked her bikini with wider hips and fuller tits than I had. Well I’ve caught up a bit now, but three-years ago my tits were pretty flat and tiny.

My parents popped out by the pool to say goodbye and Stephy and I immediately got on the phone to Cindy to bring over the booze. I didn’t want to drink my dad’s stuff or else they’d know what we were up to. It was still warm when Cindy arrived like forty-five minutes later and she had on a pale blue sundress, which she took off and she had on a cute bikini underneath. I got some cold cokes and we started to drink the vodka with coke. We were all giggling and having a good time. Just regular teenage girl stuff.

After the sun went down the three of us went inside and we decided to watch a DVD. We all wanted to laugh so we picked “What Happens in Vegas”. We don’t really like that Ashton Kutcher guy, but we love Cameron Diaz and the movie is really funny. Plus, all three of us wanted to go to Vegas when we’re old enough and have a wild girl’s party trip one day. Anyways we all laughed and giggled for the

whole movie. Stephy put on her soft cotton tank top and pink boy short bottoms for her pajamas. I put on my cotton top and boy shorts decorated with little panda bears for my pajamas. Cindy changed into her club dress since her boyfriend was going to pick her up at around ten-thirty to go out.

Stephy and I teased Cindy about having an “older” boyfriend and she said he was amazing in bed (and other locations she hinted at). Cindy told us her boyfriend could give her several orgasms and that he could make her cum just from his tongue and fingers like four times before he even went inside her. Needless to say Stephy and I were wide-eyed and a captive audience when it came to gossip about sex. Well I was pretty wide-eyed anyways. I'm very expressive and am very bad at masking my feelings. My face reads like an open book...a book with large, colorful print. Genetically I’m sort of a Kindle. Basically this means that I have no poker face to speak of and generally wear my heart on my sleeve (even if it is a cumbersome location for a vital organ like the heart). I’m sure Cindy thought I looked like a naïve dork listening to her tales of lust and erotic pleasures that I could only imagine and fantasize about as I tried my best to replicate them with my own finger.

Well the movie was loads of fun, but I was pretty horny from drinking and listening to Cindy talk about her boyfriend’s cock and how many times he made her cum. Cindy’s boyfriend arrived and she had to leave. Stephy and I could just see him a bit in his car when he got out to open the door for Cindy, but he did look really handsome and in good shape. Okay we were both jealous and horny. Anyways, we went in and needed something else to do so we decided to surf the net. We checked out FB messages, posted a few pics from the pool (my black bikini looked pretty good) and then Stephy got all silly from drinking and started looking at porn. We had had a few drinks by this point and we were both pretty wasted and giggly. We were both looking at all the fake tits and just laughing our heads off wondering if guys really liked this shit? Stephy started pinching my little tiny tits and making fun of how small my boobs were and I teased her right back cause hers are no more than 34B’s for sure.

All of this pinching and tickling and teasing led to a pillow fight and both of us wrestling on the bed. My head was a bit dizzy from drinking and I sort of gave up and just let Stephy push me down on the bed. I kept saying, “I give up” and “I surrender”, but I couldn’t stop giggling. Stephy’s legs were straddling one of my legs and she was firmly holding my wrists out to the side and I was just held down helpless and giggling. Stephy looked into my eyes and I could feel something. Loneliness? Sadness? I don’t know, I just felt a connection with my closest friend like never before.

I was breathless from our wrestling on the bed and my head was dizzy from all the drinking. I felt my head spinning and as Stephy’s face came closer and closer to mine I froze. Somehow I knew what was going to happen, or might happen, but I didn’t try to stop it. Did I want it also? I guess I was curious. Even though I was drunk I could have turned my head, but I didn’t. She was my best friend after all and I felt closer to Steph than anyone in the world.

It was like everything was in slow motion. Our noses touched first, even before our lips. It was like an electric shock to feel Stephy's nose touch mine. I almost pulled away at that point because if felt so erotic and I was nervous. I was scared as shit that's for sure. I had, of course, playfully kissed girls at parties before, but this was entirely different. This kiss was going to be something else. I could smell her smell envelope me. Girls smell so different from men, so feminine.

Before our lips touched I got scared and closed my eyes. I tried to block out everything and not think about what was happening and then I felt the utter softness of her lips. Stephy wasn't aggressive and I knew she was letting me pull away if I wanted to. I hesitated and maybe it was my curiosity or maybe I wanted to feel close to her like she wanted to feel close to me? I don't know exactly, my brain was confused. I kept telling myself I was "not a lesbian", but for some reason it was "okay" because she was my friend and I loved her so much.

Stephy's kiss lingered gently and softly and I let her kiss me. I think she had done this before because she knew to let me get used to the kiss? I was frozen to the bed and petrified by the whole situation and at first I didn't respond at all. I just felt her lips, smelled her hair and ever so slowly I began to relax. The alcohol may have eased my nerves? My body became less rigid and I felt Stephy's hand resting on my stomach teasing my skin.

Things started to move fast and the alcohol meant I didn't really keep up? Or maybe my hormones took over? Stephy's tongue slowly felt along my lips and I suddenly got scared again. Was she going to try to push it inside? At the same time her hand inched its way up to my left breast. Stephy's hand made me forget about her tongue and suddenly it had eased passed my lips and we were French kissing. It wasn't like I had agreed, it just happened.

Having a girl's tongue in your mouth is not at all like a guy's tongue. I felt so safe and suddenly I realized I didn't need to be so scared. It was just Stephy. Our tongues touched and played and then I felt Stephy's fingers teasing my nipple. Oh my god! Well okay let's just put our cards on the table. I have VERY sensitive breasts and my nipples are basically an "on button" to turn on my pussy. My breasts may be tiny, but they seem to be exceedingly efficient.

Up till this point I think I had been silent, but the touching of my nipple forced a moan from my throat. I sensed Stephy smile? Her kiss became more passionate and forceful and she rolled my nipple more firmly. I felt my body squirm under her and if I ever could have really stopped her, I was now probably beyond that point.

I can't really say how long the kissing went on, but Stephy was getting me more and more horny and she had straddled one of my legs and was rubbing against me. I kept my eyes closed, still not wanting to fully acknowledge what we were doing. I mean I liked guys right? Well I still liked guys, but

maybe I liked Stephy too? At some point Stephy pulled her lips off mine. I think she knew I had acquiesced and wouldn't try to pull away?

Stephy's lips kissed my neck and my ears and she blew softly in my ear. Oh my god, a girl's kisses are just so different? I can't explain it? Haha probably guys know already? I was too afraid to do anything back, but I felt my top being pushed up. Stephy's hands gently touched my body and her fingers teased both of my nipples at the same time. I felt a sensation rocket through my body. The fear, the shame, the nerves, the taboo of your best friend exploring your body and touching you where you never imagined; it was all driving me crazy and making me crazy horny.

Stephy was murmuring something to me, soft words, reassuring words, but with my brain dizzy from drinking and my mind paralyzed by the intensity of what she was doing to my body I barely comprehended what she said. Perhaps the soft sound of her voice lulled me? Next her lips were on my right nipple and I felt her tongue sweep across it. I think I gasped? It was a shock to have a girl kiss your nipple.

The warmth of her lips and the softness of her tongue soon had me paralyzed with a new kind of pleasure. I lay back with my eyes closed enjoying a feeling like no other. My skin was becoming intensely sensitive from all the touching and kissing and lots of sounds were coming from my throat now. I had lost track of Stephy's hands in the lustful delirium created by the kisses to my super sensitive breast.

Next thing I knew Stephy's hand was sliding under my cotton boy shorts and was slowly inching towards my pussy. I squirmed and wiggled and Stephy bit down firmly on my nipple. I groaned at the intensity of the bite and again she had distracted me from her hand. Her hand was now directly above my pussy. I clenched my thighs together. I was too embarrassed to try to stop Stephy at this point, but I didn't know if I was ready to have a girl touching my pussy?

I guess Stephy knew what she was doing. She didn't push forward and just stroked her fingers over my tufts of fine pubic hair. At the same time she continued to apply kisses to my breasts and play with my nipples. Soon enough I had calmed again and the stroking of my pubic mound was causing terrible tingles inside my pussy. I was making all sorts of sounds and Stephy later said I was "mewing" like a cat in heat (she actually says descriptive shit like that). She giggles when we talk about it now.

Somehow Stephy distracted me and my legs relaxed and she worked her hand between my thighs. Now it was only a question of when and not if she would get her fingers inside my pussy. I can't say how long it took, but at some point Steph slid one finger along my outer lips. I had no idea how wet I had become and as it slid along and I realized how much juice I was soaking her finger in I was

shocked. A girl can do that to me?

Stephy sure knew exactly what to do. Did she bite my nipple or suck on my ear lobe to distract me? I can't recall, but then I felt a finger entering my pussy. I was so wet it was easy for Stephy to ease her finger inside. By slowly working her finger around and finding my clit Stephy soon had me spread my legs. I think my face burned red in shame, but my god it felt so good. I mean she didn't make me spread my legs. I spread my legs because everything she was doing felt so good.

My head spun and my blood was pumping with my heart racing a million miles an hour. Fucking god this was the most erotic moment of my life up to that point. I was getting closer and closer to an orgasm and Stephy could sense it. Stephy used her finger and her mouth to bring me so close and then she would ease off. Then she would do it again bringing me to the very edge before she eased off. She was making my body ache for release. I was getting extremely worked up and desperate to cum. How had she learned to do that I wondered? Do girls just know a woman's body that much better? Later Stephy told me I was practically whimpering and begging her to make me cum.

I could feel myself coming to the edge again and I was expecting Stephy to pull her finger away just like all the times before. Instead she shoved another finger in my pussy and began flicking them from side to side driving crazy. My body convulsed in shock from the second finger and then I felt Stephy's mouth on mine in a passionate kiss. We kissed with her lips smashed onto mine and her fingers went deep inside me and side-to-side and her thumb rubbed directly on my clit.

Holy shit this girl knew exactly what she was doing. My body jumped off the bed and my brain and my pussy and everything else just became a giant tingling ball of sexual pleasure. I had never felt anything like it in my life. I mean when I masturbated it would only be like sixty-percent of what Stephy had caused. I cried out and Stephy kept kissing me and kept her finger moving. Stephy's mouth muffled my cries. My body became super sensitive and I begged her to stop. It was too intense, as my orgasm became less, almost approaching pain. Steph slowed her fingers and almost stopped, but she kept her fingers inside, just barely moving them.

The weirdest thing happened. As my orgasm subsided (I mean it had been so intense it was like I was floating down from a cloud) but Stephy kept her fingers moving just a tiny bit and she kept kissing me softly. Her kiss made me feel so safe and warm and her fingers? My body suddenly had a second tiny peak and I felt a warm shudder shake me and I had a small second orgasm.

Stephy slowly pulled away from our kiss and slipped her wet hand out of my boy shorts. She held me in her arms and just stroked my hair and assured me everything was okay. I was exhausted from the orgasms, the alcohol and from all the tension that had built up. I mean this was my first time with a girl. I tried to touch Stephy's breasts? I mean I felt so guilty. I wanted to offer her something? I hadn't

done anything for her. I hadn’t touched her or made her feel good at all. It wasn’t fair.

Stephy calmed me and told me to relax and we were both drunk and she let me drift off to sleep. Somehow she knew exactly what she was doing and everything felt okay in the end. It was a very special night and now we are even closer than ever before. If you want to know more of the crazy things we’ve gotten up to then you’ll need to be extra sweet to me and ask nicely.

It was really hard to write this story and to tell the truth and everything. For a long time I was too embarrassed to write it. Stephy said it’s okay to write it and that she loves me completely. Stephy has a great boyfriend right now and we don’t see as much of each other as we did in high school. I’ve dated a few men and I found the perfect guy to take my virginity with a guy. No matter what, however, Stephy and I are the best friends ever and if the mood strikes we can always share a special intimate moment that no one else can share.

The End