

A Forbidden Interlude

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This is a love story that takes place in a way that some may consider taboo

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Let me by way of setting the scene, paint a picture of life in suburban South Africa. As a nation we are addicted to a couple of essential pastimes

- Sport, either playing or watching. The majority of the population follows football – for the Americans, that means soccer. The rest of the population follows Rugby in winter and cricket in summer
- Braai – an Afrikaans word that means barbeque. This is a National pastime and as my uncle Dave always said, “A braai is like sex, everybody does it but you never interfere in the way another man does it” – in other words as many people as there are having a Sunday braai, there are as many different theories on the “best” braai
- Lazy Sundays outdoors, whether at home around the pool or at the river / beach / lake

So, it's a Saturday and the family is having a braai. Following the braai there is the big rugby match between South Africa and Australia – this can be likened to a Billy Graham revival for its fervour and passion. My mum has invited her sister and her family (Uncle Dave and their daughter Kristy) as well as some other random family and friends. It's a rather typical South African day where the men will stand around the fire debating the merits or otherwise of lighting it this way or that, the latest rugby team selections, and occasional risqué jokes that they pretend the girls cannot hear or understand, and quaffing large quantities of beer. The ladies are in the kitchen preparing the food, discussing domestic issues and sharing the latest gossip which has always been passed on as secret, “so don't tell a soul”. And then the smaller children are running around the garden, playing in the pool and generally irritating everybody. At the time that this event took place I was in my last year at high school, and Kristy, who is two years older than I, was in her first year at university after having taken a gap year to “find herself”.

Kristy is gorgeous and seemed to me always to be so worldly. I was quite in awe of her as she had travelled overseas, was out of school, was inclined to party up a storm and on occasion I swear I had

discovered she wasn't wearing a bra. You have to understand that I was a naïve teenager, a relatively late developer and as you will already have learned from my previous stories, came from a somewhat conservative home.

Kristy and I were making good use of the sun lounges, doing our best to be as inconspicuous as possible and catch up on her latest exploits. Lunch was over and so most everybody was in front of the TV waiting for the National Anthems that would signal the start of the big game. This meant that Kristy and I, for the next two hours or so anyway, would be undisturbed.

She was wearing the teeniest bikini I had ever seen, lying on her side talking to me. I was pretending to be as cool as she is naturally (I don't think I was succeeding) lying on my side looking at her. I had just dropped the bombshell (in my opinion anyway) that I was aware now, and had taken ownership of the reality, that I was really into girls. I had just told her too, of my first experience with Jamie. O God, did I really just tell her this most intimate of secrets? I had no idea how she would react and suddenly had an overwhelming urge to bury myself face down in a cow pat – if there were one in the garden.

We chatted a little more and then Kristy started to gently quiz me further on the time I had had with Jamie. We chatted longer and I gradually started to relax. It was now mid-afternoon with the sun in that glorious stage where it has passed its zenith yet is still high enough to be hot but steadily cooling. Kristy was clearly restless, I assumed from the heat and probably from the gin and tonic she was sipping. She had recently acquired a taste for Bombay Sapphire which I have to say, went down a treat with tonic and a twist of fresh lime.

I too was feeling restless but I knew it had nothing to do with the heat or the gin. I knew I was decidedly tingly in my girlie parts and the more I tried to deny this to myself, the more tingly I became. I could not take my eyes off Kristy nor my mind of Jamie. All I could think about as I told Kristy of my first time, the first feel of another girls naked breasts pressed to my own, was the feel of Jamie's warm flesh, the sweet taste of her kissing and the intoxicating scent of her fragrant garden.

I closed my eyes for a moment in delicious reverie, vaguely aware of movement on the lounge next to me. I looked up to see that she had removed her bikini top and was now lying on her back with her eyes almost closed, more against the glare than any pretence at sleep. I stared at her, disbelieving and I swear my jaw dropped to the trimmed lawn as I gazed at her perfect breasts. Her nipples were tight as little raisins in the most gorgeous shade of what I can only refer to as dark nipple pink. With effort I dragged myself back to reality and my continuing efforts at being cool. Much as I tried however, I was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate on the conversation – God I couldn't even remember what we were talking about. Kristy simply lay there enjoying the sun and I suspect, my obvious discomfort. Then, in a barely audibly whisper, she said to me "Sarah I too am lesbian. There

is nothing to be embarrassed about”.

Well, I was knocked out. Here I had just spent a painful hour or so being quizzed by and baring my soul to my super-heroic cousin on my sexuality only to be told after all that, that she was as deviant as I – Mum’s prayer group was going to have raw knees from all the praying they would be doing for her fallen family. Then she put out her hand to take mine, leaned in and kissed me. Not a wild and hungry tongue-wrestling kiss but a soft-lips hint of tongue and the scent of her gin and tonic breath type of kiss. Our lips lingered together for a few more moments than could be justified in polite company. We separated and I looked my sweet Kristy in the eye and we kissed again. By now there was more than a gentle tingling in my girlie parts, I was positively on heat.

She leaned in and untied my bikini, I was powerless to resist, and bent to kiss my nipples. I was suddenly shy and desperately concerned that our decadence would be discovered so I said quietly to her “Not here Kris, they may come out”. Her hand was rubbing my thigh ever closer to my secret place. Without looking I knew there was a wet patch in my crotch which for some reason made me incredibly self-conscious but I was unable to stop what had started. All the while my mind in absolute turmoil; here I was in my parents garden, being kissed and felt up by my half-naked beautiful Kristy and showing no signs of resistance. Mum’s admonishments of hell and damnation bouncing around my mind as I moaned my pleasure and desire for more. There was a mighty cheer from the lounge as obviously we had scored but this brought me back to some sort of reality. I jumped up, ran and dived topless into the pool to cool down, get away from the overwhelming desire for carnal pleasure and gather my thoughts.

Kristy followed me and before long we were splashing each other like kids and coming back to earth. We swam toward each other and kissed again, silently acknowledging to each other that this was not over, that we had crossed a line and there was no going back. We climbed out of the pool and by unspoken agreement headed with towels wrapped around ourselves, back to my bedroom.....

As we reached the patio door, the half time whistle blew and everybody erupted from the family room, rushing to

- The toilet to make room for more beers
- Collect more beers from the fridge
- Collect more snacks
- Make ribald comments about the referee

We managed to avoid the stampede and the craziness long enough to get down the passage to my bedroom which is right opposite the bathroom. Uncle Dave was standing there peeing and whistling to himself which caused Kristy to mutter about her dad having “no fucking manners he thinks nobody notices”. His beer-soaked state probably rendered him in his eyes anyway, bullet proof and invisible.

We scuttled into my room before he noticed us, and pushed the door closed. We stood there looking at each other for a moment until Kristy, clearly acting more confident than I dropped her towel. She then wiggled her bum and slipped her bikini bottoms off and was stood there naked as the day she was born. The noise in the family room died down as the whistle blew for the start of the second half. I stood silent staring at this goddess, and in particular at her baby-smooth and hairless sex. I had never seen anything like it. All the girls I knew (and don't get me wrong I don't go around staring at their privates but we see each other in the showers at school) were natural, if neatly trimmed to the bikini line.

Kristy kneeled and in the same motion, gently pulled my towel from me allowing it to fall to the floor at my feet. She leaned in pulling me to her, her cheek against my tummy. She kissed me lightly on my belly button and down my tummy, looked up at me silently seeking consent. I was frozen in fear, excitement but managed to nod. She hooked her thumbs over my bikini bottoms and with help from me wiggling my bum, pulled my bikini bottoms down. I was startled by another loud cheer from the family room..... we had scored again

Kristy kissed my short and curlies lightly, all the while looking up at me. She gently pushed me back onto the bed, sat me down and in one movement had lifted my legs onto her shoulders. The referees whistle blew for a penalty, groaning from the family room as whoever it was (clearly not our team) slotted the kick over the poles. She leaned in again to lightly kiss and tease my slit. I had never felt so vulnerable, never been so exposed, my legs over her shoulders my most secret place pointing to the sky, my bum hole puckered right at her chin as she kissed me again. Her tongue parted my lips; there was a wild cheer from the family room. She entered me, sucking licking teasing swallowing. My hips thrusting uncontrollably as now her finger entered me. She held back momentarily at the jade gate and I thrust, causing her finger to break through, exquisite pain, cheering from the family room, thrusting, moaning, stillness and then...ecstasy.

I lay there for what seemed like minutes as I gathered my breath. I had no idea what noise I had made or how long I had been there. Kristy was looking at me across my tummy, her face glistening, I realised with some embarrassment, from my love juices. She smiled and crawled up to lie next to me, and kissed me. I tasted myself and felt overwhelmed, thrilled, scared. What mortal sin had I committed? I lay for a little with my head on her breasts taking in the fragrance of her, noticing her chest rising and falling from the deep breathing brought on by her exertion in pursuit of my ecstasy.

I knew then that I wanted to return the favour. I had no idea how I was to do this without appearing totally inept. My experience so far being limited to Jamie with neither of us having had any previous experience, so we were very much in the discovery phase. I had so far anyway, never used my mouth to pleasure her sacred place, well no more than gentle kissing anyway so I really was not sure how to tackle this. I did know that after what I had just experienced I wanted to give Kristy something to sing about. I was aware too that the game on television had about 15 minutes to run until the final whistle after which the family would erupt from the family room.

I kissed her but unlike previously, this time was intense. Our tongues dancing together entwined in some sacred love-dance. I of course could taste myself on her tongue which drove me to new heights of passion and desire. Momentarily I thought of Jamie, what she would do or say upon learning of my Saturday debauchery but how she would sing her own song when I honed my tongue-skills in her scented garden. I moved down Kristy's body to her breasts, marvelling at the puckered tightness of her nipples and areola. Sucking first one and then the other into my mouth elicited the most delicious moans which served only to encourage me further.

I reached her belly. Never before had I noticed the sexuality of a girl's belly button. I kissed it and licked it and tasted it eliciting more moans and some giggles. I slowly and with increasing excitement, moved south, lingering over her mons pubis, kissing it and marvelling at her delicious girlie scent. There is cursing and groaning from the living room, followed by a shrill blast on the referees whistle and more cursing and groaning. My lips brushed her little sheath and she shuddered. All the while my eyes focussed across her tummy on her eyes. She was licking her lips and with her left hand, playing with her nipples, pulling them and twisting them; her right hand in my hair, alternately pulling it and gently stroking it.

I breathed her scent. Her labia engorged and parted, exposing to me her slick, velvet pink. I kissed her slit, tentatively licking, tasting for the first time her amazing nectar. Gently probing my tongue into her, pointy tongue, entering, slowly, deliberately, pushing as deep as I could, my nose now pressed to her clit... and slowly out. Her moans increasing and her hips thrusting, and in again so slowly... her juices flowing, sucking them, not wanting to lose a drop. She was now pulling my hair and talking to me. I am not sure what she was saying but it was the first time I had heard a girl use such words. The vulgarity of them driving me to new excitement for reasons I didn't really understand. More screaming from the family room; licking now, intently watching her eyes for signals of pleasure or disappointment. Moaning, hips thrusting, my hand squeezing her bum cheeks, pulling her too me, sensing she was close to her ecstasy... and now screaming and more cheering and yelps of "Yes, Yes, go" from the family room. She squealed once, was momentarily still, and then thrashed around violently, moaning and saying the most unspeakable things to me as her juices gushed forth. Cheering from the family room, and the final whistle....

We lay there together basking in our post coital bliss, frighteningly aware of what we had done, aware too that the game was over and there would be this great and raucous disgorge from the family room. We hurriedly put our bikinis on again and scuttled outside and jumped into the pool before the others came back out.

Post Script

Kristy and I remained in a relationship unbeknownst to anybody (as far as we knew anyway) although I suspect my Uncle Dave knew something. Two years later she left for another city to pursue further studies.