Inside Me

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She couldn't move, her body not obeying her. Her head felt foggy, and no sound came out of her mouth. She saw the girl approach, pulling her legs apart slowly, exposing her. They were both naked, the room dark. Krissy felt her heart pound, her voice not working. God, what was wrong with her? Last thing she remembered she was pretty drunk and she thought maybe she passed out. And then waking up with this woman's mouth on hers, her hands taking off her clothes.

The girl put some sort of lubricant between her legs and she felt her warm hand between her legs. Krissy whimpered slightly as the girl came over her, her eyes dark and Krissy had the fleeting image of a tall, lithe body and then she gasped, feeling the length of something thick, inside her tight depths. The girl lifted her legs and she realized that the dildo she had inside of her was also inserted inside of the girl, that she was also having sex with the woman as she pulled back, then filled her completely. The girl's rhythm was slow and steady, but gentle and Krissy felt her body react even though she didn't outwardly.

Her breasts felt swollen, her vagina started to throb and she looked up at the girl, helpless. The girl laced her hands in hers and bent down, her mouth going to her breasts. Krissy heard herself moan, felt her nipples being suckled strongly and a gush of wetness shot between her legs. She was being taken strongly and it felt so incredible, shock reverberating through her. She wasn't supposed to feel this, was she? The girl's mouth was on hers, her hips thrusting deeper and they both moaned and she realized she could move her hands. She flexed them and the girl's mouth pulled from hers, surprise in her eyes, her hips stopping.

They stared at one another and Krissy whispered, "Don't stop," her voice hoarse. The girl's eyes changed, and then she started to thrust harder, her hand turning on some sort of vibration, both of them jerking. Krissy's legs twined around her hips, her breasts brushing hers again and again. Krissy arched beneath her, the girl holding her wrists. She felt her orgasm slide through her and she fought it but the girl held her down, fucking her slowly. She gasped, feeling herself milk the thickness inside of her over and over.

The girl flipped her over and took her from behind, her face in the pillow and she felt her fingers push lightly into her ass. She whimpered as she was taken in both places, her body shaking. "Do you like that?" the girl groaned into her ear as she lay her body over her. "Do you like me deep inside of you?"

"Yes." Krissy moaned, feeling so full, so penetrated. "Take me.." she moaned. "Fuck yeah.." the girl groaned, slapping her ass with her stomach. She felt another climax hit her low in her back and she felt the girl above her push her deep into the bed as she rode her through the wave.
Krissy turned over, the girl still embedded in her and she sat up, in her arms. Krissy slid onto her, the dildo deep and the girl swallowed, feeling it in her as well. "Ride me.." Krissy whispered and the girl hesitated, then put her legs over Krissy's, her now being the one fucked. Krissy pulled her down tight, forcing her to take the whole length and the girl whimpered, her hands going to her shoulders as she thrust into her over and over, the vibration directly on her clit. She cupped her breast, flicking the nipple. "You like that?" she ground out, holding her tight so she couldn't move, could only be fucked. "Yeah..." the girl moaned, her legs spread wide. "Say it..." Krissy said, gliding in and out of her strongly. "I...God..I love it." she groaned softly, her climax flying through both of them, their eyes wide on one another.
The girl stilled over her, turning the toy off. "I think....I've met my match," she whispered. Krissy felt her mouth curve. "I know you have." "God you're so hot," she girl shook her head. "You must've thought so, bringing me home like this." She still felt slightly disoriented, but she knew exactly what had happened and her participation in it. "I wanted you so bad I could've just fucked you there, at the club." Krissy felt her mouth curve. Remembered the girl and her in the bathroom, their mouths on one another. "Did you put something in my drink?" The girl frowned, shaking her head, "No, definitely not." "I think someone did..." "I thought you were a bit drunk...there was this guy though that was sort of stalking you." Krissy licked her lips slowly as her memory started to come back, "Yeah, some blond guy, right?" The girl nodded, "Had to tell him to back off. Told him you were mine." Krissy felt her body relax, "Well, you definitely had me."
The girl looked at her, a grin coming to her face. She was actually quite beautiful and with that smile, stunning. "Let me make love to you.." Krissy blinked up at her, "Yeah?" "Yeah.." the girl whispered. Krissy bit her lip and then nodded. The girl gently withdrew from her, then pulled it out of herself. Krissy though it was the hottest thing she had ever seen, her vagina glistening in the dim light of the room. The girl saw her looking between her legs and she shook her head, "Me first..." Krissy felt her breath leave her as the girl lay her down on the silky sheets, her body between her legs.
"I want to eat you out nice and slow, make you come for me a few times before I take you again.." the girl whispered, looking down at her. Krissy groaned softly, feeling a dull ache between her legs at her words. The girl's mouth curved, "Would you like that?" "Yes," Krissy bit her lip, her hands moving up the girl's ribcage, her stomach muscles taut, an athletes body. The girl bent her head, their lips meeting and all she could think about was the long night ahead of them, as her eyes drifted shut and her senses came alive again.

Cat swore under her breath, as she took the three, already knowing that it wasn't going to go in. She seemed to be off at least a foot with all her shots lately. She sighed, running back down the court. She looked up at the clock. 10 seconds. She held up her hand, pushing back against the girl behind her. Her point guard dribbled, threw it. She turned, dribbled, fade away...nothing but net. Nice. She

heard the buzzer and finally relaxed, getting high-fives and a few pats. Well, it could've gone worse. After the game, she threw her stuff in her bag, and took a quick shower, not wanting to stick around. Most of the team was going out to eat, but she really hadn't had much of an appetite lately. She had been in a bad mood for the last two weeks. Ever since she had brought that girl home. Fucking gorgeous girl. Had made her heart skip a beat the moment she had seen her in the club. Knew that she had to have her. Straight girl, dancing with her friends, a few guys. She was stunning, her body a 10. Her face even higher if that was possible. The girl was getting drunk, giggly. They made eye contact a few times, the girl not looking away, but not really smiling.

She saw darkness behind those eyes, found it intriguing. So after awhile of looking, she finally followed her into the bathroom and into the last stall, locking the door behind her. The girl had turned, surprise in her eyes. Big seafoam green eyes that made her stomach flip slightly. She had touched her face, pulled her close and the girl had been too shocked to do anything but let her. She took her mouth slowly and then harder, pushing her into the wall behind them. She was so soft, her mouth moist, her body hot beneath hers. At first she hadn't responded, her hands going to her stomach to push her away, but her breathing changed, her mouth opening under hers slowly. God she was hot, tasted so fucking good.

She cupped her full breast, feeling the nipple harden under her thumb, her legs going between hers. The girl moaned softly, felt her body respond. The door opened and they heard voice. The girl pushed her away, indecision in her eyes. She liked that. Liked a girl that wasn't easily persuaded. Cat never had a problem getting a girl in her bed. She liked the challenge. The rest of the night, the girl stayed in her sights, her eyes taking everything in, how she seemed more agitated, her eyes going to her more often, her cheeks flushed. She was also taking more shots, and she knew the girl was going to be too drunk soon to know what was going on. She didn't want a comatose girl for God's sake.

And then there was that guy that kept following her around, trying to touch her, get her to dance. She could tell the advances were unwanted and the last time the girl had gone to the restroom she had talked to him, her eyes steady on his. Both of them predators, understanding one another. He had left not soon afterwards.

Getting her to come with her had been a lot easier than she had thought. It was last call, her friends trying to get her to go to another after hours club. The small hesitance from her was her window. And she took it. She had approached her, the girl leaning back against the wall, putting her jacket on. She had met her eyes warily, and she stopped in front of her. Her friends were going out the door, all but forgetting about her, they were all too drunk. "Come home with me," Cat had said softly, her finger going up her side, touching her hip. Their faces were close, their lips nearly touching. The girl had not said anything, her eyes wide. She then laced her hand in hers and she had followed her out the door. She had turned the radio up loud, racing through the streets, wanting badly to feel her under her and be inside of her. The girl's long blonde hair was wildly flowing, the window down and her hand had gone up her leg, under her skirt, spreading her legs. She could see the girl's nipples hard under her thin top. Her hands were clutching the seat. She wanted them clutching the bed. They had walked up the steps, the girl weaving slightly and she wondered if maybe this was a good idea. The girl had

seemed willing enough, but was enough ok? She was awfully drunk.
But all those fleeting thoughts left as soon as she got her in the house and her bedroom. She undressed her slowly, laying her on the bed, their mouths on one another. Peeling off her clothing, she felt her heart stop. How could someone be so perfect looking? The girl had lain on the bed, her body not moving, just her eyes. Maybe she liked to be submissive, liked to get fucked. She could do that, had no problem with that. If she hadn't been making soft sounds of pleasure, she might've stopped, but she had been so she had decided she would penetrate her fully, make her hers. Make her respond. She had used one of her larger toys. See what this girl could handle. And she had handled it just fine, her body taking every inch, slowly but surely.
Her hands lay at her sides, her legs spread, her mouth parted as she took her nice and deep. A strange sensation went through her, watching this girl lay pliant beneath her, not moving. If a girl wasn't really responding, was it wrong? She didn't think she could've stopped if she wanted to it felt so good being in her, her own insides clenching at her invasion. Her body started to glisten with sweat as she fucked her pussy. She took her breasts in her mouth, felt her own nipples hard, aching. She didn't know how long she had been inside of her, gliding in and ou of her when she felt the girl's hands clench under hers. Surprised, she stopped moving, looking down at her.
The girl's eyes were intense on her. She ran her tongue over her bottom lip and Cat felt herself twitch watching her. "Don't stop," she had whispered and Cat had groaned at her words. So she was here with her. And she didn't want her to stop. She reached down, turning on the vibration and the girl jerked under her. Fuck. The girl had responded as much as she had. She had felt her climax, felt her fight it, held her down making her feel it, then turned her over, wanting to be in her ass, holding her to the bed, the girl moving under her, fluid.
She had come again and Cat thought she might have too when Krissy turned over, telling her to ride her. She was normally the one that did the screwing. But she couldn't say no, needed what this girl was offering. It had been awhile since she gave someone else the control she always maintained. The girl held her tight, fucking her strongly and she had the strongest orgasm she had ever had in her life. And then the rest of the night...well, that turned out to be about something else entirely. Softer, gentle...making love instead of fucking. It was like both of them knew just how to touch one another, their skin and mouths on one another.
When she woke, the girl was leaving. Their eyes connected as she opened the door, and then she was gone. For the first time in her life, she wanted to get up, started to get up and go after her, but her pride wouldn't let her open that door, stop her. She felt ashamed at what she had done, bringing an obviously straight girl home and forcing her to feel that pleasure. An obviously wasted girl. Even if she had in the end wanted what she gave, she really hadn't given her a choice, had she? And it didn't sit well with her in the light of day. She didn't have a problem in the bedroom, ever. Resorting to bringing a drunk girl home...what was wrong with her? And what was even worse was that she couldn't stop thinking about her. Wanted her again. Any way she could have her. And didn't even know her name.
She stopped at the store, grabbing a few items and a six pack on her way home from the game. She

threw her stuff in her room and changed into shorts and a tshirt, then turned on the TV and opened a beer, watching sports highlights. She wished like hell she could just forget about the girl and that everytime she went into the bedroom she didn't see her lying in it, tangled in the sheets, waiting for her, that sexy smile curving her lips upwards as if beckoning her to join her again.

Krissy got out of the shower, toweling dry. Her body didn't feel like her own, its awakening changing her sensitivity. Her nipples were constantly hard the last few weeks, between her legs, moist. She looked at her face in the mirror, free of make-up, hergreen eyes staring back at her. She felt her cheeks flush and she threw the towel over the rack, heading into her bedroom. She flipped on the TV and sat on the bed, putting on lotion. Her own hands on her body brought a reaction and she swore, finishing as quickly as possible.

She hadn't touched herself, not giving herself release after that night. Trying to not make it real, what had happened. She wanted to lay on the bed, close her eyes, spread her legs, push her own fingers into her, rub her sensitive clit..come...thinking about that woman inside of her, fucking her. Her mouth on her...oh shit. What the fuck had happened? She had gone out with friends, celebrating one of them getting married. Way too much to drink. Seeing her for the first time, she felt a little out of breath. Even though she was straight, it was impossible not to notice her. Tall, long dark hair, dark eyes. All arms and legs. An athlete. She could tell by the way she carried herself, her movement fluid. She was sexy, there was no denying that. Her body had an actual visceral reaction to her. And she had found her looking at her a few times, both of them studying one another.

And then she had found herself in the stall with her, the girl's eyes pulling her in. Her mouth, her hand on her breast...she felt her body surge, knew desire when she felt it...felt confused. And she drank more. She remembered the girl at the end of the night, leaving her friend, approaching her. And she wanted to say no, but when she had taken her hand, she followed her as though in a trance. She was definitely attracted to her, wanted...something. And then it was sort of a blur until she had found herself lying naked on her bed, watching her walk towards her.

Goddamn she had never been taken like that, like she had no control over what was happening. She was usually the one in charge in bed and it was....indescribable. She was so turned-on she thought she might have come before the girl was actually inside of her. And coming multiple times, her body unable to control itself and quite honestly, her not caring. She wanted that girl in any which was she could have her. And even though she had never been with a woman, it wasn't even something that occured to her at that point. It was just her and the girl, making one another feel pleasure.

Because she had fucked the girl too. Made her ride her. Shit. After the fucking came the making love...and even though the initial taking had been sexy as all hell, the making love had blown her mind. She had finally passed out from their coupling, her body unable to take any more orgasms as they kept blending into one another. In the morning, she woke first, the sun starting to rise. She had felt herself cradled in her arms, had looked at her sleeping face for awhile. The girl was so gorgeous. And she wanted to stay in her arms. But that indecision started to settle in, and she had slipped into

her clothes, looking back at her before she left. The girl had stirred and their eyes met. She wanted to crawl back into bed with her, wanted to feel her hands caressing her again, but couldn't go back to her, and had left.

And now...now she could barely sleep, eat..her mind running in circles. She knew what she wanted, and really ultimately what she needed. But she was scared, not knowing if she could really BE with a woman. Was it just a fling or something much deeper than that? Because she had one night stands before, a nice no-strings-attached sort of sleeping together and this didn't feel anything like that. No only did her body tell her that, but her mind did as well.

She pulled on jeans and a tshirt, her eyes going to the TV. She had put it on ESPN for some reason, something she didn't normally watch. They were showing highlights of what looked like women's professional basketball. Damn those women were so strong looking. Her hands froze midway between buttons on her jeans, her eyes widening. Oh my God. There she was. The girl from that night. Looking very good in her uniform as she wiped her face with a towel before going back onto the court with her team. They did a close up, sweat running down her neck, her eyes looking up at the scoreboard for a moment as she tucked a strand of lose hair behind her ear. She felt herself get wet just looking at her.

They showed her from behind. That uniform didn't do her justice, but yeah...that was definitely her ass. She had thought she was an athlete, she wasn't wrong about that. She laughed in spite of herself. Well damn. Cat. She finally knew her name. Looking just as good as she remembered, seeing her leaving her feeling like a limp noodle. Nice. She looked up at the clock seeing she was running late. And the party just had to be at a lesbian bar. Fucking great. Just what she needed. Not being able to get this girl out of her mind, and having to go to an all-girl bar. She wasn't dressing up, didn't need the added attention. A few drinks, that's all she was staying for. She pulled up her hair in a ponytail and slipped on sandals. She hoped the night would go by quick.

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Cat sat back, shaking her head. The girl grinned down at her, and tried to tug her into a standing position. "Huh uh," she smiled. "Please?" the girl smiled. "Two left feet baby, sorry." She slouched down further in her seat. She really had not wanted to come out. Wanted to stay at home and just relax, have another beer. Wasn't really interested in getting laid. Which pissed her off because she was always in the mood.

The girl squeezed her hand and then let go at the same moment her eyes flirted across and then went back to the group coming in. A bunch of girls. Some dressed up, some casual. The party she guessed, knowing the back area had been reserved for a party of ten. And then she saw her, near the back of the pack. Dressed in jeans and a tank top layered over another, her hair pulled up. She felt butterflies in her stomach just setting eyes on her again. Hadn't realized just how much she actually had...missed her. How could you miss someone you didn't even know? Hell, she didn't even know her name, but she had memorized her body, and that mouth.

They walked past slightly below where she was sitting, up in a raised area. She stood, and the girl's

eyes went up to where she was standing, and she nearly ran into the girl in front of her. They stared at one another and then she continued walking with her friends towards the back. Those same green eyes....she wanted to go talk to her. Knew it was a bad idea. The ball was in her court, no pun intended. She knew where she lived, could have come too see her. It obviously wasn't something she wanted, whatever it was that was between them.

For the first time in her life, she cared. She sighed. She couldn't do anything about the girl not wanting her. If she didn't, she didn't. So for the rest of the night, she avoided the back and dance area, staying by the pool tables and her friends sitting in the raised area. She caught glimpses of her, tried to pretend like it didn't matter that she was there, but inside she wanted very much to show her what she wanted.

After a few more drinks, she felt looser, better. But her heart actually felt heavy. The girl that had asked her to dance earlier had been all over her, showing her pretty much that she could take her home, have her. She debated it. Take her home and be thinking about someone else? Or take her home to forget? Finally they decided to go to another club and as they were leaving, she saw her as she ws coming down the steps with her friends. Their eyes connected and she felt this pull, like a magnet towards her. The girl with her put her arm around her waist, pulling her out the door and even as she went, she thought it was a mistake. That who she wanted was still in the bar.

So when they go to the two cars, she begged off, disappointment clear in the girl's eyes. Well, you can't please everyone. She went back to the club, stood outside talking to Rich, the bouncer for awhile. Debating if she wanted to go in or not. The door opened and the group of girls came out, Krissy near the middle, laughing with one of her friends. She could tell she was sober. She stood against the wall with Rich, watching them as they passed.

The girl next to Krissy looked over at her and smiled, flirty. Krissy turned to see what she was looking at and blinked, surprised. Cat felt her mouth curve slowly and Krissy bit her lip, her head turning to look at her as they kept walking. Well, she supposed she could stop her. She was waiting for her, right? But once again her stupid pride made her just stand there and watch her walk away for a second time. The one woman she wanted...she couldn't have. Seemed about right. She said goodbye to Rich and turned the corner, heading to her car across the street. Better to go home alone than to pretend things are fine the way they are and stay out.

Krissy turned at the car, watching Cat head across the street. She had thought for sure that she was going to take that girl home that had been on her all night. Try as she might, she had not been able to ignore her even though she didn't approach her. What was she supposed to say? Hi, remember me? The girl that you fucked so good she didn't want to get out of bed for days? That can't forget you no matter how hard she tries? That wants you inside of her again and wants to be inside of you?

Her eyes were continually drawn to where she was. Pretending like this sexy gorgeous creature that turned her inside out was not in the same bar as her after weeks of thinking about her. She felt sort of stupid now, knowing who she was, that she could probably get any girl she wanted...she was just

some chick she picked up in a bar. Probably some conquest. And here she was just staring at her, wishing for...to be in her arms again. Was she insane to want her?
Cat hadn't approached her and she hadn't approached Cat. Scared of rejection...scared of her own reaction to her. She said goodbye to her friends, getting in her car. She had only two beers earlier in the night, not wanting to drink. Not wanting it to be a crutch so she would't have to deal with how she was feeling. And when she watched her drive away, she knew what she wanted. Even if she rejected her, she had to try. Because she knew this ache wouldn't go away regardless of how much she willed it to.
She drove slowly, sorting out her thoughts. When she got there, she parked, looking up at her window. A light was on, the TV colors swirling behind the closed curtains. She got out of her car, walking across the street. She took the steps and then knocked hesitantly. She heard movement and a moment later, the door opened. Cat was standing in front of her, in shorts and a t-shirt, barefoot. Krissy chewed on her lip, feeling so much, but afraid at the same time. She looked so damn good. That olive skin dark from the sun, her caramel colored eyes on hers, those full lips just asking to be kissed. They looked at one another for a long moment.
"Come here.." Cat said softly. Krissy stepped over the threshold and into her arms. Cat folded her into her body, closing the door behind her. She buried her face in her neck, grasping her shirt, needing her..the feeling surging through her. Cat lifted her gently, Krissy's legs twining around her hips and she carried her to the couch, sitting down. Krissy lifted her head, and their mouths brushed. Their eyes stayed open as they kissed softly.
"I'm scared...I don't want to need you like this," Krissy whispered, her hands going around her neck. Cat cupped her face, "I can't eat..sleep...all I think about is being with you." Krissy swallowed. Cat raised her eyebrow and Krissy laughed softly. "Guess that makes two of us. I saw you on TV earlier this evening, surprised the hell out of me," Krissy laughed softly. Cat gave her a smile. "I didn't know you played professional sports." Cat nodded, "I assumed as much. I'm glad you didn't." "Why?" She shrugged, "Sometimes people act weird. Can't tell if they want to be my friend because of who I am..or...you know?"
Krissy gave her a slow smile, "Well, I just want you for your body." They both laughed, "Oh really?" Krissy bit her lip then shook her head. They stared at one another. "I can't describe what this is between us," Krissy whispered. Cat nuzzled her nose, "Maybe we don't need to." Krissy nodded, knowing that not everything had to be catagorized and labeled, that sometimes things just were. "Well Cat, my name's Krissy. And it's very very nice to meet you," she whispered, her fingers tangling in her hair. "Oh I agree," Cat replied, her eyes darkening. Krissy shook her head groaning as she felt a shudder of anticipation run through her. She was damn happy to be back in her arms again. As their mouths met, her thoughts started to haze over. She didn't want to think right now, just feel. They'd go from here.