

Jamie (Part II)

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My first attempt at a story for public consumption

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/jamie-part-ii-1.aspx>

I have written a few “stories” for friends, based largely on fact with a judicial slice of fantasy thrown in to add spice to the tale. I have never published these for a critical public, so I hope this does not fall too flat for a first attempt. Why I have written part two before part one? I don’t know. Call it author’s prerogative.

We had been friends for some time, Jamie and me. We shared dreams and fears and celebrations; we shared ideas and fantasies and bodies. Yes, we were lovers, yet in some weird twist of circumstance, we were not an “item” in that we had never dated as a couple. That’s not to say we didn’t go out together, we simply hadn’t made an issue of “going out” together.

To me, Jamie is beautiful. Not in the classic sense I suppose, but there is a beauty which transcends classic, good looks. She is blonde, of medium height and weight I suppose, and with a dusting of freckles across her nose and cheeks. Her azure blue eyes twinkle and sparkle, but when angered, become dark bottomless pits. Like me, she has small breasts, topped by the most delightful pink raisin-like nipples. She rarely encases her breasts in the restrictions of a bra commenting “who needs body armour for these little sweeties?”

She is one of those rare creatures equally happy in clothes, or not at all. One was as likely to find her walking around the house nude, as fully dressed in heels and a cocktail dress. Jamie is entirely comfortable in her body and in her space on this planet. Some find this quite threatening, and others find it enchanting. Clearly, I fall into the latter category

It was a Saturday afternoon. We had been to lunch at a local pub, where yes, we had had too much wine I suppose, but it was a gorgeous summer day and friends fun and good conversation were abundant. We were flirting, teasing each other and those around us. Neither of us is ashamed of our sexuality, but nor are we “out there”. Our close friends know and accept us as we are, and those who are not close, well who cares what they think?

I was wearing a flowing summer dress (mum would have tut-tutted that in the sunlight one could see my panties through it) and white straw hat and sandals. Jamie was wearing shorts and halter top and inevitably, no bra. This attracted all sorts of rather uncouth comments from some of the guys, and a few stares from some of the girls. We were sitting at an outside table, when I looked up and caught Jamie looking intently at me. Then I felt her bare foot rubbing up my leg, pushing my knees apart, and exploring my inner thighs.

Whilst I am not into public display, I am enormously turned on by such provocative acts knowing that at any time we could be "caught". I lose resistance and so involuntarily opened my legs to receiver her. The wine, the warm sun, the friends and laughter all contributed to my brazen acceptance of her. It wasn't long until the progressing from mild tingling to wet panties had gone beyond my capacity to disguise my feelings.

Jamie delighted in teasing me in this way. She was not immune to the effect she was having on me, as I could hear how here breathing had changed, and she got a distant look in her eyes. More than once, somebody in the conversation had to nudge her, bring her back to earth. The point was rapidly approaching where I knew that I was not going to prevent my on-coming ecstasy from being noticed. Jamie was merciless, alternately rubbing lightly and pushing her toes between my now swollen and eager folds. Somehow, she had managed to push my panties to one side (God girl, such dexterity with only your toes), and now I was fucking her foot.

Jill sitting next to me became aware and whispered "Sarah, stop it. I know what you are doing". I mumbled incoherently and took her hand in mine, squeezing it for all I was worth, as Jamie took me to silent ecstasy, took me up beyond the clouds and the rain. When I returned, Jill leaned in and kissed me lightly on the cheek whispering "can we do coffee in the week?" Then she got up and headed to the ladies rest room.

Jamie came and sat alongside me as if nothing had happened. I knew however that she was now unstoppable, but also, that she loved to prolong the moment. Her real pleasure was and is in seeing me as she had, spent, flushed, excited and pretending all was normal. We re-joined the conversation and the fun until Jamie told me she needed to "go to the ladies".

We were in deep conversation so I followed and stood at the door of her little stall to continue the conversation. She sat, and opened her legs ever so slightly, one hand on her knee, the other on the wall as if bracing herself. I was transfixed; whilst I had often watched her pee I had never "seen" her. I watched her red and swollen labia twitch, and then a little trickle of nectar..... and then a gentle stream sort of splashing her upper thighs before splashing into the water below.

I have no idea what got into me or why I did it, but I went to her and put my hand between her legs

into her stream and then started to finger her. She looked at me with amazing serenity, eyes open, staring into mine. At first her stream stuttered, and then continued as she fucked my fingers. I say she fucked my fingers, because her hips thrust onto my hand, which was trapped between her legs against the front of the toilet bowl. Within what seemed like seconds (realistically it must have been longer), she started to moan, her eyes rolled back, and she reached delicious ecstasy. I never saw anybody cum so hard or so fast. When she had stopped, I took my 2 middle fingers from her and sucked them clean.

Before she could get up I lifted my dress over my head and sat straddling her, facing her. My breasts were in line with her face. We kissed and I told her how beautiful she is; how much I loved being with her. We looked into each other's eyes, and she nodded imperceptibly. How did she do this? How did she know the rude and forbidden thoughts that were going through my mind? She opened her legs a little, and I started to pee. In all this time not a word had been spoken between us. I felt my pee against her tummy – warm and scented and intimate, her pubic hair wet and tickling my pussy. I heard the tinkle of it into the water below where it mixed with her own.

When I had finished, I simply sat there staring at her beautiful face, serene, loving and somehow lost in thought. Was she contemplating the dirtiness of my body waste or simply reflecting on the intimacy of a spontaneous expression of something entirely new and untested; something shared between lovers? We immediately left and went home where we showered and then lay together in bed relishing each other's body warmth and sensuality. We never really talked about what happened, but my eyes had been opened to something new and exciting; a new dimension to sexual experience. Her pee in some way had become an extension, a new and extremely intimate dimension to what we shared.