Liquid Courage

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I have had a crush on Ronnie (Veronica) ever since I met her at college orientation. I would not have called myself a lesbian or even bi, but she was just so beautiful; about 5’6, tight tan body, black hair, green eyes, and the most perfectly round C cup breasts. Ronnie was extremely outgoing and I was very shy so I was surprised that we became such good friends. Through college I kept my crush a little secret, but school was almost over and I could not leave without at least trying to get with her!

It was the last weekend before the start of our last semester at school, everyone was back in town; I knew it was going to be a great night. We were all just getting ready for an exciting night out, drinks were poured and everyone was looking sexy; especially Ronnie.

Elena (another one of my friends) called for a cab to come pick us up in a couple hours to take us downtown, in the mean time we turned up the music and had our own little dance party. As Ronnie was swaying around I could not help but stare at the way her tight blue dress was clinging to the curves on her body and how her high heels made her legs look like they were a mile long. Damn she was so hot; I felt a tingling sensation all over.

I finished my drink, and with a little a bit of liquid courage, I went and started dancing with Ronnie. At first we just giggled, but when she put her hands on my hips I couldn’t help but release a slight moan under my breath.

I noticed Ronnie’s eyes looking up and down me. I was wearing a tight black mini skirt with a light pink tank top (which clung tight to by D cup breasts). So badly I just want to grab Ronnie and kiss her right there. It was eleven, we knew the cab was going to be there shortly so we walked into the kitchen where the rest of our friends were. I took a seat on a chair around the table, Ronnie began to pour everyone shots.

We were a couple chairs short so Ronnie sat on my lap. Her ass was so perfect; firm yet soft. I was feeling daring so I put my hand on her bare thigh; she looked at me smiled; I slid my hand up a little further and gave it a little squeeze. Ronnie shifted her butt slightly and that was enough to make my

pussy wet. We cheersed to our last semester and took our last shot.

Ronnie stood up and said she was going to check her make up one last time. As she neared the doorway of the bathroom she looked over in my direction and nodded for me to follow her, which of course I did. Even with the “liquid courage” I still had butterflies in my stomach. When I walked into the bathroom I shut the door behind me, took a deep breath, and went for it.

I pushed Ronnie up against the door; we just stared into each other’s eyes, breathing deeply. All I could think was, “This was it!” I kissed her. I kissed her with passion and she kissed me back; our tongues exploring each other’s mouths. Her hands gripped my hair, my hands running all over her body, feeling her breasts and tight stomach.

My hands eventually made it to her thighs, pushing up her dress so it was above her waist. It was then I realized that she never wore underwear when she went out. I could feel the heat from her pussy as my hands paused on her inner thighs.

With our tongues still locked I began to run my middle finger up and down her slit; she was getting so wet and so was I. Knowing the cab was going to be here soon and our friends were just on the other side of the door added to the excitement.

I slid my finger inside her tight wet pussy and being to move it around inside her. It was so much better than I could have imagined. Ronnie was moaning loud so I kissed her harder, we both knew we did not want to be caught.

Fuck, she was so wet. I then slid two fingers in, knowing she was about to orgasm. Her body started to shake as I quickly slid them in and out, the walls of her pussy tightening around my fingers.

When she was finished we just stared at each other for a moment, smiled, and started giggling. Ronnie and I fixed our hair and make up and adjusted our clothes just as some yelled, “The cab is here!”

When I opened the door and was about to walk out of the bathroom Ronnie pulled me back slightly and whispered in my ear, “Just so you know, when we get the club, it’s your turn.”

This is my first story, it’s all pretty much true, give me some feedback please (don’t be afraid to be honest).