The Girl Who Passed Me A Note - Part One

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Published on Lush Stories on 27 Feb 2011

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/the-girl-who-passed-me-a-note-part-one.aspx

It was early Tuesday morning and all I could think about was how badly I wanted it to be 10:30. The anticipation was building; Every single second seemed to take hours to go by and the hands on the clock didn't even seem to move at all. I was anxious, and a little nervous, too, but I guess that's normal. She told me I would feel this way. Scared. I didn't fully understand why until about 10:26, when I looked at the clock nervously and almost wanted to say nevermind and forget about the whole thing.

But I managed to suck it up, and at 10:28 I was making my way to the girls bathroom of my high school. I walked in and I could see her black heels behind one of the stalls. Thankfully, though, there wasn't anyone else around. I wouldn't know what to do if there was. Truthfully, I'd probably turn around and walk right back out.I knocked on her stall and she opened it enough for me to join her inside.

"Hi Rachel." she smiled at me, and my insides turned to pudding. I was so nervous, I could have thrown up right there in the toilet. But instead, I said hello back, probably sounding very awkward. I looked at this girl curiously. Megan Ford. Eighteen years old and gorgeous. Known for being a party girl drunk every weekend.

I didn't really know her too well. In fact, I barely knew her at all. We've never spoken a word to each other before that moment. The whole reason I was even in that bathroom in the first place is because Megan passed me a note in the hallway the day before. It was strange, I would say, that she had given me that note. Definitely shocked me.

I remember reading her pretty cursive writing; *Meet me tomorrow in the girls bathroom at exactly 10:30, I'll be wearing a pair of black heels. Don't be scared. I promise, you won't regret a thing.* I looked at that note at least seventy times, wondering what the hell she was talking about. Don't be scared? Did I have something to be scared of? What won't I regret? Why did she want to meet me, of all people?The questions ran through my head plenty of times, but the answers were all unclear.

I wondered how she even knew my name, but I never got to ask. Her french manicured fingernails touched my cheek gently, and I shivered. I wasn't a lesbian. I have never even kissed a girl before.

The only reason I had gone to the bathroom was to figure out what she had wanted. It was clear, after her soft caress, what she was really after.

"Ever been fucked by a girl?" she asked. I was shocked. No. No, I've never fucked a girl. I don't like girls. I like boys. Megan smiled when I told her that, as if it were an invitation to try and change things.

She flipped her hazelnut brown hair over her shoulder and puckered her lips.

"Kiss me. Just once." she said.

And I did kiss her, to my own disbelief. But it was a long, unexpected kiss. I was about to pull away when she slipped her tongue into my mouth, and I cursed at myself in my head because I kept kissing her for a few more seconds before I actually did pull away.

She wanted to know if I liked it. I said it wasn't terrible, and she smiled again.

Megan Ford reached up and cupped my B-cup boobs in her hands. She squeezed and tickled my nipples through the fabric. I wanted to leave right then, but I couldn't. Something about the situation I was in was making me stay. I didn't know what it was. She kissed me, and I kissed her back, this time letting my tongue slide into her mouth first.

"Want me to go further?" she asked. I nodded involuntarily.

With that said, she slipped her hands up my shirt and underneath my bra, feeling and groping my chest. The only other time anyone has done this to me was at my seventeeth birthday party, playing Truth or Dare. It was certainly a nice feeling.

A hand slipped into my jeans and I moaned lightly. She was touching me now. Touching my clit, and my wet pussy. I guess I was aroused because I could feel my juice soaking her fingers as she ran them along my smooth slit.

"We shouldn't be doing this." I said.

Her green eyes looked up at me. "You're saying you don't like what I'm doing?" she winked.

Her fingers moved again and I pushed myself against her.

"No..." I said slowly.

"Then why shouldn't we be doing this?"

I didn't answer her. She pushed a finger inside me, then another one. It felt so good, I could barely stand it. I knew how wet I had to of been, but I didn't want to admit that. I didn't want to admit how horny I was, and for a girl. I was straight, wasn't I? I didn't like girls. Right?

Megan pulled my pants down and pulled my black thong aside, revealing my pink, wet pussy. She licked her lips before giving me a devilish look.

"Ever get your pussy licked?" she asked.I was going to say no but she had already started licking my clit, and I couldn't say anythingintelligible. Just a blur of sounds. Still, it felt so fucking good. I moaned, running my fingers through her hair.

She fingered me and ate me out at the same time; It was a ridiculous feeling, but in a good way, of course. Two fingers in my hole, tonguing my clit. I was about to cum, I could feel it. I could feel my muscles begin to tighten around her fingers and she moaned into my pussy, sending a whirl of vibrations throughout my body.

I groaned, trying to be quiet just in case anyone entered the bathroom. I almost forgot we were still in school, and the thought of someone catching us was terrifying. She finger fucked me hard, licking every inch of my sweet wet pussy until I pulled on her hair, signaling that I was cumming.

"Uhhhhhhh!" I moaned.

She kissed my clit lightly, and I shuddered. "You like that?"

"Mmm hmm."

She rose to her feet and gave me a kiss on the lips, allowing me to taste my own juices. I played with her tongue with my own, feeling kind of ballsy now. Everything seemed so good. That is, until I heard the knock on our stall door.

TO BE CONTINUED ;)