The Window Drapes

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Two straight women tasting each other

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It was a dark and dreary day. Natalie had been sitting at the window sill, leaning against the book case next to it. She was amazed by the darkness of the sky and the thunder off in the distance.

"Penny for your thoughts, Natalie," said Sasha as she walked into the room to find Natalie staring out of the window as if she was waiting for something or someone.

"I just love it when the rains come, even though the sky is in turmoil, it is just so serene," Natalie said as she turned her head to look at Sasha.

Sasha walked further into the room and sat down next to Natalie on the floor. "Have you heard from your beloved?" she asked.

"I've not heard from him in months, the last letter I received from him was three months ago," Natalie responded, moving her gaze to her folded hands, wishing it had not been so long.

"Where do you think he's gone?" Sasha asked the apparently sad Natalie.

"I wish I knew," Natalie said, moving her head to the side to land onto Sasha's shoulder softly.

Sasha made a noise, not knowing how to respond, but wanting Natalie to know that she was there for her. Sasha stroked Natalie's hair with her fingers, occasionally wrapping a finger around Natalie's hair and lightly pulling as she untwirled it from her finger.

"He's been gone so long that I don't know what I would do, should I find that he's passed away," Natalie said, her nose and mouth close to Sasha's neck, breathing on it softly as she inhaled in and out.

Sasha slowly moved her hand from Natalie's hair down to her shoulder, further down to her back, and across to Natalie's side, moving her fingers up and down in an attempt to sooth her friend. "You

never know what could happen, it's best to just go on living while you wait," Sasha said as her way of trying to get Natalie to not dwell on it for too long.

"Believe me, I know," Natalie said in response, turning her head against Sasha's shoulder and gazing at Sasha's eyes to see the kind, brown eyes, focused on where her hand was stroking on Natalie's side.

Perhaps Natalie was tired of waiting for her beloved, or perhaps she was curious, but for whatever reason, she moved her mouth closer to Sasha's neck and passionately kissed Sasha's neck, slightly sucking as she did.

"What are you doing?!" Sasha yelled out, grabbing a handful of Natalie's hair and pulling her away from her own neck.

Natalie let out a soft moan as her hair was pulled, biting her lower lip.

Sasha could not help but just sit there for a moment after Natalie's moan, with the woman's hair still in her hand, curious as to what had gotten into her friend. "Why did you do that?" Sasha asked, still waiting for a response from Natalie.

"I've always wanted to know how you tasted," Natalie said, a tear in her eye from her hair being pulled.

"I tasted?" Sasha let go of Natalie's hair, not knowing what that statement had meant.

Natalie moved her hand up to Sasha's face and stroked her cheek. Sasha felt the soft hand caressing her face and leaned her head towards the hand.

Natalie took her hand off of Sasha and turned her head to look back at the window. The wooden window was old, having been in the house for many years. The glass had started to haze over, and it was outlined in brass. On both sides of the window were red velvet curtains, with gold threaded tassels at the bottoms. Natalie grabbed one of the drapes and pulled it down as hard as she could. The drape ripped off from where it had been anchored.

Natalie took the ripped drape into her hands and ripped it into more pieces, six pieces to be exact. She took the largest one and folded it in half and turned back to face Sasha. Sasha had a puzzled look on her face while watching Natalie destroy the curtains. "Are you okay?" Sasha asked.

"Oh, I'm fine," Natalie responded. Natalie stood up and walked behind Sasha, took the folded piece

of fabric and placed it over Sasha's eyes and around the back of her head, tying the ends into a knot.

Scared, but curious, Sasha let Natalie do as she wished. Natalie put her mouth to Sasha's right ear and began to lick it lovingly up and down, sucking on the lobe. Sasha's favorite thing was having her ears touched and was breathing a little more heavy than normal. Natalie placed her tongue against Sasha's ear and moved it down, sliding over the skin, down to Sasha's neck and sucked on it very gingerly. Sasha found her sex becoming very aroused at her friend. Perhaps it was because she couldn't see from the blindfold, or maybe she had secretly wanted Natalie as well.

Natalie lightly pushed Sasha backwards until she was laying on the ground. Sasha braced herself for the decline onto the floor, moving her head to where she believed Natalie was, unable to see the exact location and a little hesitant about what Natalie was doing to her. Natalie took one of the other torn pieces of drape and took Sasha's left hand and then her right and bound them together with the torn velvet from the window. Sasha let out a quiet gasp as the knot in the velvet was tightened.

Proud of herself, Natalie nudged Sasha with her shoe to see what the response would be. "Hey!" cried Sasha.

"I'm sorry, my balance must have slipped," responded Natalie. Natalie looked down at Sasha, keeping her gaze focused on Sasha's chest going up and down with every breath, noticing the two little bumps on her chest from her nipples being slightly hard. "You act like you don't like it, but I can see you do," Natalie said with a firmness in her voice.

"I've never been tied up before, I don't know what I like and don't," Sasha replied, her tone sounding slightly agitated and upset.

"One way to find out," Natalie said with a grin as she moved her body over Sasha, placing both feet on each side of her and moving her body down to the point she was straddling Sasha's tense body. She stroked her hands up Sasha's stomach and over her breasts, making sure to pay close attention to the hardened nipples, twirling them with her fingers and massaging them.

Sasha lightly moaned, her legs subconsciously moving about the more she was aroused, thrusting her hips up against Natalie as she did. Natalie paused for a moment, noticing how her own sex was throbbing and begging for attention.

"Have you ever eaten pussy before?" Natalie asked.

"No," responded Sasha. Natalie moved one of her own hands down her body and over her clothing between her legs, feeling how warm she was. Natalie was wearing her favorite night gown, one that

she had worn most nights because it reminded her so much of her beloved, he had purchased it for her before his departure. She grabbed the bottom of her night gown and pulled it up her body, pulled one arm out, then the other, and over her head until the night gown was fully removed.

Natalie moved her body along Sasha until her face was between Natalie's legs. "Lick," Natalie commanded. Sasha slid her tongue out of her mouth and stuck it out until it had reached something unknown. She moved her tongue up and down, imagining that there was a lollipop just within reach of her tongue. The taste was very different than anything she had tasted before. It was sweet, yet salty, and felt very smooth. The taste and feel reminded her of salted fudge squares for some reason she had not known. Sasha got the hint of what was against her tongue when she heard Natalie moan and start moving her hips back and forth in motion with Sasha's licks.

"Fuck!" Natalie cried out. "Lick that fucking pussy nice and clean."

Sasha continued to lick as she was instructed. Unbeknown to the two women, the yell had alerted Natalie's aging father, of whom she was looking after, downstairs. "Are you girls okay up there?" he called up the stairs.

Natalie scurried to think of what to say. "Everything is fine, dad, we're just playing a game of Twister."

Both girls were frozen in place, not wanting to get caught. The women did not hear a response to what Natalie had said so they waited a few more moments until the silence was broken by footsteps on the staircase.

Natalie scurried to put her night gown on.

"Cut me loose!" Sasha pleaded.

"I'm trying to hurry," responded Natalie. Natalie ran to her dresser, pulled out a pair of scissors and ran back to Sasha, cutting the wrist restraint and then the blindfold. Sasha got up and ran to the closet to get the Twister game out, having to whip the dust off from it being so long since it was last used.

They could hear the footsteps closer. Natalie pulled the top off of the game's box and placed the game mat on the floor the fastest she could. Both girls threw their bodies on the mat just in time for Natalie's father to open the door.

Natalie's father looked around the room and then at the women. "I came to check on you. Playing twister at twenty seemed a tad strange, Natalie. Isn't it difficult to play that game wearing a night

gown? I would think you'd want to wear shorts for that."

"Dad..." Natalie attempted to interrupt.

"Did you go to the grocery store yet? I'm out of my apple turnovers. Oh! I need for you to go to the pharmacy and get my medication refilled," Natalie's father continued.

"Dad!" Natalie said sternly.

"Yes?" he responded.

"Go back downstairs and make a grocery list and I'll be down in a moment," Natalie said to her father.

"Oh! Good idea," he said, walking back out of the room and slowly back down the stairs, as the stairs were his biggest enemy in his age.

Natalie turned to Sasha. "We'll have to pick up where we left off at another time."

Sasha giggled in response and the both women stood up. They shared a close hug and Sasha walked out of the room and down stairs to head back home.

Natalie was pissed and growling under her voice as she said, "I love my father, but he has the absolute worst timing."