Two days with Sarah

By DanielleX

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A girl discovers the full beauty of lesbian love

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Between leaving college and starting uni I was still a little inexperienced when it came to the ways of the world. I had not long had my eighteenth birthday. I was still learning how blonde hair, boobs and a big bum was not just a random assortment of genes. I had become an adolescent playground if the reaction from guys and other girls, when I walked to college was anything to go by. Guys though were not on my radar. I found them fascinating in some ways but I certainly wasn't ready to give up my treasured virginity. However, being chaste didn't mean I was innocent. I had had a single experience with one guy my age a month or two earlier. He was shy and cute, and largely satisfied my curiosity. It was a brief and very messy interlude during one of the idle moments between exams. I had nothing against men but I guess even by that time I knew my sexual preferences lay in a different direction.

I had only messed about with a couple of girls. One of these was no more than a few giggly kisses at a party. The other girl was more of a play mate than a proper girlfriend. We had been friends from our second year at secondary school, I guess that's 7th grade for American readers. It just seemed natural that our affection for each other spilled into the bedroom once we had turned sixteen. We would kiss at every opportunity and two or three nights a week we would meet at each other's house. As far as our parents were concerned we were just doing normal teenage stuff. Instead we were exploring each other. Kissing, licking and sucking each other to orgasm after blissful orgasm. After a while we became more adventurous and introduced toys into our little games. Giving up my pussy to my best friend was one of the best moments of my life and I'll treasure those days always. Going to different universities would end everything abruptly, but it would never end the beautiful friendship we had.

It was in the spring three months after my birthday and I was sent to Europe effectively, by my Dad so I could get to know the other half of my family better rather than getting up to no good in my bedroom or loitering around town. I managed three weeks with my auntie and then my Gran before I decided that I needed to get up and go. I persuaded my Gran to convince my Dad that it would be good for my personal development to do some travelling. My Gran had a friend who had moved to Vienna several years back and she said it would be OK if we stayed with her.

I knew my Grandmother was still missing my Grandfather who had died too young and I think she appreciated the change of scenery. So with my Dad transferring a pot load of money into my account, we set off south through Hungary to Austria. For two days it was great, being in a big old house but I think they knew an 18 year old girl needed to do her own thing. It goes without saying that she was a little concerned with me going off for several days but I was sensible and promised I would be OK.

I caught a train and just got off in an area in the far east of the country with a huge lake with marshes. It was just super and my exploring gene suddenly switched into fourth gear.

In the five days I decided to make my time worth while and not simply be a tourist. I was and still am, a very inquisitive person and wanted to know about the culture of the place. I was taken out by a kindly fisherman, so I could see the lake properly. He knew what all these different birds were but unfortunately didn't speak much English so all the names were in German I guess. He was quite an old guy, and I never thought he looked at me more than as a whacky English girl, whereas I would have been more concerned with a younger man.

When I wasn't walking and making a nuisance of myself on boats I was waltzing around the shops in the nearby village and that's where my little trip suddenly went from one of teenage whimsy to a tale of passion.

I was looking at some necklaces and earrings on one of those little carousel things. I was turning it one way and she was turning it the other and we exchanged a giggle as we almost sent the whole thing crashing down.

"Whoops! Sorry," I said looking at the pretty, fresh-faced girl with brown hair who had a similar taste in jewellery to me.

"It's OK, no harm done."

"I know, but I'm like a bull in a china shop at the best of times," I joked.

"Like me! Butter fingers," she said.

I looked at her lovely red nail polish.

"They're lovely. Did you buy it here?"

"No, I brought it up for the trip. You on holiday I take it?" She asked.

“Yes, I’m touring kind of.”

“Me too. First time in Europe… so seeing the sights.“

“Oh lovely. Where did you go before here?“

“Rome and Venice.“

“Oh no! I so want to go to Rome!“

“You should, it’s truly amazing.“

A girl knows when another girl is checking her boobs. It’s a bit more subtle than guys but she was glancing down more than just randomly. As a double D and still growing, I was quite a handful and my elasticated crop top didn’t exactly hide my assets. Even so, I was not only flattered but mildly excited. She was quite cute, a few years older than me and very feminine. Something about her intrigued me. I don’t know why, but she did.

“I don’t suppose you want to go for a coffee?” I suggested, casually.

“Sure thing,” she said, brightly.

“OK! Good! I‘m Danielle by the way.”

“Hi Danielle, that’s a lovely name. I’m Sarah.”

We touched hands in a girlie kind of way and thanked the shop keeper before going back into the warm Austrian sunshine. We didn’t need to walk far and found a coffee shop not far from the station.

“Do you want to share one of those apple tarts?” Said Sarah, as she ordered the drinks.

I wanted to get the drinks as it was my suggestion, but Sarah insisted.

“It’s a strudel. Yes, it would be nice, thank you.”

“So where you from, New Zealand?” I asked, as we walked to a little table in the window.

“No, guess again!”

I was rubbish with accents. I had more or less deduced the southern hemisphere but to me a Kiwi and a Springbok were just names on the TV. I was more interested in her sweet voice and her cheeky face and what other amazing things she had seen in Rome. I had dreamed of going to see the Cistine Chapel as a cultural and spiritual pilgrimage. I was having a different sort of epiphany though as I looked at Sarah. I found myself seeing another girl in a way I hadn't quite experienced before. My little sex buddy back home and I had almost drifted into our relationship more than exercised a conscious effort to be a couple.

"So you must have seen the painting of the Last Supper?"

"Yes."

"Oh I'm so jealous!"

"And the Basilica and the Castle 'D'Angelo!"

"Oh stop it. I want to go now!"

"Ha ha Danielle! You're so funny."

"Am I?"

Sarah smiled and sipped her coffee.

"You're very young to be travelling alone," she continued.

"Not really. I'm eighteen and anyway I'm not travelling alone as such. I came down with my Grandmother. We're staying in Vienna. I just wanted a few days to myself."

"Oh well even so, but I'm like you Danielle. Sometimes you just have to follow your inner girl."

"Oh I know… how old are you Sarah?"

"Twenty four."

"I was going to say twenty four!"

"Ah… where are you staying?" Asked Sarah.

“The one by the lake.”

“I know the one, I’m just in the road behind there. Is yours nice?”

“Yes, I don’t spend much time there to be honest.”

“OK well I was going to go shopping for tops, do you want to come? Not that I’m getting you to spend your Euros,” said Sarah, thoughtfully.

“Oh that’s OK, my Dad will just top me up, if I run low.”

“Ah still the bank of Mum and Dad is it?”

“For now. Well the bank of Dad really, my Mum wants me to get a Saturday job but I can’t be arsed.”

Sarah laughed and we agreed to raid the next boutique we saw.

“Ah that’s beautiful!” I said, looking at the brightly-coloured blouse that Sarah was flattening against her body. I had chosen a couple of tops and wanted to try them on.

“Did you notice if they have a changing room?”

“I guess so,” said Sarah.

She disappeared momentarily towards the back of the shop and beckoned me to where the woman was standing and we were shown the one cubicle with it’s thick orange curtain. We hung our togs on the silver coat hooks and Sarah began to unbutton her blouse. I hesitated before lifting my crop top. I wasn’t wearing a bra, which didn’t bother me but I found myself watching Sarah as she exposed her white bra and her little puffy mounds of cleavage.

It was Sarah’s turn to stare as I pulled my top off, making my tits bounce.

“You’re blessed Danielle!”

“Aren’t I!”

“I got this far when I was fifteen and then stopped,” she said, a little forlornly.

“Don’t be silly, you look lovely Sarah.”

Sarah half changed into her new top, half glanced at my boobs as I decided which of mine to try first.

“What do you think?” Asked Sarah.

“It’s perfect. It really goes with your hair and everything.”

“I think that’s a bit small,” she said, pointing to my top, which was made for someone less well endowed.

“I know, maybe this one.”

Sarah took hers off and turned to try the next one.

“Why don’t you try that one next to your skin?” I suggested.

“What do you mean?”

“Without your bra.”

Sarah looked at me with comical contempt.

“Is that a round about way of saying you want to compare boobs?”

“Oooh rumbled!”

We giggled at each other and then Sarah released the catches on her bra and showed me her beautiful perky breasts. They were small but to quote an overly-used expression - perfectly formed. But they really were. Just the right sized nipples. A shade darker than mine with tender looking areola with those cute little goose bumps. I looked at them quite brazenly and took my own top off. We both found ourselves looking down at our own breasts and then at each other’s. I can only guess that there was a simultaneous feeling of wonderment as we stood there, not even trying to hide the fact that we were enjoying the mutual boob flashing. What I didn’t know at that precise moment was that like me, Sarah was having a delicious tingly warmth down there.

We each ended up with one new item of clothing and went outside with me wondering what on Earth I was going to do. I was absolutely craving to see Sarah naked. She had done something. That one silly moment in the cubicle had lit a spark, which I knew wasn’t going to just be extinguished. The thing was, I didn’t know if Sarah was straight or what she was. Maybe she was a little reticent, owing

to the age difference, although I didn’t see six years as that significant. I wanted her to give me a sign.

“Do you want to see my room? I’ve got half a bottle of wine in the fridge,” she said as we dawdled down the little high street.

“Yes!!!”

Sarah looked at me with that same accusatory glance that she had used in the cubicle.

“I mean… yes that would be lovely.”

Sarah’s room was smaller than mine but was similarly decorated with the white, plastered walls and the local vignettes of fishing scenes and so on. She discarded her hand bag and shopping on the bed and fetched the bottle of Merlot as I placed my purchases on the back of a little wooden chair.

“Make yourself comfortable,” said Sarah, as she poured two generous measures.

I sat on her bed and found myself studying her figure in the light of the room. Her skirt was quite short, giving me a nice view of her slim legs. Her bum wasn’t big but the cotton still had that way of making the presence of her ass cheeks known as she moved. She turned round and passed me a glass and sat down with me on the bed.

“To our holidays!” She said. Our glasses sang cheerily and we looked at each other, sipping the wine. I was a little apprehensive, wondering if she was thinking what I was thinking. I guess the ice had been broken and we had kind of gone from first base to fourth somehow skipping the intermediate steps. That had left a little gap in our own private narrative and me being me attempted to make some sense of my feelings.

“Have you left someone special back home?” I asked.

“No… well kind of. I’m seeing someone but they had work commitments at the last minute.”

“Oh that’s a shame.”

“We live very independent lives,” continued Sarah. “It’s just one of those things.”

“Oh well…”

“How about you Danielle?”

“Call me Danny, everyone does.”

“OK… I shouldn’t pry.”

“No it’s fine. I’m seeing a girl actually. Well we’re more friends than anything… it’s just nothing you know. We hang out and stuff…I…”

“Danny Danny, it’s OK. It’s OK to like girls. I’m seeing a girl too.”

“You are?”

“Yes. Give me your glass.”

I passed Sarah my half drunk wine and she looked at me, brushing my hair away from my eyes. Everything felt as if it was going in slow motion as she spoke and her voice seemed distant. The next thing I knew, I had closed my eyes and her soft lips were brushing mine. I opened my mouth instinctively, at the same time as I felt an intense tingling in several different areas of my body. It was such a gentle kiss. Her tongue seemed to stroke the inside of my upper lip. I put my hands round her waist. The passion of our embrace went up in degrees and she was biting my lip in one moment and letting me taste her tongue in the next. It was brief but it wasn’t like any kiss I had ever experienced. I had only just met this girl with the cherry red lips and cheeky smile, but I knew I wanted to give myself to her, to let her impart her experience upon my eager young body.

“I’m sorry Danny… you’re just so kissable,” she said contritely.

“Don’t be sorry. It was wonderful.”

“I’m not going to lie Danny, I could make out with you, but I…”

I never did find out what she was going to say. Maybe to her, she was the slightly older woman seducing the inquisitive teenager. But it was I, albeit inadvertently who was seducing her. She stopped speaking abruptly as I lifted up my top. My nipples had become firm and sensitive.

“Tell me you don‘t want to kiss them.”

“Oh Danny.”

“Once we start Danny, you know we might not be able to stop?”

“I know… it’s fine.”

She cupped my boobs, lifting them slightly, as if she was weighing them. She didn’t take her eyes away from mine as she slipped off the bed and knelt on the floor between my legs. Her hand brushed against my knee as she looked up at me with an indefinable magic in her eyes and suckled on my nipples. I let out a plaintive little cry as she kissed, sucked and licked my boobs in such a way that my pussy had soaked my panties in just a few seconds. I felt a warm aching in my little pussy like an itch that needed to be scratched. My hand began to stray inside my skirt but Sarah caught my wrist gently and pulled my hand away.

She looked up at me and no doubt saw the tension in my face as the persistent throbbing in my pussy was becoming almost unbearable.

“Are you OK Danny?”

She sat on the bed and we kissed again, but I was the instigator this time, pulling her onto me, kissing her deeply. I just couldn’t get enough of her, not content with kissing her lips, I half devoured her face, kissing her nose and cheeks - biting her ear lobes. We were both hot and breathless. In a frantic attempt at assuaging my pussy I took her hand and begged her to touch me.

“Wait Danny…just wait.”

“I can’t!”

“You can…just focus on the sensations Danny…hold on to them…”

As she spoke, I was aware of her hands on my legs and my skirt being rolled up. Then I heard her breathing deeply… and…and…

“Oh FUCK!!! Aaah….oooooh….oh Sarah! Hmmmmm….hmmm…oh .”

I was actually losing it…my belly trembling as if we were experiencing an Earth quake and I just squeezed my breasts, pinching my nipples hard. I didn’t think it was possible to be so wet and need a girl’s tongue so bad. Sarah was moaning at the same time as she was eating my pussy.

I could smell my own scent as she lapped at my little cunt. I wanted her to be touching herself as she licked me out. The thought of her masturbating as she pleasured me brought me closer and closer to

my orgasm. Her tongue was doing amazing things to my clitoris and I ended up a trembling wreck, writhing, with my knuckles turning white as I gripped the white cotton sheets.

“Owwwwwww! Oh fuck…fuck…..oooh Sa-rah! Aaaaaaaaah…..hmm…hmm…”

My torment was discharged in an explosive climax as she rubbed her nose into my soaking wet pussy. Our hands were clasped together as I came and my cries slowly became a soft whimper. Sarah joined me, comforting me, stroking my face. I could taste me as we kissed, our lips melting into an amazingly passionate, sexy dessert. Then she opened her eyes and touched the tip of my nose.

“Don’t move,” she said.

I watched her as she unzipped her skirt and then took that and her panties off together. She wasn’t shaved like me, but had maybe gone a few days without the Bic coming out. She looked at me dreamily as I waited for her to turn round and let me taste her pussy. I can only say that if nothing else, licking me had made her wet. I hope I returned the favour and did her sweet pussy the justice it deserved. I hoped she didn’t mind me tickling her little bum hole, but she didn’t complain. She came in a quiet, breathless kind of way. I think that meant I had done something right. If she was going to fake it I would have expected something a little more theatrical. We lay together, just holding hands and talking for an hour. I think there was the faintest sense of embarrassment to begin with but this dissolved as we discovered our little inner feelings and secrets.

I always phoned my Gran at the same time every day and Sarah excused herself in the bathroom while I checked in. She sat on the bed next to me when she came out.

“When do you go back to Vienna?” She asked.

“The day after tomorrow.”

“Would you like to go out tomorrow? I discovered this little secret garden behind a hotel,” she asked.

“Yeah definitely. What if I see you outside here at ten?”

“OK.”

“See you then, then.”

“Yes.”

I had to stay for another kiss before I left but eventually dragged myself away. Sarah had booked an evening river cruise or we might have eaten out but it wasn‘t to be.

I couldn’t wait to see Sarah again the next day. I was so happy. I felt I had arrived. I knew my sexuality wasn’t just a passing phase. She looked lovely when she came out of her hotel. Like me, she had put on a short summer dress. It was normal for me to go commando but I had opted to wear panties, because I thought they would look sexy if we got that far. We walked towards the other end of the village past some high hedgerows and a little maze, which formed part of the ornate garden on the lake side of the hotel grounds. At one end was a single garden chair, which was one of those swinging ones, with a little cover to shelter us from the sun. It was hotter than the previous day and Sarah and I sipped from our water bottles as she told me about her boat party from the previous night. There was just enough of a gap in the hedge to glimpse the occasional sailing boat. There were birds singing and baby rabbits chasing each other down their holes.

As we watched the splendour of nature from the comfort of our own little seat I felt Sarah’s hand touching mine. She began to make a little circle around my palm. It was the gentlest of touches. Not sexual in itself, but suggestive all the same and it gave me a pleasant feeling of warmth in my body. I looked at Sarah and she looked at me with her gorgeous grey-blue eyes. I slid my hand up Sarah’s skirt as we kissed, just stroking her smooth, slim legs. Sarah did the same as I unbuttoned the top of her dress, enough for me to slide my hand in and discover that she had discarded her bra for the day too.

I fondled her little boobs as her fingers went between the groove in my panties.

“Do you want me to show you something?” She said.

“Yes… what?”

“Just relax and do what I do, OK?”

“Yes.”

I was excited, wondering what delights she was going to show me next. She climbed on top of me, straddling me as I sat on the seat, my panties getting stickier by the minute. She guided my hand between her legs as she hitched my skirt up and eased her fingers past my panties, into my slippery little pussy. Sarah’s pussy was wonderful. She was so hot and tight and I went in deeply. I could feel her juices sliding down my fingers. She started to fuck me with her two longest fingers and I did the same, at exactly the same speed and with the same firm, but gentle pressure. Her hair brushed my face as we kissed. We were moaning between breaths until we were devouring each other, our

fingers being squeezed by our juicy little cunts.

Sarah pressed her mouth against my ear and blew softly and spoke to me with slow, urgent whispers.

“Curl your fingers Danny, do what you’re doing but curl them.”

I didn’t need further explanation as I could feel what was she doing inside me and it was fantastic. I was experiencing a whole new level of lesbian pleasure. I could feel her velvet wrapped around my fingers as I did as she said and she was whispering all these naughty things. I had never been played with like this before. I had this wonderful moreish feeling in my pussy. My fingers were so deep into Sarah’s pussy, right to my knuckles. I couldn’t concentrate really but just kept thrusting and fingering. It was so teasing and tingling, the pleasure was everywhere and nowhere. I had this overwhelming yumminess in my vagina as she stimulated my G spot. I was aching, getting near to the moment when I was going to come and I knew Sarah was there too. At the same time I was beginning to feel full, like I needed to go. I was in a beautiful no girl’s land between orgasm and wanting to pee… not urgently but like it would be nice.

“Do you feel it Sarah?”

“Yes…yes Danny…go with it darling…come baby…just let go...”

“Oh Sarah!”

“Yes…”

“Oh Sarah! I‘m going to cum!”

My pussy went into spasm and I just remember Sarah biting my neck as we both came together, as her fingers went round and round my swollen little clit. My orgasm washed over me. I had to bite my lip and then one sensation just became another as I let my little river of gold sprinkle over the seat. As I started to pee I realised my body was becoming hotter. The warmth became a lovely hot, wetness and I realised Sarah was peeing on me, soaking my dress. I could feel her streaming down my belly and between my legs as her pee joined my own little waterfall, cascading onto the grass beneath the seat. I probably wouldn’t have thought of doing something like that before, if it had been suggested, but it just felt like the most natural thing in the world. It was just so sexy. We just sat there, she still on top of me and we kissed for what seemed like ages, my panties soaked with each others satisfaction.

We walked back to the village, with a guilty look on our faces no doubt. I know Sarah had read me

right the previous day. I was learning and I told her to show me new things. She took me at my word and I will always treasure the two days I was with her. There was passion and respect and I guess in a way there was love of sorts. But we had our own lives and lived thousands of miles apart.

We had lunch and spent the afternoon together by the lake, chatting and making chains from the daisies. We said goodbye in the evening.

“I guess, this is it.”

“Be safe Danny.“

“I will Sarah. You too.”

“I’d say I would write, but maybe it’s best to leave it like this.”

“I know. This is the best way.”

“OK then.”

“Yes…”

We stood looking at each other without saying another word until our finger tips eventually parted and I walked to my hotel without looking back.