

The Scent Of A Virgin

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A beautiful young girl loses her lesbian virginity

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Sardinia was somewhere I have wanted to go since a friend told me about it in my first year at uni. She was Sardinian herself and spoke of the crystal clear, blue sea; trees that dripped with oranges and an endless supply of beautiful girls... Laura speaks a little Italian, but she soon discovered that they speak a strange version of the language on the island. However, in the main we got by, which was good as we were staying in a little village miles from anywhere, where hardly any tourists ventured and English was a very foreign tongue. I hired a car in Cagliari, which gave us the option to explore when we had exhausted the local area. That turned out to be perfect, since we found our own little beach where we never saw another soul in the two weeks that we were there. That gave us the confidence to go fully nude after a few days, which meant we could get a nice all over tan. That's after I had put on my factor 500 that is, blondie that I am. We spent the first week walking around the local area after breakfast and then sunbathing on our little beach in the afternoon. We were self catering but would wander down to the village for dinner where there was a wonderful restaurant that served freshly caught fish and wine from the local vineyards. My friend from uni had been right. The locals were beautiful, particularly the girls who all seem to have waist length hair. Our adventure really began while walking about half a mile from our apartment one morning. We had a map and decided to take a path, which lead to the next village. However, after a few hundred metres we arrived at a little selection of houses at the top of a gentle slope, where the way split in two, although not according to my map. This girl was picking some fruit and collecting it in a basket. She was wearing a long white dress, which was somewhat transparent, so you didn't need a leap of the imagination to see her panties. A broad-rimmed sun hat partially hid her face, but she looked up and smiled as we approached. Laura greeted her in Italian and asked which was the correct route. She spoke softly, sending a shiver down my back, as her voice was so sexy. There was something about her accent that made me go a bit gooey. "She says it's the right hand path," said Laura. "Does she speak English?" I asked. Laura relayed my question and received a reply in the negative. I only speak English and Czech and my Italian begins and ends with 'Nutella.' I wanted to talk to the girl but I felt

stupid using Laura as an interpreter. "OK, well I suppose that's that then. Thank you for the directions," I said. Then, to my surprise, the girl spoke in broken English. "OK. Enjoy your walks," she said. "Eh? I thought you didn't speak English?" I said. "Well, I speak a little, only. I know some words." "What fruit are you picking?" I asked. "Oh... ummm.. The English...?" "They're figs Danny!" Said Laura as if I was an imbecile. "Oh ha ha... I didn't even know they were edible!" I exclaimed. Laura said something to the girl, who took off her sun hat, revealing unusually light brown eyes. She said something in Italian and Laura said she was picking them for her Mother who used them to make jam. "You have lovely eyes," I said. "Thank you. Your hair is so light," she said. "Yes, it runs in the family." The girl looked at me and Laura uncertainly, clearly not comprehending my sentence. I looked at Laura for assistance but I don't think her Italian stretched to idioms. I shrugged my shoulders and laughed. The girl and Laura followed suit. At least humour and mutual incomprehension transcended our language barrier. "I should continue picking," said the girl, pointing to the line of empty baskets. "Ah well maybe we could help seeing as we've held you up," I said. She smiled and accepted our offer. "I'm Danny by the way and this is Laura." "I'm Fiammetta, but everyone knows me as Feemi." So there we were half way up a hill somewhere in Sardinia picking figs. Now and then the light shone straight through Feemi's white dress highlighting her slim and shapely legs. Laura and I were each wearing white tops, unbuttoned a third of the way down. More than once Feemi's eyes glanced down at our boobs with an undisguised look of lust. "Where are you stay?" Asked Feemi. "Are you with boyfriends?" "No, it's just us," I said gesticulating between myself and Laura. The look that spread across Feemi's face was both enigmatic and charming. It was as if her mind had gone into over time and also as if she was reproaching herself for unclean thoughts. "How about you, do you have a boyfriend?" I asked, as I placed a full basket of figs at my feet. As I did so, one rolled off and when I bent down to pick it up, I was looking straight at Feemi's little triangle, which was somehow clinging sexily to the front of her white dress. "No. We are more girls than boys in the village. My Mother, she says I should wait until I leave university." "More girls." Said Laura, looking at me with a look of mischief in her eyes. I looked at Feemi, guessing that she was a virgin and rolled my tongue along my bottom lip. "Who needs boys?" I said. Feemi looked at me and then Laura. A nervous smile spread across her face. At the same time her nipples became visibly erect, suddenly making two obvious points through the cotton. It was then that I noticed that her areola were large and dark and I could only imagine how good it would be to suck them. For a few moments we stood looking at each other. Feemi was positively undressing us with her eyes and I suspected that she was having her first bicurious experience. "My English is not good. Hmmm... We don't do it with girls here. I think it is not the custom. Men and women yes, but girls are not spoken of together." I couldn't believe there were no lesbians on Sardinia, but I guessed it was a taboo. "I think we should go Danny," said Laura. "No no no!" You don't have to go!" Feemi interjected. "Maybe we'll bump into each other in the village, we're here for two weeks," I said, amicably. "Where are you stay?" Asked Feemi. "In the Apartment de la Rosa." "Oh yes, my brother. He made the garden there. Now he is at university in Cagliari." Laura spoke to Feemi in Italian and they had a brief conversation, during which time Feemi's eyes wandered around my body as her index finger made a circular motion around her left breast. I don't

think she was even aware that she was doing it. Her words sounded so sexy and hearing Laura speaking to her in Italian was actually making me wet. I wanted to touch myself, but only politeness prevented me from doing so. Feemi's face went a little red and Laura looked at me with one of her looks. It was similar to the look she gives me just before she's about to eat my pussy. "I've invited Feemi over to the apartment this evening. She says it should be all right." As Laura spoke, butterflies fluttered through my stomach. I looked at Feemi and began to imagine the things I would do to her, given half a chance. We asked when she started uni, and she told us it was in one month and that she had just turned eighteen. We left Feemi with five baskets full of figs but decided it was now too hot to continue on our walk and opted to drive to the beach instead. "Wow! What a little hottie!" I said, as we headed back down the hill. "I know. I think she's going to be fun," agreed Laura. "What else did you say to her? You did the trick whatever it was." "I just said that we would make her very welcome and that underwear was optional," replied Laura. "You naughty minx Laura!" We paused by the confluence of two paths where a grove of olives swept to the horizon and we exchanged a lingering kiss. Laura's hands were all over me and one hand particularly made a bee-line for my panties. "Hmmm...Danny, someone's been having naughty thoughts!" "I know baby. You better get me to that beach quickly and sort me out," I said, as I bit into my girlfriend's neck playfully. ***** Several hours and one delightful orgasm later we were back at the apartment and Laura was preparing a light finger buffet of olives and cherry tomatoes. I was sanding my nails, making them nice and smooth. We were both wearing short black dresses. We hadn't bothered with bra and panties. It felt lovely after coming out of the shower, with just the fine cotton of my dress brushing against my body. My nipples were stiff and my thoughts kept going back to Feemi. My pussy had been more or less wet all day. Even after Laura had brought me off with her tongue on the beach, I was just as horny. "What time did you say hun?" I asked. "Eight o'clock." "It's nearly that now," I said, pointing to my mobile. We had the French windows open, giving us the option of sitting indoors or on the patio with it's large swing seat. A few frogs began to croak at the bottom of the garden as the local church bell rang out for eight pm. "Hang on! I think I can see her walking up the road!" Said Laura, excitedly. We greeted her at the end of the garden and I said good evening with the phrase Laura had taught me. She was wearing a light blue, short sleeveless dress. Her legs and arms were lightly tanned like her face. I realised that she must have had her hair tied up that morning because now it was flowing down past her shoulders as well as down her back, very nearly to her waist. "You look amazing Feemi," I said. "You look beautiful also," she said. As she spoke, Laura took a handful of her hair and ran it through her fingers. I saw Feemi shiver as Laura's hands massaged her shoulders. Her brown eyes looked into mine as if she was urging me to stand close to her. I walked towards her until our boobs touched through our garments and I held her by the waist as Laura stroked her arms with her finger tips. "Would you like to join us on the patio," I said. We have some bread and a little snack all drizzled with olive oil." I think she got the gist of what I said and followed me into the back of the property, where she helped herself to a couple of olives. I took one myself and looked into her eyes as my tongue rolled along the little black morsel of goodness. "Hmmm...these are so good!" I said, washing it down with some wine. Laura handed a glass to Feemi and I filled it with the local grape juice. We clinked our glasses

together and I grabbed some more nibbles before sitting on the garden seat. We sat there for a while swinging back and forth, chatting about not very much. Feemi was in the middle and was very much the subject of my and Laura's attention. She didn't seem to mind that my index finger was sliding up and down the inside of her knee. Her skin was so soft and it wasn't long before Laura joined me and began stroking the other one. She turned to me and parted her lips. "What is it like... to kiss a girl?" She asked. As my hand wandered up inside her skirt, our lips met and we kissed softly. She responded beautifully, yielding to my mouth and following my lead; so that when my tongue entered her mouth, hers did the same. I could feel her leg pushing against mine and glancing down I could see that Laura was running her hand up and down the inside of her other leg. I closed my eyes and kissed Feemi again. Her mouth was so hot and her lips so moist and soft. There was a little saltiness from the olives, which we had both eaten but it just made our kisses more exciting and yummy. Laura brushed her hair to one side and kissed her neck. Feemi's reaction was to shudder as if caught by a chilly breeze, but Laura's lips had hit that certain spot on a girl's neck, which always has that effect. She turned to Laura and began to kiss her as I caressed her breasts through her dress. It was turning me on, listening to them kissing so passionately and I had no choice but to finger myself as my other hand was popping the buttons on her dress. "Shall we go inside, and lie on the sofa?" Suggested Laura. Feemie's face was flushed and she had an expression of eagerness, of the girl who is about to taste her first pussy. We took our wine glasses and sipped a little before placing them down on the glass coffee table. We stood in a triangle and Laura was the first to pull her dress over her head. Feemi actually gasped when she saw Laura's tits in all their glory. I pulled my dress off, which just left Feemi, who was drooling over me as she continued undoing the buttons. Laura and I helped her and it slid downwards, revealing her perfectly ripe body. Her breasts were just a nice handful and as I had noted earlier, her nipples were round and dark like ripe cherries. We guided Feemi's hands between our pussies, so she could be in no doubt how wet we were. Her first joyous task would be to lick me and Laura a bit at a time. I dipped my two longest fingers into Laura's cunt and then gave them to Feemi to lick clean. She didn't hesitate at all, but swallowed my fingers down to the knuckle licking off every last bit of my girlfriend's pussy juice. We all knelt on the sofa with Feemi in the middle, sandwiching her body between us and giving her a body to body of booby love. Our nipples were stiff with excitement and learning quickly, Feemi gave mine a little tease with the palm of her hand. Her own nipples were really erect but had a beautifully succulent appearance. We couldn't resist sucking them, drawing little coos of appreciation from our new friend. As we were getting more and more turned on, Laura and I lay on the sofa with our legs open, giving Feemi a perfect view of our moist quims. I grabbed Feemi's wrist and pulled her to her knees. She looked up at us and then gazed at our glistening slits. She was eager but needed some encouragement. "They're like two ripe peaches baby. Now go eat." Laura did her best to translate. Feemi looked at me and giggled. I kissed Laura as Feemi's tongue disappeared into my gaping snatch. I don't know if it was beginner's luck, but she properly noshed on my pussy and she was good! She even found my little button and instinctively flicked it up and down with her tongue. Driven by my moans and whimpers she put a couple of fingers in and thrust them in and out while she licked out my girlfriend. Laura's body began to tremble straight

away and I felt her fingers tighten round my hand as the thrill of ecstasy rushed through her body. Her stomach was rippling as Feemi ate her noisily. "That's it baby make her cum!" I said. Laura was whimpering and moaning wildly. I'd forgotten that we were too tired to play the night before and I had been selfish on the beach. Laura was breaking a 36 hour fast. I know how horny she gets and now she was letting all her frustrations out in one go. Laura's tits jiggled and her body wriggled as Feemi brought her to a fantastic climax and just seeing my beautiful girlfriend being pleased by the sexy virgin was making me wetter with every minute that passed. Feemi was working me good and proper with her fingers. She must have felt my pussy clench around her digits. I was as wet as fuck, my lips were swollen and I wanted to feel her tongue in me again. I wrapped a good hank of her hair in my fingers and pulled to let her know it was my turn again. Her face was a picture of innocence, even with Laura smeared around her lips. My fingers were digging into the cushions before Feemi was done. I won't repeat myself, but our little Mediterranean virgin was a natural. Now it was her turn. Feemi rejoined us on the sofa and we took our time kissing her on the lips and sucking her breasts. I kissed her belly, which was so trim and tight you could have bounced a coin on it. I rolled my tongue around her navel, which made her tummy tremble and caused her to make a series of little gasps. I nibbled her ear lobe and kissed her neck and face until my breath had formed a layer of moisture on her skin. Laura was teasing her gently but continuously, rolling her finger round and round her clitoris. Feemi was already moaning helplessly by the time I sniffed her soaking wet pussy. I placed my longest finger in between her labia and licked her clitty at the same time. Her brown pubic hair formed a tight matting on her mound but her pussy lips themselves were nearly smooth and were about as inviting as any I had had the pleasure of tasting. She had a rich, musky scent, which was both salty and sweet. The more I licked her the sweeter and stickier she became. I treated her pussy with respect, kissing the little folds of her outer lips and rolling my tongue up and down the inner ones, parting them at the same time. A girl's chastity is not something to be taken away casually. It should be beautiful and unforgettable. Something to cherish. The responsibility had fallen to me to make Fiammetta's first time perfect. I got her to sit on the sofa with her back to me and then had her bend over. This meant Laura could suckle her boobs from underneath while I entered her from behind with my fingers and tongue. Positioned like that with her sexy little ass on full show was just too good to waste. I licked her bum hole in circular movements with my tongue, making her squirm and giggle. I could tell she was enjoying my rimming skills while my fingers gently parted her virgin crack. I buried my face between her lips and lapped up her juice as I fingered her pussy. Laura sucked on her tits like a hungry puppy. My fingers went deeper until she was wide enough to take three. Feemi came and came hard. She had an amazing orgasm, which was punctuated by a tirade of Sardinian. I don't know what she said but she sounded happy. She and Laura kissed deeply as her body came down from her orgasmic high and I gradually withdrew my fingers. I eased myself between the other two and we had a cosy three-way kiss; stroking and caressing each other at the same time. I brushed Feemi's hair away from her face and she blew her fringe away and gave me such a wonderful, warm smile. There was something magical about taking Feemi's lesbian virginity. If the tables had been turned I like to think she would have treated me the same. Sharing her with Laura just made the

whole thing all the more erotic. I had lost track of time but it was pitch black outside. We walked, the three of us naked into the warm night air. We stood holding hands as we looked up at the stars. The air was still and all was quiet apart from an owl, which was calling nearby.