

A red and white vibrator is shown lying on a light-colored, textured fabric surface. The vibrator has a long, curved red shaft and a white, bulbous head with several small, circular buttons or sensors on its side. The lighting is soft, creating a gentle shadow to the right of the device.

**TWO TEEN
LESBIAN GIRLS...
AND A VIBRATOR**

**BY
NAUGHTY ANNIE**

Two Teen Lesbian Virgins and a Vibrator

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The title says it all, really. What more do you need to know?

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I don't suppose I'm the only girl whose first sexual experience (other than solo masturbation) was with a member of the same sex. It's obvious that when you're having your first stirrings of sexual feelings, even if they are only directed at your favourite pop singer, it's much easier to talk about them with a friend who is going through the same emotional turmoil. And is it any wonder that talking sometimes turns to physical contact and experimentation? I had a good friend called Julie, who I'd known since we were just toddlers; our mums had been friends, so we'd played with each other for as long as I could remember. We'd been at primary school together, and then gone to the same secondary school too, so in some ways we were more like sisters than friends. Sometimes we fell out for a while, and had other, different, friends, but we always came back together in the end. Anyway, to get to the point, the incident I'm going to describe happened a few months after my 16th birthday (Julie – I guess I need to make it clear - was about six months older than me). Her parents had gone off to visit an old school friend for the weekend, and they'd agreed that Julie could stay home as long as she wasn't alone. Since we were both 16, and my parents lived only a couple of streets away, they agreed I could come over and stay the night, as long as Julie phoned to let them know everything was ok – you know the sort of thing. Basically, we'd spent the afternoon at the cinema, had pizza, come home and changed into our pyjamas, before going up to Julie's room and watching some music videos on You-Tube, while chatting about this and that. But I could tell Julie had something she wanted to tell me. Suddenly, she obviously made up her mind. She turned down the sound, and grabbed me by the arm. "Guess what Annie," she said. "I was in Charlie's room on Tuesday, looking for some nail scissors..." Charlie's short for Charlotte, by the way – she's Julie's older sister. At the time she was 18 and had just gone off to University, so Julie was still getting used to not having her around. "So?" "And look what I found at the back of her panty drawer!" She pulled something out from underneath her pillow. You'll have guessed what it was of course – a vibrator. And not just a little purse-sized one either, but a big thick purple monster, with all the trimmings: bits sticking out all over. Julie giggled and then blushed, as if she was suddenly worried about how I was going to react. Quickly, she held it out to me, as if by giving it to me she was making me her partner in crime. Fascinated, I reached out to take it, then drew my hand back. "Is it clean?" I asked. "Of course it is – I wiped it afterwards," she said; and then realised what she'd admitted to. Her face was a picture. "You mean you've actually used it?" I said. "Oh, Julie!" I giggled; we did a lot of giggling in those days. "Take it, Annie," she said. "I told you, it's ok." So I did. It was heavier than I'd expected, and as I examined it I found the on/off switch on the bottom. I flicked it, and of course it started to vibrate with a low buzzing noise. Quickly I switched it off again. "Did you know she had it?" I asked. "I'd heard noises," admitted Julie. "That kind of buzzing, lots of heavy breathing, and muffled groans. Of course, I sort of guessed what she was up to, and I'd actually gone looking for it before, when she was out,

but she must've hidden it better before. I actually wasn't looking for it this time; I just put my hand on it!" "I'm surprised she didn't take it with her," I mused. "Perhaps she's got a better one now?" "Or probably she doesn't think she'll need it!" "Oh Annie, really!" said Julie. "You may be right though." I switched it on and off again, giggling some more at the feel of it in my hand. "So have you actually - put it inside you?" I asked. "I tried," blushed Julie. "But it's too thick; I couldn't get it past my - you know - and I didn't want to split it." She was all red and embarrassed! Of course I knew what she meant - she was still a virgin (so was I), and the huge thick vibrator wouldn't fit into her small hole without breaking her hymen. "I put a toothbrush inside mine," I confessed. "Not the brush end - the handle!" I remembered that evening of shy experimentation, taking the brush and pushing the narrow handle into my vagina, wondering how far it would go, and being surprised as it sank further and further in. I was pressing it against the top of my passage, nervous about damaging my hymen, and the feeling of the plastic handle against the sensitive sides of my vagina felt delightful. I did have a vague idea, from giggly discussions with friends, that there was something in there somewhere called a g-spot that was supposed to feel amazing if you could find it. I was probably quite close to that soft spongy nirvana, but the straight stiff handle was the wrong shape really. "I tried the handle of my hairbrush," admitted Julie. "But this is the best. Even if I can't get it inside, it feels amazing when I rub it against me. And it does get quite sticky." I turned the vibrator on again, and rubbed it against the palm of my hand. It tickled! Feeling naughty, I rubbed it against my left nipple through my pyjama top. Straightaway my nipple stiffened and poked out in a very obvious way. I did the same to my right one, enjoying the stimulation. Julie was smiling. "Oh Annie, that's just what mine do," she admitted. "Like this?" I said, and leant over to rub the vibrator against the mounds of her boobs through her top. Sure enough, her nipples stiffened just as mine had. Feeling bolder, I slipped the vibrator underneath the left-hand strap of her top, letting it rub over the bare skin of her breast, watching the shape of it moving around underneath her top. "Oh Jesus, Annie," said Julie, looking down and following the movement as I flicked it back and forth over her nipple "Don't stop..." Slowly, she slipped the strap of her top off her shoulder. I moved my hand out of the way to let her get it right off over her arm, leaving the front of her top just resting against the top of her breast. I slid the vibrator back down inside her top, and deliberately pulled it downwards, revealing first the top of her nipple, then the whole of her bare breast. As I pressed the buzzing vibrator back against her nipple, she pulled down the other strap, slipping her arm right through and then pulling the material down off her other tit. Her top ended up crumpled up round her tummy, leaving both bare breasts fully exposed. Her nipples were stiff and aroused. They were quite dark, especially against the pale skin of her un-tanned boobs. I'd seen them before, of course, but not sexually aroused like now. I pressed the vibrator into the cleft between her boobs, and moved it up and down. Then I slowly moved it down her tummy, pushing it under her bunched top to find her navel. Quickly she sat up, pulling her top off completely, then crouched down again, her legs slightly apart. I could see where the crotch of her pyjama shorts was pressed against her pubic mound. There was a little patch of damp right in the middle. I looked at her as I touched the vibrator against the damp patch. She gasped. For a few moments, I circled it round, then ran it along the top edge of her pyjamas. Then I slipped it down the front, right over where I knew the top of her

slit would be. I could see the bulge of it resting against her slit, and I pulled it towards me just far enough so I could see down the front of her pj shorts, revealing the little bush of hair covering her pubic area. "God, Annie!" said Julie. "That feels so much better than when I did it to myself." Suddenly, I got a bit nervous about how far I dared to go. So I put the ball back in Julie's court. "It's your turn now," I said, pulling the vibrator out of the front of her pyjamas and handing it to her. Instead of using it straight away, she put it down on the bed and put her hands on my waist. Slowly she began to push up my top, her hands warm on my tummy. Her fingers reached the bottom of my little boobs, and she hesitated for a moment, before allowing her hands to slide up over them, pushing my top up and off them, the mounds bouncing slightly as her hands moved further up. As soon as my breasts were fully uncovered, I raised my arms to let her pull my top right off over my head. My teenage breasts were hardly more than gentle bulges on my chest, but my puffy nipples stuck out like a couple of strawberry-cream sweets, much pinker than Julies, only just darker than my pale skin. I sat there for a moment while Julie looked at them shyly. I thought she'd use the vibrator on me too, but instead she reached out her hand and touched one of my little titties, stroking her hand gently down over my nipple. I felt it harden, and she pulled her hand away, as if embarrassed by the reflex action she had caused. "Don't stop, Julie," I said, "That feels lovely." She leant over and used both hands to caress my little mounds, squeezing and stroking as if choosing which one she liked best. I closed my eyes, just enjoying the touch of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a different sensation; warmer and wet. I opened my eyes and saw Julie's tongue licking over one breast, licking round the nipple which was now as hard as it had ever been before. She closed her mouth over it, and sucked on it like a baby seeking milk. I gasped with delight. Julie was kneeling between my legs, and I squeezed them against her to show how much I was enjoying what she was doing to me. "I wish I had legs like yours Annie," said Julie, stopping her sucking. "And they're so brown; at least as far as here." She pushed my pj shorts up, exposing the tan line between my legs and the pale skin normally kept covered except when I was in my swimsuit. My leg jerked at the touch of her finger. "They're so smooth too," she said, running her hand over my bare thigh. Instead of stopping, she carried on stroking, down over the sensitive plump flesh of my inner thigh area. Without thinking, I spread my legs a little, stretching the crotch of my pj shorts against my public mound. They were quite tight, and the little double bulge, separated by my slit, was very prominent. Julie looked at me. "Can I...?" she asked hesitantly. I nodded, and spread my thighs a little more, showing her the way. She put out her hand and stroked the bulge of my mons pubis, pressing gently against the firm mound of sensitive flesh. I responded by pushing my pelvis against her hand. Becoming bolder, her fingers hooked over the top edge of my pj shorts, and pulled them down slightly, revealing first the young hairs that curled lightly over the mound, then the top of my tight little slit. Julie giggled. "Oh Annie, can I see it all?" I raised my bum and pulled my legs together to let her drag my pj shorts right off. Fumbling slightly, she slid them down over my knees and over my feet. Suddenly shy, I kept my legs together. "You too," I whispered. Julie smiled. "Sure," she replied, and wriggled her own pyjama shorts down. So there we were, both bare and not quite sure what to do next. Then Julie shyly moved her legs apart, wide enough for me to see everything. I gazed at the plump bulge of her lightly-haired pubis,

dissected by the vertical line of her slit. The slit was still closed tightly, her labial lips barely visible on either side, with the little nest covering her clitoris still fully hidden. I hesitantly stretched out my hand, and ran one finger down the vertical cleft, just parting the lips slightly. Along the line of her lips, a little strip of glistening pink flesh appeared, leaving the tip of my finger sticky. Julie wriggled. "Do that again, Annie. It felt lovely." Again I ran my finger down her pink slit, this time allowing the tip of my finger to just slip between the lips, spreading them a little wider, deep enough so that I felt my finger move over the actual hole of her vagina. Excited, I let my finger slide smoothly up in the other direction, across her hole again, finally feeling the little bump of her clitoris at the top of her slit. I wondered if she tasted the same as me, so I put the tip of my finger in my mouth and sucked on it. There wasn't really enough to taste, so I put the whole length of my finger against her slit between her labia and got my whole finger sticky. I sucked my finger again. She was slightly salty and tangy – not so different from the juices that I produced when playing with myself. I wanted to see more. Using both hands, I placed two fingers on either side of her slit, and slowly pulled her labia apart. At last I could see the whole of her pink folds of flesh, normally hidden, now exposed to my fascinated eyes. I'd done the same to myself before, with a mirror propped up in front of me, trying to see what it looked like, but this was better. At the centre was the darker pink entrance to her vagina, half covered by the thin veil of her intact hymen. I looked at Julie. She was trembling, and looked a bit scared, embarrassed by exposing herself so totally to me. I could tell she wasn't sure how to cope with the feelings that our play was arousing her in her. For a moment, I was worried that she might want to stop. "You're so lovely, Julie," I reassured her. "Can I taste you?" She smiled at me, still a bit afraid, and nodded, not wanting to say anything in case it came out wrong. I leant over until my head rested between her thighs. Now I could really smell her juices. The entrance to her vagina pulsed slightly, and a tiny ribbon of juice trickled out. Carefully I placed my lips against her clean pink vulva and kissed her, tasting the moisture on my sensitive lips. It felt special, knowing that non-one had ever kissed her there before. Her folds were so warm. Getting bolder, I extended my tongue and began to lick around her folds, flickering over her hole. I placed the tip of my tongue against the entrance to her virgin passage and let it slip inside, making her tremble. I pushed it in a bit further, flicking round inside, seeing how far I could reach. "Oh, Annie; be careful..." she whispered. I pulled away, not wanting to risk any damage to her virgin hymen. Instead, I thought of the special feeling I used to get when I pressed my finger against the button of my own clitoris, so I kissed the folds that still covered hers. As I did so, I could feel it starting to swell slightly, so I sucked on it, drawing it into my mouth, feeling the little bud pop between my lips. Julie let out a stifled squeal. "Oh Christ, Annie. Do that again." So I sucked at her clitoral folds some more, again finding the little button with my lips. Julie was pushing herself against me. "Oh Annie, Annie," she whimpered. My tongue was getting tired, so I raised my head, picked up the vibrator, and flicked the switch. I placed the buzzing tip against Julie's clit, and began to circle round and round her little bud. Julie responded to this by grabbing one of her cuddly toys off her bed and squeezing it against her mouth to muffle her moans. With my left hand, I reached up and rubbed her left breast, pressing the hard nipple between my fingers, knowing how much I liked doing this to myself. It was obviously good for her too, judging by the muffled squeals

she was letting out. "You don't need to worry," I whispered, "There's no-one to hear you. Make as much noise as you like." I kept up the activity on her clitoris, her wriggles and louder moans suggesting that I was getting it right for her. For a change, I gently vibrated up and down the length of her slit, circling round her vaginal entrance. She was so wet that if her hole had been bigger, the vibrator would have slipped in with no problem. Moving back to her clitoris, I carried on my stimulation. Julie was obviously having the time of her life. She was panting and gasping out the words "Oh my God; oh my God; oh my God; oh my God," over and over again. Suddenly she put her own hand on top of mine, and pressed the vibrator hard against her clit. Her whole body went tense, then a tremendous tremor ran right through her. She let out an amazing high-pitched squeal, as what must have been a pretty intense climax thrilled through her body. I kept the vibrator pressed to her clit as she slowly subsided, enjoying the feeling of her pulsating body beneath mine. As if suddenly embarrassed, she sat up and hugged her knees against her chest, her body glowing and wet with sweat. Her cheeks were pink with excitement, and she was smiling so much. She was still breathing heavily. Between her thighs there was a little damp patch on the bed, where her juices had oozed out as she orgasmed. "Wow, Annie," she gasped between breaths. "That was incredible. So much better than when I do it to myself. I want to do it again." I leant over and kissed her on the cheek. "Not yet," I whispered in her ear. "You need to do it for me first." She placed her hand on my bare left breast and squeezed, making my nipple go all hard again. "If you show me how," she whispered back. And I did. To cut a long story short, her fingers and the vibrator gave me a lovely orgasm, and we both ended up slightly sweaty and very happy. It was odd though: once we'd finally finished I think we both felt a bit embarrassed, and I slipped back to the spare room by myself. We giggled about it the next day, and agreed that it had been amazing, but it didn't become a regular event or anything. We did play a few times after that, and then before too long we both got ourselves boyfriends. Julie was the first to go all the way and lose her virginity, and after that she let me push the vibrator right inside her, and find out exactly how all the little projections worked when they were pressing in the right places. After I'd had my first full sex, she did the same to me, and once we each had our own vibrators we had a couple more sessions of mutual masturbation, free to go as deep and as far as we wanted. But I still remember that first evening as something special.