Jenna and Tanya

By Ben969786

Published on Lush Stories on 20 Sep 2012

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/jenna-and-tanya.aspx

I was a lesbian. It wasn't until I was at university that I could accept it. My family were old school and I was a coward; afraid of what they would say if I brought a girlfriend home. Tanya changed all that.

I'd had a busy night. I was a student in my second year of an art's degree and the course was getting difficult. I was single, I was no longer sexually interested in men. It had taken long enough for me to be sure, but I wanted a partner now, not a fuck, and it was only a woman that I wanted to – metaphorically – fill that hole in my life. I was just out of my teenage years and a longer-term relationship appealed more now.

One morning I woke up really horny. I had been so busy in the last week I hadn't had time to masturbate. I'd put on a tight top because I wanted to feel the tightness around my boobs. The aching in my groin wasn't helped by the morning life drawing class. The model was called Claire. She was in her late thirties and very lush. I tried not to stare when she took the gown off, or when her pretty little breasts moved when she struck a pose and the way her arse moved as she moved...I closed my mouth and looked to see if anyone had seen me taking Claire's body in but no one had.

A friend of mine said that I capture the models' legs and breasts perfectly. All the models had been natural so far. If they'd been shaven I'd have got their pussys perfect too.

The hall was a hot place to be, not just because of the naked models, the high sky lights caught the sun and soon Claire shone with sweat. I soon forgot about the painting and just sat there, following the long straight legs up to the trimmed triangle of hair. The lips were out of sight. I was desperate to see, taste, touch and -

“ Lovely Jenna. Opps, sorry.”

The lecturer was a little woman with a light and airy voice, but I had no idea she had turned up behind me and I had lunched myself off the stool and nearly landed on the floor. Luckily I've a fat arse

and it manage to catch some of the seat on our way back down. I was red with embarrassment.

For the rest of the lesson I tired to focus on colours, on the light and – anything at all but the fact that a sexy older woman was naked in front of me. I felt a little pervy. At the end of the class I still checked my crotch to make sure no cunny juice was visible.

At dinner time my mind was taken off the desperate urge to get something thick and hard as far up my cunt as possible by a chat with friends.

After lunch my feet took me automatically to the next lesson. As I stood waiting outside I realized they had brought me to Art History; the most boring module on the course. My mind was going to wonder and I was definitely going to start fantasying about the woman who comes to this lesson. I'd been fantasying about her since I started my degree. I doubted that this Goddess would be interested in skinny, little blue-haired me.

The lecturer arrive we all went in. The lecture never had a full house as people avoided it. The lecturer could drone for hours. I sat at the back on my own and got my pen out to doodle on the paper for the next two hours. There were no close friends in this lecture. I was all alone.

I was just starting to doodle a dog when a movement caught my eye to the right. Someone had come in late and joined me on the back row. I looked up into the warm brown eyes of the woman I had a crush on: Tanya. She smiled and I smiled back. My heart suddenly beating fast in my chest.

I looked away, embarrassed and looked down at my doodle dog. I noticed a movement again and looked back at Tanya. She was leaning over to get something out of her bag and a red thong appeared above her jeans.

The lecturer started and as soon as the monotone voice hit me my vision blurred and my mind wondered. I glanced back at Tanya and looked at her smooth brown face, her cute pointy nose, her cherry-red lips, thick and kissable. As I watched her tongue came out to moisten them. A red pointed tongue that would easily be able to get between my thick shaved pussy lips and reach my clit; a tongue Jenna was sure would have her moaning in an instant. The ache in my pussy came back.

Before I could look aware Tanya looked back to me. She had a slight smile on her face and tried to hold my gaze. My stomach knotted and suddenly I wondered if she was lesbian. The heat passed from my stomach into my pussy. My heart beat was loud in my ears.

I was more aroused now than in the hall this morning. I felt my nipples stick up under my tank top. I had long nipples and when I get excited I don't care that people can see them clearly throw tight tops.

Tanya glanced down at my tits! I had - had! - to make a move on her. I couldn't let her get away if there was even the slightest possibility of getting her naked. She was perfect. At the end of the lecture I'll, I'll go and say hi or something.

I looked down at my pen and saw it shaking. I put my hands on my thighs and tried to calm down. I focused on what the lecturer was saying.

My heart began to slow, but my thoughts were racing. I wanted her. She was wearing a tight black shirt that was open. I wanted to see more of her. From where I was sat her breasts were straining against the cloth. Her lustrous dark brown hair fell onto her shoulder. Her jeans were also tight, they showed off the long straight legs I love on a woman. She was so trendy and neat I knew she was shaven, or maybe she had a landing strip? It was a pussy that, judging from the look in the eyes that had just found mine, was wet and ready for a lick.

I looked shyly away again and hoped that somehow Tanya knew I wanted her. My throat was dry. When I leaned over to get a drink I felt the warm slick pussy juice in my knickers. I was so horny and I was alone on the back row with a woman that probably wanted an orgasm as much as I do.

I took a long drink, better get plenty of fluids before I dehydrated. My pussy was open, I could feel it. I was vibrating.

I heard something important come from the lecturer and went to write it down, but the pen had disappeared. I looked around and looked at Tanya again. I know the pen's not over there, but that tongue is, those eyes are. Screw the pen...*screw* the pen. I looked down and the pen was already between my legs, when she had moved to get the drink it had dropped onto the seat.

I looked up at Tanya. Tanya wasn't looking back now. I unzipped my fly as the lecturer's voice droned on until it seemed to be a long way away.

My pussy was much wetter than I'd imagined and the scent of my juices flowed out when I pushed my panties aside. The pen was going to be more useful in there than writing right now. Besides, I can't hear the lecturer clearly.

I looked down at the notes, up at Tanya and then pushed the pen in. There was a squelching noise as the pen passed between my lips. Just one orgasm, then I'd be able to concentrate.

I rubbed as fast as I dared, not wanting the movement, or the noise of the pen in me, to attract attention...or did I want Tanya to see? Yes, probably. I want Tanya to know I'm fucking horny.

I need to rub my breasts. To squeeze them. To pull my nipples. The tension was building in my breasts as I rubbed my pussy. It was as annoying as an itch. Looking up to see that the lecturer wasn't looking I gave in and squeezed them with my free hand. I rubbed roughly against my tank top. It was enough, for now. Hopefully Tanya will play with them properly later.

I looked down and watched as I pushed the pen's thick lid hard against my G-spot. The heat was building in me now. The muscles tensed around my pussy, I was about to cum. I controlled the moan that wanted to get out. This had to be quiet. This tingling had to be controlled.

I pushed faster as the first contractions of my cunt began. Again and again they squeezed down on the pen. I bucked in the seat but I disguised the movement as I reached down for my water. All I wanted was to be able to cry out and let my body rock through the orgasm that my pussy and abs were now spasming to.

I closed my eyes and rubbed my forehead to control what could have easily been the best orgasm of my life. My breathing was erratic as my pussy twitched. One final contraction and my cunt gripped the pen tightly. My bum left the seat again. It was a small movement, it just looked like I was getting comfortable.

I forced the pen in again and pulled it out, there was a loud damp sound. When I opened my eyes the lecturer was talking on as if I had not just had an experience of pure fucking ecstasy.

I was just about to lick the pussy juice of my pen when I noticed the lid was missing. Shit. There was something still in me, pressing against my G-spot. That finally contraction had taken the pen lid off. The muscles were pushing it around, but not enough to satisfy me and give another orgasm. It was tormenting me!

I couldn't stick my fingers in to get the lid out because then I'd be covered in juice: sticky and uncomfortable and now in danger of running all over my jeans. Unless I licked my fingers? No. That's enough, wait until I get home. I might push it deeper by mistake.

I looked over at Tanya and a shocked thrill ran thought my breasts, through my tightening stomach and to the pussy that was trying to crush a pen lid. Tanya was looking calmly over at me, her flys were open and her fingers were rubbing her pussy beneath. I was disappointed I couldn't see it from where I sat. She smiled as my eyes took in where her hand was. Tanya had watched me cumming.

There was a break coming up. It was time to fulfill her promises to herself and have the full orgasms and the breast play that now could not wait until later.

At this perfect moment the lecturer told the class that they should have a fifteen minute break. I went shyly over to Tanya. Tanya had stopped playing with herself now, but her eyes were wide. She too looked like she wanted more.

“ Hi,” I said, my throat was dry again. What the hell do you say to someone who's tongue you want on your clit so badly? “Are you wanting to stay for the whole lesson? Or...?”

“ We could go back to mine if you like?” Tanya moved her hair out of the way so her smile could make my heart flutter.

“ Yes please.” I said. My head was fuzzy, my knees were weak. I wasn't thinking straight when I continued: “I have a pen lid stuck in my pussy.”

Tanya burst out laughing.

“ We'd better hurry then, it must be driving you crazy.”

Needless to say I rushed back to my bag and threw everything in. I dashed back to Tanya who had packed just as fast.

“ I heard you were a lesbian?” Tanya asked in the corridor a moment later. “It's going round.” She said when she saw I looked shocked.

“ I only told a couple of friends.”

“ Well, it's nothing to be ashamed of, I am too.” The dazzling smiled made me fuzzy headed again.

“ Really?” Jenna asked.

“ Really. You had a girlfriend before?”

“ No. Boyfriends.”

“ Ah,” Tanya murmured knowingly.

In her high heels Tanya was moving at a slow pace. The pen lid was driving me mad. It was on the move again. I thought I felt it pushing against my panties.

“ Is there far to go to your flat? This pen lid is driving me crazy!”

“ Not far. It's my house, not a flat, so no flat mates to disturb us.”

I looked at Tanya and wondered what the chances of a blue haired girl getting together with a beautiful young woman were.

“ How old are you?” I asked.

“ Twenty five,” Tanya replied, stunning me with another smile. “Too old for you?”

“ No!” I said earnestly, I sounded a little desperate so I added: “Experience is important,” with what I hoped was a devilish look.

“ Damned important,” Tanya said, looking intense before a knee-weakening smile appeared again. “How old are you?”

“ 20.”

Eventually Tanya led me up a flight of stairs to the front door of a massive house. I held back to see Tanya's arse rolled under the tight jeans. I nearly put my hands on the cheeks. They were so full, like the breasts and I'm about to play with them!!!

“ What are you smiling at?” Tanya asked.

As Tanya looked into my eyes on her doorstep I leaned in. The kiss was intense, the taste was amazing, the lips were awesome, the tongue would definitely have given me a billion orgasms if it was unleashed on my pussy: I was totally gone. Call me a romantic but no one but my true love could have done that. No one.

“ You have an amazing arse,” I whispered in Tanya's ear when the kiss ended.

I breathed her in deeply. Tanya's smelled of fruits. She passed her lips slowly, so very slowly, along my jaw. Eventually, our breasts touched and she nibbled on my ear.

“ Let's get your pen lid back.”

With surprising agility and power for a woman in heels she pulled me through the door. Locking it behind us. She kicked her heels off and I was going to do the same but Tanya's red lips were moving on mine again. I hit the door hard. The tongue that I longed for on my clit was moving in my mouth, on

my lips. Our breathing came erratically.

“ The bedroom,” Tanya managed to get out between kisses.

She pulled me up the stairs quickly, taking her top off on the way, I took mine off. Now we were both in jeans and bras.

Finally we were in the bedroom. A great white bed was waiting for us. We waited for nothing but a kiss and then threw our bras off. This was as far as the taking cloths off got as the great brown nipples on Tanya's full breasts had my lips around them as soon as they were free. Tanya moaned and stroked my much smaller breasts. Finally getting some boob attention felt great.

I looked up at Tanya's big brown eyes, wide with delight, as she flicked over her nipples with her tongue. She moved away and pulled her thong off, I copied her and both of us stared at the red and tan skin at the top of each others' legs. I'd had been right: Tanya's pussy was shaved. She had two fat lips, swollen red with lust. Tanya smiled at my brown pussy, still wet from earlier. The pen lid dropped out as Tanya watched, it was covered in spunk and a dribble hung down from me.

Tanya immediately dropped to her knees and drew the clear strand of spunk into her mouth with her tongue, getting nearer to my swollen red clit. The pointed tongue finally found my pussy lips after a few teasing kisses were planted on my thighs. But Tanya made no effort to lick my clit.

“ I need your tongue on my clit.”

“ Be patient.”

My knees nearly gave out as she slowly licked all the spunk from my outer lips. Unbearably the tongue was removed. She pushed me down on the the bed and we kissed again. I tried to rub my clit against Tanya's leg but the angle was not satisfying me. I needed it full on my clit desperately! Tanya's heavy breasts were squashing mine into wide pancakes. I felt my erect nipples push into Tanya's wide areolas. As our tongues played in each others' mouths she moved on me so our breasts rubbed, I started moaning.

I played with Tanya's big round arse and Tanya began rubbing my clit beneath her. At the first touch I was shocked, I was so desperate when I was finally touch there an orgasm was almost instantaneous.

“ Oh fuck!” I wasn't quiet at all now.

The tension in my muscles quickly built up, building high than ever before, almost ready to spasm in waves of pleasure through my whole body. I think my eyes might actually have rolled back in pleasure. When Tanya moved down to suck on my nipples my back began to arch. A loud sigh left me and the contractions' power shook not just my pussy but my whole body. I moaned louder with each fast and powerful contraction.

“ Tongue. Clit.” I managed to moan out.

Finally, Tanya's tongue was where it needed to be. It was amazing. It was just what I had longed for. The pointed tongue was powerful and flashed over my clit expertly. The orgasm somehow became more powerful. As I bucked again the head board banged against the wall like I was been fuck by a guy. I couldn't speak anymore, it was one long moan of intense pleasure. Which came again and again.

Suddenly fingers were in me. A jet of spunk left me, squirting Tanya, and squashing her fingers. I climaxed again when I heard the splat. But I had no idea I had just ejaculate, I'd never done it before.

I lay down again, only jumping occasionally now as Tanya's tongue brought on another smaller wave of pleasure.

“ Oh fuck,” I finally mumbled.

“ Wow, you squirted!” Tanya's wide eyes looked up from between my thighs. There was cum on her face and in her hair.

“ Never, happened, before.” I panted. “You're amazing.”

“ Yeah, I know,” she said, with a wicked grin on her face.

Weak and still twitching I signaled for Tanya to kiss me again. I pulled Tanya's face to mine and licked my spunk off it.

“ Your turn,” I told Tanya after I cleaned her face.

I rolled over and Tanya was now beneath me. I rolled her breasts together, licking them, sucking, kissing them. Teasing Tanya by playing with her breasts, and like her, I ignored the damp patch between her legs. I kissed, licked and sucked all the way down her toned body. Getting slowly to my goal.

When I eventually got between Tanya's long smooth legs her pussy was dribbling spunk. I lapped it up off the thick red lips. Juicy. I parted the lips to get a view of a throbbing red clit and a beautiful pussy mouth. The smell was ace, the musky, powerful aroma had me thirsty: I was instantly licking up the escaped spunk.

I licked her clit hard and fast. It was larger than mind and I was pleased I could make Tanya moan loudly: I wanted to make her cum as hard as she had made me. I forced my fingers into a far tighter pussy then my own. I found the spongy fold of the G-spot and rubbed, in and out. Licked, round and round, up and down.

Tanya squeezed me between her legs and I knew a big orgasm was on its way. I looked up to see Tanya rubbing her breasts. Her flat tummy started twitching and I felt her tight cunny biting my fingers.

“ Oh, fuck, faster babe, faster.”

I did as I was told and pushed faster and harder into her shaking pussy and my tongue moved rapidly over her clit.

“ Oh, yes. Yes! Yes!”

Tanya moaned and she made little jumps as her pussy held on tight. I listening to Tanya lose and then slowly regain control; her breathing became quieter and the movements stopped.

The sound of my fingers in another woman's cunt was amazing. The movements of my fingers brought powerful aromas to my nose. I didn't want to be anywhere else...except maybe at Tanya's lips.

I crawled up to her face and, both satisfied, we lay kissing slowly. It wasn't long before we we ready to start again.