

# Love By the Fire

By Jett\_Black

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*Marie has the hots for her best friend, but will she make a move?*

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"I can't believe your parents bought a polar bear rug!" "It's not real, Marie!" Leah assured her best friend. Marie's face turned incredulous, her narrowed, skeptical gaze resting upon Leah who was busy decorating her family's massive Christmas tree. It appeared to be as wide as it was tall. Marie felt claustrophobic standing in the same room with it. Leah caught Marie's gaze and laughed her cute little laugh that warmed Marie to no end. In an innocent, nostalgic way, and in a mildly inappropriate way. But then, most of the things that Leah did had that effect on her. Not that Marie would dare admit it. Leah, wearing nothing but a powder blue baby tee and a pair of powder blue trimmed boyshorts, provoked more of those inappropriate thoughts and feelings when she turned and bent over to snag a few ornaments from a corrugated box. Leah didn't have much in the chest department, but the Brazilian blood coursing through her took good care of her ass. And what an ass it was. Marie sighed. It was a shame that Leah was only into boys. A total waste, she thought, observing—admiring—the roundness and plumpness of her friend's behind. A lot of the boys in their high school talked a good game, but Marie doubted they would even know what to do with her. Marie imagined doing several naughty things to her, things that the boys wouldn't be capable of conceiving in their puny seventeen year old minds. She found herself getting a little turned on. She thought about running upstairs to Leah's bedroom and slipping on some pajama pants but decided it'd seem too suspicious, especially since fireplace had the living room good and toasty. "Do you think my parents would really buy an actual bear rug with the way Christina is? She'd totally freak out!" Leah was standing straight again, a couple of ornaments in her hand, much to Marie's dismay. "True," Marie agreed, "Where's my favorite little vegan anyway?" "Oh, she's out with mom and dad visiting uncle Frankie." "Hot uncle Frankie?" "The very same!" Leah said laughing. Marie walked around the tree and bent over to grab a few ornaments herself. It was late in the afternoon, and the living room windows were wide open. She imagined if Leah's neighbors would complain to her parents about the two seventeen year old girls prancing around in skimpy tee shirts and panties, but the exhibitionist in

her didn't care. Wrapping her hand around a shiny round ornament, she caught Leah's image reflecting in the ball. Marie suddenly felt Leah's eyes, staring something fierce. It didn't hit her as to what she could have been staring at until she gazed down at her 'girls', swaying heavily behind her tiny wifebeater. She must have been providing a glorious view. "Damn, white girl!" Leah said. "Wish I had a chest like that!" "They're too big, I think..." Marie said, blushing. Was Leah admiring her chest in the same way she'd admired her ass? Was there a possibility that... no. Girls checked each other out all the time, and it meant nothing. This was probably one of those very situations. "Well, can you give some to me, then?" "Your boobs are fine, Leah! Can you give me some of that ass of yours?" "You gotta take me out first, honey." Leah winked, giggling. Marie smiled, shaking her head. "You have plenty ass for a white girl, though," Leah pointed out. "Uh, you sure that ain't just fat?" Marie hung a shiny ball, a candy cane, and a dove on one of the tree's limbs. "Of course not! But then again, white folks freak out when they got a lil' meat on 'em." Leah stepped away from the tree plopped herself down on the polar bear rug. "That's easy for you to say, you're thin!" "Only slightly more thin than you! You ain't fat, girl, and if you were, so what?" Marie didn't say anything for several long moments, pondering over what Leah just said. Perhaps she was a little hard on herself. But she would have loved to fit in some 'normal' clothes without her giant boobs getting in the way. 38DDD was no joke for a girl her age. Hanging the last of the ornaments on the tree, she joined Leah on the rug, and the two talked and laughed for a long time. A freak blizzard had rolled through out of nowhere, and Leah's parents called to tell her that they would be staying at uncle Frankie's for the night, which meant that they'd have the whole house to themselves... Which could mean a lot of things... By the time midnight came Marie had fallen asleep on the comfy polar bear rug alongside Leah, but her slumber hadn't lasted long. She'd woken up to someone stroking her, namely her breasts. "Wh-what? L-Leah...?" Eyes adjusting, they focused on Leah who was straddling over her, wearing a grin that personified deviance to the core. A wicked little smile that turned her nipples into little rocks. It made her pussy tingle, her clit throb. God... was this a dream? Why was this happening? "I... couldn't help it..." Leah said, biting her lip. Her hands pressed Marie's breasts together, pushing them upward a bit. "Sean had told me that you wanted me and... I couldn't resist." Sean had told her?! That was the last time she told that fairy anything! Still... if not for his meddling, her tits wouldn't be getting the royal treatment right about now. She wouldn't feel her best friend's soaked panties pressed against her tummy. She'd have to thank him when Winter Break was over. Leah leaned in and pressed her lips against Marie's, a soft chaste kiss at first that quickly manifested into something hot, hungry — fierce. Marie couldn't believe it, the object of her desires had come onto her in her sleep, in front of a roaring fireplace on a polar bear skin rug. This had to be a dream. It just had to be. Leah broke the kiss, and her arm slithered down between her thighs. Marie started say something before she felt Leah's fingers rubbing against her clit through her panties, disrupting whatever train of thought she had. She'd dreamed of this for so long... and it was really — "Ahn!" "Do you like that...?" Leah asked in a husky tone, her lips barely touching Marie's. Marie nodded, unable to speak. The pleasure was too great, sending waves of pleasure spilling down through her lower limbs, all the way down to her toes. It didn't take long before her underwear was completely soaked with juices. I'm gonna cum... she's

gonna make me cum already! Marie's chest heaved as the familiar tingling sensation prickled softly at her. A sensation that traversed from her inner thighs up to her pussy and swirled comfortably in her tummy. She was going to cum... and it was going to be for Leah. "Are you gonna cum, baby?" Leah asked, her tone hushed and drenched in seduction. "Are you going to come for me?" "Y-Yes! I'm gonna cum for you! I am! I—!" The first orgasm rolled through her, her toes curling, fingers gripping the synthetic bear fur beneath her. It took her a moment or two to come down from the orgasmic high, and when she opened her eyes she watched Leah who had a satisfied look on her face. "Good girl, but we're not done yet." Marie silently thanked the heavens for that. She didn't want it to be over. She never wanted it to be over. Leah turned herself around and re-situated herself over Marie and leaned over, head betwixt her thighs. God, was Leah going to—"Fuck!" Leah had pulled Marie's panties to the side and let her tongue get to work on her clit, licking it in soft, slow circles that got Marie's hips writhing in utter pleasure. Firey pleasure frayed at her nerves. She bit into her bottom lip, so hard that she thought she'd draw blood. She'd never been licked down there before. Every guy she'd been with had been pretty conservative about it and thus it was neglected. But Leah had gone to town on her, with no hesitation. "So good..." Marie said softly, writhing even more. She could feel another orgasm coming. "So fucking good..." Marie looked up and found Leah's bare ass and pussy in her face. Without hesitation she reached up and slid her fingers beyond her friend's silken little folds, slipping into her tight little walls. She got just the reaction she wanted out of Leah. A sharp gasp, a whimper. It was music to her ears. If she was going to cum, she'd have Leah cum along with her. "God... more, Marie..." Marie slipped a third finger inside of her friend's pussy, and she felt Leah's walls clinch around them. Leah lowered her head back down between Marie's thighs, sucking on her clit. Marie's eyes widened, pleasure shooting through her like an arrow. Her back arched, and her eyes squeezed shut, orgasm quaking through her with such a force. Leah writhed atop of her, plump behind shaking as her own orgasm trembled her. She moaned against Marie's pussy, that was driving her utterly insane. Leah rolled off of her, onto her back, her chest heaving. her face satisfied. Marie, her pussy lips hot and sensitive and throbbing, just lie there with her own chest heaving, a film of sweat covering her neck and chest and forehead. She wasn't sure if she could be touched again— "Not done, yet," Leah was up again, lifting the hem of Marie's wifebeater above her breasts, exposing her ample globes. She pressed them together once more, and brought her lips to one of them, suckling softly on her nipple. She moved on to the other one, making it feel as heavenly as the last, and Marie whimpered and trembled beneath her. The pleasure was insurmountable, almost unbearable. She thought she'd lose it. No one had ever made her feel this way. And now... "Leah... Oh my god, it's so... it's so...!" "I know, baby," Leah said, smiling around one of Marie's nipples, looking up to her with those seductive eyes of hers. Marie felt yet another orgasm coming, roaring through, sending a severe arch in her back and a deep, guttural moan. Her breaths were sobbing, and her body shook with raw pleasure. The feeling was surreal... she'd climaxed so hard from getting her nipples sucked... it was insane. Before she knew it, the world grew black, and Marie passed out. When Marie awoke again, she was in Leah's room, tucked snugly in her blankets. Leah appeared in her bathroom door, arms folded, leaning against the door frame. She was, of course, smiling. Smiling that deviant little

smile of hers. She was still wearing her tiny tee shirt and her boyshorts. "Did I dream last night?" Marie asked, hesitantly. "No, but I wish I could have dreamed lugging your butt upstairs. You are heavy, girl!" "oh, my God, you didn't have to—so last night really did happen?" Leah nodded. "Wow..." Marie said, mostly to herself, her voice distant. Her gaze locked back onto Leah. "So... what now? Where do we go from here?" Leah approached the bed and knelt before Marie, brushing her hair from her face. "How about we do it again when my parents go to work, and sort out the details later, alright?" Marie grinned. "I'd like that." "I'd like that very much."