

Lust for Lily - Part One

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Emma discovers that there's more to sex than men...

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“Ooo, ooo, there! There!” I awoke startled; my hand down my pyjama bottoms and my middle finger inside my dripping wet, exhausted pussy. I sneaked a glance to my right to see if I’d woken up my boyfriend with my antics, but apparently my orgasm didn’t have as much of an effect on him as it did myself. Careful not to rustle the duvet too much, I raised my hand to my mouth, and let the tip of my tongue graze my wet fingers, squirming in sheer delight at the salty but sweet taste of my own juices. It was the fourth time now that I’d dreamt of licking another woman’s pussy. Although in my early 20’s and fresh out of university, I was yet to have a lesbian experience. Truth be told, I’d never really considered it until the other night, when I’d borrowed my boyfriend Ryan’s laptop. I was searching for car insurance quotes when out of boredom I thought I’d check out his internet history. I laughed at myself when I saw the long list of porn, dated from when I had my last period. I was just about to go onto something else when a few of the titles caught my eye, and it became obvious the type of porn he’d been watching; “Lisa Sucks Brittany’s Big Tits”, “Double Dildo Duo” and “First Time Lesbian Experience” but to name just a few. It was the last one that caught my eye, and out of curiosity I decided to click on the link. Within just a few minutes, I was watching as Busty Brandy massaged oil into her friend Tiffany Tits’ naked body, starting with her back, and working her way around to her voluptuous breasts, and all the way down to her dripping pussy. That was the first time I’d masturbated to lesbian porn. I’d never realised before just how sensual two women could be together and how God damn sexy it really was. I’d obviously heard the rumours that women were the best at eating other women out, because they knew what the woman wanted, but I’d always laughed it off and felt smug that my man always knew what I wanted. But now, I find that it’s all I can think about. Just the idea of another woman down there, all soft lips and knowing tongue is almost enough to make me cum, and I find myself wanting it more and more each day. I had less than an hour to get ready and leave the flat before I started my first shift at my new job. I hopped in the shower, careful not to wake Ryan, partly because it was his day off work and he’s had trouble sleeping lately, but

mostly because I had a very important date with my showerhead- one that I was hoping would end in an interesting climax. ***** I arrived at Jim's Cafe with two minutes to spare, but drenched in sweat from the summer heat. Having only just left university with a First, I haven't yet found a graduate job so took any job that came up that could pay my rent. I walked into the small, slightly crowded cafe, very aware of the damp patch in my knickers that was left over from my shower fun this morning, praying that it wouldn't show through my skin tight faded jeans. As I was looking around for Dave, the owner of Jim's (I don't know either), I caught the eye of a brunette, just slightly taller than my 5 ft 3 frame, same slim build as mine, but with more breast in her one cup than I had in my two. She had on a white crop top that showed off a toned stomach, and a pair of cut off denim shorts that didn't quite cover her arse, or the top of her bright red, lacy thong. As my eyes wandered down her body, a bead of sweat trickled down her chest, seeking asylum in a cleavage that could bring an entire country to its knees, and I knew there and then that the ever increasing wet patch in my knickers was going to be a permanent fixture.