



My First Time

By Liz

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Feb 2013

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Seduced at a sleepover - Based on the true story.

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Abbey Kingston and I were best friends from the day we first met. My family had just moved into the area due to my dad changing jobs and, with me being at that awkward age, I'd turned sixteen a month ago, I wasn't looking forward to being the new kid in school. Fortunately I'd gotten partnered with Abbey in our tutor class, she was sort of like my welcome package you could say and we just clicked.

We began to hang out all the time, just the two of us, we did almost everything together. It wasn't long before we were totally inseparable. We had the same interests, the same taste in music and food. We were the same size and had the same figure so we used to swap clothes to the point where we couldn't even remember whose clothes were whose. Even our birthdays were only one day apart. She beat me by one day and used to use it against me when it suited to get her own way, like seniority gave her the deciding vote. If we couldn't decide on what movie to watch, guess who piped up as the older one? I let her have her fun. My parents thought Abbey was great; she was always very polite when she came round and I think they were just glad that I had made such a good friend and was settling in so well. Sleepovers around each others houses became a fairly regular thing quite quickly. We used to do each others hair and makeup, watch movies, talk about clothes and boys, the usual stuff. It wasn't until a little while later that I noticed Abbey had gradually become quite 'touchy feely' with me, hugging and holding hands a lot. I never really thought anything of it, some girls are like that and I was comfortable with it. We had only really known each other for a short time but were already fast friends. In fact, looking back now I don't mind admitting that I think I felt a small buzz each time she flung her arms around me, but at the time I never lingered on what it might mean. If I'd had a sneaking suspicion at that time that Abbey might be attracted to me, or even bisexual, I never asked and she never told. From the first day we met I thought Abbey was beautiful, although I think the words that flashed through my mind that first morning were 'absolutely gorgeous'. She stood about five foot seven, was slim, had golden blonde hair and a full c-cup; but all of that was nothing compared to her really killer feature, her eyes. They had captured my attention straight away, they were the deepest azure blue I had ever seen. I suppose some people would call her angelic in appearance, to me at the time though, she was just my friend. I was the same height and build as Abbey and similar in almost every way apart from my hair colour, and the two sapphires of course. This story starts on a Friday afternoon at school, we were in our last class of the day and were both looking forward to a sleepover weekend at Abbey's house. It had all been arranged and agreed beforehand, and I had packed all the things I needed until Monday into my bag before leaving for school. On occasion I would spend the whole weekend at her house and we would walk to school together on Monday morning. My mum thought it was imposing too much on Ms. Kingston, but she insisted it was fine. In the end they relented, I think they enjoyed a weekend to themselves anyway. I had borrowed some sort of zombie movie from my dad for us to watch; as far as I was concerned there was nothing like a good horror film at a sleepover. Not a very girly genre I'll admit, but anything that makes you jump or scream is good fun in my book. We only lived about half a mile from one another and a mile or so from the school, so we walked back to her house together when we finished. Abbey lived alone with her mum; she had told me once that her dad had left when she was little but we never really talked about it, I didn't like to pry. I had initially been shocked to find out, shortly after Abbey and I had declared ourselves BFF's, that her mum had a girlfriend. I had met her mother's girlfriend Julie a few times now, as she insisted we call her, and she was very nice. She was about five foot ten with dark hair and a lovely athletic figure. Ms. Kingston looked just like an older version of Abbey; I discovered who Abbey got her eyes from the first time I went round to her house. "Hey,

mum, I'm home!" shouted Abbey as we got to her house, "Lizzy is here." Abbey lived in a really nice house, big considering there were only the two of them. I knew that her mum had a job working with a bank doing something managerial. "Hi girls," called Abbey's mum from the kitchen, "You have a good day at school?" As many of you will know, this appears to be part of the standard line of questioning for parents when their kids get in, mine asked all the time. "Fine, Ms. Kingston," I said, "Thanks again for having me over." She was always happy to have me round, I knew that, but it's always polite to say thank you. "Oh, you're always welcome round here, Lizzy, you know that," she replied whilst putting some pots away. Abbey's mum always finished work early on a Friday, one of the perks of being the boss she had told me once. "We'll be up in my room, mum," called Abbey as we shot our way up the stairs. "Ok, I'll give you a shout when dinner is ready!" We dumped our bags at the bottom of her bed and freshened up; we took turns in her shower and changed into some fresh clothes. Our dress code for sleepovers was basically whatever was most comfortable; it had started off the first time as a pair of jeans but as their house was always so warm and toasty, this eventually consisted of just some cotton boy-short pants and a thin t-shirt. Abbey's mum always bought the nicest shampoos and conditioners, for me a sleepover at their house was like staying in a really posh hotel; I tried the fruity one this time and it was fantastic. After drying my hair I felt like one of those models from the adverts, swishing my hair around, because I'm worth it. Her bedroom was a lot bigger than mine, she had a kingsize bed, a walk-in closet, en-suite bathroom and a proper dressing table, I was always jealous. It had also recently been redecorated by her mum with an old-english style with bedside lamps and french wallpaper, very classy. We spent the rest of the afternoon painting each others toenails, surfing the internet for celebrity gossip and then went downstairs for dinner. Ms. Kingston was definitely a cool mum, Abbey and her were very close and seemed so much alike it was funny. They laughed and smiled the same way, and were joking all the time, they were both so happy it was infectious. Something else that never occurred to me at the time was the fact that we actually spent most of our time around her house not wearing many clothes. It sounds odd but modesty was never an issue so I guess it just didn't seem unusual after a while, the two of us going downstairs for dinner in just some pants and a t-shirt; even her mum lounged around the house at times in just her underwear. Advantages of having such a relaxed, female-only environment I think, it was a nice atmosphere. After helping with the washing up, I thanked her Ms. Kingston again and we carted armfuls of snacks and drinks from the kitchen upstairs to her room for the evening matinee. "Right, what's the main attraction tonight then?" said Abbey, as I ruffled through my bag for the DVD. I threw her the case and waited for it, she took one look at the cover and pulled a face. "Not another horror movie! Oh God," she moaned, "You know they make me jump!" "Yeah I know," I grinned, "That's the fun of them though. Come on, it's got to be better than some of those cheesy, Rom-Coms we keep watching," I replied. I could tell she was mulling it over. "Ohhh, go on then," said Abbey reluctantly, she might have been the bossy one out of the two of us but she was willing to compromise from time to time, I think that's why we got on so well. The film had been on for about an hour and was not one of the better ones we had seen together, neither of us were really watching it and we ended up both lying on her bed flicking through magazines. As at some point it inevitably did, the talk eventually

turned to boys and sex; we were both having a laugh talking about some of the guys at school. Have you ever played that game Marry, Kill, Screw? If you haven't, it's basically where one of you picks three people that you both know, and the other has to choose which one they would marry, which they would kill and which they would... you get the idea. I was purposely picking names of some of the more unattractive guys we knew from school for her to decide on, this was earning me a barrage of playful shoves from Abbey. "Why have you got to be so mean, Liz? At least I always leave you with a good looking one to fit in there somewhere!" she complained. "Yeah I know," I said smiling back. I was mean but it was only playful teasing. The game ran its course and when we got bored of it, we eventually returned to chatting about guys and sex again. Abbey and I were both virgins, we had never been all the way with a boy, although recently we had both experienced some 'intimate touching', well, more like clumsy fondling really, by a couple of guys at the same party. "You ever kissed another girl?" asked Abbey, completely out of the blue. This threw me for a second whilst my brain worked out what she had just asked me. "What?" I replied, slightly shocked at the sudden change of direction. I looked at her, but she had her gaze directed at her magazine, her bottom lip poking out. She waited until I'd turned back and started flicking through my magazine again. "Kissed another girl, you know," she asked again. I wasn't sure how to reply. "Well, I kissed you at Rachel's brother's party last month?" I replied. This had only been a playful type of kiss, you know the sort, not a proper one but I think I knew what she was hinting at. She closed her magazine and rolled onto her side, facing me. I could tell she was looking directly at me but I just pretended to carry on reading some article on dating tips. "Come on. You know what I mean, not like that," she said playfully, giving my shoulder a nudge. "Err, no I haven't," I admitted, but starting to wonder if Abbey had. "Have you?" I knew she hadn't, I'm sure she would have mentioned it to me by now, we did spend every waking hour of the day together practically. "No," she replied in a quiet voice, 'Ha, I knew it!' "Wondered what it would be like though, you know? Different to kissing a guy." Wow. We had never actually discussed this sort of thing before. "Hmmm," I mumbled, not really sure how to respond, "Probably, yeah." Had my best friend just admitted to me wanting to kiss another girl? Properly kissing a girl? I think she had. She was still looking at me, I could practically feel her gaze on the side of my face. "Lizzy, you don't think that's, weird, do you?" she said, tucking her hair behind her ear. "No, of course I don't," I replied, trying to act all cool and nonchalant about it. I really didn't think it was weird at all, I had just never put any proper thought into it before. This is the first time our conversation had headed in this direction and it struck me that there might be more to Abbey than she had let on to. Maybe she fancied girls? Knowing that her mum was now with another woman and having met Julie and seen how nice they both were, I was in no way homophobic in any sense. "Well, for one thing girls smell better," she carried on, that one made me giggle, I couldn't help it. "And they have softer lips." I suppose she had a point. I felt I honestly did want to join in the conversation, even if just to be a bit nosey and find out how much she had been thinking about this, but I wasn't sure how to. All I could manage as a reply was "Yep." I don't know why but at this point I could already feel my mind betraying me, now I was thinking about it. Girls probably do have softer lips. Would that make them better kissers? I wondered what Abbey's lips feel like, what they taste like. The quick peck we had

shared was nothing really. I knew she liked to wear strawberry lip gloss, so they probably tasted like strawberries. Yeah, that would make sense. Then it occurred to me, I had sort of phased out for a while there thinking about kissing my best friend, and the conversation had petered out to a silence. Had she just asked me something else? Then, I felt it. Abbey and I were always playfully pushing and shoving each other, hugging each other as girls do and had even given one another back massages at past sleepovers which were fun. The recent subject matter however, had thrown me a bit and had left me unprepared for when her fingertips caressed slowly down my back, the softest sensation of touch through my t-shirt. It sent a shiver down my spine that slowly travelled all the way to my toes, it was unexpected, but electric. She was lying facing me, she was barely twelve inches away; I could smell the vanilla shampoo she had used in her hair, it was lovely. I had goosebumps on my arms and could feel a strange sensation begin to wash over me; a kind of mixture between tension and anticipation. We had just been talking about kissing girls and now she was caressing my back, was she just being friendly or was she coming on to me? "Lizzy," she whispered. "Hmm?" I mumbled, pretending to still be flicking through the magazine which now held none of my attention. "Can I ask you something?" She was resting her head on her left hand, her head propped up. "Sure," I replied. What the hell she was going to ask me now? Abbey lifted her right hand to the side of my face and gently brushed my long hair back behind my left ear. I almost jumped out of my skin when the back of her fingers touched my cheek. I'm sure I flinched that hard that the bed shook, she scared the hell out of me. I think I might have even squeaked. "Are you okay?" she asked, giggling, "You look really, I don't know, nervous." She was obviously enjoying something, smiling at my discomfort. "I'm fine," I wasn't, "It's just this movie. Things jumping out of the dark, you know?" I replied, trying to put a reassuring smile on, we weren't even watching it. I reached over to the remote and turned it off. She'd only brushed my hair back and I'd nearly wet myself. "Oh right, okay," said Abbey, "You're sure? You almost had a heart attack." "Yeah, I'm okay. Thanks," I replied, as she softly replaced her right hand on the top of my back just below my neck. With the TV now off, it all went quiet. I considered staying mute, wondering if she would just change the subject. "So, what did you want to ask me?" I enquired quietly after a little while. 'Liz, get a grip!' I think I was secretly hoping it was going to be something sexual; God only knows what was going on now, but I felt excited. I was also beginning to get quite hot, I could feel my skin warming up, my cheeks flushing, they were probably bright red. It was warm anyway but now it was as if the temperature of the room had suddenly jumped. What was wrong with me? She'd only brushed my cheek. "Oh, mmm, I was just wondering if... you know," whispered Abbey softly, rubbing her fingertips slowly between my shoulder blades. It should have been a soothing, relaxing sensation, but all it was doing was getting me worked up. "If what?" I said distractedly after a moment, still pretending to find the content of the magazine utterly fascinating. I couldn't have told you what was written on that page if my life had depended on it. "Mmm, oh it doesn't matter," she replied after a few seconds, shrugging it off. Abbey had never had a problem asking me anything before, she was usually really upfront and forward about it. This really had me intrigued now. She had asked me a couple of weeks before if I shave 'down there', and after a bit of prodding and encouragement I had admitted that I did. I told her that I thought it felt cleaner and fresh

and she'd just said "Oh, okay." Last week in the middle of a toenail painting session she had asked me if I masturbated, we'd had to change her duvet cover after I sprayed lemonade all over it. She'd had to wait until I was taking a drink didn't she? "No no, go on. It's ok," I said, genuinely intrigued. "You can ask me, we're friends." I wasn't sure where this was leading, but if she asked to borrow my favourite top it was going to be a real let down. "Well, I was wondering if you had ever thought another girl was... sexy." She drummed her fingertips on my back. "Well, I err, there are loads of girls at our school that are pretty good looking I suppose," I mumbled, "You know what it's like when the sun comes out. All the short skirts, skimpy tops and sunglasses." It went quiet again. That hadn't been what she meant, but I was a little nervous and had automatically deflected the question by turning it into something more innocent. "No, I mean, not that way. You know, attractive," whispered Abbey. I could feel as she shuffled a little closer to me, her breath on the side of my face, as if she wanted to make this discussion even more private even though there were only the two of us there. "I'm, not sure really, maybe," I stuttered after a second or two. It had been a serious question and I felt obliged to flash a quick look in Abbey's direction so that she didn't think I wasn't ignoring her. She had her head tilted behind looking towards her headboard, lips slightly parted. She was very beautiful, her soft golden hair flowing over her shoulders. Was she looking at my ass? 'Oh my god!' I turned back quickly, maybe she hadn't seen me, seeing her, checking me out. She was checking out my ass! 'Breathe Lizzy, in, out, in, out.' My eyes shot open as I felt Abbey's hand start to glide down the middle of my back again, ever so slowly working its way down my spine. She stopped just where my t-shirt ended. Just where a friendly back massage would end, where they had always ended. "Yeah?" she said, leaning even closer. There wasn't much room left now, we were almost touching. Had her mum left the heating on too high? I couldn't take my eyes off the magazine, I just kept looking at it, I was terrified of what would happen if I turned to look at her. Would she lean in for a kiss? My body was reacting on its own, my heart was beating so hard I wondered whether Abbey could hear it, and not just that. The realisation of the situation hit me, it seemed other things had made their own minds up and were letting me know whatever was happening was a good thing. I could feel the beginnings of a tingling sensation between my thighs, I felt hot and swollen. It was scary and excruciating at the same time. Things were snowballing. Abbey's lips brushed my left ear so slightly I thought I had imagined it until she whispered into my ear, two words. "I have." A sudden intake of breath gave me away, it was hardly anything at all but I couldn't help it. I knew it, she knew it, and I knew she knew it too. It was the green light she had been waiting for, confirmation that her subtle advances towards me had been welcome after all. She leaned even closer, her breasts just brushing against my arm. "There's this one girl I have liked for a while," whispered Abbey, every barely uttered syllable now shooting straight through my brain to my pussy. 'Oh god, what the hell is happening to me? I'm getting turned on by my best friend!' "I've wanted so bad to tell her how I feel but was afraid that she might not feel the same way," she continued softly. Her hand started to head south, slowly caressing over my right ass cheek; at this point I had to bite my bottom lip to keep from moaning. "She goes to our school," whispered Abbey, very gently gripping and squeezing me through my panties. I could feel her bare leg rubbing against mine. Who was she talking about? It was me wasn't

it? Please God let it be me! I had lost all hope of calming this situation down now, my body wanted this so badly and wherever it was going, I was along for the ride. "In fact, you won't believe this, but she is lying on my bed... right... now." The last word was whispered so quietly into my ear. 'Yes!' my brain screamed, I felt light headed like I was going to pass out. I had never been so aroused in my entire life, just her hand gripping my ass was wonderful. She was so confident and in control. I was a nervous wreck. I felt a soft, warm sensation as Abbey's lips slowly closed over my ear lobe, she began to suck and nibble it gently. It felt wonderful, utterly divine. A tingling sensation had started to cover my whole body as she began to squeeze my ass more firmly. 'Have some courage girl, you can do it. Tell her what you're feeling.' "I...I...think she likes you too," I managed to whisper out between gulps of air. I was breathing, I could feel my lungs actually taking the air in, I just couldn't catch my breath. The magazine had long since ceased its usefulness and was now merely a prop. I gave up the act. I had gone from heterosexual to God knows what, in the time it took to say those words. Abbey stopped when she heard that, her soft lips releasing my ear. I couldn't see her but I could tell she was smiling, I just knew it instinctively. I still hadn't the courage yet to move, I just lay there propped up on my elbows as Abbey slowly caressed me, it was so surreal. She started to kiss, very gently, the top of my arm and shoulder as she slowly, very tenderly, slipped her right hand under the waist of my panties. I had my eyes closed now, the feel of her warm hand on my bare ass was incredible, indescribable, unbelievably sensual. She caressed me tenderly before running her hand between my cheeks, her middle finger dipping into the crevice. I exhaled deeply as my head dropped forward, my hair hanging down, "Oh God." Her finger slid gently over my hole, tickling, she could tell what effect she was having on me, the conflict between my wavering reluctance and my body's reaction to her attention. It felt so wrong and yet so right. My back arched involuntarily, my ass lifting slightly from the bed as her fingers reached lower and lower. Slowly, so slowly, her fingertips worked their way to that spot, that ultra-sensitive patch of skin just below my pussy. I felt like I was going to explode. Abbey was purring now, it was so seductive. She continued on and the second her finger reached my opening, it was like a switch being flicked. My head shot up and I rolled over onto my back quickly, her hand slipping out of my underwear. I could feel the heat radiating from my face like a hotplate, I must have been glowing bright red, my t-shirt riding up at the bottom. I felt faint. The only sound in the room now was my heavy breathing, my chest was heaving as I tried to catch my breath. Abbey started giggling as I looked over to her through the hair now covering my eyes, "Are you alright Lizzy? You look like you're going to pass out." She smirked, her perfect mouth flashing perfect teeth. I looked back to the ceiling and released the huge breath of air I had been holding, blowing the hair out of my face. I had my arms extended over my head, hanging just over the edge of the bed. "I'm... I'm ok, just really, really hot." I smiled, looking at her from the corner of my eye. Had I bottled it? The adrenaline was pumping through my body like nothing I had ever felt, my hands were shaking. My attempt to appear calm about this situation was failing miserably. Abbey was never one to turn down a challenge, she never had been. She slinked herself over to me slowly and lay on her side again, looking at me. I had to admit that she really was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, her gorgeous blonde hair flowing over her shoulders, framing her face as she looked down at me. "Well, that was

getting interesting," she said, smiling. "Mmm, hmm," was all I could manage, nodding my head, my lips superglued together. I had no idea what to say, or even if I could speak properly if I tried. "Mmm, hmm," she mimicked, still smiling, "Would you like a minute to cool down, baby?" Baby? I could tell she was loving this. Abbey reached up and walked her index and middle finger up my bare arm, "I'll tell you what, why don't we take it really, really slow and see where it leads, hmm?" she whispered as she raised herself up and leaned forward, slowly bringing her face towards mine. I felt as our lips touched, she was so soft, so warm, so inviting. Her tongue gently teased my top lip, enticing me to join in the fun, this was the most erotic thing I had ever experienced. My brain had shut out everything but the two of us, the only things that existed in the whole world, were her lips, and mine. I tentatively reciprocated the affection and our tongues met, it felt so new yet so forbidden as our passion took over. As our lips parted I realised I'd had my eyes closed the whole time, and now opened them to see Abbey's face just inches from mine, her deep blue eyes staring into me. I was falling for her. I wanted more and plucked up the courage to lean up into the next kiss, feeling more comfortable, more secure, happy. She was so gentle and loving. Our tongues danced in each others mouths, our lips pressed firmly against each other, a cocktail of velvet soft flesh and strawberry lip gloss. I was right, strawberries. She ran her fingers through my hair which sent tingles down my spine. Slowly she slid her hand behind my head, lifting me further into herself as our kissing got even more heated. I couldn't get enough, I wanted it all. She softly lowered my head back to the bed and after what seemed like an eternity lost in her embrace, I felt her shift and her hand reach down and begin to slide up under my t-shirt. The goosebumps were back as her fingertips burned a path in my smooth skin, up over my stomach and chest to my heaving breasts. It was hard to breathe. Her lips soothed my tension as her fingers brushed slowly over my left nipple, it was so firm, so sensitive, I almost climaxed right then from the sensations. "Mmm, you like that don't you, Lizzy? You are a naughty girl," she whispered into my mouth; I could barely mumble my reply at that point, my mind had removed my ability to read earlier, now it had decided to prevent me from stringing more than two words together as well. Those two words though, 'naughty girl', I felt overwhelmed. Abbey was in complete control, I had no control whatsoever. She began to tease me, to circle my nipples with her fingertips, slowly rolling them between two fingers before tugging gently. She bit my bottom lip, playfully pulling it between her teeth as I looked into her eyes, this was so intense, so sensual. We didn't have to say anything, our bodies were doing all the talking. Her eyes, oh god her eyes. It felt like she was looking into my soul, I could have dropped and fallen into those two blue pools, losing myself in them forever. She flashed me a devilish grin and in one swift movement, I felt her throw her right leg over my body to straddle me. She sat up and looked down at me from up high. She was so beautiful, her golden hair framing the face of an angel. My angel. I looked down and could see her hard nipples poking out under her shirt. The most sensuous and erotic feelings washed over me as I noticed the warmth radiating from between her thighs on my stomach, her ass pressing down onto my mound. She reached down and took a hold of the bottom of my t-shirt. A little panic started to set in when it hit me that she was actually undressing me, I had never been properly naked in front of her before, but I wouldn't have stopped her for anything. She very slowly peeled the shirt up exposing my

breasts, then up over my head where she stopped and released it. I could hear as she removed her own top and threw it on the floor. I was lying with my arms over my head and my t-shirt half off, covering my face like a shroud. I couldn't see anything but could feel her as she leaned forward and began to gently kiss me through the material. The feel of her warm mouth through the shirt was intriguing and unbelievably sexy; I couldn't move my arms with the shirt where it was and I couldn't move my body with her sat on me. I was restrained. As Abbey leaned lower, her breasts pressed and rested on mine, the heat was intense, the feel of her bare skin, her body pressed against me. She was lay on top of me, trailing kisses down my covered face to my bare neck, one of my most sensitive areas. As she planted small kisses on my collar bone and shoulder, and very slowly slipped a hand down over my stomach and under the waistband of my panties. "Oh fuck!" I whispered intensely, wriggling. She only ran her fingers over my pussy for the briefest of moments but I could feel straight away how wet I was down there, and so could she. Abbey withdrew her hand slowly, I didn't believe it but I could hear her licking her fingers, my hearing now felt intensely sensitive to all the sounds around me. Abbey had just tasted me. I jumped slightly as she began to run her hands up my sides, slowly up over my smooth armpits, under the arms of the t-shirt and up further over my head all the way to my wrists. She had freed me, in more ways than one. Resting her head next to mine, she whispered sensuously in my ear, "Is all that girl-goo for me?" I could have died happy at that moment. My top fell discarded to the floor as she slid her hands back down my arms to my chest and encircled my breasts. I could not describe the feelings that ran through me, lifting my head and looking down to see my best friend slowly lower her head and gently run her tongue around one of my nipples before sucking it into her mouth. Her own were so hard. My back arched involuntarily at the sensation of her warm lips enclosing over me, the feeling of her tongue circling my stiff nipple took me to new heights. I had played with my breasts and nipples before when masturbating but this was something else; the feeling was focused, warm and intense. My pussy was now throbbing, I felt so wet I was sure I could feel it trickling out of me, soaking my panties. Every time I squirmed I could feel my moist lips slipping against each other. I could have lay there forever, floating on a carpet of sexual ecstasy. After Abbey had licked, sucked and nibbled me senseless, she started to slowly run her tongue down my body. She slipped downward to my stomach, gently kissing, licking and scraping her teeth on my skin. I looked down and she looked up, our eyes meeting. "Oh Abbey!" I moaned passionately as she slid her body down further, my legs were forced apart by her knees. I tried to prop myself up on my elbows and look at her; my head swam and I felt dizzy. I knew what was coming, was she really going to go down on me? As she reached the top of my panties, she looked up again into my eyes and smiled the most beautiful smile I had ever seen, the look radiated love and lust at the same time. I felt so happy, so loved. She glanced back down to the wildfire burning between my legs and looked back up to me, her smile transforming into a mischievous grin. I looked down and blushed beetroot red as I realised why she was smiling, my panties were absolutely soaked. A huge wet patch was clearly visible. Instinctively I tried to cross my legs to cover myself but Abbey reached up and held my legs firmly open at the knees. "A, A, Abbey..." I stuttered. "Shhh," she whispered, "It's okay, Lizzy, just relax." I could hear her breathing deeply through her nose as she bent lower, taking in my scent; I

didn't know whether to feel embarrassed or aroused. She started to softly kiss my inner thighs, working closer and closer. The anticipation was killing me, I wanted to feel her so badly. An eternity passed before she eventually leaned forward and ever so slowly licked all the way up the length of my pussy through my panties, tasting me. The sensation was tantalising, it tickled and only served to make me even hotter. "Oh my God," I moaned. Using her hand, she started to rub my clit which was throbbing hard now. I could hear Abbey moaning quietly, it sounded like she was purring again, it was so fucking hot. I could tell she was enjoying this as much as I was. If I had been wearing a pair of knickers or a thong instead of my boy-shorts, I have no doubt that she wouldn't have had the patience to remove them and would just have pulled them to one side. Or maybe just ripped them off. Her fingers slipped over the waist of my panties and she started to slip them off, this was the last barrier between us. As I lifted my hips to assist her, my red, swollen, hairless pussy coming into view, I suddenly realised the situation I was in. Naked, lying on my best friend's bed with her about to... This was unbelievable. Abbey carefully pulled my legs up towards my chest and then parted them spreading my pussy lips wide open, I was completely exposed to her now, I felt so vulnerable. It hit me almost immediately, I could smell the sex in the air, that unmistakeable aroma of female lust. She held my legs there for a moment and just stared at my pussy, her face radiated a carnal lust and desire. I have small, light pink pussy lips which get puffy and swollen when aroused. They were swollen now and screaming for some attention. As she lowered her head between my soft thighs, she slowly suckled my lips into her mouth. "Oh fuck, Abbey!" I cried as powerful sensations took over. Completely new sensations. "I can feel you, it's so good." "Mmm," Abbey mumbled, her mouth full of my most private area, "You taste delicious, baby." She sucked my labia into her mouth and pulled them gently between her lips before releasing them. I could feel everything, I could hear everything, a powerfully sexual, wet sucking sound emanating from our coupling. Little shockwaves spread out from my clit as she started to blow on it. "Oh fuck!" I cried, "Oh my god, Abbey!" My clit was throbbing so hard I was sure it was about to explode like a miniature stick of dynamite; I looked down one more time to see her looking up at me with those beautiful blue eyes as she again lowered her mouth to my womanhood. After what seemed forever, she sat up with the most lustful look on her face and started to slip her own panties off. I never knew but Abbey was completely shaved as well, her smooth, bald pussy was such a turn on. I could see her arousal glistening. My head dropped back to the bed. Her mouth felt hot like a river of molten lava running over me, yet so soft like the caress of liquid silk, her beautiful mouth making love to me. I was lost. Gradually, she worked her way back to my clit, her tongue now a jackhammer flicking across my hood. As her mouth went to work, my mind closed up shop; I couldn't focus on anything but this. "Fuck fuck fuck, oh my god!" I moaned loudly. I had never dreamed anything could feel this good. I could hear Abbey moaning as well, slick, wet sounds telling me that she was rubbing her sopping pussy with a passion. I threw my head back and forth moaning in pure ecstasy, my best friend's head buried between my thighs and my hands now holding her there. This already felt better than any orgasm I had ever had using my own fingers and I hadn't even come yet, I was in heaven. The only way to describe the next few minutes is bliss; Abbey devoured my sex utterly and completely as she fingered herself, her own hole filled with wetness. She licked, nibbled

and sucked my every crease, crevice and fold like her life depended on it, like mine did. Her fingers began to probe my pussy, first one then two started to slip in and out as she continued to devour me. "Abbey, I'm going to come! Oh my god, Abbey!" I moaned loudly. Abbey reached her hands up over my thighs and put her fingers either side of my clitoral hood and gently pulled back exposing my nub; I could feel her fingers slipping slightly on my skin from the mixture of her saliva and both of our sexual juices. The second she took my exposed clit into her mouth, she sucked hard and swirled her tongue around it; my reaction was instant and intense, an explosion between my legs. I couldn't hold on any longer. "Oh fuck fuck fuck, I'm coming!" I shouted, as she shushed me to keep quiet. Time stopped. All of my muscles cramped up, my hands gripping the duvet so hard my knuckles turned white. My toes curled and my feet turned in; it felt like my whole body was held together and connected by a series of elastic bands that had all just been pulled and tightened at the same time. My eyes clamped shut as my back arched and I started to shake uncontrollably. The intense, almost painful focus of pleasure between my thighs started to spread throughout my body as I lay there, vibrating. I have no idea how long it lasted but the greatest sense of release and relaxation spread over my body as my muscles began to unfold and a fuzzy warmth spread to every inch of my body from head to toe. I realised at that moment, this had been my first real orgasm. When I opened my eyes, the room was spinning. I felt dizzy and disorientated. I was covered in a sheen of sweat and could feel rivulets running between my breasts. I was throbbing. I barely had enough strength left in me to lift my head to see the delicious creature that had just made me a woman, she was propped up on her hands and knees between my legs, the biggest smile on her face. "Oh my God, Lizzy," she said, and started giggling at the realisation of what had just happened. The look on my face must have been a picture because we both burst out in hysterical laughter. Suddenly there was a loud knock at her bedroom door, after the relatively quiet atmosphere in the room it sounded like a bomb going off; I almost jumped out of my skin. "Are you girls ok in there?" called Abbey's mum from the other side of the door. We looked at each other, my face a perfect expression of total panic. She didn't have a lock on her bedroom door. "We're fine, mum, thanks," shouted Abbey, no trace of hesitation in her voice. I was frozen. "Erm, okay, are you sure? Can I get you some more drinks or something?" she called back. "No were good thanks, mum," replied Abbey looking directly at me, "We're just having a nibble." My eyes shot open as I looked at her, she just flashed that devilish grin at me as she licked her lips. "Okay, well I'm off to bed now, see you both in the morning. Don't stay up too late." "Night, mum," called Abbey. She nodded at me. "Goodnight, Ms. Kingston," I managed to squeak out. As I heard her mum's bedroom door open and close in the hallway I collapsed back and started breathing again, I'd almost had a heart attack, I felt faint. If she had opened the door then, what would she have seen? Oh God! What she would have seen was her daughters best friend, lying completely naked, spread eagle on the bed, with her daughter between my legs covered in my juices. We just looked at each other again, Abbey's smile disarming my worries and we started laughing. She crawled up the bed and cuddled up to me, it was the best hug I had ever had. I began to laugh so hard that I was crying. She just held me, our warm bodies moulded together, so peaceful. When things had settled down and my breathing had calmed, she cradled my head in her hands and kissed

me softly. It was so beautiful. I could smell our lust everywhere, her hands, her lips, it was intoxicating. "I can't believe we just did that," I whispered to her. "I can't believe you just screamed out you were coming at the top of your voice," she chided, smiling before nudging me. I looked at her as what she just said dawned on me, my contented smile fading. "Oh my God. Oh my God! I did! Did your mum hear us?" Panic was setting in. "No, I don't think so," Abbey replied. I wasn't sure, but she was reassuring. Abbey was running her fingertips leisurely over my chest and after what had just happened, I had no inhibitions about my body with her. "That was really intense. I've always wanted to do that," Abbey said dreamily, "So, tell me, what did it feel like to have your best friend eat your pussy?" The way she whispered into my ear was all it took to perk my interest again. I could already feel a tingling sensation begin to spread. The only thing I could think to say as I looked at her was, "It was amazing." "Hmm, that's good to know," she said as she pulled me up, "Now its my turn!" "What?!"