



My First Time - Part 2

By Liz

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Now it was my turn...

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I was in a daze, it had all happened so quickly. I had just had the most explosive sexual experience of my life at the hands, and tongue, of my best friend Abbey. The uncontrollable vocal expressions of my sexual ecstasy had almost alerted her mum to the fact that we had been having sex. Amazing sex! At least I hope she hadn't heard me, that would be really awkward in the morning, and now, now

it was my turn to reciprocate. Abbey pulled me up to my feet so that we were standing on her bed; my legs were so wobbly I could barely hold myself up. "My turn?" I replied, slightly shocked, "What, you mean?" I felt embarrassed to have to admit to her, "I, I don't know how." Her beautiful, exquisite face radiated a longing for me that said all I needed to hear, I would never have turned her down no matter what she had asked of me. She looked at me with such a prepossessing expression. "Neither did I, Lizzy. I just wanted to make you so happy." She stepped closer to me, "Show me you feel the same way, please." Oh I wanted to, I wanted to so badly. "Just, just take it slow, okay?" she whispered, "Do whatever you think would feel good." Oh my god, my knees were weak and my hands were shaking with anticipation. "Oh, Abbey, I - I don't know. You were so good, what if I do it wrong?" I replied sheepishly. Could I do that for Abbey? Where would I start? She wasn't going to take no for an answer and I didn't want her to. I looked into her eyes and caught sight of the unmistakable glint of mischief. What was she up to? I found out soon enough as she started pouting and bouncing up and down on the bed lightly as if on a trampoline, she was using that puppy-dog look that she knew always got her what she wanted. That wasn't fair, she knew I couldn't resist. "You wouldn't leave me hanging would you, Liz? Lizzy? Baby?" she said in a comically sad little voice. I started smiling, I couldn't help myself. Whether it was her dirty tactics or voluptuous, bouncing breasts that made up my mind I couldn't say, but I wanted her. I wanted her more than anything. When Abbey stopped her hypnotic jiggling in front of me, she could tell I had made up my mind. I looked again into her deep blue eyes as her expression became serious, I could see the desire in her, overflowing. An understanding passed between us at that moment that said more than words ever could. She stepped right up in front of me and took my hands in hers, our fingers interlocking as she pulled me close, our breasts pressed together in an exciting and sensual collision of warm, soft flesh. She placed her head gently next to mine, resting it on my right shoulder as she whispered in my ear so softly, "I am so hot for you right now, Liz." I felt like giggling like a little girl. I had just been with another girl for the first time in my life, with Abbey, and now we were stood naked on her bed together, embraced as lovers. I felt, giddy. My emotions surged once more as I felt her softly release my right hand and hold my wrist, she was so gentle. "Here," she whispered quietly and with that, slipped my right hand forward to rest on her warm chest. Slowly, she guided it down over her smooth skin, between the swell of her breasts and lower over her flat stomach. I could feel every defined muscle and playful curve of her torso as I started to blush; my hand rotated downwards, traveling ever closer. I knew where this was leading, she wasn't forcing me, just guiding as I ran my fingertips lower and lower until they came to rest on her mound. I could feel immediately how wet she was, the heat emanating from her was unbelievable. It was clear to me that she had been so worked up whilst pleasuring me earlier that she had neglected herself. A wave of guilt washed over me and I wanted, now more than anything, to please her. To show her how much I felt for her. I cupped her pussy in my hand, her wet, swollen lips slipping between my fingers. "Mmm, Lizzy," she moaned softly, as I slowly ran my fingers over her, "Do you feel that? I'm so wet." Her sensual whispers in my ear were making me hot again, her words stoking the fire that was still raging inside me. "Yes," I whispered back, my head now also resting on her shoulder, our two naked bodies, perfectly formed and shaped for each

other. It all seemed to sink in at once, I was touching Abbey's most intimate area. I could feel her clit and her lips, so smooth and silky with moisture. I had only ever touched myself before, this was so different, so exciting and yet still, forbidden. "Mmm yes. Lizzy, touch me. Make me come," she moaned in a husky voice, "Please, baby." Baby again, she like calling me that and I think I liked it too. Her words got me so worked up I couldn't believe the effect they had; when she talked like that, whispering those sweet words and telling me what to do, it felt so risqué. I moved my hand slowly back and forth, rubbing her as my fingers became slick with her juices, her moans becoming longer and more urgent. I didn't know if what I was doing was right, but her body was telling me it was. "Oh, Lizzy, that's so good," she breathed heavily, her right hand now resting on my left shoulder, "Slip your fingers in." She knew what she wanted and told me, hearing her say those things to me was arousing like nothing I had ever felt before. Abbey was hanging on to me for support, her legs finding it as hard to stand as my own. I did as she instructed and reached lower, very slowly slipping my middle finger into her, "Oh yes," she whispered as I began to move it in and out, "Two fingers." I don't know how to describe how it felt. It was warm, almost hot, and so soft; the sensation so different to when I touched myself. She was so wet I could feel the arousal all over my hand. My mind suddenly recalled what she had said to me earlier, it sounded so rude to say but I knew I wanted to, I knew what effect it would have. "Abbey," I whispered to her as I added my index finger to my intimate probing, "Is all this girl goo for me?" Her moan told me I had hit the spot both physically and verbally. "Yes!" was all she could manage to eek out as I continued pleasuring her, she was breathing heavier now, her chest heaving against mine. "Faster, Liz, please... faster!" she now begged me. My fingers were moving quickly now, I could hear the wet, frenzied sounds as they entered and exited her pussy at speed. Her fingertips were starting to dig into my shoulder, squeezing harder and harder. "Oh my god, Lizzy," she gasped, "My clit, play with my clit. Use your thumb, oh fuck!" I felt so submissive, anything she wanted she could have, all she had to do was say the words. I manoeuvred my thumb on top of her swollen clit as she instructed, pressing down and rubbing it from side to side like a pendulum. It was so firm I could almost feel it throbbing. "Oh fuck, I'm going to come, Lizzy! I'm gonna come!" Now I was the one shushing her as Abbey got louder and more vocal; her body so hot she felt like a naked flame pressed to me. She opened her mouth and placed her lips over the soft skin of my bare shoulder as she leaned even more heavily on me. I felt it happen. All of a sudden she tensed as a pressure squeezed my fingers, her pussy muscles clamping down on them hard, pulsating. A gush of hot arousal covered my hand as her legs began to shake; I took her weight throwing my left arm around her to keep her upright. There was a sharp pain in my shoulder as Abbey bit down into my flesh to keep from screaming, her high pitched whimpers of sexual ecstasy were incredible. All I could think at the time was that I had done that to her, I had made her come and it made me so happy. I couldn't hold her up anymore and had to lower Abbey slowly to the bed, her breathing was heavy, her eyes closed. As I looked down I could see the moisture that had run down her thighs. She was shaking a little, she looked so fragile, so beautiful. My Abbey. The pain in my shoulder drew my eyes from her. I could see the indentations of teeth marks, she'd bit into me! "Bloody hell," I whispered quietly, not wanting to disturb her. I looked like a trainee vampire had used me for practice; she hadn't

broken the skin but it was red and swelling slightly. I wasn't mad with her, how could I be? My feelings for Abbey had changed so much so quickly it was confusing, but one thing I knew was that I wanted to hold her as she had held me. Lying down, I snuggled up behind Abbey, wrapping my arms around her delicate, naked body, still quivering in the afterglow of her orgasm. As I brought my arm over her chest, holding her close to me, she began to purr again. It was such an animalistic and seductive sound coming from her, I loved it. We drifted off together, asleep in each others arms, peaceful and content. *** My nose tickled, I could feel it brushing lightly against something. I was so warm and comfortable I didn't want to move, but when an itch needs scratching. Reluctantly, I forced myself to abandon my slumber as my eyes fluttered open into a blurry world of beige tones; I was so sleepy I could barely keep them open but I tried to focus. "Mmm," I moaned softly, there was something there just in front of my eyes, something pink. What is that? Gradually, it came into focus. 'What's a nipple doing up there?' I thought to myself. It wasn't mine. I was awake now. My head was resting on the softest, warmest pillow I had ever known; it was so comfortable I could have stayed there forever, and it was moving. It was Abbey's right breast. What had happened last night? The memories like so many puzzle pieces were slotting into place, the images coming back to me slowly, rising to the surface from the inky black depths of perfect, restful sleep. Abbey and I had slept together. She stirred lightly as I moved my right arm which was slung lazily across her waist. Raising my head from her chest I looked around and could see a nothing but a tangle of limbs and bed sheets. My movement stirred her as a small moan escaped her lips. She rolled her head to one side as I turned back to look at her. Warm, golden rays of morning sunlight were filtering through a gap in her curtains, dancing across her perfect skin, caressing over her warm body. She was so beautiful, so exquisite. Her head rolled back towards me, the light just hitting her eyes which began to flutter open. There they were, sapphires. The strangest feelings washed over me as I looked at her. Yesterday we had just been friends, now, were we something else. The thought felt natural to me, I knew it was what I wanted. I lay my head back down to the pillow next to hers as she focused on me, our legs still intertwined in an origami of warm, soft flesh. When my face came into focus, I could see her gradually come to the same realisation as I had just moments before. What would she think? It had been Abbey that had seduced me yesterday but would she still feel the same way now? I waited expectantly, my heart ready to break at the slightest sign of regret. As she looked into my eyes, she smiled. "Hey you," she whispered. If I hadn't already, I knew at that moment, I'd fallen for her. The biggest smile spread across my lips, I was so happy. "Hey yourself," I replied as I brought my mouth to hers, the first kiss of a new day. A sleepy massage of lips as soft and juicy as a ripe fig. "Girls?" "What was that?" I said as my head shot up. A quiet knock came from the bedroom door. "Are you awake?" it said again. Oh my God, it was Abbey's mum. Not again! I thrust my hand down grabbing the duvet from my feet and threw it over my head in a moment of panic, she was going to open the door, I just knew she was. We both lay there frozen, I was so scared I didn't want to look. "I'm starting breakfast in a few minutes. Come down when you're ready, okay?" she called back. I finally pulled the duvet off my head when I heard her pad down the hall to the stairs. My heart was pounding again, the thought of being caught by Ms. Kingston was terrifying. Abbey looked at me still smiling, I was astounded.

Wasn't she bothered about getting caught? "Come on, let's get dressed," she said, giving me a quick peck on the lips before getting up. I watched her perfect body, her perfect naked body, as she stood up and stretched before seductively walking to her bathroom. Her hips swayed from side to side as my eyes followed every inch, I'm sure that was for my benefit. As I flopped back to the bed exhausted, my moan said it all, "Oh god." We both took turns in her shower, the warm water going some way to easing my tension from earlier. I still felt sticky from the night before, the memories playing through my mind as I cleaned my body, the hot water massaging my muscles, my neck and shoulders. It felt wonderful and by the time I finished, I felt fresh and revitalised again. I glanced at my reflection in the steamed up bathroom mirror as I stepped out, dripping wet and smelling of vanilla; my new favourite shampoo. As I stood there looking at myself, there was something, I don't know, I couldn't quite place it. The woman stood in front of me looked different to the girl from the day before. The teeth marks were still there on my shoulder and I smiled looking at them, I would have to have a talk with that so called friend of mine later. When we were ready, we walked downstairs together. I had dressed in a pair of baggy, grey cotton track bottoms and a grey t-shirt. It was still warm in the house, as always, but a little more modesty seemed to be appropriate to me this morning. Abbey had on a pair of cotton shorts and her favourite tank top, tight and white with a large red lollipop graphic on the front. It was one of my favourites too. Upon entering the kitchen we saw Abbey's mum dishing up some scrambled eggs and bacon, the smell made me realise how hungry I was. We didn't often have this for breakfast at her house, usually it consisted of some cereal and fruit but this was a nice change. "Morning, girls," said Ms. Kingston, smiling when she saw us, "Breakfast is served. Take a seat." "It looked really great. "Thanks, mum," said Abbey. "Thanks, Ms. Kingston, this looks really good." I didn't know what I was expecting this morning when I saw her, but her warm welcome relieved some of the worry I had about the previous night. The three of us ate without talking much. It was a little awkward as we always chatted in the mornings, usually discussing what we had got up to the night before, or what we were going to do that day. The first was certainly off the cards, so we tried to keep it light and asked Ms. Kingston if she had any plans. "I'm meeting Julie in town for a bit of retail therapy and some lunch," she told us, "We thought we might try that new place, you know the one near the park?" "Oh, that sounds nice," replied Abbey, engaging her in conversation. "She's coming round for tea tonight, I don't know what plans you two have but you're more than welcome to join us if you'd like." "Sure," Abbey replied, "that would be nice." Ms. Kingston looked at us both. "So what are you girls up to today? Doing some shipping?" she enquired. I struggled to maintain eye contact with her, I loved Ms. Kingston, I really did. She was so kind and nice to me every time I was round, I felt so uneasy now. "We're not sure yet, mum," said Abbey, glancing at me, "We haven't really thought about it." I took a quick glance at Ms. Kingston and could tell she knew something was off by her expression, she knew me pretty well by now. It looked as if she was trying to make her mind as to whether or not to say something. "Thanks for breakfast, mum, that was really nice," Abbey said as she stood, "My hair's still a bit damp, I'm just going to finish drying it." I went to stand as well until I heard Ms. Kingston speak, I knew what it meant and now what was now going to happen, what I'd dreaded most. I sat back down. "Abbey, dear, sit down. Can we have a talk?" Oh no.

Looking a little uncertain, Abbey sat back down. "Mmm, sure," she replied. Now she was actually confronted by the possibility of having to disclose or confirm what had happened, she didn't sound as confident as she had before. "Listen. First of all, you know that I love you, don't you, Abbey? And you, Lizzy? Both of you. I want you to know that you can talk to me, about anything." She was resting her arms on the table, leaning forward. "You know that, don't you? We can talk to each other, can't we?" I had my head hanging down, I was blushing already, I could feel my cheeks beginning to burn as I cast a glance at Abbey. "Yes, mum, we know," she replied quietly. "I want you to know something, and I don't want you to get upset about it, alright?" We didn't say anything, I couldn't. "When I was going to bed last night," Oh my God, I felt lightheaded and dizzy, this was not happening. "I heard something that I wanted to talk to you about." She reached forward and laid a hand on each of ours comfortingly, "I think you both know what I'm going to say but, we're you girls, masturbating last night?" Hearing Ms. Kingston say that word was so strange, it felt, I don't know, taboo. Abbey couldn't look at her mum now, she just sort of mumbled. "Come on, baby, you can talk to me. We have always said we can tell each other anything haven't we?" It was really heartfelt, I didn't have that sort of relationship with my mum, I mean it was okay, but I always considered Abbey so lucky to have such an open relationship with her mum. They were more like best friends than mother and daughter. "Lizzy, honey, you know you can talk to me too, don't you? We're friends." She was such a lovely person, what would she think about me now? "Mum, I..." Abbey was struggling. "It's ok, dear, you can tell me," she replied reassuringly. "What, err, what did you hear? You know, last night..." asked Abbey. I was standing on a precipice, I felt like I was about to leap forward and plummet into a bottomless hole. She'd heard me last night; self-conscious didn't even come close. There was a little time before she replied, obviously weighing up how honest to be. "Well, you should both understand that whatever you were doing was not a bad thing. It's completely natural and everybody does it," she replied. Abbey nodded her head, looking sheepish. "Okay, well, I was walking up the stairs to go to bed when I heard something. I listened and thought you might have been looking at some, video clips on the internet or something." The way she said 'video clips' made it clear she meant porn. "Then, I heard Lizzy." If the cooker hob had been broken this morning she could have used my cheeks to scramble the eggs, the heat rising off them was so intense. I couldn't ever remember being this embarrassed before. She gently squeezed my hand with hers as she said quietly, "You were shouting that you were coming. It's okay, please don't feel humiliated, Lizzy." Ms. Kingston grabbed both of our hands more firmly, "Girls, look at me." We did and she looked directly at us when she said, "I masturbate too." What? I mean, I know that people do, but Abbey's mum?! "Everyone does. It's nothing to be ashamed of. The fact that you were, doing it together is, is okay." We glanced at each other, then back to Ms. Kingston. Hearing your best friends mum tell you over the kitchen table that she masturbates was strange, I didn't know how to wrap my brain around that one. "You're both at that age now where your hormones are raging, you'll have a lot of mixed up emotions, new feelings to contend with. It's alright." She rubbed her thumbs over the backs of our hands, it felt a little reassuring. "Do you feel happy to talk to me about this? Abbey? Lizzy?" she asked. Abbey nodded and so did I. "That's good. Listen, I want to ask you something and I want you to tell me the truth,

okay? We nodded again without speaking, "Do you use anything to, to masturbate with?" I was shocked, what did she mean? "When I was your age, I had a hair brush," she confessed, obviously trying to make the embarrassment of the question seem less, "The reason I'm asking is now that I know you are both exploring yourselves, I think it would be better if you used something more clean and hygienic, like a toy." Oh my god, 'toy', she was asking if we used sex toys, "Do you know what I mean?" "Erm, we don't, mum, honest," replied Abbey. "Well, okay then," she said, "No more secrets though, alright? Promise me?" I glanced at Abbey as she nodded her head. "I want both of you to ask me if you aren't sure about anything. Don't keep it bottled up." I could tell by looking at Abbey that she was uncomfortable, her eyes expressed a guilt and remorse. What was wrong? "I'm glad that we could be honest with each other, Abbey. It means so much to me, really." Ms. Kingston smiled at us both as she slid her chair back to stand up. Abbey looked at me again as if to apologise, she wasn't going to say anything, was she? "Mum," said Abbey quietly. Oh no, please. "Yes, dear?" replied her mum, ready to stand. "I, I didn't tell you the truth." "Abbey, please." It was the first thing I had said in a while, my throat felt dry and coarse. Ms. Kingston looked at us both and pulled her chair back under, sitting down. "We, we weren't, you know," she glanced at my pleading face for a split second and looked back down unable to hold my gaze, "masturbating." Her mum looked at us both, "You weren't? So what was..." It began to dawn on her. "You were, erm, together?" she asked, as Abbey nodded. Even she was expecting that. "Oh." It was quiet again, I could tell she was thinking about how to respond. Abbey had done it now, she had just told her mum we had been, together. "Girls, look at me," she said eventually, "Lizzy, please." I looked up into the same blonde hair and deep blue eyes as Abbey, the same sparkle. "We're you girls just, experimenting?" she asked us, "There isn't any harm in learning about your bodies." "No, mum," Abbey forced the words out, clearing her throat, "We were, together." I felt so ashamed as that word escaped her lips, 'together', it felt as though we were baring our deepest, darkest secrets. Ms. Kingston was like a second mum to me, now, having heard that, would she think less of me? "I see. So how do you feel about that?" she asked us, "Is it something you both wanted?" "Honestly?" Abbey asked. "Yes, honestly." She shuffled in her seat and sat up a little straighter, I could tell she had made up her mind, she wasn't going to lie to her mum. "I've felt that way about Liz since we first met at school. I think about her all the time." She looked a little embarrassed again but not as much as I did. She thinks about me all the time. "And you, Lizzy?" she asked. I was struggling terribly, I could feel my eyes start to well up. I felt the same way, I knew I did, but could I say it? "Lizzy," she said very quietly, full of compassion, "It's okay, I'm not mad." I could say it, I knew she wouldn't be upset with me, "I - I feel the same," I whispered. I had said it, actually admitting my new feelings for Abbey to someone else. Her mum leaned forward, taking our hands in hers again, "I realise you are both young, but I trust you, I trust both of you. If you tell me that you are both happy, then I'm happy as well. Okay?" We both nodded. "There's no harm in exploring your sexuality, just... be understanding of each other. And please don't feel you can't talk to me about it." With that she patted our hands, stood up and left the kitchen. As soon as she had gone I shot out of my chair, ran upstairs to the bathroom and locked the door. I was crying but wasn't sure why; a powerful surge of emotions just rose up and burst out of me as I sobbed quietly, sat on the

floor. I replayed the last thirty minutes over in my mind, needing the solitude to think. A cacophony of different feelings were swirling around my brain confusing me, preventing me from concentrating; love, fear, passion, embarrassment, uncertainty. Abbey's mum had just seemed so understanding about it all, perhaps there was nothing to worry about. It wasn't something I had wanted to happen but if anyone would understand it would be her, and not just because she was seeing another woman, but because she was just such a lovely person. I stood up and looked at myself in the mirror, "It's going to be okay, Liz," I said to myself, "It's just... new, that's all." I felt better. I splashed some water on my face to cool down before going back downstairs. Finding Abbey on the sofa I went to sit next to her, she looked like she had been crying as well. It was quiet with just the two of us, we didn't speak or look at each other; it was awkward and I didn't want it to be. Moments later Ms. Kingston came down the stairs with her handbag, all dolled up for her afternoon 'spanking the plastic' as my mum likes to say, she looked really good, as always. "Right girls, I'm off out. I'll see you a little later." "Have a nice time, mum," said Abbey, as she walked to the front door and left. We were alone. "I'm sorry," said Abbey quietly a few moments before I turned to look at her, "I know you didn't want me to say anything. I - I just couldn't lie to my mum. I'm sorry, Liz." She couldn't look at me, she thought I was mad with her for what she had done. I placed my hand on hers as she raised her gaze to me. "I'm not mad, Abbey. It's alright." Her relief was visible, I hated to see her so upset, it broke my heart. "Really? I thought you would be mad with me." "Well, I can't say I was looking forward to it, but now that she knows, it's okay." I think it was actually starting to sink in slowly, I was beginning to realise it would be okay. We leaned into each other, our lips touching as a single tear ran down her cheek, an apology accepted. The front door flew open as her mum walked back in, freezing in the doorway when she saw the two of us kissing. "I, err, forgot my car keys," she said as we both sat back trying to look innocent and failing terribly. She grabbed her keys from the side table near the door and whispered that she was sorry as she sneaked back out, closing the door quietly like we hadn't just heard her come in. "You know," I said to Abbey, looking at the front door, "your mum is making quite a habit out of this." She started giggling, which then set me off as well. All was forgiven, and we were both happy again. We spent the next hour just holding each other, exploring each other mouths whilst lounging on the sofa, her tongue felt electric flicking across my own. There is something to be said for Saturday morning, sofa kissing. "So, what do you want to do today?" I asked, finally breaking away. I think I knew but I wanted to hear her say it. "Actually, as we have the house to ourselves for a bit, I was wondering if you might do something for me." Her smile was like a drug I couldn't get enough of. "What might that be I wonder..." A cheeky grin spread across her lips. "Do you have any fantasies? You know, sexual fantasies?" This was already sounding good, I just shrugged. "Well I have one, it's something I saw on the internet once. I've always wanted to try it." I was intrigued, "What is it?" "Well," she replied, "You might think it's, a bit weird." "Bloody hell, Abbey, come on! After what happened last night?" She looked at me smiling. "I want to take a bath." "Take a bath? We showered like an hour ago," I replied. "Not together we didn't." Oh. Take a bath together? I could think of worse ways to spend a Saturday. Looking at her expression, I felt like winding her up, I was feeling naughty again. "You want to take a hot bubble bath with me, baby?" It felt wonderful to tease. She bit her

bottom lip and nodded. I loved knowing that I could have the same effect on her as she had on me. I looked directly at her, a smile stretching from ear to ear as I flicked my head towards the stairs; a quick nod in acknowledgment from her and we shot off the sofa like it was about to explode. Abbey ran the bath whilst I got undressed in her room, we were making the most of the total privacy we had, for whatever short time, and were using the master bathroom. It was really lovely, just like a luxury spa with tiled floors, large porcelain sinks with brass taps and a huge, sculpted victorian bath with scrolled legs. Ms. Kingston has amazing taste. "Lizzy, I'm waiting," I heard Abbey call to me. Patience girl, what's the rush? If I was going to embrace this newfound freedom and contentment with my feelings for Abbey, I decided I was going to do it properly. I was going to seduce her like she had seduced me; two can play at that game. I strolled and stood just outside the bathroom door, completely naked. I could hear her splashing, she was already in the bath. 'Right, Lizzy, now is your time to shine girl, show her something she will dream about.' I placed my right hand on the door and slid it open slowly as I rested my left arm on the door frame, my head leant against it like some Hollywood movie temptress. I put on the best 'come to bed' look I could, lips slightly parted, hips jutting out. As Abbey looked up, her mouth dropped. 'That must be a good sign,' I thought to myself. Lifting my right hand, I slowly ran the fingernail of my index finger from the bottom of my neck, between the swell of my breasts and down to my belly button. Her eyes followed every single inch. "See anything you like?" I asked, trying to sound husky and seductive. "Oh fuck." I smiled at her reply, she looked as nervous now as I must have done last night. It was time for some payback. Strolling over to the bath, I decided to try the hip wiggle that Abbey had blown me away with this morning. I fucking nailed it, she looked like she was about to faint. "Mind if I join you?" I amazed even myself with my now complete lack of modesty and total comfort with taking my best friend as a lover. It felt natural to me already, like we had been together for years. The spell hadn't lasted long, her cheeky grin returned as she looked up at me, her eyes devouring every curve of my body. "Get your ass in here, girl." The water was so hot steam was billowing off to fill the room in a fragrant mist, the surface covered by a blanket of thick bubbles. I slipped in and sat back with my feet pulled up to my ass, it was really warm but so soothing. I could already feel my muscles relaxing. Fortunately the taps on the bath were set on the side allowing us to sit opposite each other in comfort. Abbey's feet were tickling my thighs as her toes wiggled, her legs stretched out. I let mine slide along the bottom of the bath, along her legs as I stretched mine out also. It felt wonderful. We just sat there, smiling, looking into each others eyes for an age. It was so intimate and peaceful, I could have stayed there forever. The steam created a shifting, translucent curtain between us, curling and twirling in the air, a cinematic effect to add to the magic and sensuality of the moment. As she looked at me, I considered just how beautiful Abbey was, her face a little flushed with the heat of the water. "Hey you," she whispered. I smiled, a flashback to our first words this morning, I knew this would become our greeting to each other from now on. "Hey yourself." We sat there for what seemed forever, just staring, smiling, enjoying the moment. "You have the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen," I confessed to her quietly, I had always thought so and now seemed the right moment to tell her. "I thought so the first day we met. They're like, sapphires." I don't think we were ever going to stop smiling. "You know I've fallen

for you right." It wasn't a question. She looked at me more intently. "I'm so happy, here, with you. I don't ever want to leave." The words just poured out of me like a tap had been turned on, feelings turned into sounds. I started to well up a little, the emotions flooding out, my voice cracked as I struggled to get the rest out. "I'm, I'm..." Abbey leaned forward, one hand on the side of the bath, the other reached out and slid slowly round the back of my neck. Lips pressed to lips, heart to heart, as our passions spilled over, now untamed and unbridled. Our hands started roaming each others bodies with wild abandon, the need for physical contact an irresistible urge between us as Abbey's body slipped over mine. The bath oils made our skin slick to the touch, our warm naked torsos wrapping around each other, silken and smooth. Water splashed over the side to the floor as our heated exchange burned hotter, unnoticed and uncared for, it pooled as a testament to our sexual exuberance. Thrashing back and forth, her hand eventually lowered into the water finding me there, waiting and wanting, my juices flowing and mixing with the hot water. My legs parted, spread to the side as she entered me, harder and more passionately than I had expected. I wrapped my legs around her back hooking my ankles, riding her body, bucking like a wild animal as her fingers worked their magic and cast their spell over me. I reached my arms up behind her back and held onto her shoulders from behind, pulling her closer to me. We moaned into each others mouths as the exertions of our frenzied enthusiasm took their toll. I could feel it building inside me, a great tension aching for release; an explosion of sexual passion and carnal lust. As my ankles slipped, losing their grip on our oily skin, I grasped for a handhold to steady myself. My hands released her shoulders and I ran my fingers down her back and over her tight buttocks, grabbing them firmly. She moaned loudly, the sound sent me over the edge; as I had the night before, I came, hard. My muscles tensed in an excruciating contraction, back, arms, legs, toes, all screaming for mercy as my body shook in total ecstasy. Our bodies thrashed against each other as water crashed over the sides, crashed over us both like the roaring seas in a storm of passion. As the storm passed, my body slowly relaxed and unwound as I came down from my orgasm, sinking lower into the warm water, held against Abbey's smooth, nubile body. A sense of total satisfaction and tranquility spread over my whole being as we lay there together, holding each other close. Once again Abbey had selflessly took care of my needs first and now I wanted to respond in kind. As we lay there together, her head cradled next to mine, I slipped my hand down over her silken body and ran it gently down over her pussy. Small moans and whimpers escaped her lips as I gave her what I know she needed. Remembering her tuition from the night before, I proceeded to slip two fingers into her begging, aching centre and worked her firm, throbbing clit with my thumb. It already felt like second nature. I worked her pussy hard, like she had mine, her hand gripping my arm as it worked furiously to please her. "Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!" she moaned, nearing her climax, "Lizzy!" It didn't take long before her muscles again clamped my fingers, a powerful orgasm rippling through her body. Her hand gripped my arm harder and harder. I knew it would leave a bruise but I didn't care. Sudden shudders and gasps wracked her body and she peaked before slowly coming down, relaxing and sinking back. Our bodies were spent, breasts heaving with the exerted effort of our love making. I didn't want to take my hands off her body, she was so beautiful and made me feel as though I was finally complete; like a piece of me had always

been missing. I ran my fingertips very slowly and tenderly around her clit and she purred her approval. One of my favourite masturbation techniques was to get my fingers wet and rub two fingers, one either side, up and down over my clit, gently pinching. It turned out to be one of Abbey's favourites as well, as another small orgasm rippled through her body, nowhere near as intense, but just as satisfying. As we lay there together, the bubbles long since abandoning us, we sat up with our arms wrapped around each other. She began to place little butterfly kisses on my neck, starting just behind my ear and running down to my shoulder. Suddenly I heard a gasp, a small intake of breath, "Lizzy, what happened to your shoulder?" "What?" I replied, looking down to it. I had completely forgotten about the mark although it was still clearly visible. "Oh yeah, that. You don't remember?" I was amazed she hadn't noticed it yet. "Remember? Did I...? Oh my God!" she exclaimed, "Lizzy, I'm so sorry, I didn't realise." She sounded so upset by it, it really wasn't that bad, it would heal. I reached down, placing my hand below her chin, lifting her face to mine as I gently placed a soft kiss on her lips, "It's okay." The next words that left her lips were the arrow through the heart, the nail in the coffin that would change my life forever. We both felt it but had not yet said the words. In the softest, most heartfelt tone I had ever heard, she whispered to me, "I love you." I didn't even have to think about it as those gorgeous blue eyes stared into mine, "I love you too." The first kiss after that ultimate declaration of affection was so soft and full of meaning, it was the perfect expression of love between two people. "Lizzy?" she whispered, as our lips parted. "Yes?" "Your fingers feel like prunes." I burst out in a giggling fit, my whole body shaking at the hilarity of her statement, her timing was perfect as always. I'm not sure how long we had actually spent in the water together but it was definitely time we dried off. We climbed out together and stood on the soaking wet floor, we couldn't take our eyes of each other as I reached for two, large fluffy white towels and handed one to her. We dried ourselves, the smiles never leaving our lips. "We've made quite a mess in here, Liz," said Abbey glancing around. We really had, the floor was covered in water. "Do you want to get changed while I clear up in here and then we can swap?" "Yeah okay," I replied, making sure to try out my hip wiggle on the way out; a wolf whistle following me to her bedroom. I had just finished changing and was drying my hair with the towel when I heard the front door open. "Hello?" called Ms. Kingston from downstairs, "Anyone in?" She was back already? I checked my mobile phone, astonished at the time. We had spent all afternoon on the sofa and in the bath. I popped my head around the door and called down to her. "Hi, Ms. Kingston, we're both in." I heard her talk to someone downstairs and then make her way up to the landing. I sat back on Abbey's bed just finishing my hair when she stuck her head around. "Hi, Lizzy," she smiled. "Hi. Did you have a nice time in town?" She had several bags in each hand. I smiled, spanking the plastic indeed. "Very nice thank you. Is Abbey here?" she asked looking around the room. "Oh, she's in the bathroom," I replied as she went to knock on Abbey's en-suite door. "Err, no, the other bathroom," I told her. "Oh, okay. Can I sit down a sec?" she asked, lowering her self down to the bed next to me and placing her bags on the floor in front of her. I looked at her smiling, "Yeah sure." I was still drying my hair with the towel as she looked at me. My hair wouldn't have still been wet from the shower that I took this morning and a small smirk played across her lips as she put two and two together. "I, erm, got you girls a little something each when I was in town," she said

quietly. "Really? Oh, you didn't have to, Ms. Kingston, honestly." She was so nice to think of us while she was out shopping, I felt spoiled, I really did. She reached down and handed me a small, bright red bag with black ribbon handles about the size of a magazine. "Here," she said, "I hope you don't mind. We'll keep this just between us, okay?" I looked a little astonished. "Mind? Of course not, it was very nice of you to think of me. You really shouldn't though, but thank you!" Ms. Kingston smiled as she stood up, collecting the other bags and walking to the door. "Julie is downstairs, when Abbey is ready come and say hello," she said as she left the room. "Okay," I called back. It felt a bit cheeky but I wanted to take a quick peek in the bag before Abbey got finished, so I opened it up and took a look inside. "What is...?" Oh my god! I shut the bag quickly, stuffed it under Abbey's bed and blushed furiously. She hadn't.