

Saturday Night in Your House

By Julie_Julia

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A welcome intruder broadens novice's experience

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Saturday Night in Your House

by julie_julia ©

This is a transcript of a letter I wrote to a very good friend of mine. She knows I'm publishing it on-line for your enjoyment, mine and hers. The names have not been changed.

xxxxxxxxxxxxx

I'd found the spare key outside your front door, it wasn't very well hidden. You obviously didn't hear me creep in. Neither did you see me standing in the darkened doorway as you and John fucked your hearts out. Yes, I was there watching your luscious wet pussy sliding up and down his hot, hard cock and I heard you cry out as you came. I watched as he grasped your bouncing breasts and heard him grunt as he ejaculated inside you.

But surely you recall waking up later, in the middle of the night, with John fast asleep beside you, to find me standing at the bottom of your large soft bed?

No? You don't remember? How could you have forgotten! Maybe I need to remind you.

I whispered to you so as not to wake John. You stared at me, bleary-eyed, then reached out your hand to take mine as I helped you to stand. I led you quietly out of the safe familiar surroundings your bedroom, down the hallway and into that room with the soft, plush carpet on the floor.

I turned up the lights a little to see you more clearly and was delighted to find you were wearing the red nightie you bought at Maria's the day you went shopping in your corset. I commented on how clearly I could see your nipples poking perfect peaks in the satin and you apologised that they were already so erect. Were you embarrassed? My eyes were transfixed by your cleavage as your breasts swelled proudly in the plunging lace-trimmed vee.

As I ran my hands roughly through your hair I looked at your face, your distinct, perfectly-formed features captivating my eyes as they darted from your cheek bones to your nose to your forehead and to your parted, beckoning mouth.

You won't have forgotten the way we kissed as we stood in that room, our hot bodies pressed together in urgent passion, your long, searching tongue probing the corners of my mouth, searching under mine and hooking behind my top lip. That was luscious; do it again sometime will you?

You obediently raised your arms when instructed so I could slip your nightie up over your taut body and over your head. I wasn't surprised when your whole being shook as a sudden shiver ran through you and a muffled cry involuntarily escaped between your moistened lips. Was that, maybe, an almost imperceptible but spontaneous orgasm, a 'mini-cum'?

Your breasts looked more beautiful than ever in the half-light, their subtly reflecting curves creating intriguing shadows where my eyes could not see but I knew my fingers would soon touch. Now that I had commanded you to stand with your back against the wall, there was no escape. I looked down over your slightly rounded but smooth, strong tummy as you leaned your shoulders back, arching your spine and thrusting your breasts and hips towards me, encouraging me to admire your naked form. You were not the slightly shy and bashful person I first knew but the willingly open and confident woman you have become. You parted your knees a little and tilted your pelvis so your pussy mound rose to meet my gaze, your soft curling pubic hair struggling to conceal the source of your heady, intoxicating aroma. Was I imagining it, or were your legs shaking slightly as I followed them down to your ankles and finally to your feet with toes curled tensely, digging into the carpet?

I stood back for a moment to admire your beauty in its entirety and noticed your moment of anxiety as you heard your husband, still sleeping alone down the hall, as he sighed, turned over and fell back into deep, satisfied slumber.

I stood where you could see me clearly and paraded myself for you to enjoy. I ran my hands over the soft leather of the revealing outfit I was wearing and cupped my exposed, supported breasts before sliding one hand down to my crotch to press my expectant pussy through the narrow strip of supple animal skin that concealed it.

I would never have known where to look to find a belt to bind your wrists behind your back if you hadn't told me, but the soft calf-hide strap restricted your freedom perfectly. Otherwise you might have pushed me away when I leaned forward and flicked my tongue across your hard, protruding nipples.

They swelled in my mouth as I sucked them in between my lips and they grew harder as I clamped my teeth on them, each in turn. Your breasts felt larger and hotter in my hands than I'd imagined they would be and your erect nipples were alive as I rolled and squeezed them between my fingers. How cruel of me to pull them so hard that you had to cry an almost silent cry, unable to let your emotions be heard for fear of waking your husband.

On my command you crouched a little and leaned your head forward so you could pay the required attention to my own breasts and nipples. I was pleased with your technique and you followed my instructions well. You aroused a passion and excitement in me that told me that I had to have you that night.

You knew what would happen next, didn't you. That's why you silently spread your feet wide apart on the soft carpeted floor. Your tummy muscles tightened as I knelt in front of you and dragged my fiery-red manicured fingernails down over your torso and between your upper thighs. Your pussy released more of your female scent into the heady, tense atmosphere of the room as I expertly used my thumbs to brush apart your pubic hair.

You must have tightened and released your pelvic floor muscles at that moment as you pumped delicious natural female lubricant from between your engorged labial lips. I caught some of it with my tongue, savouring its salty-sweetness as more juice ran down the insides of your thighs.

I can't comprehend why John didn't hear you when you cried out as my tongue first made contact with your pussy. And I'm sure that you would have placed your hands on my head if they hadn't been tied behind your back, but you didn't need to. Once I'd tasted your moisture there was no going back. I probed inside with my tongue, finding your opening and pushing it as deep inside as I could. I ran the tip along your outer and then your inner lips time and again but always avoiding your clit until I knew you were ready.

You slid your shoulders down the wall and spread your knees wider apart to give me easy open access to your most private inner self and when I finally flicked my tongue across your hard bud you shuddered powerfully and nearly lost your balance.

Holding your pussy lips apart with my thumbs I licked and sucked your wet, oozing pussy, feeling the intense heat as your climax approached. How were you going to come without waking John? I felt the

tense panic in your legs as your orgasm approached. There was nothing you could now do to stop it and maybe I was just too selfish when I kept you on the brink for longer than I should have before I tipped you over the edge into the deep chasm of silent release.

Yes, maybe you did expect me to untie your hands as you lay quietly on your side, recovering from your ordeal. But I had other plans and you probably already knew what they were.

So why then did I leave the room and close the door behind me? How long would I be gone? Did I plan to leave you there for the rest of the night so that, in the morning, your husband would wake to find you gone? What would he think when he found you lying cold, naked and bound in another room? What possible explanation could you give other than to tell the truth about us?

All these things would have run through your head as I waited outside for only 30 seconds. Isn't it amazing what can go through your mind in such a short time?

I heard you sigh a deep sigh of relief as I opened the door again. My nipples were aching and my pussy throbbed with desire for you as I stood over you in my leather suit. You rolled onto your back instinctively and watched as I unfastened the crotch. Laying on your strapped wrists, your back arched so that your breasts stood proudly on your rib-cage making it easy for me to squat over you and anoint each of your nipples in turn with my copious pussy juices. I pressed down harder to feel your nipples as they grew erect once more and rubbed against my lips.

As I knelt on the carpet with my ankles either side of your head you knew that this would be the moment when you would taste my wetness. With my hands flat on the floor to steady myself I lowered my ass until my pussy was just above your face. Looking down between my breasts I saw your tongue darting out towards my swollen lips and I made you lift your head to reach.

The feeling was wonderful and I lowered myself to make your job easier. You probed my inner folds with the eager excitement of new discovery, exploring the new territory of first pussy. I helped you by rocking my hips and tilting my pelvis, not wanting the feelings to come to an end but desiring the 'come' when the feelings would end.

It didn't take long and I pumped a massive pulse of cunt-juice out of my vagina and onto your face as I climaxed powerfully. Some ran down your cheeks and onto your hair where it will stay until you next have it washed by that lovely, sensual girl at the hairdressers. I wonder if she will recognise the smell?

You were very good, for a novice. You made my pussy pulse deliciously and I wanted more. But John sounded more restless so I untied your wrists, kissed your hot, wet lips and sent you back to bed.

I slept a few hours in your spare bed before leaving at dawn, my scent left behind on the crisp bedsheets.

Did John hear my car drive away?

What will you tell him when he wakes?

Will he notice the aromas on your skin and hair, aromas that he will not recognise as yours?

Will he notice the marks on your wrists from the belt?

Will he wonder why your red nightie is lying discarded in another room?

Will he wonder why you call out 'Julie' next time you fuck together, and why you have become a more passionate, confident, adventurous lover?

Will he ever know about us, Sabrina?