



Chris Comes Around

(FFF, 1st-lesbian-expr, alcohol, toys)

by Anythingatoll

It Was A Night To Remember...

Before I begin, let me introduce the main participants in this occurrence. First, of course, there is Sari, 19 years old and my girlfriend at the time that these events transpired. Sari was outgoing and very intelligent. She had a dazzling smile and lively, dark brown eyes, almost as dark as her black hair. She was 5'2", probably around 115 pounds... not fat or heavy, but certainly not thin. Her Indian and Scottish ancestry gave her skin a warm, mellow, medium brown sheen. Most noticeably, Sari was abundantly blessed with large breasts at an early age, and was forever shopping stores for that "perfect" 34DD bra.

Julie had been Sari's friend since the time they attended second grade together. If anything, Julie was more outgoing than Sari, always doing something or going

somewhere. Though not nearly as intelligent as Sari, she studied hard in high school to keep up. The two of them used to laugh about how physically, Julie was the "negative image" of Sari... 5'2" and roughly the same weight, but with very fine, whitish blonde hair ("all over," I was lead to believe by Sari), and porcelain white skin that was never tanned. Julie had the firmest C cup breasts I ever saw, and she went braless most of the time, unless modesty or the formality of the event dictated otherwise.

Chris was the third member of the evening's party. Chris ran track with Julie in high school, and so had known the other two for just a few years. Chris was very different from either Sari or Julie... 5'10", with dirty blonde hair and freckles, and square-shouldered. She was, however, also very attractive, and objectively speaking, was probably the most attractive of the three, although none of the three were very hard on the eyes.

Chris had to work hard to keep her weight down, and she did, working out every day without fail, and the results were fairly impressive... well-toned legs, a taut tummy, and an ass that meant business. Chris was much more reserved than Sari and Julie, and her personality, coupled with some impressively high cheekbones, made them consider her to be very haughty, or aloof. I never took her that way, but rather, thought that she hung back out of shyness or a lack of confidence. It was clear to me that Chris felt that she never fit in with the other two, but she very much wanted to. Which, in a way, is a great explanation for the evening's events...

The three girls had rented an apartment on the near north side of Chicago for a year. Sari had been "asked" by her college to take a year off to get her head together and was working in a mindless job at a brokerage, Julie had no intention of going to college so was waiting tables, and Chris had taken a year off from college to earn money after her father passed away. The apartment was a "one bedroom with loft." The loft sat on top of the bedroom, the bathroom, and a portion of the living room, and looked out over the dining/kitchen area. The loft had a 5'6" high ceiling over it, so the shorter Sari and Julie shared the loft as their bedroom, with Chris taking the one small bedroom.

On the evening in question, Sari had been the first to arrive home, around 5:30. It had been a typical Chicago spring Thursday... beautiful, with everyone out walking, jogging, roller blading, etc. But, as she admitted later, Sari wasn't worried about any of that. She was horny. Very, very horny. She had spent most of the afternoon reviewing files with "Mark from Accounting," her most recent crush.

She had put on her sexiest "respectable" outfit that morning with him in mind... with a few buttons undone on her indigo blouse, a trim black skirt that hit three inches above her shapely knee, and black pumps. With her hair pulled back, she was the image of sophistication, with a smoldering sexuality that was hard for anyone to miss. It was apparent to Sari that her attire had its desired effect, as on several occasions she caught Mark with his mind (and eyes) clearly on something other than files.

"God, he's hot," she thought, as she entered the apartment. "Hello" she called out. Not getting any response, a mischievous smile crossed her lips. "Good, time to play before anyone gets home," she thought. Rather than heading directly to her futon in the loft, she entered Chris' bedroom to retrieve something. It seems that when the girls moved in, the former tenant had left a variety of items, including steak knives, a toaster, and porn. Now, most of the porn was vulgar magazines, and the girls had a good laugh as they were throwing them out. However, one item had not been tossed. The girls had found a short book of erotica, entitled "Jenny Comes Around."

In the first chapter, Jenny was introduced as a virginal 16 year old, worried about whether her prom date would be her first kiss. During the course of the book, Jenny was transformed into a rampaging nympho, ultimately doing the postman, several relatives, and, yes, her prom date. But Sari's interest in the book (and the reason she had stowed it with Chris' large book collection to shield it from destruction) was Chapter 3, in which Jenny first experiences the pleasures of her girlfriend, Claire. Chapter 3 read like it was written by a different author, demonstrating a caring, shy eroticism from a female perspective that was all too painfully lacking in the blunt prose of the other chapters.

Sari quickly hiked up the metal, spiral stairs to the loft, book in hand. She tossed the book on her unmade futon and began to unbutton her blouse. "God, I need to get off so badly," she thought, as she tugged her shirttails out and let her blouse fall to the floor. The skirt was next, easily shed because of its side zipper. She then reached behind herself and undid her bra clasps, shrugging it to the floor, with her large brown nipples slowly becoming erect in the cold, air-conditioned loft. Now clad only in panties (she hated hose, and with her dark skin, rarely needed them anyway), she climbed onto the futon, turned on her reading light, and quickly turned to Chapter 3.

Lying on her back, and holding the book in her left hand, she let the fingertips of her right hand slowly drift over the center of her ribcage, being careful not to touch anything too sensitive. Sari has always taken a long time to "warm up" (although once she got there, it was a long time before she calmed down, too), and she usually preferred to have some visual stimulation instead of her own imagination. Even with the mood she was in, she would need at least ten minutes of self-executed foreplay before she was truly ready to get herself off.

As the story of Jenny and Claire's now-familiar after-school romp unfolded, Sari was reminded, as she usually was, of the summer night two year's previous, when she and Julie had first taken the plunge. She remembered that she was in a similar mood then as now, and with Julie always up for adventure (and a few misplaced cocktails from her dad's bar), the girls had spent several uninterrupted hours exploring one another's bodies. Subsequent to that evening, if the mood was right, they would be at it again. They were not in anything like a "relationship"; they simply would get one another off if the mood was right.

Sari's daydream was interrupted by her favorite passage in the book, where Jenny talked

Claire into taking off her shirt and bra, and Jenny slowly stroked Claire's nipples. Sari found Claire's reluctance to be incredibly hot. The way Claire's curiosity overcame her doubts, eventually giving in to her body's urges... fantastic.

Mimicking the book, Sari's fingers stroked her own nipples, teasing them to their full length. Her hips involuntarily began to gyrate. She was very much enjoying herself! As Jenny talked Claire into removing all of her clothing, Sari removed her panties and spread her legs. With her fingers drifting over her thighs, Sari read how Jenny, without removing her gaze from Claire's, knelt in front of Claire and began to lick her way up her best friend's thighs. Claire could probably feel Jenny's hot breath as she parted Claire's legs further and drove her tongue into Claire's...

Not being able to take much more, Sari tossed the book aside and slid one trembling finger over her wet pussy. She let out a low groan, retraced her finger's path, then picked up the pace. As her finger played with her aroused clit, Sari again pictured Mark, imagining that she had found a way to corner him in a dark supply closet. She imagined how she would fall to her knees, remove his pants and jockey's, then take his throbbing cock between her wet lips. Oh how she longed to suck his cock!

While she would dig her fingers into his muscled ass, he would drive his hot cock deep into her mouth, leaving her with no doubt that he intended to shoot his whole load, right there, right then, into her hot, wet, waiting mouth. With her orgasm nearly on her, she imagined Mark picking her up and placing her on the work table. Standing next to the table, he might first tease her by telling her to beg for it while slapping his thick cock on her pussy. And beg for it should would, pleading with him to give her the cock she had fantasized about many times.

Just as she pictured his cock entering her, her orgasm hit, rocking her body with waves of pleasure. Her back arched and her huge tits trembled as the force shook her body. A loud groan escaped her as the sensation subsided, and she tried to catch her breath. "That was awesome," she thought, "but only the first of what I need this evening."

She lay on her futon a while longer, drifting in and out of sleep and generally thinking no great thoughts, when a key turning in the front door brought her to full attention. "Hello?" called out a woman's voice. "Chris," thought Sari. Sari was not worried about Chris "catching her" at her activity, because Chris almost never came up to the loft. "How was your day," Sari called out, not particularly concerned with the answer.

"Oh, Christ, it sucked," said Chris. The sound of her heels on the wood floor indicated that she was heading to the kitchen. On hands and knees, Sari crawled to the two-foot wall separating the edge of the loft from the area below.

"Oh yeah? What happened," she asked.

"Well, first of all..." began Chris, but Sari, who had propped her head on the ledge (so

that Chris could only see her face) wasn't really listening. Instead, she was very much distracted by Chris' shapely calf as she strained to reach something on the top shelf of the kitchen cabinet.

"Wow, she has been working out," thought Sari. Next, her eyes were drawn to Chris' large breasts, which pressed firmly against her blouse as she finally reached the pasta. "... you know?" asked Chris, waiting for some response from her roommate, who had been silent during the entire two minute history of her day.

"Uh, yeah, sure," said Sari, glad that she wasn't asked for a summary of what Chris just said."

"So, anyway, I told her..." Chris went on. But Sari went on sizing up Chris' physique, noticing the way that her skirt clung suggestively to her ass, and the way her heels gave her posture a seductive tilt.

Sari was sure that she had never, ever, had a sexual thought about Chris... in her whole life, or at least, for the three years she had known Chris. For god's sake, she had seen Chris totally nude lots of times in the shower, and had never once had this reaction. Something about her outfit, or something about her conditioning, or maybe just something about Sari's horny state was giving Sari some very new, very nasty thoughts.

"So, are you going out tonight," Sari asked. "Yeah, a bunch of people from work are going out to talk about the shit that happened today," responded Chris. "I just stopped in for dinner." As Chris stirred dinner, Sari's thoughts refused to subside. She was mesmerized as Chris prepared her meal, watching as the pearls between Chris' tits shook as she drizzled olive oil into the boiling water.

"You going out?"

"Nah," answered Sari, "I'm just hanging around here." As Chris bent over to look for something in a cabinet, a very dirty idea occurred to Sari. Slowly, she lowered her hand to her exposed pussy, and began to stroke herself. The views of the last five minutes had her very wet!

Now, she had masturbated in front of other people before, both men and women, but she had never gotten off while looking at someone who had no idea what was going on. That, of course, was what she was doing right now. The kinkiness of the whole thing was a big turn-on, and Sari had to be careful not to let her breathing give her away. Skillfully, she worked in a few well rehearsed "uh-huh's" as Chris continued to recite the day's exploits.

"If only she knew!" thought Sari. She began to remember back to a time, maybe four months previously, when she had gone in to awaken Chris on a snowy morning, only to find the covers pulled back, and Chris' large breasts fully exposed in the morning light.

At the time, she thought nothing of it, but now, the image was locked in her head, fueling her activities. "Chris has those broad, pink nipples," thought Sari, as the image refreshed in her head, and the pace of her finger quickened. "I'll bet they would be great to suck on..."

"Aw, shit," called out Chris from below. "If I eat in this blouse, I might get sauce all over it and ruin it." Chris turned to face the loft (to avoid the windows) and began to unbutton her shirt. "God, its too good to be true," thought Sari, as Chris unbuttoned her shirt and carefully removed it, hanging it on the back of a chair. She stood in the kitchen, in her bra, skirt and heels, reading the day's mail.

"Nice bra," called out Sari, admiring Chris' light lavender, D cup bra.

"This old thing?" asked Chris, as she held out the straps to show it better (thereby exposing more of her gorgeous, firm tits), "you've seen it hanging in the bathroom before."

"Yeah, but it looks good on you," said Sari, fearing just as she said it that she had said too much. Scrunching up her face a bit and shooting Sari a puzzled, frowning look, Chris said "thanks, I think," and went back to finish making her dinner.

Fearing that any more conversation would give away either her thoughts or her actions, Sari laid back down, flat on the floor of the loft, and set about to finish the task at hand, while Chris began to eat her dinner. The images she had just seen aroused her greatly, and put into her mind all kinds of wicked thoughts.

Unfortunately, Chris had never displayed any indication that she might have any interest in the whole "girl on girl" thing. On the few occasions when she had accidentally interrupted Sari and Julie while they were having sex with one another in the loft, she would dismiss them with an "oh, god, you guys, knock it off" and lock herself into her bedroom. A tough façade, but damn, if Sari could only crack it...

Sari's breathing became more labored as she continued to finger her wet pussy, the second orgasm of the evening approaching while her roommate ate dinner, obviously, only feet away. Chris continued to try to establish a conversation and ask occasional questions, and Sari did her best to answer them without arousing suspicion.

Finally, just as she was imagining Chris, seated on the bathroom sink, with Sari kneeling in front of her and licking her hot pussy, her second orgasm hit. She made every effort not to make a sound, but a bit of a "glfph" escaped her mouth. "You all right," asked Chris. "Uh, yeah, just reading something," called back Sari, as she caught her breath. God, that was hot!

Sari crawled back to her futon as Chris finished her meal, redressed, and prepared to go out for the evening. The girls exchanged some good-byes as Chris left the apartment.

"What just happened," Sari asked herself, as she was alone with her thoughts. She had just sexualized someone whom she had never thought of as sexual before. Chris' apparent repulsion at girl-girl relations had previously been a huge turn-off; an indication that Chris' uppity attitude extended to all of life's pleasures.

Now, however, it seemed more like an alluring challenge. Had Sari's own horny state made her misread Chris' disposition? Or, had Chris sent mixed signals, seeming to luxuriate in the fact that she was stripping in front of her roommate? The thought of what would have happened if Chris found out that Sari was masturbating while talking to her sent shivers up Sari's spine. How awkward would that be? Unless Chris was expanding her horizons...

Just as that happy thought entered her mind, she heard another key in the door. "Hello," called out another female voice. It was Julie, her other roommate, returning from her waitress gig (and, from her delay in coming home and loud speech, likely also after a few drinks). "Hey, what's up," said Sari, covering her still-naked body with a sheet. "Nothing," replied Julie, "just out for a few cocktails with the guys from work. God, that Jeff is hot. And he was sitting right across from me." Sari could hear Julie's heels on the metal steps as she climbed up into the loft. "But, as usual, he wanted to go over to his girlfriend's house. That bitch. He doesn't know what he's missing."

As Julie arrived at the landing of the loft and moved closed to Sari's futon, she noticed two things. First, Sari's large, brown nipples were very erect, easily visible through the two large peaks in the thin sheet. Second, the book "Jenny Comes Around" was lying where Sari had haphazardly tossed it, next to the futon. "Doing a little reading," asked Julie with a sly wink, looking at the book.

Sari, having forgotten all about the book during her travails with Chris, looked over the edge of the futon and, spying the book, blushed heavily (or, at least as much as her medium brown skin would allow her to blush). "So, let me guess," Julie teased, as she began to unbutton her blouse, "were you reading about how Jenny sucked off the milkman?"

"No," said Sari, in a timid, slightly embarrassed voice.

"Well then, was it the chapter where she takes on the football team," asked Julie, full well knowing the answer.

Julie pulled her blouse off and let it casually fall to the floor, revealing a lacy black camisole that set off her milk-white skin to perfection.

"Uh, no," replied Sari, wishing she had the power to look away from the sexy show being put on by her roommate.

"Well then," continued Julie suggestively, as she tugged the camisole over her head,

displaying her pert tits, "surely, being the good girl that you are, you wouldn't read that nasty chapter about the two horny girls getting each other off, would you?"

"Well..." said Sari, not really knowing what to say, but knowing that her roommate's coy seduction had her to the point where she would do anything Julie wanted.

"I see," said Julie, as she sat on the edge of Sari's futon, "and did that get you aroused?" While she said it, she slowly began to pull the sheet off of Sari's chest, letting the cotton gently stimulate Sari's erect nipples.

"Mmmm-hmmmm," replied Sari breathily, enjoying both the feeling of the sheet on her skin and the anticipation of what was to come.

"So, what did you do about that," asked the half-naked Julie, as she finished exposing Sari's large breasts.

"I touched myself," came the reply.

"Like this?" Julie asked, as her fingers lightly caressed Sari's nipples.

"Yeesssss..." Sari responded, closing her eyes and arching her back, basking in Julie's gentle, prodding touch. Over the previous two years, Julie had become well accustomed to Sari's need to be brought along slowly, and she was more than happy to oblige.

"Where else did you touch yourself?" asked Julie.

"Down here," came the reply softly, as Sari began to slowly finger her pussy under the sheets.

"Show me," commanded Julie.

Silently, Sari pulled the sheet away, revealing her left hand between her legs, slowly massaging her very wet slit. "You look very wet. Tsk, tsk, what are we going to do about that" queried Julie, as she pushed Sari's fingers away and replaced them with her own.

Slowly, methodically, she began to masturbate Sari. Sari responded as Julie knew she would: head thrown back, she ground her pussy into her friend's hand, straining to feel every sensation that Julie's finger could offer. After several minutes, Julie leaned down, softly kissed Sari's bent knee, and began to work her tongue down Sari's firm thigh. Sari accommodated her by spreading her legs wide, and Julie repositioned herself on the futon with her head directly between Sari's legs.

Just as Julie zeroed in on her wet slit, Sari looked down to see the face of her best friend, eyes closed, pink tongue extended, moving steadily toward her pussy.

"Oh, man, she's hot," thought Sari, as Julie extended her tongue and give a quick flick.

Both girls simultaneously let out a "ungh," and Julie exclaimed "Man, you are wet!" Julie spread Sari's pussy lips and rhythmically focused on Sari's exposed clit, feeling Sari's thigh muscles contract around her with each stroke. Functioning like one, the two girls continued on for several minutes just like that, with Sari's hip movements becoming more insistent, and Julie doing her best to hold tight to her friend's legs.

As Sari drew closer to orgasm, Julie slowly slid two fingers into her, rotating them in a way that contrasted with the up-and-down movements of her tongue. Sari took one last look at the site of her friend eating her pussy before she groaned loudly and orgasmed.

As Sari caught her breath, Julie sat upright and said, "Well, now, I think you have some work to do yourself."

"Nah," said Sari, playfully slapping her friend on the leg, "I'm not in the mood."

"Like hell you're not!" exclaimed Julie, as she spread her own legs wide and elevated her hips, affording Sari an excellent view of her thin, near-white pubic hair and glistening pink pussy.

"Now get down there and eat me good, or I'll use 'Mr. Wiggley' on you!"

Mr. Wiggley was a fat 10" black rubber cock that Julie had received as a gift for her 17th birthday. Although meant as a gag gift, Julie had quickly found out that Mr. Wiggley was just what she needed to get herself off. Unfortunately, Sari was built a good deal smaller than Julie, and try as they might, Sari was never been able to get the rubber cock into herself. However, she very much enjoyed it when she watched Julie get herself off with it.

Smiling broadly at Julie's threat, Sari threw her dark hair over her shoulder and headed directly for Julie's pussy. Sari always felt a bit guilty about the relationship, as she usually took a long time to reach orgasm, while Julie generally would cum with less than two minutes of oral stimulation. Nonetheless, as long as they both got off, Sari figured there was no reason to complain. Besides, Julie seemed to genuinely enjoy eating pussy, and it seemed to arouse her in ways few others things could.

Sari set directly about her task, starting with a long lick from the base of Julie's pussy up and over her clit. Julie too was quite well lubricated, and her scent quickly coated Sari's face. Unlike Sari, Julie was quite vocal during sex, and this evening was no exception. "Yeah, that's it, oh God yeah, do it, yeah, eat me, eat my pussy, suck my clit, yeah, God yeah, eat my cunt," urged Julie.

Sari was reminded of the last visit of Julie's boyfriend, where both Sari and Chris (and, possibly, several neighbors) were treated to ten minutes of "Yeah, fuck that pussy, fuck it," and similar entreaties. On occasion, Julie's comments amused Sari, as they seemed to come directly from some B grade porn film. On other occasions, Sari found the explicit taunting to be quite erotic. In her current horny state, Julie's spicy language gave Sari

additional encouragement to finish with a flourish.

"Yeah, eat it, eat my pussy, lick it, God you love eating pussy, don't you?" asked Julie as Sari continued to lick her clit. She had to admit, she did.

Ever since she had first explored her bisexuality with Julie, Sari had found herself equally turned on by men and women. Clearly, the experience with both was different, and men (particularly men around her age) were usually more insistent, while women liked to, well, linger a little longer. But, each had a place in Sari's fantasies, and she was intent to fulfill as many of them as she could.

Sari could tell that Julie was getting close now, and she pushed her tongue's motion into overdrive. Julie responded as Sari knew she would, becoming more verbal and arching her butt off of the futon. In a matter of moments, it was over, and Julie was left to collect her breath (and senses) while Sari repositioned the pillows, preparing to settle in for some mindless TV before bedtime.

Barely had the two girls settled onto the futon to relax when they heard a key being fumbled into their front door. "Way too early for Chris to be home," thought Sari, as whomever it was finally managed to get the key in the door and open it with a loud "thud" as it hit the door stop. "Hello?" called out Sari, a bit apprehensive about whom it might be.

"Fuckin-A, those guys suck." It was Chris, apparently suffering from the effects of a few too many drinks.

"What's going on?" asked Sari.

"Those guys wanted to go karaoke, and they know I hate it, but they went anyway, so I just came home. God, I hate it when they cut me out like that." Chris slammed her keys down on the hallway table, and from the sound of her feet on the floor, was in the process of once again removing her evening's attire.

"What are you guys up to?" asked Chris, somewhat rudely.

Sari and Julie looked at one another, and Sari let out a loud snort.

"Oh, God, you guys," called out Chris, with her usual measure of disdain.

"Hey, don't knock it 'til you tried it," called out Sari, fully expecting to hear Chris slam her bedroom door and turn up the stereo to block out the sounds of her amorous roommates.

Instead, what she heard startled her. Rather than storming away, it sounded like Chris was coming up the circular metal stairs, to the loft. Julie (who always had an odd fear of Chris' judgments) scrambled to her futon and dove under the covers before Chris hit the

top step. Walking over to Sari's futon, Chris (who, indeed, had shed her blouse, skirt and heels) said, "Well, maybe I'd like to, but you guys never invite me."

"We never what?" asked Sari, with some disbelief. "You know, you never make me feel welcome, you never want me to be part of your fun. You guys sit up here and do your stuff, and exclude me, and yeah, it hurts." Sari noted that it looked like Chris had been crying.

"Well, you never showed any interest, so we figured that you didn't want to, you know, want to..."

"Yeah, well, maybe you figured wrong. At least, it would be nice to feel like I belonged," answered Chris, with a sniffle as she placed her hands on her hips. Sari again noted how striking Chris' figure had become with her exercise. The light lavender panties (a matched set with the bra, of course) gently hugged the curve of her ass, and with one leg stuck out in front of the other, she looked both vulnerable and highly sexual.

"OK, well, come here," said Sari, somewhat awkwardly, sitting on the side of the futon and patting a spot next to her. She allowed the sheet to fall away from her large breasts, and her nipples, although a bit sensitive from the workout they had already received that evening, once again arose to the task. Chris gave another sniffle and, with one last curious glance, walked over to the futon and sat down next to Sari.

"OK, so, like, what do we do," asked Chris, with an embarrassed, self-effacing laugh. Now that she had been accepted, she had no clue as to the next step.

"Well, why don't you just sit and enjoy yourself for a minute," said Sari, as she slowly leaned over and kissed Chris' ear.

Chris smiled and looked nervously at the floor. Sari's next kiss was a bit lower, on Chris' exposed neck. Unsure of how she should respond, Chris shrugged her shoulders and looked away. Sari ended Chris' confusion by turning Chris' chin towards her and planting a wet, open-mouthed kiss on her. Still quite nervous, Chris tentatively allowed Sari's tongue to explore the insides of her mouth, before responding by pressing her own tongue into Sari's willing mouth.

The kiss was nice, long, and very unexpected. Chris' initial hesitation soon gave way to a very accepting posture. With her right hand, Sari gently stroked Chris' flat stomach, lightly brushing the bottom of Chris' lavender bra. For a while, neither girl made any advancement, content with the kiss.

Finally, realizing that she could be there all night if she waited for Chris to make a move, Sari reached over, gently grabbed Chris' arm, and slid her hand down to Chris' hand. Without breaking the kiss, Sari moved Chris' hand over to her own right breast. At first, Chris didn't respond, seemingly content to allow her hand to feel Sari's smooth skin and

hard brown nipple pulsing under her palm. Gradually, she lifted her hand, and softly rolled her fingertips over Sari's erect nipple, springing it to its full height.

"Mmmmm," Sari murmured, as much out of pleasure as an effort to encourage Chris' explorations. Chris then began pinching and gently stroking Sari's nipple. Her efforts were having the desired effect, as Sari was getting very wet, and very excited. Unlike sex with Julie, which was more about achieving orgasms as quickly as possible, this was about establishing trust and breaking through barriers.

Sari then broke the kiss and, noticing that Chris' eyes were closed, lifted her chest with a heavy inhale and began pulling Chris' head closer to her bosom. Chris needed little encouragement, extending her pink tongue and licking a wet, zig-zagging trail down Sari's glowing brown skin.

When she reached Sari's nipple, she let out her own soft groan of pleasure and pulled Sari's entire nipple into her mouth. Sari thought about how closely the scene matched her own fantasy of a few hours earlier. The sight of her very hot, sometimes uppity roommate working hard to pleasure her big tits was satisfying on a variety of levels. With a free hand, Chris played with Sari's free nipple, and for a while, Sari felt as though they were the only two people in the world.

For a while, anyway. Sari's attention was drawn to a movement across the shadowy loft. It was somewhat hard to see, but it looked like Julie, tucked under her covers for all except her head, was watching the two of them, eyes wide open! Even more startling, Sari could see that the sheets were pulsing up and down near Julie's shoulder. Julie was getting herself off while she watched Sari and Chris!

Knowing that Julie was watching turned Sari on even more. She reached around Chris' back, found the clasp to her bra, and undid it, letting it fall away from her. Her hands then moved underneath Chris, finding her hanging breasts. Sari was impressed by how heavy they felt in her hands. Much larger than Julie's, indeed, much larger than those of any woman she had been with, Sari playfully stroked Chris' hard nipples.

She was reminded of her father's Playboy magazines, how she would look forward to the arrival of a new magazine in the mail. Then, when no one was home, she would put on shorts and a tee shirt and, sitting on the living room couch (to see if anyone was coming home), she would masturbate while thumbing through the pages. The women that she liked the best were always those with the largest breasts, as she envisioned what it would be like to be with them. Now, she was in bed with a woman built just like those models.

Pulling Chris' head gently away from her breast, Sari looked her directly in the eye and asked "are you ready to move on?" Not entirely sure what Sari meant, Julie bluffed "uh, yeah, sure." Sari eased herself back so that she could sit up and lean against the back wall (to get a better view of what was to come). She then slid the sheet from over her

completely naked legs. Chris stared directly at Sari's exposed pussy, unsure of what to do next.

"Here," said Sari, as she took Chris' hand and placed it high up on her thigh. Very nervously, Chris began to stroke Sari's firm thigh, still staring at her pussy. "Don't be afraid to touch me," encouraged Sari, spreading her legs wider so as not to leave any doubt about what she was saying.

Cautiously, Chris slid her middle finger over Sari's wet slit. Chris' touch sent a shiver up Sari's spine. Unfortunately, Chris was sitting at an awkward angle, and it made it quite difficult for her to move her hand freely over Sari's sex.

Trying to find a way to move things along without scaring Chris off, Sari suggested "why don't you kiss it."

"Oh, God, really?" asked Chris, now very unsure of what to do. Sari gently stroked the side of Chris' face, and pulled her closer. Chris, in somewhat of a trance state and still clearly feeling the effects of the evening's alcohol, responded in kind, moving her head lower, between Sari's thighs.

"I really don't know what to do," said Chris, in a somewhat pleading voice. "I've never done this before."

"Relax," said Sari, trying to comfort her friend (and not about to be denied head from her!). "Just pretend that I am you... how would you like to be touched?"

"Well, I don't... I don't really... see, I never... well..." stammered Chris, poised a foot away from Sari's waiting pussy. Then, just when Sari thought that she was going to back out, Chris lowered her head and, taking a deep breath, extended her tongue to Sari's pussy and began to lick it.



Oh, the sensation! Just as she had found Claire's hesitation in the book to be a total turn-on, so now too did she find Chris' inexperience and resulting reluctance to be highly erotic. Knowing that Chris had never done this before, but had decided to do so now, with her, turned Sari on greatly. What Chris may have lacked in technique, she more than made up for with unexplored possibility.

Unfortunately, being her first time, Chris' technique was sorely lacking, resulting in a somewhat mechanical process. "Like paint by numbers compared to an artist's brushstrokes," Sari would later comment. Sari's efforts to offer encouragement or direction also fell on deaf ears. Nonetheless, the combination of her own horny state, Chris' inexperience, and the fact that Julie was watching with a purpose all combined to raise Sari's level of arousal. After several minutes, Chris fell into a groove of slow upward and downward strokes that suited Sari just fine.

She closed her eyes, rocked her hips to the beat of Chris' tongue on her wet pussy, and told herself this was it. She had finally conquered Chris, who was now hungrily lapping away at her pussy. Shifting her fingers to her own swelling tits to tweak her enlarged nipples, Sari urged on Chris, warning her that she was about to cum. No sooner did she say it than she felt a rush of blood to her head and the fourth and strongest orgasm of

the evening hit her. To her credit, Chris continued her ministrations throughout the whole process, only backing off when Sari grabbed her hair and gently pulled her away.

Sari spent several moments catching her breath, then opened her eyes to see Chris blankly staring off into space. "What's wrong," asked Sari, curious to know whether her roommate felt guilt, or alarm, or just the effects of too much alcohol. "Wow, I never thought that I would do that," responded Chris, still unable to shake off her stupor.

"Well, I know something that will bring you around," said Sari, moving onto the floor and gently pushing Chris onto her back on the futon. She had separated Chris' legs and had just gotten her panties off of her feet (noticing that Chris was clean shaven, a very rare occurrence in those days) before Chris pulled away "No, you don't understand," answered Chris. "I don't... like girls. I mean, I like girls, but I don't like... them touching me. Like that, I mean. I don't even like guys touching me like that. Too... dirty. I don't know, too... intimate." Sari cocked her head out of curiosity, meeting the eyes of Julie, still buried under a sheet, wearing a similar look. "So, uh, what do you like," asked Sari, unsure of where the conversation was headed.

"Well, I like... guys. Like, you know... I like... I like cocks, OK? I mean, I like them a whole lot. Ever since my first boyfriend, that's the only thing I think about... getting fucked, and having some guys' hard cock in me. Sometimes at work, I just stare into space for 10 or 15 minutes, thinking about having a nice big cock to play with, and getting so aroused and frustrated that I don't know what to do. Now, you haven't got a big cock for me, have you?" Chris asked facetiously. With a sigh, she rolled onto her side, and continued to stare into space.

Sari, a bit dumbfounded, simply stared at Chris. She obviously hadn't been born with a cock, big or otherwise, and she didn't really know how else to respond. Just as she was formulating an argument that Chris should let her try oral sex, that maybe it would be different with a woman, a loud thump hit the floor next to her. She looked down to see Mr. Wiggley, all 10" of him, resting next to her calf. Julie, seeing Chris' dilemma, had reached under her bed to her "toy box," scooped up the huge black cock, and heaved it toward Sari, without ever alerting Chris to the fact that she was awake.

Carefully, Sari reached under the futon, and drew out a small bottle of baby oil that she kept there for a variety of obvious reasons. She held the rubber cock out in front of her and drizzled the scented oil onto its veined, black surface. Surprisingly, Chris still had not looked up, lost in her own thoughts. Silently, Sari smeared the oil on the cock, giving a fairly effective handjob. Finally, when the cock was well lubricated, Sari said softly "well, what do you think of this?"

Slowly, Chris turned her head. Her eyes bulged when she saw the monster rubber shaft clutched in Sari's hand. "Where did you guys get that?" asked Chris, correctly surmising that anything that lewd had to involve Julie as well as Sari.

"Oh, we've had it for a while," Sari said coolly. "It comes in handy, ya know?"

"God, do you guys use it," asked Chris, still not seemingly believing what she was seeing.

"Sure we do; you thought all we had up here were tongues and fingers," teased Sari, as she waived the large cock in front of Chris' eyes.

"C'mon, let me try it," said Chris, now completely over her lethargy and fully engaged in the task at hand. She tried to grab it from Sari, but Sari pulled it away.

"Not so fast," cautioned Sari, moving Chris' hand away from the cock. "I still owe you, you know? Let's see how this works..."

With that, Sari directed Chris to lie with her back on the futon, with her butt right at the edge of the mattress, and her feet planted on the floor, and one leg on either side of Sari. Sari lowered the cock and held it facing outward from her pubic bone, mimicking a large cock.

"So, do you want it?" asked Sari, gently rubbing the head of the cock against Chris' bare slit.

"Oh God yeah, this is so dirty, but yeah, do it," panted Chris, lost in her lust to get fucked. Needing no further encouragement, Sari slid the head of the large cock into her roommate. It disappeared silently into her very wet slit. "Oh God, it's big," said Chris, spreading her legs further to allow greater access. "Keep going."

Sari shoved her hips forward, moving the hard rubber cock 5 or 6 inches into Chris. "Christ, go easy, will ya" asked Chris, not quite ready for Sari's enthusiasm. "Sorry," said Sari, withdrawing the cock until its head slid out. Sari was amazed at how easily she was able to get the entire rubber shaft into Chris' pussy. "How's this?" asked Sari, slowly thrusting her hips for a second attempt at penetrating Chris.

"Unh, umph, good..." said Chris somewhat cautiously, feeling the bulbous head of the cock stretching her deep inside. Inch by inch, Mr. Wiggley disappeared silently into Chris, until Sari's hand, still holding the base of the cock, was pressed up firmly into Chris' pussy lips.

"Is that good?" asked Sari, trying to gauge how Chris had accepted the big cock.

"Yeah, it's good," replied Chris, her eyes tightly shut, still trying to get a feel for having the large device inside her. "Start moving it in and out." As requested, Sari began to rock her hips, pulling the cock out and sliding it back in, still unsure of whether Chris was enjoying or tolerating the experience. Gradually, Chris' breathing began to increase. Her eyes were still shut very tightly, but whatever she was imagining, it clearly was having the desired effect. Sari noticed a flush coming over Chris' chest.

At that moment, Sari heard a noise behind her. She turned her head to see that Julie had moved from under the sheets, and was now sitting on the edge of her futon, with her legs splayed wide apart. One hand was separating her wet pussy lips, and with her other hand, she was very vigorously frigging her clit, obviously excited to see Sari fucking their roommate with her toy.

"Mmmmmm... yeah do it, give it to me," murmured Chris, bringing Sari's attention back to the task at hand. Sari's firm ass cheeks came in handy as she picked up her pace a bit, finding a comfortable rhythm and grinding the stiff cock into Chris. With each thrust, Sari's firm brown tits shook, jolting from the collision of Sari into Chris.

At that moment, Sari could fully understand how a guy felt during sex... the feel of controlling the tempo, of watching the steady, measured response brought in reaction to each thrust. Chris' hands extended to her sides, her fingernails digging into the sheets, pulling them towards her. Sari started thrusting a bit harder, letting her hand slap into Chris' pussy, bringing the weight of her hips down onto Chris with each thrust. In turn, Chris became more aroused, her breath coming in labored bursts, and her large nipples erecting fully.

Finally, the hot scene was too much for Julie to take in silence. "God, that's hot," said Julie, not caring whether Chris knew she was being watched or not. "Fuck it into her tight cunt. Give it to her. Fuck that wet pussy." Rather than being embarrassed by Julie's comments, Chris seemed to become more aroused, letting go of the sheets and grabbing her nipples, giving each a long pull, and bucking her hips to meet Sari's thrust.

"God, I can't believe I'm doing this," she moaned, looking Julie directly in the eye. "Sari is fucking me, and you're watching. Are you getting off?" she asked, as much turned on by asking the question as she would by the answer.

"Yeah, I'm totally gonna cum," replied Julie, lying back on the futon to finish herself off, leaving Chris with an excellent view of her wispy white pubic hair and very reddened slit.



Finally, the sight of the buxom Sari and her large rubber cock, coupled with the sight of Julie, totally oblivious to the two, furiously rubbing herself, was too much for Chris. Her orgasm came with virtually no warning, gripping her whole body and forcing her to let out a very erotic shriek.

The noise startled Sari, who nonetheless continued her assault on Chris' wide-open pussy. Chris' thighs clenched tightly around Sari, and she rode out her orgasms with the rubbed cock buried to the hilt in her pussy, still rocking her hips.

When Chris was clearly over the moment, Sari pulled Mr. Wiggley from Chris' raw pussy, and casually let it drop to the carpet. Once again, Chris had rolled over on her side, almost in a fetal position. Silently, Sari climbed onto the futon and, putting an arm around Chris, gently began kissing the back of her ear.

END

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