



Closet Lesbians (FF)

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Written especially for Kristen's Illustrated Archives.

In silent anticipation, where sense of touch is heightened and the aroma of sex permeates the room. The feeling of skin against silken-skin, as she climbs atop me. The feel of her slithering along my body, her breath ragged at my ear.

Shaved, lotioned and perfumed, our bodies are soon as one. Expert touches, fingers trailing down a thigh, across a smooth sensitive pussy lip, bodies jumping and shivering in pleasure as the anticipation builds.

We have saved ourselves for this moment. Letting our lust build for weeks, denying our boyfriends, waiting for our special weekend. A weekend that only we share, one that makes the act of sex into an art.

I can't help myself, I have to strain up against my lover's weight to take a perfect nipple between my lips, to swirl it around and around with my tongue, to taste, to experience. It makes her even more excited and I can feel her wet pussy grinding softly against mine. I'm wet too and soon that wonderful sexually charged sound flows over us. Squishing rubbing pussies, ragged breathing and a rushing sound in our ears as our blood pressure rises.

Oh gawd, I can feel it coming up from deep within my body, to concentrate between my legs. I groan, and my lover knows that I'll be coming soon. It fires her, making her hump me like my boyfriend does. But the feel of her slick hot pussy against mine communicates much more than his invading penis ever will. I feel nothing but love for her, we're making love as equals, no surrender, no dominance, only fresh, soft smooth lovemaking. We know exactly what we want from each other, exactly what to do.

Light flashes before my eyes, my heart is pounding in my chest as that wonderful concentrated rushing surges up through my groin and down through my inner thighs. I can vaguely feel our love, slick against my stomach, as she too comes with a sigh, shivering and moaning in delight atop me.

Soon, all to soon, our orgasms pass. Her lying on top of me, both of us breathing in gasps as we pass into a mellow afterglow. I can feel our perspiration mingle as our shiny bodies press, squirming, lovingly together.

Then she leans into me again and we kiss. A long passionate kiss. The kind of kiss that makes one forget the world around them, the kind of kiss that begins to build another fire within our loins.

Our secret meetings are just for us. No one else knows about them. They're planned to the smallest detail. And always, for weeks prior, we look at each other with knowing eyes. When our boyfriends make jokes we seem distracted, when we pass each other in the hall at work our fingers brush lightly. It's only for us, and no matter what, it always will be.

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