

# Cunlust - 3

## Girl on Girl Memories

*(FF, 1st-lesbian-expr)*

**By Vanessa**

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About two years ago, during one very...um... `memorable' evening with some friends of my husband's, I confessed that I have had sex with a girl, and enjoyed it. That was an understatement. It was probably the most fulfilling sexual experience of my life, and that is saying something considering I got gangbanged on the very night that I made this confession. Believe me - that was one heck of a fulfilling night as well. And of course it goes without saying that every time my husband and I make love is awesome too. But there was something about that time, maybe because we were both so young (but far from innocent) and, I don't know, vital? Curious? Naive? Fresh? Or maybe just, very, very horny.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, Phil is dying to see this story in `print' so to speak. I usually write these in the 3rd person for reasons known only to myself. We were home alone, Chloe and me, one of the privileges of being good, hard-working intelligent school -girls with an apparent disinterest in boys and sex (which was actually pretty true,



we just didn't have the time for it, and most of the boys at our school were such immature jerks). Sitting up late, we had been watching TV in my bedroom and reading magazines (Cosmo), doing make up and that sort of stuff. The movie on TV was Basic Instinct, I do remember that, because it was the lesbian scene with Sharon Stone that got us talking about girls getting it on with girls, and from there it all happened surprisingly quickly....

"What is the big deal with girls kissing girls anyway?" said Chloe in disgust as she threw a stuffed toy at the TV. Vanessa shrugged, "Gets the ratings I suppose. Guys love that sort of stuff. Guys are sick in the head" She passed her the magazine she was reading.

"Here, check it out. All these reader's writing about girl-on-girl experiences. Maybe we're missing out. Seems to be a big deal." Chloe giggled and quickly read the article in question. She whistled. "Wow."

She said, "Did you know that, demographically speaking we represent, like, the ultimate sexual fantasy for 90% of the male popu..."

But she was cut off, Vanessa was howling with laughter. "Demographically speaking we blah blah, blah..." she mimicked her friend, and burst into further gales of laughter at the face Chloe pulled at her, biting her bottom lip in a semi-pout.



Vanessa tickled her, and cuddled her. "Oh, Chloe, don't ever change. You are so fucking cute. What do you mean anyway?" she paused for effect; "Demographically speaking of course?" she finished, giggling. Chloe whacked her with the magazine. "It means, smart-arse, that you and I are the ultimate male fantasy. We're young, gorgeous, lounging around in our undies, totally alone and talking about sex. Lesbian sex no less."

"Yeah, but we're not doing anything are we?" Vanessa nudged Chloe who shoved her away with her elbow giggling. "Let's keep it that way, weirdo. Don't go getting any ideas tonight."

Vanessa laughed, and suddenly dived on top of Chloe, who squealed with laughter. "Oh but baby, I want you so bad. I want you to be my bitch, ja?" she said, in the best, husky, Germanic, butch dyke voice that she could muster.



Laughing hysterically, Chloe pulled her closer, replying in her best, helpless bimbo voice, "Oh yes, please do it. Take me, I'm yours, use me, ravage me, eat me."

They rolled around on the bed, laughing, giggling, and still pretending to be feeling and caressing each other, their legs and arms intertwined. It was inevitable that their lips would meet, and when they did, the game stopped as quickly as it had started. They kissed for almost a minute, their lips crushed against each other, their hearts pounding.

"Oops" said Chloe when they stopped and looked at each other. She bit her lip again and Vanessa's heart melted. "Oh fuck it," she whispered, and kissed her again. Chloe hesitated for a micro-second, then wrapped her arms around Vanessa and kissed her back, open-mouthed.

Their tongues twirled together, the kiss growing in intensity as it lingered on and on. Each time they stopped for breath, one or the other would re-start the kiss. Their tongues probed deep, they gently pulled at each others lips with their teeth, they kissed each others face, chin, neck – always returning back to each others warm, wet lips. Their hands began to roam, caressing each other's arms and shoulders at first, and then moving gradually towards their more sensuous regions.



Vanessa, being on top, slowly slid her hand under Chloe's top. Her hand found her left breast, and cupped it gently. Chloe gasped softly against Vanessa's lips, and then placed her hand on top of Vanessa's, pushing it down firmly, and squeezing it. She wrapped her legs around Vanessa's and with her other hand stretched towards the toned curve of her hips and buttocks.

Soon, Vanessa pushed Chloe's top up, revealing her small yet full, round breasts and hesitating only a moment, took the left nipple in her mouth. Chloe arched her back and Vanessa sucked, licked and pinched her swollen nipple, switching to the right breast after a few minutes, her actions slowly increasing in vigor.

"Are you sure we wanna do this?" she gasped after a prolonged period and Chloe replied by pulling her face towards hers. She kissed her, this time plunging her tongue so viciously down her throat that Vanessa almost gagged.

"Yes," moaned Chloe after a full 3 minutes of passionate French kissing, "I want you. Please say you want me too."

Vanessa giggled, "I thought that was pretty obvious. But, it won't you know... affect our friendship will it?"

"I fucking hope so," moaned Chloe, kissing her again. She was rubbing her groin against Vanessa leg and began stroking her hair.

"What? What do you mean?" Vanessa asked, confused.

Chloe took a deep breath, and began to confess. "I've fantasized about us since I was 14. Since the time you accidentally kissed me on the lips when I was bawling my eyes out over Crystal (her late Labrador who had died two years earlier). Since that time we went camping and slept in the same little sleeping bag. Since the other week, when you showed me that you shaved your... um... fanny..." Vanessa smiled as she remembered, but her breathing was becoming increasingly ragged.

Chloe's panties were now absolutely soaking wet against her thigh, and she could smell her. Her juices. It was an intoxicating, delirious scent, mingling with the undeniable smell of her own increasingly wet cunt. They kissed again, fiercely, tongues thrashing together.

"I want to be more than your best friend," Chloe whispered as soon as their lips parted, and then added, in a voice so low that Vanessa barely heard it, "I want to be your slut."

With those words ringing in her ears, Vanessa again bent her head down and took her nipples in her mouth, marveling at the feel of another girl's breasts. A little over thirty minutes ago they had been just an average couple of 16 year old girls and now... Chloe's fingertip was pressing against her anus – she had slid her hand under her panties and followed the curve of her buttocks.

"Oh Chloe" she whispered, and Chloe took that as an encouragement. Her finger slipped inside, while the other fingers of the same hand brushed against her very wet pussy. At the same time, Chloe managed to push up her singlet top and began furiously attacking her breasts and nipples with her mouth. Vanessa was going wild. The finger in her anus was the last thing she expected, but she liked it, she couldn't deny it, she liked it.

Neither could she resist the overwhelming allure of Chloe's





wet pussy any longer. She managed to break free from Chloe's passionate embrace and began traversing her tongue down her body. Her pulse was racing as the awareness of another girl's body beneath hers, with all its sensuous shapes and curves dawned on her psyche. She was totally enthralled, barely able to stop trembling and shaking as she licked her way down Chloe's beautifully toned, sweating stomach. By the time she reached her sopping wet crotch, panties clinging tightly to her swollen vulva Vanessa could hardly breathe.

Chloe spread her legs in complete submission and invitation, her hips impatiently thrusting towards Vanessa's face. Vanessa reached out, her fingers gingerly alighting on the stretched material of Chloe's panties. She slid them underneath, gasping.

There... she was now actually rubbing another girl's vagina. It felt sensational and waves of lust rolled over her. She began to peel Chloe's panties off, hurriedly, revealing the most beautiful sight she had ever seen. Her best friend's cunt - wet, smooth, dripping moisture, begging to be touched, begging to be fucked. She placed a finger against its pink opening and pushed. Chloe arched her back, pushing her loins forward.

"Oh Vanessa," she moaned, totally unashamed now.

"Yes, fuck me. I'm yours Vanessa. My cunt belongs to you. I am your slut." These brazen, stunning words reverberated deep within her brain and with some shock, Vanessa realized that she liked what she heard. She pushed two more fingers into her friend and began to pump them in and out. She liked the way the muscles inside her pussy clutched her fingers. She liked the wet, sucking sounds emanating from her as she plunged her fingers in and out in a steadily increasing pace. She liked the thought of Chloe being HER little slut. Finally she could stand it no longer. She HAD to taste her.



Vanessa had always been a girl excited by different tastes and textures, always boldly trying exotic foods and flavors where others would be too cautious or nervous. Right now, Chloe's cunt was on the menu and the moment her tongue pressed against it, Vanessa knew she was hooked. It was sweet, musky but sweet. Wet, sticky, hot and extremely juicy.

Vanessa was in love, in love with her best friend's cunt.



Lust and desire welled up in her and she buried her face firmly between Chloe's thighs, plunging her tongue as deep into her as she could. She lapped up the juices that flowed from her, scoured her labia from top to bottom, found her clitoris and twirled it with her tongue until Chloe screamed.

Her heart pounding, Vanessa suddenly stopped, looking up at her friend who was writhing her body in ecstasy. Her own pussy was now so wet and hot that to Vanessa it felt as it was about to reach boiling point. She wanted it to be touched as well. Heart pounding in her chest, she sat up and kissed Chloe again. She pulled her to her feet and stood behind her, whispering in her ear. "Are you really my slut?" she asked, a little embarrassed. Chloe nodded, frantically. "Yes. Oh yes, I am your slut."

"Then start eating my cunt, slut. And make it good." Chloe nodded in delight and Vanessa stood up before her. The fact that Chloe had enjoyed being called `slut' had not escaped her attention.

"Hurry up slut, suck my cunt. And my arse. I want to feel your tongue in my arse hole too." Chloe nearly came in delight at Vanessa's acceptance of her `invitation' and quickly slid Vanessa's sopping wet knickers down her long, shapely legs. Like Vanessa, she gasped in shock and anticipation as her beautiful pussy came into view, inches from her face.

She had dreamed of this moment for so long... Trembling, she pushed first two, then three fingers into her. Vanessa moaned, knowing she would not be able to stand for long. Chloe, who had indeed spent many hours fingering her own pussy whilst thinking about this moment, now knew exactly where to touch Vanessa. Moaning in delight and utter gratification, she reached out with her tongue and began to roam all over Vanessa's beautiful, hairless pussy.

Her tongue twisted deep inside her, flicked her clitoris over and over again, scoured the edge of her lips, darted in and out and caressed every inch of her pubic region and inner thighs. Vanessa was in utter heaven. Chloe was murmuring in delight as her dream was realized. Again and again she plunged her tongue into her friend's pussy which was getting wetter and wetter which each passing second.

With a long moan, Vanessa fell back onto the bed as her knees gave way. Chloe followed and gently pushed



Vanessa's thighs back, providing perfect access to both her pussy and her anus. Vanessa trembled as she now felt Chloe's tongue burrow deep into her arse hole. She was doing it, exactly as she was told.

"Oh Chloe, oh baby," she whispered, forgetting the whole slut thing for that moment. The sensation of her friend's tongue deep in her arse was overwhelming and Chloe was showing absolutely no hesitation.

She was swirling her tongue inside her tight back passage and punching it in and out like a tiny cock, while at the same time her skilled fingers began probing her wet cunt again. Then she would alternate, fucking two fingers deep into Vanessa's rectum, while hungrily tonguing her exceedingly juicy cunt, much to Vanessa's tortured delight.

She didn't know where to expect Chloe's hungry tongue next. All she knew was that she was racing headlong towards a most mind-blowing orgasm, and she wanted Chloe to feel the same thing, at the same time. With superhuman effort, she suddenly pushed Chloe's head away. Gasping for breath, she moved back onto the bed, spreading her legs. Chloe was licking her lips.

"I wanna eat your cunt too" she managed to tell her and Chloe nodded, also breathing heavily. "Anything you want" she whispered. They kissed again, just for a minute and, their mouths now heavily flavored with the other's juices, and then fell hungrily upon each other.

Settling almost by instinct into a steamy 69 position they were soon plunging fingers and tongues back into each other's pussies. If there had been any shyness, any inhibition left within them at all, it now vanished.

They attacked each other with ravenous lust. No gentle, soft caresses that they had always presumed were supposedly typical of lesbian sex, this was wild, animal lust. Vanessa felt a totally different type of greed as she plunged her tongue deep into Chloe's beautiful cunt.

They licked, sucked, probed and very noisily slurped and slobbered ungraciously at each others wet, wet cunts, drinking as much of their 'love juice' as the they could get down their throats. With every passing moment, as orgasms began to build up inside them, they became more frantic, more ravenous, more overcome by lust and desire. Vanessa could hear herself grunting, moaning and slurping



at Chloe's almost gushing cunt but was unable to stop herself. Nor did she want to. Her mind was spinning out of control with passion. She was inhaling Chloe's pussy as much as she was 'eating' it.

They rolled around, locked in the same 69 position. Now Vanessa was on top, now Chloe. And so it went. Vanessa found Chloe's arse hole and drove her tongue into it without a second's hesitation, just as Chloe had done to her. Then she began using her fingers, watching with lewd fascination as Chloe's virgin arse distended to accept not one or two, but four of them, generously lubricated by the steady flow of delicious syrup from her hot, wet cunt.

She stuffed them in up to her knuckles and began to pump them none too gently in and out. Somewhere between her legs, Chloe - her slut - squealed delightedly, her voice muffled by Vanessa's sloppy cunt.

She returned the favor, finding Vanessa's quivering back passage and fucking it passionately with her fingers. They both yelled unintelligible words of superheated lust, their mouths mashed against wet, throbbing and badly swollen flesh of their delicious, clean shaven pussies.

They didn't realize it, but they were already in the middle of orgasm, riding the plateau towards a crescendo, a pinnacle. Vanessa felt something happening down inside her womb that she had never felt before. An incredible building of pressure, like a volcano preparing to explode.

The sensation was so powerful it almost scared her, but she was locked inside the velvet prison of Chloe's thighs. Chloe had not stopped coming since they began, an endless series of spasms spilling forth sticky splashes of her divinely sweet pussy juice which Vanessa was gulping down with relish. She was reminded of a time when they had been asked to run a cross country race at school, during the midst of summer.

At the end of it, hot and thirsty beyond belief someone had produced a number of watermelons. They had attacked those watermelons like wild animals, tearing into them, grunting, savoring each bite, making grunting noises as watermelon juices literally poured down their chins and soaked their shirts. They had laughed at each other and themselves, but continued nonetheless, no-one saying a word, each immersed in their own little world of pleasure.





That was what this felt like now, they were tearing at each others cunt with their tongues, desperate to get as much juice as possible, and desperate to cause the most pleasure in return for the incredible pleasure they were receiving. Vanessa's body began to tremble and sensing that something pretty major was about to happen, Chloe began to move her tongue faster. She was shaking her side to side against Vanessa's cunt with her tongue mashed firmly against her juicy flesh.

Vanessa began to scream; Chloe climaxed harder and thrust her hips upwards. Vanessa's scream became muffled, wet. Chloe's tongue became a blur, she was now moving so fast. At the same time she pulled downwards on Vanessa's hips pulling her onto her face so tight that her fingernails were leaving marks in her thighs. Vanessa was shaking uncontrollably. Something was happening... "NOO!!!" she screamed, and tore herself reluctantly loose from between Chloe's thighs. She had to get up, had to... Too late, it was happening. "HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!!" she screamed, as her cunt exploded in a high pressure jet of hot, sticky juice that completely took her, and Chloe by surprise.

It was as if someone had attached a hose to her mouth, a hose spraying hot pussy juice. There was no time to be shocked, no time to try and comprehend what was happening, she was being soaked as Vanessa, now squatting bore down hard on Chloe's face.



Moaning in devious delight now, Chloe quickly recovered and drank, and drank, and drank. Her juice, her cum, was sweet, clear with just a subtle hint of vinegar-like bitterness, deliciously pungent – and plentiful. She was drowning in Vanessa's juice and couldn't be happier. Her tongue burrowed upwards, seeking to entice out even more of this heavenly nectar while her hand sought out her own pussy and frantically began to fuck herself.

"Mmmmmbbbbblllglugglug," said Chloe happily from within her 'cunt shower' Vanessa sighed a half moan. She was still coming, and she knew Chloe was getting absolutely saturated. She was a little embarrassed by this, but at the same time very aroused.

Chloe was frantically pumping her own pussy as she guzzled away at Vanessa's cum-squirting cunt so she was obviously not in the least bit perturbed. If anything, she wanted more. But at last her orgasm subsided and

Vanessa collapsed, her whole body trembling violently. Chloe lay back on the bed, also shaking, her fingers still furiously rubbing herself when suddenly she felt Vanessa's fingers on hers. "Hey slut, I thought you said this cunt belongs to me?" Chloe nodded and moved her hand obediently.



"I'm sorry," she gasped, and then spread her legs as wide as she could. "Please" she begged. Vanessa smiled weakly, and obliged by ramming two fingers into Chloe's very hot, very tight pussy. She put her other hand on her stomach and began to plough them furiously in and out.

Chloe threw back her head and moaned, her hands slipping and sliding over her cum soaked breasts. Vanessa saw for the first time how absolutely soaked Chloe was in her cum. Her hair was plastered; slick and wet to her scalp, her whole body, down to her stomach glistened with a sheen of her sticky wetness. Below her thighs, it was all Chloe, as was evidenced by the wet, slurping sounds her pussy was making as Vanessa's fingers steamed in and out.

Chloe was coming again now, so Vanessa deliberately pumped harder, amazed at the way Chloe's cunt muscles were clutching her fingers as her orgasm tore through her. But the scent, the feel, the heat proved too much to ignore and Vanessa dropped to her knees and once more buried her face against her friend's groin. Chloe draped her legs over her shoulders and thrust her pussy forwards.

Vanessa went to work - she continued rubbing her clitoris, at the same time furiously sucking at her wet hole like a woman possessed until at last Chloe screamed in pleasure, and Vanessa received her reward. Vanessa shuddered with delight as a huge jet of hot girl cum exploded into her mouth and she drank it down as fast as she could for more was coming.



It splashed her face, instantly drenching her – so absolute that it indeed WAS like having a hot shower. Her hair was soaked, her face dripped cum, it ran down her shoulders and over her back, down her neck and over her tits as Chloe desperately mashed her gushing pussy against Vanessa's willing face.

"Aaaaaaah!" said Vanessa when Chloe's climax at last subsided. She sat up and the two girls looked at each other. They were both shaking from the intensity of their

orgasms, unable to think of anything to say. They had just shared something amazing.

They ran their hands in disbelief and over their utterly cum soaked bodies, licking their fingers, trembling with the still glowing embers of lust and desire. Chloe smiled at Vanessa, who shook her head in dream like amazement. She stretched herself out on top of her friend and they kissed, tasting their own cum on each others lips.

They kissed for what seemed like an eternity their bodies so slippery with cum slid sensuously against each other and made it almost impossible for their hands to find purchase. Even the bed they were lying on was completely soaked – there was not a dry spot anywhere on the bed.

"Oops" said Chloe again as they surveyed the damage and Vanessa smiled. "Demographically speaking, THAT was fucking unbelievable" she said. Chloe nodded her agreement and kissed her again.

So all that stuff about being my slut..." Vanessa asked, and Chloe, still very much aroused, replied before she could finish. "Is 100% true. I meant every word of it. I don't want this to be a one-off thing, I want..."

"Shhh," said Vanessa, silencing her with a kiss, "Relax. I feel the same way. In fact, I want to fuck you some more right now..."

Well, we DID do a lot more fucking and licking that day, believe me. It seemed like we had made an unwritten plan to `do it' in every room of the house. Even after we got showered and dressed (much, much later), we repeatedly attacked each other. Even sitting at the piano proved unsafe, much later on that night. Chloe came and sat beside me and within minutes we had our hands inside each other's panties again.

We couldn't get enough. We pretty well had the whole weekend together and feasted on pussy every chance we had. Chloe's perfect body just never ceased to inflame me and I'm pretty sure I did the same for her. We remained this way for at least a year and Chloe delighted me by obeying my every whim.

I know this sounds a bit like one of those `dominatrix' deals but it really wasn't like that. I'd tell her not to wear knickers to school and she'd oblige and I'd take whatever



opportunity that came along to feel her up a bit when she did. Sometimes we'd have sex in the kitchen and she'd fuck herself with whatever vegetable I'd tell her to. Stuff like that. It was wonderful.



I don't know for sure how many times we had sex together, all I know was that we both loved it and I have to confess that I really miss her - and her pussy. Put it this way, we learned then exactly what drives men so wild about women, particularly their pussies...





Unfortunately; Chloe moved away in time to attend university and eventually became a nurse. We do keep in contact but rarely mention the special times we had. Phil, on the other hand would love nothing more than to invite her to our house for a week or so. He'd love to see his wife getting hot and wet with another woman.

I can't deny that the thought of Chloe in my bed again, and sharing her delicious body with my husband is really starting to appeal to me. Besides, after what he allowed me to do, I think he deserves to have his fantasy fulfilled and he may get his chance after all. She had been saying for a long time that she'd love to come and stay with us.

Writing all these stories probably isn't helping, but who's complaining? He (Phil) found the pictures to this story (and the others) after I more or less gave him the details of what happened. Needless to say, putting it all together had been a lot of fun. I really, truly hope that soon I CAN write another installment – about Chloe, Phil and me. Who knows?

Vanessa

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