



My Friend Gabby

(lesbian)

by Gabriel Carter

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Several years ago, before I was married, I had a nice experience with a friend of mine, a girl I worked with. Her name was Gabby, and she was a black girl of about twenty. She had a pair of the biggest and softest brown eyes this side of heaven, and was just plump enough to be alluring; huge tits, a big, squirmy bottom, full legs. She looked like she was made of dark tan velvet.

I was living alone at the time in a small three-room apartment. One Friday evening there was a knock at the door, and when I opened it there was Gabby smiling at me. "They're decorating my apartment, Cathy," she said in her soft low voice. "That darned paint makes me sick. Would I be imposing if I asked to spend the night here?"

"Why, of course not, Gabby. You're just as welcome as the flowers in May," I smiled. "Come on in."

We watched some TV together, then made ready for bed. I showered, and then the black girl took her turn in the shower. I had never seen a black person nude before, and when she came into the bedroom naked a little thrill ran through me. She was still moist from her bath, I saw. I wanted to



stare at her, but I could not.

Her tits fascinated me I couldn't seem to get enough of them, each with a big dark nipple. She had a surprisingly small waist, wide, soft-looking hips, and big satiny-looking thighs. She had enough pubic hair for three women, a great wide forest of thick, black fur nestled in the juncture of her big legs. I thrilled again when she crawled into bed, her plump, dimpled bottom smiling at me.

I climbed in beside her and clicked out the light. I was on my back, and Gabby was lying on her side, facing me as we chatted softly in the darkness. My baby doll nightie had crawled up to my waist, I could feel, but I ignored it. Then I felt her fingers touch my hip very lightly. At first I thought it was accidental but they touched again and stayed there. I did not move, did not say a word, but more little thrills ran through my tummy. Somehow, in the back of my mind, I had known that she would do that. I do not know how I knew it, but I did. Her fingers crept onto my naked belly, and goose pimples stood up on me. I became aware that Gabby was breathing strangely, and had been for some time.

"May I kiss you, Cathy?" she breathed. "Yes..." I whispered back. I felt her unbelievably soft mouth pressing my lips. I felt her hand slip down to my furry little cunt, and my legs parted for her. How different it was to be kissed by a soft mouth as opposed to the tobacco tasting and beard-stubble mouth of a man. How wonderfully gentle and careful her fingers were as they wandered about within my crotch, petting and fondling, finger fucking me, then petting some more. My little cunt grew wetter in its response, and her lips moved slowly over my



face, her fresh, clean breath puffing into my nostrils. I knew what she would do next. I knew what she would do next. I knew it!

She moved down, her mouth grazing my skin, and my legs opened further in welcome, my knees lifting. Her hot breath panted into my crotch. I lay with my eyes closed as something warm, wet, and wonderful wandered this way and that over my cunt lips, up and down the crack, over to each side, back to the hold where it slipped inside again and again, wriggling as it did so. One hand slipped under me and clasped my little bare ass warmly, and the warm, wet, slippery thing continued to wander here and there, continued to fuck me now and then.

Careful fingers parted my cunt and a pair of gentle lips encircled my to squirm, unable to control myself any longer. I reached down and touched her dark hair, my head going back.

I exploded into my rapture the, climaxing in her face, my hips writhing, grinding my cunt against her happy mouth. When it was over she left my clit and slowly licked the quivering lips for a while as I lay gulping in oxygen, my chest heaving. Then she came back up and cuddled my trembling body in her arms, holding me while I floated back to earth on my little pink cloud.

I was overwhelmed with emotions...passion, curiosity, whatever. I turned to kiss her, eagerly using my tongue to explore her mouth. She let me willingly, moaning softly as she began to embrace me. I was breathing heavy...I was losing control of what I was doing. I moved down her soft, dark form, feverishly kissing, fondling, and sucking her huge breasts. Sucking



each big, hard nipple into my mouth.

At this point, my inhibitions, if there were any, were gone. I began to whisper to her, "I want you...give me that pussy!" As I slowly kissed my way down to her crotch, she seductively parted her legs, revealing her hot, wet mound of honey. I looked at it, staring at its surprising beauty. I licked her. Grazing her lips with my tongue. Her flowing juices were delicious, and the aroma made my entire body tingle. I began to taste her faster, licking and darting my tongue in her the same way she did me.

She very gently held my head between her legs with her hands, making sure I had full access to her steamy, soggy cunt. I was using my fingers and hands now, opening her the way I would open myself, working her big, hard clit with my tongue. I sucked her love button and she went wild! "Yes! Fuck...suck my pussy!" I increased my intensity. Her body shook in an incredible fury as she came on my face. Her juices flowing into my open and eager mouth.

Some time later she went down and ate my little cunt again, coaxing me to a second orgasm, then cuddled me once more until I drifted into slumber. I think Gabby was masturbating herself, but I am not sure.

In the morning there was no embarrassment, no regrets whatever. I was comfortable with her as we sipped coffee and chatted. The black girl visited me a number of times after that and each time lifted me to those beautiful heights with her lips and tongue. I returned the favor to her, each time learning and enjoying the experience more and more.

Gabby is now happily married, and has children, but she showed me the ultimate joys for several months, the joys of getting and eating cunt.







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