



Eat a Peach *(FF, rom)*

by Candy Kane *(rytr33@hotmail.com)*

Standing under the shower running my soapy hands between my legs, I thought back to when I first met Tracy over a month ago. She showed up at my door in short cut-offs with those tanned, dancer's legs, a tight, shoestring halter hugging petite breasts, and mountain lake blue eyes that made my legs go weak. That image still causes my pussy to tingle.

Tracy was a sophomore scrambling to get a psychology term paper finished. A mutual friend sent her over to my apartment with the suggestion that I could help. I was a 4.0 senior psych major, and many

people came to me for last minute assistance. Usually I charged a token amount to help them put their papers together.

The closer to their deadline, the more I charged; but I was always fair. If they were short on cash, I would accept favors like cleaning my apartment or washing my VW. When I opened the door and saw Tracy, charging her a fee was the last thing on my mind. Fucking her was all I could think about. She was gorgeous, and I was in love.

As it turned out, her paper was due the next day and she was desperate. When it came time to discuss payment, she said, "I'm so embarrassed, but I'm broke until my parents send my next check. If you can let me ride for a week or so, I can pay you then."

We were sitting on my bed going over her notes, but I had spent more time looking at those smooth, tanned legs than her assignment. At one point, a few papers fell on the floor. She leaned down to pick them up, her body brushing mine so close I could feel her warmth. I wondered if she did it on purpose so I could smell her; a fragrance so fresh and clean, her shampoo or body wash was a light peach scent. Was she as juicy as the fruit? It was all I could do to resist finding out right then.

"I don't know if I can wait that long," I said as if deep in thought. "Most people pay me right away. Maybe we could make other arrangements."

"What kind?" she said with a gleam in her eye.

"Well, favors or something."

She thought for a moment then said, "I don't mean to freak you out or anything, but can I ask you a very personal question?"

"Ask me anything," I said, my heart melting.

"Well... are you by any chance into girls? You know, are you bi or lez?"

"And if I was," I said. My pulse raced.

"Then I could pay you with pleasure."

Her smile was innocent girl-next-door, but her eyes told me I could be in

for the fuck of my life.

"I promise I will make it worth your while," Tracy said, reaching out and running her hand along my bear leg. "It would be fun."

I leaned forward until our lips were almost touching. "The answer to your personal question is yes, I love having sex with girls, and yes, I'm very bi. You've got yourself a deal."



Our first kiss was the most sensuous I have ever had. Her lips were so soft and inviting, I never wanted to stop; her taste was heavenly. We explored each other's mouths until our breathing started to get out of control. I pulled away and looked deep into her eyes.

"As much as I'd love to get paid in advance, if we keep going, I know

we'll never get your paper done." My pussy was on fire and I wanted so much to go on.

"I know," she said with a cute little pout.

I held her stack of notes out at arms-length from her, and with a wicked smile I said, "So when can I expect payment?"

"What are you doing tomorrow?"

"Dying to spent the night with you," I said in anticipation.

"Then don't plan to get any sleep."

I moaned as she leaned in, kissing me hard. Her tongue was everywhere in my mouth.

We worked until two in the morning finishing her paper- much longer than it should have taken. That is because we spent more time kissing that composing. The next day, Tracy got an A+ on her paper, and that night she received another A+ for letting me eat the juiciest peach I had ever seen.

* * *

That was over a month ago. Tracy moved in with me right away and we have been fucking ever since.

Tonight, we were heading out to go dancing and partying; one of our favorite preludes to sex.

When I walked out of the bathroom after my shower, I saw Tracy lying on our bed, naked but for a pair of thong panties. Her eyes were closed and her knees were up and spread. One hand was down the front of her panties rubbing tiny, quick circles around her clit while she pinched her pink nipple with the other.

"My aren't we horny tonight," I said, towel-drying my hair. Even from across the room, I smelled her arousal-that sweet aroma that always made my pulse quicken. Moisture glistened off her fingers.

Tracy opened her eyes, looking at me through the fog of an approaching orgasm. Her gaze went from my face to my breasts, quickly falling on my patch of strawberry fleece. Knowing her eyes were on me caused a tingle in my belly, and I shifted my weight sideways spreading my legs. The cool air met my moist pussy as it opened slightly. Tracy licked her lips.

"If you were really a friend, you'd come over here and help me with this," she said.

"What's in it for me?" I watched her fingers play her clit like a musical instrument.

"This," she said, sticking her tongue out and wiggling the tip like a snake.

"Come sit on this."



With a high-pitched squeal, I threw the towel aside.

"Ready or not!"

I dove into her arms and we rolled around the bed laughing and hugging. I grabbed her hand from her crotch and brought it to my face smearing her girl-cum on my nose. Then I sucked her fingers clean. "We should bottle this stuff," I said, smacking my lips.

"We could make millions."

"Flattery will get you everywhere," Tracy said with a wink. "Now get busy down below, girl. I need some loving."

I propped up on my elbow and kissed Tracy while I reached down pulling her leg up to caress it. She ran her hand affectionately along my face as we broke the kiss and I lightly traced her left breast. I could not resist her soft, sweet mouth so we kissed again. As I kissed her, I ran my hand down her side along her leg that draped across my hip. Her skin was soft; her fragrance was that wonderful hint of fresh peaches.

And I wanted to eat her peach so bad.

My mouth was on her breast, her nipple hard against my tongue. Tracy moaned as I sucked, my hands roaming across her warm belly. Then I moved between her legs and lay down on top of her, licking and loving her other breast. Tracy stroked my hair, whispering how good it felt.

I lay between her legs moving my eager mouth down between her breasts. I hugged her legs tight against my sides leaving wet kisses and nibbles across her stomach. Tracy stretched her arms over her head in surrender. She watched me through half-closed eyes as I worked my way down her delicious body.



Licking and kissing her inner thighs, I moved ever closer to her warm, moist sex. I bit and chewed on the soft, sensitive skin on each side of her vagina; she was in heat and her scent was everywhere. I chewed and licked that wonderful soft valley where her thigh meets her mound. A dark patch on her crotch told me how wet and aroused she was. I wiped my face across her crotch feeling the moisture on my cheeks. Tracy spread her legs as I gently rubbed her crotch through the thin fabric. She moaned, moving her hips in a slow, sexy rotation, responding instinctively to my touch.

I reached up to her breast, caressing it as I sank my face back to her crotch. Her smell was intoxicating; I was drunk on it. I moved back up and sucked her nipple into my hungry mouth. Tracy watched me as she continued to run her hands through my thick, red hair.

Then we were kissing passionately, moaning into each other's mouths, our arms wound tight, our bodies maneuvering to bring our pussies

together. Tracy's hands were on my ass, loving me with tender strokes.

We ground our cunts together in a slow, erotic rhythm.

"I adore you," I whispered into her ear.

"You just say that to get in my panties," she said between moans.

"Does it work?" I ran my tongue around her earlobe. "Every time." Then she pushed on my shoulders. "Now, do you wanna whisper sweet nothings or fuck me?"

"Both," I said, and with a quick kiss, I was back down between her legs, licking every inch of her along the way. The cool sheets felt wonderful as I positioned myself on my stomach. Tracy raised her legs and I swung them over so she was on her side with her ass toward me. I bit and licked her sculptured hip while stroking her panty-clad pussy, the material moist and fragrant.

Hooking my finger in her thong, I pulled it aside and ran the tip of my tongue along her ass, sampling the tangy flavor that was one hundred percent pure girl. Her little puckered anus looked so yummy, and as much as I wanted to spend the rest of the night loving it, it was a delicacy I would save for later.

Then I rose up over her hip, pushing my face between her legs and forcing her on her back. As I stuck my nose in her crotch, Tracy spread her legs in invitation, her panties now dripping with nectar.

I could not wait any longer-I had to taste her.

Grabbing the seam of her crotch, I pulled her panties aside, kissing her tenderly. Tracy stroked my long red hair as I give her soft licks and sweet kisses. I loved licking her pussy lips until they turned pink and puffy. As she spread her legs, her outer lips opened like a flower, and her warm honey coated my tongue.

She moaned when I took long slow licks up and down her slit, her short pubic hairs tickling my nose. I could feel my cunt dripping while little spasms quivered my sugar walls. I gently placed her panty back over

her pussy and pushed her legs together up in the air.



Then I took each side of her panties, pulling them as she raised her ass off the bed. My heart raced when I saw the material reluctantly peel away from the sticky wetness of her outer lips revealing the closest thing to heaven I had ever known.

I worked her panties up her legs, sliding them over her petite feet. Tracy licked her fingers and squeezed her nipples while she watched me put the panties to my nose and smell juicy peach and pussy. I was completely overcome with lust as her scent filled my head. I envied the delicate silk that snuggled her sex all day.

"When I die," I said with a wink, "I want to come back as a pair of these.

I kissed the moist crotch.

"As long as they're my panties," she said, spreading her legs in surrender. She stroked her mound, getting it ready for love. Then she opened her lips wide, showing me nothing but pink. "Is this what you want, baby?"

I trembled. "More than anything."

Pulling her knees up, she said, "Come eat your peach." Moaning with desire, I ran my tongue over her bottom and up along her pussy lips, now coated with honey. I moved her hands out of the way and spread her wide; her clit emerged, hard and round like a precious pearl. I licked and sucked it, feeling her hips respond. She gasped, telling me she was so ready to fuck.

Tracy ran her hands over her breasts, breathing heavily. Her eyes closed and I knew she was drifting toward bliss. I slowly licked her letting my tongue slip down to her anus to remind me of that hidden treasure. While I licked her, I reached back, sliding my finger up and down the moist crack of my ass and into my cunt. I was so turned on, so wet. Taking her clit between my lips, I sucked hard, moving my head back and forth. This drove her crazy and she screamed, squirming so that I could hardly hang on.

Now I increased my attack, sucking her clit up between my lips, biting it, and jerking my head side to side like a feasting shark Tracy screamed for me to fuck her harder as she thrashed around beating the sheets and arching her back in the throes of passion. She was blasting off for the stars and I was her rocket. With a final high-pitched squeal, she went into outer space. Her body stiffened and a delicious warm gush of girl-cum flowed into my mouth.

I slowed my assault, eagerly swallowing her cum. Then I placed soft kisses all over her tender lips, so flushed red and swollen.

"Come here, lover," Tracy said, holding her arms wide. I crawled up and she wrapped them around me as we kissed passionately.

"You always know just what I need," she said, shoving her tongue into my mouth. Then she giggled. "You taste like pussy."

We laughed, kissed, and hugged. Then Tracy turned me over and positioned herself between my legs.

"Take me to heaven, angle," I said with a big grin. I wiggled my ass until I was comfortable. Then Tracy leaned forward, licking my breasts, going from one to another with an unquenchable hunger.

As she ravaged my nipples, she straddled my left leg, grinding her pussy into my thigh and leaving a wet trail. While she humped my leg, she reached back and played with her ass. She breathed heavily as her pussy slid along my thigh. Pre-cum flowed out, dripping down the sides of my leg. Then she lifted my right leg straight up and slid forward until our pussies met.

As I rubbed her clit with my thumb, Tracy went wild with passion and I was not far behind. I felt the fire ignite between my legs and start radiating up through my tummy; my nipples were ready to pop off. I grew light-headed and my chest heaved as we moved faster.



The sounds coming from our mouths were no longer human but had turned to animal grunts and squeals. Tracy's eyes were closed as she arched her back, grinding her cunt into mine. Her hips were going a mile a minute.

Next to sixty-nine, this was our favorite way to girl-fuck. Doing the pink on pink, she called it.

Tracy brought my up-turned leg to her breast, stroking and kissing my calf and ankle. Then with a shudder, she slammed her cunt into mine and climaxed. I cupped my hand under her pussy, feeling warm cum flow out. I brought it to my mouth trying to lick all the honey dripping down my arm. It was warm and sweet, only seconds ago deep inside her vagina. I savored every drop as I let it flow slowly down my throat.

With a big smile, I said, "I can't get enough of you."

"There's plenty more where that came from, baby," she said. "Now turn over and show me that cute ass."

I did not have to be asked twice as I got on my elbows and stuck my bottom up, my knees spread.

"You smell so fucking good," she said, sniffing me like a puppy. Tracy ran her tongue up and down the length of my ass crack and then buried her nose in my butt as she ate me from behind. Spreading my lips wide with her fingers, she washed my sugar walls with her long, probing tongue.

My body trembled with lust as she made hot lesbian love to me. Her mouth was everywhere, wet and soft.

Spreading my cheeks, she ravaged my anus, pushing the tip of her wicked tongue at it.

Tracy stroked my legs and ass, licking my crack and pussy. I spread my legs as wide as I could to let her get at every part. Then she slipped two fingers into my vagina and I saw stars. "I'm getting so close," I said, shoving my ass at her.

I felt Tracy's fingers go deep and I clamped down on them. Then her thumb probed my anus and slipped inside. I went nuts. "Oh, you nasty girl," I said with a squeal. "I love when you do that!"

Tracy shoved her fingers into my pussy and ass while she ran her tongue up and down my bottom. My head was about to explode; I was squealing, grunting, and screaming her name. Then Tracy bit down on my clit and I saw fireworks. My stomach sucked in, my body went stiff, and I came like a storm.

Tracy slowed down, gently stroked my pussy and ass.

"Want me to kiss it and make it better?"

"Oh, yes," I said breathlessly.

As I caught my breath, she placed soft kisses everywhere. "Poor baby," she said in mock sympathy.

"I promise never to do that again."

I turned over on my back, holding my arms open.

"That's a promise I won't let you keep."

Tracy kissed her way up my body until we held each other. "You'll just have to beg if you want more," she said, kissing me passionately.

"I've had my dinner," I said, breaking the kiss. "Now I want dessert."

"I don't hear any begging."

"Please."

"Please, what?" she said, her finger playing with my lips and tongue, our breasts pressed together.

"Please turn around."

"And what?" she said, slipping her finger into my mouth.

I grabbed her wrist and pulled her finger out. "You know damn well, so I can lick your ass."

"You like my ass, do you?" Tracy said, taunting me.

"I adore it," I said. "Touching it, smelling it, licking it, sucking it, kissing it."

She moaned. "Well, if you put it that way." She kissed me hard, running her tongue all over the inside of my mouth. Then she slowly got up on her hands and knees turning around. Backing up, she lowered her ass to my face. "You don't mind if I eat some pussy while you have your dessert?"

I moaned, grabbing her hips and pulling her bottom to my mouth. There was my prize: her little rose bud, ready for loving. I had to admit, I loved Tracy, I adored her body, I worshiped her pussy, but I craved her ass. Sticking my nose in her crack, I smelled sex, salt, sweat, and a hint of

peach-the ingredients of an all-girl heaven. Then I stuck my tongue out, tasting what I had patiently waited for-and my dessert was well worth the wait. As Tracy's mouth covered my pussy and her tongue slipped inside me, I closed my eyes, hugged her hips, and made love to her most secret place. By the way, we never made it to the dance that night.

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