



Who Needs Love

(F-teen, solo, mast, oral)

Written by Your Ghost

Eighteen year old Ellen Wisdom lay on the living room sofa, bored out of her mind. Rainy Sunday afternoons were always the most boring days in the history of the world, and she would have given her left arm, her right leg, and one of her boobs just for something to do.

"Ellen, you haven't cleaned up your room this weekend," Ellen's mom said as she sat at the dining room table, sorting through a stack of bills.

Okay, something fun to do.

Ellen picked up the remote and flipped through several channels, but there was nothing on but sports and religious shows and kid shows. She knew there was a cheerleader competition thing on the USA channel, but that was still about two hours away. She could die before then.

"Ellen, clean up your room," Mom ordered.

"Fine," Ellen said with a melodramatic sigh. She wandered out of the living room and to her bedroom, where she halfheartedly pulled a week's collection of dirty socks from under her bed. She carried them in both hands over to her closet and tossed them in her hamper, then went back and fished under the bed some more. Out came a pair of panties and a bra, which she also carried over to the hamper. There were some more clothes in the corner, a blouse and a pair of jeans and another pair of underwear, all of which were also condemned to her hamper.

Ellen stopped, put her hands on her hips, and looked around her room; no more clothes laying around that she could see. There were other things, books and notebooks and stuff still littering the place, but as far as she was concerned she'd done more than enough work for the moment. For the whole month, even. She needed to lay down. Cleaning up was not only boring, it was also exhausting.

She flopped onto her bed with another sigh, although this one was more tired than melodramatic. She laid there for several moments, until she realized that she was uncomfortable. Her bra was squeezing her like a vise. She sat up, unbuttoned and removed her blouse, then took her bra off. She slipped her blouse back on and buttoned it, then laid down again. She was still for all of three seconds before she was sitting back up, in dire need to be doing something. But what?

She scooted off of her bed and went to the full length mirror on her closet door. She looked at herself closely, critically. She was a pretty girl, although she wouldn't have said she was beautiful, despite the fact that lots of other people had told her she was.

She had bright blonde, shoulder length hair, large brown eyes, high cheekbones, a small girlish nose that she hated, and thin lips on a too wide mouth. At least she had good skin, smooth and soft, with no zits, thank God. As she let her eyes travel downward, she had to admit to herself that she had a fairly decent body too: nice, round boobs, a narrow waist and slim hips, a small butt, and a flat belly. Long slinky legs. And tiny feet. She was always turning heads at school or the mall or anywhere else she went, and not just the heads of guys her own age, but older guys too. Even men her dad's age checked her out.

'Yeah,' she thought, 'I'm a beauty, alright.' Except it wasn't guys' heads she wanted to turn. Ellen liked girls.

It was her big secret. Nobody in the world knew, not even her best friend Paula. And as

far as Ellen was concerned, it would be best if it stayed that way, at least for a few more years. Maybe until she was out of high school and living on her own. Then she could come out of the closet, maybe meet a girl and fall in love. Move to San Francisco or Greenwich Village and write poems while her lover worked in construction.

The problem with that plan, though, was that, until then, Ellen would have to live with being lonely and without love. The thought made her sad, and mad at the world, but what could she do?

'I could masturbate,' she thought. 'That might make me feel a little better. Good idea, Ellen.'

She turned from her mirror and sat on the end of her bed. She took her shoes and socks off, then stood up and removed her blouse, then her jeans and her panties. Once she was naked she went back to her mirror, looked at her nude body for a few moments, said, "Yeah, you're hot," then lay down on her bed.

Ellen got herself comfortable, with her head on her pillow, then closed her eyes and began to caress herself as she imagined making out with another girl. Specifically, her best friend Paula.

Paula was gorgeous. She had long fine dark hair, small green eyes, and the cutest little baby nose (on Paula it looked cute). Plus, she had a killer bod, much nicer than Ellen's, and she had the most perfectly round boobs Ellen had ever seen. Ellen imagined kissing Paula's mouth as she took those perfect boobs in her hands and squeezed them gently, played with her nipples, slid her hand down Paula's smooth tummy to her pubic hair. Touched her and rubbed her there. Made her moan with pleasure.

But not make her come. That would, well, come later. After Ellen had sucked on Paula's nipples, and licked her pussy. Like a mad girl.

'God,' Ellen thought, 'I would SO love to lick Paula's pussy. Just do the heck out of her with my mouth and tongue and fingers. I would be so good at it that she'd totally fall in love with me.'

All the while that Ellen had been thinking these things, she'd been touching her own boobs, pinching her own nipples, and rubbing her own pussy with her fingers, and it felt good. But now, as she thought about Paula falling in love with her, holding her and kissing her passionately and whispering 'I Love You,' the feelings inside of her grew stronger. The heat and pressure built, and within moments she felt her orgasm washing through her like a warm loving wave.

In the afterglow Ellen opened her eyes, stared up at the ceiling, and thought about what she'd just done. It was totally nuts, of course. Not the masturbating, she did that all the time, but the fantasy. The whole falling in love thing. Paula was totally straight, she could

never love Ellen the way she wanted to be loved.

'Besides,' Ellen thought to herself, 'who said I wanted to fall in love anyway? That's just asking for trouble.'

What Ellen really needed, she thought, was nothing more than some hot satisfying sex. Someone to give her pussy a good energetic munching. She'd never had anyone do that to her before, nor had she done it to anyone else. But how could she do those things without anybody finding out?

Elizabeth thought about it for a while, and eventually the idea came to her; if she couldn't do it with someone else, maybe...she could do it to herself? Was that even possible?

'Don't know why not,' she thought. 'I can suck my own nipples, so why not lick my own pussy? Just call it 'Do It Yourself Love''

She realized, though, that it might take some acrobatics. Fortunately, she was a pretty flexible girl, thanks to all those gymnastics classes she'd taken when she was younger.

Ellen thought a minute, curled her body up, wrapping her arms around her legs and resting her knees on each side of her head. Now her pussy was less than a foot away from her face. She couldn't lift her head, so she had to curl herself up some more, almost into a ball. Now her pubic hair was tickling her nose. Elizabeth strained a little more, and finally she managed to touch her lips to her pussy.

She noticed the smell first, which was a combination of the herbal douche she used and what had to be her own natural scent. It didn't smell particularly sexy, but she had to admit that there was something very attractive about it. She imagined this was what Paula's pussy must smell like.

Elizabeth took a deep breath (as best she could; it wasn't easy when you were curled up into a ball), then closed her eyes and pressed her lips more firmly against her pussy. She opened her mouth, brought out her tongue, and gave herself a tentative lick.

'Hmm,' she thought to herself. 'A little musky, but not bad.'

She licked herself again, two or three times, then wormed her tongue in between the lips of her pussy. She pushed it in and out of herself, then did some more licking, and as she did so she could feel a slight heat of sexual pleasure growing inside of her.

Elizabeth continued to lick herself, quickening the movements of her lips and tongue. She slid one hand around and over her butt and stuck a finger into her pussy. She began to fuck herself with it as she licked and sucked on her own clit, and the pleasure within her grew and grew, hot, then white hot. Finally, it burst inside of her, causing her to tremble and moan into her own pussy hair.

As soon as it was over Elizabeth uncurled her body and lay prone on her bed, naked and sweaty, and very, very pleased with herself. Even amazed. After all, how many people could say that they could give AND received oral sex at the same time, with nobody else around?

She briefly wondered if girls like Shannen Miller and Sasha Cohen did stuff like that. Probably. They were certainly limber enough.

Then she wondered if Paula could do it too.

'Paula,' she thought. She could see her friend's beautiful face in her mind, her lovely green eyes, her shy sweet smile. Her perfect boobs. Maybe she could show Paula how to do it? Now that would definitely be something fun to do.

After some consideration, though, Elizabeth nixed the idea. Like love, it would just lead to trouble. And who needs love when you can do it yourself?

End

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