

Brianna

A Virgin Lesbian Sex Tale

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Brianna

Stacie didn't think she could resist much longer. As she let Brianna into her house, she watched her best friend with barely concealed lust. Brianna's bright blue eyes and long brown hair enticed her, and Stacie found herself fantasizing about kissing her. She wanted to see her round breasts, touch them, lick them, and do whatever she could to them. She wasn't even sure exactly what she would do with her body, she just knew that a lesbian attraction had gotten into her head and she couldn't get it out. She had never even looked at a girl that way before she accidentally walked in on her little sister.

Stacie was older than her sister by two years. Her sister was a freshman in college, and Stacie still thought of her as little, despite her recent full tits and gorgeous body that had the guys always harassing their house during the summer. She always wondered why she never saw the guys with her sister... and then she walked in on her and her blonde petite friend.

Stacie had seen the two of them naked and sweaty. The blonde girl was up against the headboard, legs back by her head, and her little sister's long tongue snaked in and out of the shaven pussy in front of her like some lurid scene from the lesbian porn Stacie's boyfriend had always tried to get her to watch. She immediately walked out, and she still didn't know if they had seen her.

At first, Stacie felt horrible, disgusted, and surprised. She was dazed for nearly a week. Her little sister, someone she'd always thought of as a little version of her, was a lesbian! She couldn't believe it. She started wondering what someone with her body was doing with other girls. The image of that wet, glistening pussy with that long tongue sliding up and down it kept coming back to her. It was strangely and subversively

attractive... but she was straight, so she tried to put it out of her head. The thing is, she had thought her sister was straight, too.

She kept thinking more and more about what she had seen. Each day, her sister and her 'friend' would disappear at random points throughout the day, and their parents were totally oblivious. Were they running off to have sex? It really started to get under Stacie's skin. She was the only one that knew passionate lesbian sex was secretly happening in her house, and it made her feel a little crazy.

She started looking up random myths and rumors she had heard about lesbians on the internet, trying to figure out what her little sister saw in girls. She was surprised to read that lesbians really could have sex all night, and it made her kind of dissatisfied with her boyfriend's race to the finish line in their five minute sex sessions. She started looking at the other girls around her, seeing potential and a secret sexual side in them. Really attractive girls started to catch her eye, even though she'd never noticed them before. It made her embarrassed, and she hid it the best she could.

Then, her best friend Brianna came back from college for the summer. Brianna's school got out late, so Stacie had been waiting for her to get back. Brianna looked amazing, and was strangely flirty and happy to see her. She seemed different. Stacie wondered what she might have experienced while she was away. She wondered -- had the friend she'd known most of her life had sex with another girl!?

Stacie wondered what it was like. Did they get drunk in her room? Who seduced who? She started imagining those bright blue eyes and that long brown hair between a girl's tan, toned legs, her tongue guiding her through an intensely sexual experience for hours on hours. The more she fantasized about it, the more convinced she became that Brianna had sex with a girl. It's what girls do at college, right? Half of Stacie's friends had done it, and she had never understood why before.

The more she fantasized about Brianna licking a girl, the hornier she became. She was at the point where she was fantasizing about Brianna between her own legs... she couldn't forget that powerful erotic image of her sister licking that girl's glistening sex. It made her ache to taste a girl. She'd never experienced anything like it, and she was growing desperate in imagining that the taste on her own fingers was actually another girl's. Sometimes, the urge was so powerful Stacie was afraid she might proposition her own sister.

She had to do something.

"Are you staring at my boobs?" Brianna asked with a laugh.

"No, no!" Stacie said, jumping out of her thoughts. "I was just... thinking."

Brianna lifted the grocery bag, put it on the kitchen counter, and pulled out a bottle of wine. Stacie looked at it in shock, barely hiding her excitement.

"What's this?" she asked, trying to sound casually interested.

"This'll make the movie much more enjoyable," Brianna said with a smile. "I can't pay attention to anything longer than ten minutes without some alcohol."

"Hah, me neither," Stacie agreed. Secretly, she was excited as hell. Was Brianna going to make a move on her? She pulled out the movie, and was disappointed to see that it was a good movie... which meant they'd actually watch it.

The two girls made dinner for the next twenty minutes, and Brianna continually seemed to touch her on the elbow or side or shoulder while smiling and doing her part of the cooking. Brianna was way more energetic than Stacie remembered, and they laughed

and got along amazingly well. It really seemed like her best friend was flirting with her, and it became harder and harder for her to concentrate. By the time they took the plates to the table in the living room, Stacie felt like she might just explode. Brianna put in the movie and started it, sitting really close to her on the couch.

While the credits rolled, she touched Stacie's hair.

"I really like how you have your hair now," the brunette told her, and Stacie felt like her smile lasted a little too long. Did her gaze linger on her mouth, or was she just imagining things?

"Thanks," Stacie managed to force out.

Brianna let go of her hair and turned to watch the movie. Stacie took several nervous sips of her wine. She was only a few inches away, and her body heat was intoxicating.

"Trying to beat me?" Brianna asked, looking at her friend's almost-empty wine glass. She gulped her wine down in one breath and refilled both glasses. "I haven't lost all year!"

Stacie laughed, and a little bit of her nervousness faded. Brianna really had to be trying to seduce her, right? She started imagining all sorts of sexual things they might do later, and the fact that they were such close friends would only add to the intimacy. What would Brianna say if she knew all the insane lesbian fantasies she was having right now?

Stacie kept sneaking glances at her best friend while they watched the movie. She made sure to drink as quick as she could, because Brianna refused to drink less than her. The brunette made a flirty game out of it, laughing and leaning against her whenever Stacie tried to out-drink her. In no time at all, the entire bottle was gone.

Brianna wasted no opportunity to lean against her or hold her while they laughed at every comment either of them made. The movie provided a constant source of things for Stacie to nitpick at and make jokes about. She was glad they had the movie, because she would have been totally silent from nervousness otherwise. Every time Brianna leaned against her, her bright blue eyes or cute smile or long brown hair caught her full attention and left her speechless for a moment.

Stacie wondered if she should make the first move, or if Brianna was going to. There was no way she wasn't trying to seduce her, right? Brianna moved a little bit closer, a little off-balance from the wine.

"So how's the boyfriend?" she asked with a dramatic flourish. She and Stacie's boyfriend had never gotten along. He was kind of a dick.

"Oh, we broke up a week or two ago..." Stacie told her, not telling her that she dumped him because she couldn't stop thinking about girls... or her.

"That's too bad," Brianna replied, leaning her chin on Stacie's shoulder, her wine-scented breath sliding warmly across the girl's cheek. Stacie bit her own lip. Brianna's closeness made her freeze. She stared at her best friend's full lips, wondering if she should turn and kiss her.

Before she could work up the courage, Brianna moved back to sitting against the couch and began watching the movie again. The shock of what she almost did made Stacie shaky and nervous. She found herself repeatedly looking over and staring at her friend's breasts, which were obvious and attractive under her tight shirt. She couldn't believe what she was thinking.

The risk was huge, but the possibility of what could happen between them was amazing. Stacie thought about how much fun they could have. It would be like

combining her friend and her boyfriend into one person, without the dick -- literally. She knew Brianna would treat her great, and, even better, they could run around having sex any time they wanted just like her little sister and her girlfriend... that word, girlfriend, really got under Stacie's skin. She couldn't believe she was thinking it, but it made so much sense. She wanted Brianna as her... girlfriend!

She watched her friend's pouting lips and bright blue eyes. How in the world could she bring this up to her? What if Brianna shot her down? She would be single and friendless. Stacie always missed her when she was gone... she really didn't want to lose her as a friend.

She sat in indecision so long, the movie ended. When she looked over, Brianna was asleep against the armrest of the couch. She should have expected that, considering how much wine they drank. She felt stupid. What was she thinking?

Of course Brianna wasn't trying to seduce her. Stacie sat down next to her on the couch and stroked her long brown hair. She stared at her friend's beautiful face, and something important occurred to her. She'd already lost her friendship with Brianna. She couldn't enjoy their friendship if she was exploding with crazy thoughts every time the girl was around.

Stacie's heart pounded as she realized she was actually going to do it this time. She was scared, but weirdly relieved. She put her hand on the sleeping girl's abdomen and shook her gently. When she began to shift, indicating that she was half awake, Stacie steeled herself. The choice was explode or do it, and she chose to do it. She leaned forward and kissed her best friend's pouting lips.

The kiss was light, as Stacie wasn't sure how she would react. Without opening her eyes, Brianna slid an arm around the back of Stacie's neck and pulled her in closer, kissing her back. They kissed a few times, and all the worry went out of Stacie when Brianna laid her head back, opened her bright blue eyes, and smiled at her.

They moved together again, and Stacie slid her tongue against her best friend's, reveling in the soft, different feel of her mouth. It felt that much better because it was her best friend. She could almost feel what she felt, and Stacie knew she wanted this as much as she did.

Their intensity increased, and Brianna pushed her back up until they were both sitting. Their tongues circled each other. Stacie had never enjoyed a kiss so much. Her best friend's lips were so soft, her warmth so intimate, it made her want to melt. Brianna slid her hands under Stacie's shirt, feeling her tummy and back and sides, seeming to love every inch that she touched.

A slight wave of dizziness passed through her as Brianna's wandering hands found the base of Stacie's bra. It hit her -- a girl, her best friend, was about to touch her sexually! Her soft hands elicited pleasure from Stacie's breasts as her fingers pressed under her bra. Brianna kneaded her skin and brushed her nipples, and Stacie shuddered. Her hands slid back down, and Brianna put her forehead against Stacie's for a moment, flashing her a very excited smile.

Stacie took the opportunity to kiss across her cheek and down to her soft, inviting neck. She put her hands on Brianna's sides for the first time, sliding her shirt up to get her hands against her skin. Her heart pounded with excitement. All her nervousness was gone, replaced by fantastic anticipation of the things she would get to do with her.

Stacie lifted Brianna's shirt up further, and moved down to kiss her soft tummy. Looking up, she saw her best friend's bright blue eyes watching her with a smile. Something about the way her brown hair framed her face made her seem intensely beautiful.

She slipped her fingers underneath Brianna's bra, feeling the bases of both of her gorgeous tits at the same time. She shuddered in disbelief and excitement. She'd been staring at her best friend's body all night, and she couldn't believe she was actually getting to touch it.

Stacie squeezed her tits and rubbed them, the feel of her nipples shocking her in an inexplicable way. She just kept thinking about how she was feeling up a girl... she was feeling up Brianna! She would have freaked out if not for her friend's content smile and excited eyes that told her that it was all okay.

Brianna reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, freeing Stacie's hands to really explore her tits. She massaged the nipples under her fingers, enjoying the way they responded to her touch. The warmth of her skin was sensual and new. She let her hands wander, drinking in every sensation. After a few minutes, she wanted more.

In a daze, Stacie lifted her friend's shirt off, and returned back to the sight of full, gorgeous tits awaiting her. She leaned down and kissed those sensitive nipples, first the left, then the right. Brianna jumped a tiny bit when Stacie first licked her right nipple. She continued to suck on it, loving the feel of a girl's breast against her lips.

Stacie explored her friend's breasts for several minutes, sucking, kissing, and licking every bit of them. She took in every sensation she could, lost in how wrong it was and how right it felt all at the same time.

She felt hands tugging at her shirt, and she slid it over her head before removing her bra. Brianna's eyes widened as she saw Stacie's breasts for the first time. She sat up, put her arms around Stacie, and hungrily devoured her left nipple. Stacie arched her back, making her breasts stick out so her friend could get her mouth on them at a better angle.

Stacie ran her hands down Brianna's soft back as the brunette licked the undersides of her breasts, and she marveled at how soft the skin of a girl's shoulders felt. She felt overwhelmed by her best friend's beauty... and she loved that Brianna was just as attracted to her. Stacie could feel it by the way the brunette tried to get every sensation she could out of loving her body, as if she had wanted this for quite awhile.

When one of Brianna's hands tugged at her belt, Stacie suddenly become aware of a whole new level to their passion that they hadn't broached yet. Her legs and crotch seemed hot, sweaty, and constrained by her jeans. She really wanted them off, but that would mean... she'd be in her panties, basically naked... and then Brianna would take off her pants, too... and then...

Stacie scooted back, getting off of her friend's lap to sit against the arm of the couch. She gulped, not sure what she should do. Brianna leaned forward and kissed each breast once, and then her tummy. She looked up at Stacie expectantly, hovering near her tummy, but not too close.

All those fantasies suddenly came back to her, of Brianna's face between a girl's legs, and then between her legs. Stacie remembered a dozen crazy masturbation sessions to that image, and being hornier than she'd ever been before. Brianna's smile sealed the deal.

Stacie was afraid, but she also knew more than anything: she wanted this. She wanted Brianna. Her whole body suddenly seemed to turn to painful solid rock. The only

thing she could move was her hand, which floated down to her belt. She undid the clasp, and then flopped her hand to her side, all her bravery spent. She closed her eyes, totally overwhelmed with nervousness. She could sense that her whole world was about to change.

She felt a soft circle of moisture touch her belly button -- Brianna's lips. She felt the soft moisture again, a little lower. Warm fingers fumbled at the button of her jeans, and then unzipped them.

A tiny rush of air cooled her heated crotch. Those warm fingers tugged at the edges of her jeans, pulling at them, sliding them down, and navigating them around her knees. She curled her legs to help the jeans pass, and, with an anti-climactic suddenness, they were gone. All Stacie felt was the cool air on her crotch, her uncomfortably sweaty panties, the dull fabric of the couch against her legs, and the socks on her feet.

She tensed for a few terrifying moments. Where was Brianna? What was she thinking? Stacie was desperate to know, but she couldn't open her eyes.

She jumped when she felt soft hands on her thighs. They gently pushed outward, and it took all of Stacie's energy to move her legs apart. She kept telling herself that it was Brianna, that her best friend would never hurt her. The thought kept her from freaking when she felt a feminine hand touch her panties for the first time.

That hand stilled for a few moments, and Stacie wondered whose benefit it was for. Was Brianna letting her get used to how it felt to have a girl's hand there? Or was she letting the weight of the moment sink in?

Stacie wondered if she was wrong about Brianna having sex with a girl this year. Was this her first time with a girl, too? The thought suddenly made her feel very close to Brianna, even more than she did a moment ago. This wasn't just sex for her, either. It was about the two of them... Stacie could feel her best friend's hand shaking with nervousness.

With her eyes still closed, Stacie laid her hand on top of her best friend's, guiding her palm up and down her panties, showing her that it was alright, that she wanted this, too. Brianna's hand achieved a gentle rubbing motion and Stacie let go, focusing on how it felt to have a girl touch her there. Her touch was soft, but firm, and Stacie felt herself starting to get excited. The scent of her own crotch reached her. This was more turned on than she had ever been...

... until she felt those warm fingers slow, and then curl under the edge of her panties. They slid down her thighs, then around her knees, following her jeans to parts unknown.

Stacie leaned back, her eyes still closed. Those hands returned to her thighs, and this time, she didn't hesitate to open her legs. The scent of sweat and musk reached her again, stronger. She heard an intake of breath below her. Was Brianna smelling her? The thought excited her for some reason. Another few tense moments passed, and then...

A wet silk firmness touched the skin right above her sex. Her body jumped. The moist amazing feeling slid down, caressing her lower lips for the first time. Stacie's mind reeled as the fact hit home that it was a girl's tongue, her best friend's even -- Brianna was licking her pussy!

Her eyes stayed shut as the wet firmness explored her, first high, then low. Her scent grew stronger, while random jabs of pleasure shot through her from where the silk muscle caressed her sensitive sex. When the moist firmness suddenly grew, flattened, and

slid from the bottom of her lips to the top, Stacie almost lost it and screamed. It felt so damn wonderful!

The more it went on, the more she lost herself in the feeling and forgot her nervousness. Her mind found those fantasies of Brianna between her legs, and another tiny wave of dizziness passed through her head as she realized that it was actually happening. With her eyes closed, this felt safe and private, like masturbating. If she opened her eyes and realized her fantasy, she'd have to face the fact that her best friend was licking her pussy.

All the fun they'd had together over the years came back to her, as well as memories of how wonderful and caring Brianna was. Stacie wondered, did she have a crush on Brianna before without realizing it? Did Brianna have feelings for her before, and she just hadn't noticed? When Stacie realized again that Brianna would never, ever hurt her, she finally opened her eyes and look downed at her best friend.

To Stacie's surprise, those gorgeous bright blue eyes were locked on her. As she licked pussy for the first time, Brianna had been watching the visible sensations rolling through her friend's face. When the brunette saw that Stacie had finally opened her eyes and looked at her, a happy smile grew in her expression.

Brianna's tongue snaked in and out of the sex beneath her lips, reminding Stacie of what she saw her sister doing. She was starting to understand what her sister liked about girls. Framed by her tussled hair, Brianna's face looked absolutely stunning between her legs. It was a thousand times more powerful than her fantasy image.

Stacie could finally match the sensations she felt to her friend's tongue. Brianna started a consistent rhythm of licking up and down against her clit. Combined with the erotic image of her best friend between her legs, the pleasure in Stacie swelled beyond control. The thought that her best friend was bringing her to orgasm was almost too much.

Her lower body twitched, and then her abdomen tightened, her hands clenched, and the skin on her face tingled. The sublime pleasure of orgasm seemed deeper, softer, and more feminine than any she'd ever had. She forgot everything else and concentrated on the wonderful feeling. The tingling and pleasure and twitching kept rolling through her, and Brianna kept licking, watching a girl orgasm under her tongue for a good two minutes. Stacie fought to keep it going, not wanting to let the wonderful feeling go, but it finally subsided.

She lay still for a few moments, restoring her sense of self and incorporating her wild new experience. Brianna's bright blue eyes were locked on her friend's face as her mouth and chin glistened. Stacie realize that she was waiting for her reaction, to see how she felt about what they'd done.

Stacie gave her best friend a satisfied smile, and she could see the brunette relax. She was so beautiful... Stacie knew this couldn't be wrong. She touched her friend's face and pulled her close, tasting herself faintly on those soft lips and that firm tongue. The faint musk on Brianna's lips made her realize that there was more she could do with her that she hadn't fantasized about... but she definitely wanted to experience it.

She pushed Brianna back, bringing the girl to a sitting position on the couch, with her feet down on the carpet. Stacie got on her knees to put herself at a good height and angle, and she slid off her friend's jeans as they traded expressions of excitement, happiness, and nervousness.

Stacie tugged Brianna's jeans over her bare feet, and briefly wondered when the brunette had taken her socks off. She realized that she herself was completely naked except for her own socks, and struggled to slide them off with her toes. When she finally got them off, she looked up to see Brianna suppressing a humored grin at her sock troubles. Stacie shrugged and smiled in response.

Her hands came to rest on the girl's lower thighs, and she found the soft heat of her skin enticing. The scent of her friend's arousal filled the air and the messy wetness between her legs made her feel extremely sexual - spurred on by the knowledge that Brianna's full, gorgeous lips were just down there bringing her to orgasm. The sexuality of their situation brushed aside her nervousness without effort.

Still keeping eye contact with her, Stacie kissed her tummy and down her legs as she slid the brunette's panties off. She saw the anticipation rise in her eyes and the tensing of her body. She slid her panties around her ankles and threw them aside, returning all the way up to her excited smile.

They kissed again, deeper and more passionate than before. Stacie kept her hands on the silken skin beneath her, listening to her excited breathing and kissing her cheeks and forehead until she felt Brianna relax. On that cue, she started kissing down her body, taking extra time at her nipples, still drinking in the new sensations of making love to a girl. She continued down across her flat tummy, kissing her smooth skin until she got to the small patch of hair just above her sex.

Stacie looked up at her friend's eyes again, and her returned smile erased any hesitation she might have had. Grinning, Stacie thrust her friend's legs apart. Brianna bit her lip, excited. Stacie lowered her head and broke eye contact to come face to face with another girl's pussy for the first time. Not just any girl's, either -- Brianna's! It just felt so right...

Her sex was literally soaked, and the moisture of her excitement glistened. Stacie could finally smell her. The sweet scent was intoxicating. She could tell that Brianna was turned on as hell. She could even see her friend's clit, desperately wanting to be stimulated. She reached out a finger, touching another girl for the first time. She avoided her clit, not wanting to touch it with a dry finger.

Stacie slid her finger across those glistening lips, and pried them apart to look at her gorgeous sex. She looked up and licked her lips, and Brianna grinned in response. She kissed to each side, and then... finally... kissed Brianna's pussy.

The first kiss, the first lick, and the first gentle suck of her delicious folds would be on her mind forever. She licked from bottom to top like Brianna had done to her, reveling in the taste and wetness and silken sensation. Best of all, she got to watch her beautiful feminine body react to every motion. She let her tongue rove for several minutes, exploring every fold.

Her thoughts raced in time with the pounding of her heart as she realized she was loving licking pussy. She locked eyes with Brianna again, conveying her realization with her excited expression - and something sparked between them.

"Use a finger, too," Brianna breathed, the first words either of them had spoken. It didn't shock Stacie at all -- in fact, the words slid effortlessly out of the spark that had just happened between them. A little energy and excitement injected into her. They both wanted this. Why be shy about it?

Stacie licked the top of her pussy, sliding her tongue in circles around her clit while she explored the bottom with her finger. Brianna closed her eyes and moaned, encouraging her. Stacie licked and kissed her clit, but it was growing hard to concentrate with the ache between her own legs. She found licking her friend so erotic that she couldn't help but get turned on again.

"Come here," she told the brunette, moving backward onto the open carpet. Brianna immediately obliged.

"Lay next to me," Stacie guided her. The girl laid next to her on the floor, her pussy close to Stacie's face. A leg arched over her head, and Stacie arched her own legs as she felt exploring hands gently probing her sex.

"Want me to try fingers on you?" Brianna asked, hopeful.

"Yeah," Stacie replied, her body arching instinctively to the slow penetration of those wet fingers. Did Brianna lick them first, or was she just that soaked down there? Probably both, she realized. Brianna would know to wet her fingers, because she was a girl! The thought kept hitting her and exciting her even more. She turned her attention to the pussy near her face.

"You want fingers, too? Or both?" Stacie asked, kissing each of her lips. She gave a long lick just as her friend responded.

"B- ah, both, that feels good," Brianna stammered, her warm breath running over Stacie's sex. The two girls slid a little closer, and their tits pressed into each other's tummies. Stacie moved around a little to get a good angle at her inviting pussy. She was well aware that Brianna had made her orgasm and she hadn't returned the favor yet -- she really, really wanted to feel her come, wanted to feel how her smooth body would press up against hers, and how the walls of her vagina would clench around her fingers.

Stacie put two fingers in her mouth, still tasting her friend on her index finger, and then slid them into the pussy in front of her. She was very tight at first. She felt Brianna wince, and then relax.

She started fingering her, kissing her clit as she did. Strangely, it felt like she was doing it to herself somehow, because Brianna matched her movements. Pleasure jabbed through her own pussy as if in response to her fingers. Sex with a girl was amazing, she realized, but it was even better that it was her best friend. She felt comfortable telling her what she wanted.

"Can you suck on my lips as you finger me? I really love that," Stacie said in between pressing her lips against the clit in front of her. She felt a soft vacuum against her flesh near Brianna's caressing fingers, and pleasure rolled through her. Brianna's legs moved a little bit.

"Here, rest your head on my leg," Brianna told her, her voice coming from near the wonderful sensations. Stacie moved her butt to let her friend rest her head as well. From their new position, Stacie held her arm up in the air to get a good angle with her fingers and licked the bottom of her friend's pussy. She felt Brianna suck on her lips while her fingers rubbed the whole top of Stacie's pussy, keeping a gentle pressure on her clit.

The pleasure kept hitting her from every direction, much better and more intense than any sex she'd ever had. The more she felt, the faster she slid her tongue up and down against her best friend's pussy, her head resting on Brianna's smooth inner thigh. She curled two fingers into her, sliding them in and out as her whole hand rubbed her clit. She

felt completely tuned in to her best friend's sex and the sensations that she was causing in her. She absolutely loved it.

"Harder," Brianna moaned, and Stacie increased her pace. She felt her own orgasm building, even as the brunette rubbed and licked her harder, too. Stacie felt her twitch, and she almost burst with excitement. An intensely erotic idea occurred to her as they neared their mutual orgasm. She kept rubbing, but moved her hand down a little to give room for her mouth. She slid her tongue into her best friend as far as it would go, her intensely sweet flavor sending her over the edge even as her penetration caused Brianna to moan and start writhing in pleasure.

Stacie slid her tongue back and forth inside her friend's pussy and continued to rub her fingers against her clit. Brianna's fingers and tongue continued their magic inside her even as they both reached orgasm. Their bodies convulsed against each other, and Brianna's soft breasts pressed into Stacie's tummy. The brunette's legs tightened around her head, but Stacie kept tonguing her. She felt her friend's soft walls clenching against her tongue. Her own orgasm washed over her, driven by the wonderful sensation of her tongue in a girl's pussy as she came.

Their bodies relaxed, and Stacie heard a deeply satisfied sigh. For a few long moments, they just breathed, thinking about what they just did. Then, they sat up. They held each other close, sharing a huge smile.

"Brianna, that was honestly amazing," Stacie told her, unafraid.

The brunette nodded, and brushed her tussled hair out of her face.

"Are you kidding?" she said, grinning. "Amazing isn't even the half of it!"

She laid a hand on Stacie's.

"Was that your first... with a girl?" Stacie asked her.

Brianna nodded, sneaking a glance at the breasts hanging in front of her.

"What changed?" Stacie asked. "Why now, all of a sudden?"

"Nothing changed," she responded, and kissed her friend's shoulder. "You're the one who kissed me, remember?"

Stacie bit her friend's ear gently.

"I could swear you were trying to seduce me," she told the brunette. "The flirtiness, the wine, a movie with just us..."

"Hah," Brianna laughed. "I've done that with you a hundred times. I thought it would never happen! You're the one that changed; something finally made you do it."

Stacie kissed her cheek, laughing.

"You've been trying to bag me all these years?" she asked. "Was I that blind? I never noticed you checking out girls!"

Brianna shook her head.

"I can't explain it," she replied, her voice dropping to a whisper. "It's not 'girls.' It's... just you."

Stacie froze for a moment, and Brianna watched her in fear. Stacie thought about all the incredible times she had with her best friend, and how this all made perfect sense. She looked over her friend's gorgeous feminine body, her smooth skin, her round breasts, her glistening sex, her lithe legs, and her unbelievably attractive eyes. Yeah, she decided, she could get used to this.

"Good," Stacie told her best friend, kissing her. When their kiss ended, Brianna's face exuded happiness. Stacie recalled those articles she looked up about girls having sex all night long, and a mischievous spirit overtook her.

"Come on, we've got the house to ourselves for another two days," she told her best friend. "Let's go upstairs."

Still naked, Stacie grabbed her hand and led her best friend and new girlfriend to her bedroom. As she closed the door and turned to see Brianna lying on her bed, gorgeous, sexually charged, and inviting her in, she made a mental note: she really had to remember to thank her sister.

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