



SARAH'S GIRLFRIEND

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Sarah's Girlfriend

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Chapter One

Sarah came home from her date vaguely dissatisfied. Somewhere beneath the pit of her belly pulsed a primal hunger she could not quite name aloud yet nevertheless could not ignore.

Doug had seemed like a nice enough guy when she first chatted with him in class a couple of months ago. They had talked a little now and then before the history class they had together, and by the end of the semester when he finally asked, she had agreed to go out with him. They set the date for after finals week.

Tonight, however, had been a terrible letdown. They went out dancing, and though her body had thrilled instinctively to the feel of his arms about her and the comfortable pressure of his firm male chest against her big breasts, he was no Mr. Right. His small talk was shallower than she remembered, and after he had sucked down a couple of beers in the smoky darkness, he got downright tiresome. His voice grew ever so slightly slurred, and on a slow dance his hands slid down her waist and her hips, reaching farther, toward the supple flesh of the buttocks beneath her skirt—until, frowning, she had squirmed away and headed back to the table. Even finishing their chips and salsa together was a chore.

Sarah was no prude, but being groped by a sloshed frat-boy was an immediate turn-off. College was a meat market to many, it seemed, and Sarah had discovered long ago that it was hard to find someone likeable. Fortunately, she wasn't one of those insecure girls who brooded about the ticking clock and thus looked purposefully for a mate, hoping at each date that some storybook romance would begin. It might not hurt, she had to admit to herself, to stumble upon some compatible person one of these years. Yet it would be nice, too, at least, not to end up going out with a jerk, which she regarded as something of an emotional net loss.

Standing before the door of her apartment, Sarah wondered if her sly, often smirkingly superior roommate, Nikki, was watching through the peephole. Sometimes she did, and when Sarah came in, then Nikki—who was one year older than Sarah, yet infinitely more cynical and world-weary—would not hesitate to pronounce judgment upon her younger roommate’s date. The dark-haired, somewhat enigmatic girl was quite perceptive, and usually she was right. On occasion, though, the sultry brunette could get quite sarcastic about it, even cutting. Sarah sighed. She didn’t relish tonight’s I-told-you-so.

Doug bent to kiss her goodnight, and, wincing, Sarah turned so that his sloppy lips landed on her cheek. He drew back for another try, but she wriggled out of his grasp.

“Thanks,” she muttered. “Goodnight.” Wiping her cheek, she pulled out her keys and turned immediately to the lock.

“See you later,” her date said, pronouncing his words with the exaggerated care of inebriation. Swaying, he gave a jaunty salute.

“Goodnight,” she repeated glumly, and slipped inside—and bumped into Nikki, suddenly resilient breast to breast.

One dark eyebrow arched, the other girl stepped lightly aside so that Sarah could slip in. “Was I right?” she wondered smugly.

Sarah snorted. “A jerk,” she agreed.

“Well,” Nikki shrugged, sable hair bouncing about her shoulders, “I hoped I was wrong.”

Sarah blinked. Why, what a strange thing for that girl to say! The slender brunette could be so critical, after all, of the men Sarah dated. Was the girl perhaps softening in her outlook?

“I suppose I wouldn’t have minded,” continued Nikki mischievously, “if you had hit it off and been able to put on a nice little show for me...” She angled her head toward the peephole.

“You’re terrible!” Sarah laughed.

“Hey, I’m not saying you should be moaning on the floor with your skirt up around your waist,” Nikki shrugged. She considered it slyly, her long-lashed eyes half-lidded. “Come to think of it, I guess I wouldn’t be able to see that too well from the peephole anyway—”

“Nikki!” Sarah gasped. Despite herself, though, she squirmed pleasantly inside. The idea—ridiculous and yet impossibly naughty—was exciting enough in itself. Such exhibitionistic fantasies were no strangers to Sarah, though certainly she never had discussed them with Nikki.

The thought of lying there in the hallway, exposed and unashamed, her naked thighs splayed as some handsome male specimen possessed and pleased her joyous flesh was secretly thrilling to the seemingly reserved blonde, after all. How she would writhe, clutching the rippling mounds of her own bosom as his turgid flesh filled the wet grasping pink of her plump-lipped pussy! On and on she would gasp, happily, until his face convulsed in joy and his back arched and, as she watched him through slitted eyes, the striving male beast at last filled the indulgent spongy pit of her calmly receptive womb with spurt after spurt of the fluids of his helpless lusts. Ah, the dirty forthrightness of the repeated penetration, thick and juicy and squelching!

Yet the thought that someone else might spy upon her in her sweaty copulation—especially her wicked roommate—was perhaps just as titillating, and the fact Nikki would speak the notion aloud now gave it an even more sweetly forbidden thrill. What would it be like, she wondered, to be gazed at as one lay in the throes of passion, helpless and beautiful with joy? Would it make her want to play with her nipples more urgently, both for her own dirty pleasures and, perhaps, for the pleasure of the viewer? And, her mind continued on naughtily, would such shameless behavior make the watcher want to play with herself as well?

Yes, many, many were the pleasantly perverse notions to which the secretly sensual blonde had masturbated over the years, guilty and yet helpless to resist the needs of her poor

easily excitable flesh, but she had always believed that most other girls did not do that dirty thing nearly as much as she herself did. Oh, everyone must do it sometimes, Sarah told herself. Occasionally she shivered with the joy of that peculiarly arousing knowledge, perhaps biting her lip as she imagined what this female friend or some attractive saleslady at the mall or a certain pretty girl on the street must look like when she pleased herself in private. Now and then the poor imaginative blonde spent a lot of time imagining it, really. Sarah was pretty sure, though, that few others had gotten into the habit quite as desperately as she had. And the thought that somehow her own behavior would make some good-girl go bad, luring the innocent thing into masturbating herself into a beautifully gasping frenzy— Oh, that was a wondrous, forbidden thought!

Sarah shivered. “You’re terrible,” she repeated a little uneasily.

“No,” Nikki assured her, “something soft-core and tasteful is all the innocent, voyeuristic thrill I ask. A goodnight kiss with a little tongue, and that dreamy look you put on—more for my viewing pleasure than the occasion warrants, I suspect—”

Flushing quickly, Sarah opened her mouth to protest.

“Don’t think I mind,” Nikki hastened on imperturbably. “Nature always benefits from a dash of art. Why, otherwise you wouldn’t wear makeup. Or,” she added with a roguish wag of her eyebrows as she flipped the backs of her elegant white fingers in a playful gesture toward Sarah’s prominent bust, “a bra.”

Sarah blinked a little self-consciously. “Sorry to disappoint you tonight,” she said at last, wryly. She toed off her high heels and kicked them disgustedly into the maze of the remaining unopened boxes still cluttering the closet. Such pretty shoes, she thought, wasted on a night like that! Still the thought of the exquisite exhibitionism her roommate had joked about made her quiver strangely inside.

Yesterday Sarah and Nikki had moved out of the dorm for the summer and into an off-campus apartment. Sarah had

come to enjoy the older girl's company greatly in her first two years at college—the experienced brunette was hard to read sometimes, yet she was simply such a sly-eyed, amusingly sardonic joy to have around, too. Rather than moving back to their respective homes in June, they had decided to stay near campus. Sarah originally had planned on returning to her parents' house over the summer, as she had between her freshman and sophomore years, but finally Nikki had convinced her to stay in the city. This way they would not save as much money for the next year of school—but the freedom and experience of being on their own in a college town, both girls decided, would be worth the trade-off. Even Sarah's parents at last had agreed.

Laboriously the two had stripped their old dorm room and loaded Sarah's car with all of their possessions—their laptops, Nikki's well-worn printer that clacked and whirred, Sarah's easy chair, the second-hand TV they had purchased together last year, suitcases stuffed with clothes, crates of CDs, posters, lamps, throw rugs, knickknacks. They had spent a long, sweaty day moving everything into their new place, arranging it just right and dividing up dressers and closets. They still had a little unpacking and rearranging to do, but finally the girls had decided that they had done enough for one day. Such a change of surroundings was sure to make Sarah feel unsettled, restless and hungry inside.

Feeling jittery, Sarah let out her breath and headed into the living room. The apartment had only one bedroom, but the living room was spacious and comfortable, and their kitchen was larger than what most students had. "That was an evening I could have done without," Sarah sighed. She shook her head as Nikki dropped her slender, long-hipped and shapely body onto the couch beside her. "The place was crowded, and it was so *smoky*. Ugh, I hate that."

The dark-eyed Nikki leaned close to Sarah's blonde waves and whiffed. "Yeah," she agreed in distaste, "you still smell like an ashtray."

"Aw, really?" Sarah said disgustedly. "My nose must be dulled." She flexed her nostrils. "No, I guess I can smell it,

too. I'm gonna change." She rose and headed into the bathroom, closed the door behind her.

Sarah rinsed her face off in the sink and regarded herself in the mirror. She was fairly attractive, she knew. Framed by waves of flowing gold, her face was friendly and open—pretty green eyes, cute nose, and full lips. She was a little on the tall side, too, which was good, for her breasts were large, and she was full about the hips—very shapely, Nikki had assured her, though she herself was always rather conscious that either might be too heavy. She tried to be careful whom she went out with, because she had learned long ago that some guys were interested only in those big, bulging white boobies of hers. Tonight—well, tonight she apparently had judged wrong.

She unbuttoned her blouse slowly and let the silky garment, now reeking with others' cigarette smoke, slide off her softly rounded forearms to the floor. She wriggled out of her skirt, too. Clad in lacy panties and brassiere, she yawned suddenly. She watched herself as she stretched, watched the way the creamy flesh of her bosom rose full and softly overflowing. Beneath the flowered lace, she could not help but notice, the sensitive flesh of her nipples were puckered up hard and stiff. Furtively she glided her fingertips lightly over those agonized lace-covered peaks, sending pleasurable little tingles rippling straight down to the very center of her being, secret and musky and damp.

Caressingly she stripped herself still further. She slid her panties down off her swelling hips, down her sleek thighs and shapely calves, to the floor. Reaching behind her, she unfastened the hooks of her bra worked the straps off her shoulders. As she dropped the garment she cradled her heavy flesh absently in her cupping palms. The excitement of the move into their new apartment this morning had made her quietly restless, and the close dancing this evening had worked her up even more. Pressing her thighs together beneath her lower belly's delta of moist blonde curls, Sarah squeezed softly at the white flesh plopped upon her splayed hands,

working her fingers down to the turgid pink-brown points at the front of her mammaries.

For a long moment she fondled herself idly, automatically, scarcely even realizing it at first as she held her nipples between thumbs and forefingers and rolled the crinkled nubbins to send a rosy glow through her entire frame. Soon, though, she began to pull at the tender things, stretching them—*hard*. Ah, that felt nice! Though it made her uncomfortable sometimes that the first thing any guy noticed about her was her breasts, Sarah had to admit, rather grudgingly, that she could not really blame them. Why, if she herself clutching those wobbling globes, squeezing them, pinching and pulling at the sensitive pink-brown bundles of fire that crowned them so alluringly, how could some simple male resist either?

Sarah bit her lower lip. She felt like reaching down, down across her flat belly to the nest of fragrant blonde crinkles below, down to the moistening velvet that pulsed open and ready. God, she needed to masturbate! It had been too long, and her poor nerves were jangling, and sometimes it was just so hard to find the privacy she needed! She preferred to masturbate when Nikki was out at class or at work, of course. Oh, how she let herself have it then! She could take all the time she wanted to get herself all fluttery and juicy inside, teasing her body, edging tremblingly close to climax and then retreating, nearer and nearer with each sweating attempt at the summit, pushing the limits of her flesh until she could scarcely stand it. And when she was alone like that for hours on end, wallowing gluttonously in her self-pleasuring, how whorishly vocal she could be, too, whimpering and moaning in unrestrained delight! She knew no shame.

Sometimes, though—well, sometimes the girl had had some really close calls and had almost gotten caught. Occasionally it was because of some change in Nikki's plans, but more often it was the dirty Sarah's fault as she lost track of time, just rubbing, rubbing, *rubbing*, grunting like an animal in the squelching joy of her private rut. When she got on the internet, for example, oh, how what began as a quick peek at a

naughty website here and there could turn into an hour or two or three, a long sweaty morning of excited clicking through one dirty amateur site after another!

One site, for example, showed girls on Spring Break flashing their jiggling boobies and making out with other girls while guys—and other women, too!—stood around and cheered. How kinky it was! Why, they did it right there in public for all to see, and rather than dissuading the girls, it seemed to turn them on even more. Oh, the look in some co-ed's eyes as she grabbed her girlfriend's jaw and kissed her right on the mouth, red lips caressing, wanton tongues twined behind prettily flushed cheeks...

Another site chronicled some average-looking guys who drove around in a van to pick up attractive girls on the street and proposition them. Many, of course, recoiled or cursed out the man holding out a fistful of hundred-dollar bills, and the guys posted these videos, too, with the girls' faces blurred, since they hadn't signed a consent form. Sometimes, though... oh, sometimes those prowling boys could really pick them! When the right uninhibited wench climbed aboard, she would do anything—anything. The smiling little slut might strip her sleek flesh before these aroused, chuckling strangers, might masturbate herself while they watched her every movement. And then, while scenes of everyday life rolled past in the van's windows, she would lie back and spread her legs, laughing as she invited the men to fuck her one by one. Sometimes they even pulled out and came all over the girl's face.

Yet a different one might reveal the basement of what was obviously an ordinary suburban home...only here a severe middle-aged lady had set up a dungeon so that she could take out her every frustration upon demure yet secretly bi-curious girls. Wearing shape-hugging black latex crotchless pants and a corset that pushed her great big blue-veined breasts up and out, leaving her enormous nipples bare, the round-faced woman in cat's-eyes spectacles chose her willing victims from fans who had e-mailed her website. During any particular session, the lucky girl would be ordered to strip—slowly, teasingly—while the older woman smiled about how pretty she was, how fresh and young and attractive. Soon, though,

breathing heavily, the latex-clad woman would start to call the girl a cunt and a slut and a whore. She was made only for abuse, wasn't she? The lady might taunt the girl, and the girl, whimpering as the demanding lady pulled vengefully at her youthful nipples, could only gasp out her agreement. And then, while the woman's paunchy, balding husband filmed it all indulgently, the bosomy woman would tie the little wench spread-eagled and exposed, and she would play with her panting wild-eyed toy mercilessly, on and on through the most beautiful humiliations, until finally she forced the squirming thing to shriek out her sweetly forbidden orgasm...

And at the sudden sound of the key in the lock the unsatisfied Sarah would have to close those pages frantically. Then, red-faced and with her poor nipples aching for her touch, as her roommate entered with a bland smile of greeting, the trembling blonde could only tap guiltily at the keys with sticky fingers and pretend that she was shopping online for shoes or perhaps checking her e-mail. How mortifying it was, how embarrassing! She always hoped Nikki couldn't tell what she had been doing, but still the awkward moment of uncertainty made her cringe within. The shamefaced girl always told herself that that was the last time such a thing would happen to her...and yet the restless Sarah simply never learned her lesson.

It was a little off-putting now to know that her slinky, self-assured roommate was sitting there on the couch in the room just on the other side of a single closed door, but...well, it was rather kinky in a way, too, wasn't it? The slender ebon-haired beauty sat there so cool and composed, so placid and oblivious, while at the very same time Sarah would be rubbing her wet cunt into a delirium. How deliciously naughty! This was something good girls didn't do, didn't talk about, didn't even think about. Yet Sarah simply could not resist.

Surely there was no harm, the blonde tried to tell herself. It wasn't as if Nikki would know, after all. Releasing one of her breasts with a vague reluctance, then, she put the fingertips of one trembling hand into the musky folds of her vulva and began rubbing herself there. Breath coming shuddery and slow, she leaned her thighs against the cool counter of the sink.

Faster and faster she prodded herself, ever more urgently. Yes, that was what she needed, she realized, reeling. It felt so good

“Sarah?” Nikki called suddenly. She knocked on the closed door. “Hey, will you be done soon?”

Sarah jerked guiltily at the sound. She pulled her naughty fingers from her squelching pussy, frowning. “S-s-sure,” she called out in shaky tones. “J-just a sec.”

Heart pounding beneath her stiff-nippled mounds, Sarah washed her hands, splashed her red face with cool water, then dried herself. Oh, if only she had had just a few moments longer... Trembling with pent-up emotion, she put on her long nightshirt and smoothed it quickly over her flesh. She picked up her smoky clothes and opened the door.

“Sorry,” Sarah said quickly to the girl who eyed her with those sultry dark orbs. “I guess I was trying to scrub that nightclub smell out of my pores.”

“Oh, no, *I’m* sorry,” Nikki apologized. Her voice, though, almost seemed to hold a slight inexplicable smirk. “I had a couple of Cokes while you were out,” she said with a bland shrug of those expressive eyebrows, “and now...” The corner of her red lips quirked, and then she slipped into the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

Sarah dropped her clothes in the hamper in the bedroom, then came back to sit down on the couch again, her belly quivering. She let out her breath unsteadily. She stared for a moment at the glassy eye of the unlit television screen, glanced at the magazine basket and the shelves of books. There was an article in *Smithsonian* she had been wanting to read, and she was working on an old novel by Willa Cather, too. Yet right now she could hardly sit still. Well, she thought, checking the clock, it was getting late. Soon they would be in bed, and Nikki in the bunk beneath her would drop quickly to sleep. Then, thought Sarah, then— She shivered convulsively.

Nikki came out of the bathroom. She had changed for bed, too, and now, like Sarah, wore only a long nightshirt. Her

little breasts jiggled within the loose cotton, and, suddenly self-conscious, Sarah crossed her arms over her own generous mounds. The skin of Sarah's arms sensed the pebbly roughness of her erect nipples beneath the thin garment, and she shifted her hips uncomfortably. She hoped Nikki wouldn't notice.

Nikki dropped back beside her again, and the brunette's slinky hip brushed against Sarah's nearly-bare flank. "Feel like a game?" she wondered. "Cards? Maybe Scrabble?"

"Well, that does sound fun," Sarah managed with what she hoped was casualness, "but I don't know..." She licked her lips nervously, her mind awl with the thoughts of what she was going to do to herself. It was torture to wait. "It, uh—it is getting kind of late, and I am a little tired. Moving everything was more work than I thought it would be."

"You said it," agreed Nikki. "But it's worth it, isn't it? Our own place!" She grinned invitingly, like an amiable devil whose sultry red lips could convince anyone of anything. "No more noisy dorm rooms, no more annoying suitemates, no more cafeteria food."

"Yeah," Sarah smiled, "of course." She crossed her legs, and felt her upper thighs grind moistly together, felt the smooth white skin sliding against velvety pink. She bit her lip. "I'm just tired," she said, her tone sounding unconvincing even to herself, "that's all."

"Sure," said Nikki, giving a yawn that to the uncertain blonde seemed slightly theatrical, almost mischievous somehow, "me, too." Sarah blinked at the strange thought, but then the dark-haired girl wrinkled her nose. "You know, though, your hair needs a wash before you go to bed, or else your pillow'll end up all stinky. That gorgeous blonde mop still smells like cigarettes." She reached out and in a calm, almost possessive gesture flipped a yellow tress against Sarah's cheek, making a stale, acrid reek waft up.

"Hell," gritted Sarah, hating to admit it, hating to let anything come between her and her desperately needed

bedtime, “you’re right.” She frowned, thinking of cool sheets against her bare body in the starlit darkness, her nightshirt pulled far up to expose all her hungry places. How she longed to touch herself! She could scarcely wait. “But I—I don’t know,” she stammered, “I’m too tired. We, uh, we might as well just head to bed.”

“Oh, come on, Sarah,” said Nikki imperturbably. “Think of how bad it’ll be in the morning.” She held up her hands and wriggled her fingers playfully. “Come on,” she urged, “I’ll do it in the kitchen sink. You just stand there and relax.”

“Aw, thanks, Nikki,” Sarah protested, “but you don’t have to do that—”

Nikki pushed at her shoulder. “Get over there,” she grinned, “and let me do the work. What are friends for?”

Sarah fidgeted. The ebon-haired Nikki was not...well, not *manipulative*, exactly, but Sarah had noticed that when she wanted to get her way, she did. She was a sly, smooth talker, and sometimes she could be almost flirty about it, even seductive, her approach made disarming by the playful obviousness of it all. The way she could bat those long lashes or pout those sultry lips of hers! And of course tonight—why, how could the secretly agitated blonde fault her logic?

Unable to beg off with any excuse she could say aloud, therefore, Sarah at last had to let herself be coaxed to the kitchen, where Nikki started warm water running. Nikki strode regally to the bathroom and came back with the shampoo. She tested the water. “Okay,” she beamed. With an elegant gesture of her supple wrist she motioned for Sarah to put her head in the frothy stream.

“Thanks, Nikki,” Sarah smiled, touched by her friend’s concern despite the urgency of her own shameful needs. She put her hands together on the rim of the sink, spread her elbows across the gleaming stainless steel, and lowered her honey-blond hair into the water. It was comfortable, soothing, warm.

“There,” said the other, coming alongside of her. “You just let ol’ Nikki do ya.”

Sarah sighed as the girl reached her slim white hands into the golden mass of hair and began to cleanse it. Nikki's graceful fingers worked slowly, caressingly through Sarah's shining blonde waves. Diligently she stroked through the gleaming strands, even massaging her fingertips all about the tired skin of Sarah's scalp.

"Mmm," Sarah crooned sleepily, "feels nice."

"Good," replied Nikki in soft tones, "good..." Her hands traveled comfortingly through Sarah's hair and all over her scalp. She squirted in some shampoo, and it began to suds, tiny bubbles crackling all around. "Maybe I'm missing my calling going into anthropology," came the girl's smiling voice. "I should have been a hairdresser, huh?"

It felt so pleasant...except—well, except that the rim of the sink beneath her arms was very cool, a great contrast with the water playing through her hair. Her nipples, she realized suddenly, had perked up again, thick and bold. They ached with a comfortable hunger.

Sarah bit her lip uncertainly. She opened her eyes and peeked out sideways as best she could, but her vision was sorely restricted. Still, she saw Nikki standing on one side of her, craning around so that she could work better from the top down. The girl concentrated on laving her friend's flowing hair.

Sarah pulled her elbows in a little and let each hand slide down the opposite arm. Nikki seemed not to notice, so she tucked her hands beneath her armpits as if to keep them warm. Secretly, then, she worked her palms around the swells of her breasts, which hung beneath her, just in front of the sink. It felt good to cradle the supple flesh like that.

Emboldened, Sarah curled her fingers until she had caught her turgid nipples against her thumbs. The tender flesh was clothed only in one thin layer of cotton, and she could feel every pebbly crinkle of the tight, throbbing morsels. Sighing, she gave the firm nubbins a gentle squeeze, trying not to squirm as the sensation quivered straight down to the

untouched clitoris nestled within the silken pink folds of her hairy labia. She ground her hips together lightly, trying to make it seem that she was merely readjusting her stance.

This was terribly dirty, Sarah realized shamefacedly, but she simply could not help herself. So long as Nikki couldn't notice it, she tried to tell herself, there was no real harm. Biting her lip as her dear friend so unconcernedly bathed the glowing golden mass of her hair, Sarah clutched secretly at the thickened meat of her nipples. She fingered herself quietly, pulling the sensitive peaks, twisting them. It felt so good! Her thighs were pressed tight together, squeezing faintly in a rhythm that perhaps Sarah herself did not even recognize.

Red-faced within her folded arms, she longed simply to open her trembling thighs and rub herself into a gasping delirium. Yet she could not do so with Nikki there. Her whole body ached with longing—but with the indirect methods she now was using she could not quite bring herself off. That would have to wait, she realized ruefully. Sarah contented herself as best she could, therefore, rolling the thickened tips of her breasts between naughty fingers and thumbs as if it were the most natural thing in the world. A pleasant tingle warmed her beneath her faintly moist belly. Her thighs ground comfortably together, sliding insistently back and forth over sensitive folds of pink velvet. She wished it could go on forever.

Yet finally Nikki was finished, and, guiltily, Sarah had to stop touching herself. She withdrew her hands slowly, casually, trying somehow to convince herself that she had been merely stretching or scratching, not secretly masturbating. Her roommate rinsed the last of the shampoo from Sarah's hair and worked her hands sensuously through the honey-colored tresses, squeezing out as much water as she could. Then she grabbed the towel with both hands and rubbed it all over Sarah's head. "There," she said. "You do that a little more, and I'll get the blow dryer and finish you off."

"Thanks, Nikki," Sarah said sheepishly. Continuing to dry her hair as the other headed to the bathroom, she

straightened her back and stood—but she kept the towel before her flushed face and her stiff-nippled breasts. The end of the towel flipped back and forth as Sarah rubbed.

“Okay,” said Nikki, returning. She plugged the dryer into a socket. “Now I’ll just finish so you don’t get your pillow all wet.”

“That’s okay, Nikki,” Sarah tried to protest, “don’t bother. I can do it myself.” Her nipples were so big, so obvious! She was loath to remove the towel.

“Hey, I started it,” replied Nikki with a slow, easy smile, “and I can finish it. Here.” She grabbed the towel and tossed it easily aside. The dryer whirred as she thumbed it to life, and Sarah felt a rush of warm air. “Now just close your eyes.”

Reluctantly Sarah did as she was told. There was an excruciatingly uncomfortable split-second before the air blew full force into her hair, and the guilty Sarah could not help but wonder if Nikki, distracted, had noticed the size of the upstanding nipples beneath her T-shirt. But, no, she thought—that wasn’t very likely. Was it? Sarah bit her lip uncertainly, and then she felt the heavy blast of heated air start to burrow into her tresses.

Nervously Sarah stood there as her roommate dried her hair. She crossed her arms awkwardly before her, trying to hide the erectness of her hungry nipples. The warmth of the blow dryer worked all about her neck and shoulders, her scalp, her face—but those rigid points simply would not go down. They needed more than mere heat, she knew. Her nipples always had been sensitive, and when they were excited, it took more than a mere change in temperature to make the hungry things go flat. Those erections, she believed from long experience, would not drop until they had been pulled and pinched and fondled, until her red-nailed fingertips had slipped down into her watering cunt and rubbed herself into an ecstasy. Sarah shivered as she thought about it. She needed to masturbate so, so urgently...

“There.” Nikki shut off the dryer and ran a brush through Sarah’s hair. “Good as new.”

“Thanks,” Sarah said again. Pursing her lips, she lowered her arms and began to move away. Her nipples were so big, so sensitive—she just wanted to turn the lights off and get into bed and stretch the naughty things as high as she could. And while she tortured herself like that with one hand she would just reach her other hand down into the sticky blonde nest between her quaking thighs and then—

“Oh, wait a minute, Sarah,” Nikki added as an afterthought. The dryer sounded again, and with aplomb the dark-haired girl directed it suddenly at Sarah’s breasts.

Sarah jumped, but Nikki continued imperturbably, her fingertips light but very purposeful as they restrained Sarah’s shoulder with the most casual of touch. Smirking, the girl blasted first one stiff nipple with hot air, then the other. The heat was sudden, as sharp as the unexpected bite of pretty white teeth. The almost painful sensation—and her terrible embarrassment—made the erections go flat instantly. Then Nikki grabbed Sarah’s nightshirt in the region of her fluttering belly and gave it a quick tug to smooth out the wrinkles the peaks had left in the thin cotton.

“There,” she grinned. “You looked kind of cold.” She arched a pretty eyebrow. “Better?”

“Uh, y-yeah,” Sarah stammered. “Th-thanks.”

“Hey,” Nikki said easily, “what are friends for?”

Sarah lay in the darkness in the top bunk, heart hammering beneath her full breasts. Her nipples had perked up again, impudent and bold, longing for attention. Between her thighs she was embarrassingly wet.

Nikki turned over in the bunk beneath her, and adjusted her pillow. Sarah could hear the older girl’s feet move a little

beneath the sheet, rustling.

Sarah always had considered herself the sensitive type, for she had noticed long ago that any stressful change—moving into the dorms in the fall or out of them in the summer, studying for exam week, or sometimes even working on a big research paper—made her masturbate energetically. Sarah had found that when she was all wound up, a long self-indulgent bout of self-pleasuring was the very best way to settle her jangling nerves. When her body was distracted, after all, so was her mind, making it hard to concentrate, hard to stay focused, hard to get anything done. Once she had relaxed her sensitive mind and her supple body with the warm chemicals of well-being that each sweet orgasm sent coursing through her bloodstream, then she could accomplish other things.

Of course, Sarah masturbated fairly frequently anyway. It simply felt so good, and there seemed no reason not to. She still could not help feeling a little guilty sometimes at the frequency of her self-indulgence, but over the long years she had explored her body, shamelessly, joyously, discovering all the little tricks that made her flesh sing. Many were the nights back in high school, for example, that she played with herself innocently beneath the covers in the soft starlit darkness, breathing in the heady aroma of her squelching lubrication as she rubbed herself to sleep with the idea of shapely naked cheerleaders who might kiss and pet and stroke each other in the showers after a football game...

The very notion of the cheerleader was an odd one to Sarah...but a pleasantly odd one. There was nothing strange about wanting to encourage and cheer for one's home team, certainly. But wasn't it a little bit peculiar, Sarah had always wondered, to dress up those nubile young girls in ways that so accentuated their burgeoning sexuality? She had thought long on the vexed subject. A cheerleader, she had concluded, was by definition a luscious treat for the eyes and a wicked temptation for one's tremblingly restrained fingertips, a

forbidden present wrapped up just enough to hint at the fleshly pleasures of the unwrapping. This wholesome icon of small-town America—perky and smiling in her bare-legged splendor—was just so innocently erotic, enough that she could scarcely help but inflame both the natural lusts of young men and even the vague, unacknowledged desires of other girls.

After all, the members of the senior varsity cheerleading squad were all pretty young women of eighteen or so, shapely and athletic. You dressed them in perverse little costumes—sweaters that hugged and displayed tender youthful breasts jiggling high and firm, exquisitely short pleated skirts whose flirty flounce emphasized the narrow tuck of slim waists and the promising swellings of long sleek hips. Then you made them prance before you, made them get excited, made their hearts pound beneath those resilient mounds so that soon their pretty faces grew alluringly flushed. Their long-lashed eyelids dark with blood, their cheeks warm, their full lips parted and glistening, such sweetly displayed girls would glow with a sensual radiance so natural as to be all the more enticing.

And as the sweet morsels stretched and jumped with such inflaming innocence, they kicked their smooth legs high, baring naked upper thighs and a tantalizing glimpse of rounded buttocks. How could anyone *not* stare longingly? Why, during the school day the pale tender skin of those soft inner thighs was chastely hidden under skirts or shorts or jeans, but now—now it was put on display to be politely ogled. Scarcely any imagination at all was needed to realize that that creamy succulent flesh veritably begged to be hungrily parted so that wondering fingers might sport, prodding insistently, in the soft moist tissue between. When the very core of a prancing cheerleader's womanhood was covered merely by one thin layer of damp white cotton, who could resist imagining that soft little garment's removal?

If such a girl was attractive in the glow of athletic exertion, how much more adorable might she be when stroked where the tangles of her curling fur parted with the slippery folds of velvet beneath? Those panties, wet with sweat, so

easily could be soaked with another sort of moisture, too, if prodded just right. And when that musky cotton finally was slid down over hips and thighs, across pretty knees and calves, past trim ankles and slender shapely feet, how warm and ready her secret places would be! Really, Sarah told herself secretly, few indeed were the watchers who could resist wishing to touch such a sly temptress in the petal-soft flesh there, making her shiver demurely, making her gasp and squeal prettily to the attentions which her own teasing behavior had provoked.

In Sarah's little fantasies the cheerleaders themselves came to recognize this, too. Even as they performed for the crowds, perhaps chaste as they began, they could not help but be subtly affected by the sight of their teammates' youthful flesh, by the feel of buttocks soft and yielding in frank palms as they vaulted each other into the air. It would be only natural to let oneself grip those cheeks appreciatively, to squeeze and cradle them so that the lofted girl would not fall. It would reassure the held-up girl, and it would feel good for the lifters as well. The straight-armed young athletes below would relish the feel of the pert round bottom in their splayed hands with professional unconcern.

And if as the captain of the team—a sly-eyed redhead with crooked crimson lips—was boosted up by a pair of round-shouldered teammates, her friends' splayed fingers happened to stray dangerously close to a sweating young crotch...well, surely there was no harm in that. Why, the girl's skirt still covered her so that no one else might see if those tapering digits accidentally slid now and then beneath the moist cotton of thin white panties. Biting her full lower lip demurely, ponytail bouncing prettily, the girl would feel red-nailed fingers brush against the russet tangles of her soft, secret places.

Nipples hard and tight against the knit of her v-necked sweater—so bold and aching that she imagined everyone must notice, though the wicked girl knew that no one but her dear friends could tell—the airborne cheerleader tried not to squirm as curious feminine fingertips scratched teasingly through

matted musky curls. Eventually, of course, those fingers would slip right up into the open flower of her trembling pussy. It was an exquisite torture for the captain to balance there on display before the eyes of hundreds, smiling fixedly back at fellow students, parents, and teachers alike with one naughty girl's finger thrust right up her dripping wet cunt and another girl's digit pushed firm against her clit, fingertip trembling pleasurably with the strain of the shapely rounded forearm beneath. Her body screamed soundlessly in erotic agony—and she would not have traded it for anything.

Oh, though her flesh cried out in wanton desire, the exhibitionistic wench could not quite attain the blisses her teammates made her crave. Yet as she was plopped back down to her sneakered feet, soon it would be her turn to help lift a friend high, her turn to grip a plump young buttock, her turn to push her pretty fingers into the squelching depths of a girlfriend's forbidden vulva... On and on they teased each other in turn, fingers slipping beneath the thin wet cotton of lubrication-slicked panties to prod slyly at each other's lustful young pussies.

After the game, of course, when the girls hit the showers, they might eye each other with half-averted gazes as they stretched themselves lithely beneath the warm spray. They had pranced and posed for others long enough. The girls knew that they were fantasy-bait for hundreds, and the knowledge was a powerful aphrodisiac.

The other young adults of the student populace were already seething with hormones. It took little to arouse such easy victims, but when these sly girls put on their display, those watchers were particularly helpless. Many were the gangling boys—and girls as well, they suspected—who would hurry home to masturbate with the sight of pretty cheerleaders burning the feverish insides of their tightly closed eyelids. How many of their classmates would owe tonight's forbidden orgasm to their prancing cheers?

Throughout the game dozens of youthful cocks strained against brass-riveted denim at the sight of those luscious girls.

And after the game, how many young men would return home to their parents' house, bound upstairs, and lock their bedroom doors behind them? Oh, how beautiful would be those poor throbbing shafts as they curved relentlessly upward from fluttery bellies covered with wiry curls! Testicles puckered up tight and full and pleasantly aching, the boys could not keep themselves from touching their masculine flesh. They would run their hands tremblingly over turgid pillars of meat pounding dark with blood. The glans crowning each hungry phallus was sure to be magnificently purpled, perhaps already slicked with a clear droplet of seminal fluid.

As these young men lay back across unmade beds, gripping their rigid organs desperately, happily, how many facial tissues soon would be soaked with desperate spurts of stringy semen sprayed from aching young phalluses purpled with desire? After the terrible tease of those athletic young wenches, many were the shy adolescents who longed to drain their bulging balls empty in the slick welcoming depths of a pretty cheerleader's indulgent cunt...and instead they would find themselves jerking off helplessly, spraying their cum straight up in an explosive fountain of desire whose droplets would arc back to wet belly, tangled sheets, and gasping red face alike.

It was all for them, the naughtily teasing cheerleaders knew. And some of those young men still inflamed with the energy of youth, their bodies slippery with sweat and with cum, would masturbate their tired flesh again, frantically. The girls loved to think of that. Oh, those hairy, sweat-sheened, predictable male beasts! What a joy it was to enslave them!

And the other young women in the crowd— How many good girls' panties already were moist with generous lubrication, silently crying out for tapering fingertips that could not resist the natural call, the attraction of shapely feminine flesh from which the brainwashed sensibilities recoiled but to which the sensuous body was inexorably drawn? As they sat with their boyfriends, secretly relishing the rippling muscles of the football players, how much more

secretly might they eye the girls of the cheerleading squad! They had never thought of another girl in that way, they didn't want to—but they just could not help themselves. Those short-skirted flirts were just so pretty, so perversely inflaming.

At the kiss at the end of the date, some of those good girls could not help imagining what it would be like if the face they kissed was not that of some pimply young man but that of another girl. How naughtily arousing it would be to dig one's fingers into the warm tresses bouncing around a pretty cheerleader's faintly perspiring neck, to feel another girl's bright red lips, to taste a slippery feminine tongue within one's unashamed mouth! Nipples inexplicably hard, such good girls would turn away before their dates could notice, and then they would hurry upstairs to relieve their terrible tensions.

Once the door was locked behind her, each burgeoning young woman would strip hastily and fling herself nude and gleaming across her bed. Naughty legs thrown wide to expose the curl-sheathed moistness of a wildly agitated cunt, a poor good girl would moan as she caressed herself longingly, whimpering as she frigged off dirtily at the thought of the forbidden flesh of those shapely young women prancing so provocatively in their short flouncy skirts. What a terrible agony it had been to wait!

Slippery fingers bunched about a clitoris made erect by the most forbidden of fantasies, such a girl might imagine that those squelching digits belonged not to herself but to some other red-nailed young woman, one of those who had teased so terribly yet now might take pity and finally please. And if by chance the hesitant good-girl suddenly got cold feet and in the midst of her secretly longed-for fantasy ever tried to back out...well, those all-knowing wenches would simply *force* her, wouldn't they?

Yes, those cheerleaders were shapely and smooth and athletic, and if they ever needed to grapple with some uncertain straight girl, needed to pull her hair and slap some sense into her, needed to control her utterly, they could. And if the laughing tormentors wished to sneer back into her wide,

secretly needy eyes, wished to tear every shred of clothing from the gleaming vulnerable nudity beneath, wished to tie her spread-legged and exposed and available for anything they might wish to do to her—anything!—why, then, they certainly would. No, she couldn't tease *them* anymore, couldn't wriggle out of an experience that she herself so desperately craved and yet dared not name. Ah, the glorious surrender as those purposeful feminine hands cherished and ravished every inch of her!

Yet even more pleasantly perverse, perhaps the girl could not help imagining that what prodded so insistently through her wet hairy vulva was not just the finger but the unashamed tongue of one of those naughty short-skirted wenches! With her flushed eyes blissfully closed, even the most reluctant good girl might hear the slurping moans of appreciation, the smacking lips of an oh-so-welcome seductress... Oh, to the cheerleaders it was a particular thrill to know that their performance would make some sweet straight girl play with her guilty pussy, helplessly.

And the naughty cheerleaders had smiled with mocking innocence at the appreciative fathers in the crowd, too, those respectable men who patted their wives' knees so dutifully as they secretly ogled supple young bodies. Tonight those devoted husbands would paw their faithful wives desperately, imagining that the flesh they caressed and possessed was not middle-aged but youthful and taut and springy. As they rubbed themselves off in the comforting depths of familiar spouses' bodies, eyes blissfully closed, they could not help but imagine that the naked flesh they clasped beneath them belonged to some kittenish young cheerleader, a willing slut who would be the slave to their undeniable desires.

In middle-aged fantasies such a man might replay the night's events. He would imagine that as he slipped apologetically away from the bleachers on the pretext of going to the restroom, instead he had made an assignation with the desirable wench who had caught his eye so purposefully, who had beckoned as she kicked her shapely calves high and flashed tiny white panties that were warm and moist. Her hand trembling in his, she had led him through a break in the fence

and through the woods to a secret clearing where the night creatures creaked and chirped and the moon shone silver and soft. With glossy ponytail bobbing across her soft kissable nape, the girl's suddenly shy eyes gleamed a promise that only her flaunted young flesh could fulfill.

A wife of many years needed no special attention to be taken once again to the familiar marriage bed, but this new girl was young and sweet and wildly different. Though she and her teammates had teased so wickedly, now the poor girl needed to be convinced again, needed to be kissed and petted and seduced. Whispering softly in her blood-warmed ear, the man might reach around to tug the ribbon from her hair, freeing the tresses through which he now might run his reverent hands. From there it was but a short step to rolling her back across their bed of moonlit moss and grass, covering her tender neck with his lips. Her pert young breasts rose and fell with her ragged breathing.

Writhing in tangled sheets on the belly of a comforting negligee-clad wife, what beloved husband could help dreaming that in such a romantic rendezvous he was cradled instead upon a flat eighteen-year-old abdomen bared with an easy flip of short flouncy skirts? After not having touched a body so firm and ripe in twenty years, what a heady joy it was to stroke that smooth white flesh, to caress it, to coax it and make it respond! And when finally she was ready—flushed and agitated, begging for his possession—he would wrap his arms around the exquisitely narrow tuck of the waist above the swell of her youthful hips. Above, as fragrant blonde waves spilled all about them in the soft moonlight, a bright-lipsticked mouth opened to be Frenched desperately, while below, the thickened lips of a tight youthful cunt accepted grateful stroke after stroke.

And, of course, the girls had smirked prettily at the teachers, too, those poor souls who all day looked but dared not touch. That was an especially dirty treat. No matter how professional they were, those teachers were human beings, too

—human beings with desperate desires. They tried never to show it, but now and then surely they just *had* to be struck by the fresh young beauty of the tender morsels entrusted to them. Just as their hands were tied by the ethics of their profession, so perhaps in secret ruminations they imagined that the night after the graduation ceremony—when their professional obligations had been discharged—they might tie the hands of their pretty former pupils, lashing them naked to a podium in an empty classroom-dungeon somewhere.

Only after such wenches had graduated from their care might every little unforgotten tease be repaid—every leaning over the teacher’s desk with pretty young breasts swaying soft and touchable in a low-cut blouse, every dropping of some object whose bending retrieval made a tight young bottom round and plump and sent a skirt’s hem riding so high up the long rounded backs of shapely thighs. After their months of power unacknowledged, how the girls longed for this well-deserved submission! Spread eagled and exposed, writhing prettily against her bonds less in apprehension than in undeniable arousal, such a naughty cheerleader was a wondrous plaything for a long-suffering educator.

Perhaps first those teasing wenches would have to be punished, very severely. Yes, when a red-faced teacher finally got one of these delicious morsels of girl-flesh in his clutches, how he might attack her! Almost sobbing in his frustration, he might spank his teasing little angel-whore with loving savagery, his open palm ringing again and again upon naked white buttocks he had craved for so, so long. Vengefully he might pinch and pull at the alluring pink points of sensitivity that crowned her jiggling youthful bosoms. Or possibly he would drop helplessly to his knees and, clutching in devotion at the swell of her bare hips, simply bite groaningly at her sleek belly and shivering thighs, and everywhere in between.

And then, after these inflaming little teases had been instructed most intimately in the error of their ways, at last experienced palms and digits, experienced lips and tongues could teach the provocative wenches what they *really* wanted to learn. Trembling hands and hungry mouth would slowly roam a bound young woman’s nude body, fondling, caressing,

licking, making her respond inside. A truly inventive member of the faculty perhaps would tease and torture his willing victim just as the girl herself for months had done to him, until the dirty thing begged for the release she had craved all along. Yet for such a terrible tease merely one climax would not be enough, and it would be a red-faced teacher's joy to see how many orgasms he could force upon the wild, helpless young thing. Pleasured as she would not have believed possible, the girl would shriek out her passions, exulting.

Then if those fingertips caught the exposed pair of thimble-like nipples just right—squeezing, twisting, stretching—perhaps the flush-faced wench could not help but lean gratefully forward and wrap her naughty mouth around a swollen penis and urge his reddened organ down across the fluttering trough of her knowing tongue. After all of the secret teasing the poor teacher had swallowed, it was only fair that now *she* swallowed. On and on she would lunge her pretty face down around his agitated pillar of flesh, sucking, slobbering, until she finally coaxed a forbidden eruption of pulsing fluids down her willing throat. Ah, only after his discharge would *her* duties be discharged.

Gout after gout of stringy semen would fill her receptive mouth, and though she sucked and swallowed, sucked and swallowed, still stray spatters of the evidence of his desire would slip from her lipsticked mouth to gloss her flushed cheeks and her pretty chin. Painted with his glistening fluids—both the product of her inflaming tease and the demonstration of his adoring mastery of her—the sweet slave would cup the softening glans of his comfortably wilting manhood in a long, lingering kiss. And through it all her heavy-lidded eyes would gaze up lovingly.

Yes, the cheerleaders had pranced and posed long enough for the others. Now it was time to do so just for themselves. It was a wonderful treat to bathe together, naked in the great echoing shower. As they shifted their shapely hips and rolled their shoulders so alluringly while they soaped their naked flesh with mockingly chaste palms, it was only a matter of

time until the redheaded captain of the team reached gently over to a short-haired brunette. The slit-eyed seductress hooked her arm around the other girl's slender waist and drew her over. The two kissed softly at first, but soon with growing passion, rubbing themselves together in a swaying dance, slippery belly to belly, jiggling breast to breast, while the others watched in smiling silence.

Soon all the naughty girls of the cheerleading team came together in a gentle Sapphic orgy. Bright mouths fell upon stiff-nippled breasts, and tapering feminine hands reached for naked hips and buttocks that only another girl truly knew how to fondle. In twos and threes and fours they pulled each other to the shower floor, where tingling spray splashed and hissed on firm ceramic and yielding flesh alike. The girls squealed prettily as they writhed on the smooth tile with their fingers jammed in each other's wet pink cunts...until, somehow, the football players arrived, throbbing red cocks arcing high and thick and demanding.

It was for the shameless captain of the cheerleading team, of course, that the most exquisite treat was reserved. A few wanton sluts were fucked quickly by just one or two boys, but the naughty green-eyed wench demanded a ruthless gangbang all for herself. While her faithful girls ran their hands over her sleek slippery flesh, grabbing at her hips, tugging relentlessly at her engorged nipples, the redhead simply lay back and parted her long smooth thighs invitingly. She might reach down into her sopping pussy, indulgently, and pull her thick lips wide open with dainty red-nailed fingertips. Her clitoris pulsed bold and swollen.

The broad-shouldered young men lined up, trembling in anticipation, and soon the girl was pinned helplessly, happily, to the floor with one giant penis after another. Young men and women watched, entranced, as the writhing girl was fucked full, her smooth white body covered with the hairy flesh of some gasping, stubble-cheeked young man. Eyes stared unblinking as boy after boy plopped his great purpled

cockhead at the smelly entrance to her hungrily dilated pussy and leaned, groaning, into her. Each man would use her gratefully, panting in mindless bliss, until all too soon he shuddered and filled the receptive pink depths of her cunt with the stringy white spatters that erupted so explosively from the spasming vesicles of his hairy balls. As one boy withdrew, his happy penis wilting, they could watch the pearly globules of the others' ejaculations drizzling stickily from the puffy lips of her excited hole—and then the next stud would pump his fiery organ into the beautiful mess. She squelched noisily.

Throughout it all the captain of the cheerleaders fingered herself idly as she gazed up into the helpless faces of the young men whose desires her supple young body both fired and quenched. Her teammates knelt all about her, touching the tight points of her breasts, caressing her shoulders, stroking her hair, kissing her ears. The girls watched in envy and in awe as their imperious leader smiled indulgently up beneath her gangbang, rocking to the thrusts which her supposed possessors could scarcely control. Yes, though two dozen strong young animals used her mindlessly, it was she who was in control, she who reveled in the physical worship she commanded.

Now and then the naughty redhead would allow herself an orgasm, sometimes with the brutish thrusts of a particularly handsome specimen, sometimes with her own shameless fingertips. At the end, however, when every man lay exhausted all about her and her sweaty cunt overflowed with a musky sexual soup of thick salty white, she would nod silently to her girls. Smiling, then, her teammates would line up and suck her hairy wet pussy until she screamed...

Oh, that was one of Sarah's favorite fantasies, one she had replayed countless times with endless naughty variations. Yet, really, the paths to the blonde's gratification were as multifarious as the neural pathways of the mind down which her naughty imaginings ran. After all, she sometimes asked herself with some amazement, what commonplace situation or event could she *not* pervert into masturbatory fodder? Perhaps afterward she might feel embarrassment or remorse, but in the height of her arousal, nothing was sacred, nothing off-limits!

When she got excited, as she had today, Sarah could scarcely wait until she was alone so that she could reach down beneath the rounded triangle of blonde curls sheathing her lower belly and touch herself inside, rhythmically, comfortingly. Yet she had been too busy to get the chance, for Nikki had been with her all day. The best she had been able to do was pinch her nipples now and then, helplessly, when her friend wasn't looking. Her date with Doug had gotten her worked up as well—he had turned out to be a jerk, but the feel of his arms around her had sent a thrill shivering down between her hips. Oh, how worked up the poor girl was!

Sarah held still. She listened as Nikki's breathing gradually slowed. In a few minutes her breath came slow and deep—the girl was asleep. Sarah waited still longer just to be certain. It was agony.

Finally, when she was convinced that her roommate was indeed safely asleep, Sarah pulled her nightshirt quietly up around her neck to expose herself. She had been horny all day long yet had found herself simply too busy to satisfy the needs pulsing ever more urgently in the liquid pit between her shivering young thighs. Her poor little clitoris had begged for release hour after hour, unheeded—and now finally, only in the secret solitude of the gentle night could she peel back her thickened labia and give her slippery pink pearl the dirty rubdown it deserved.

Fingers trembling with pent-up emotion, Sarah gently cupped the soft handfuls of the sides of her bosom, squeezing the flesh appreciatively, caressing it as she imagined she might like it caressed by another. It felt good...and in a way, somehow, perhaps it almost felt good to *do* as well. Slowly she progressed from palming and fondling her rippling flesh to slyly stroking the engorged pink-brown peaks crowning those swelling young mammaries. Her nipples already had thrust up bold and sensitive from the great crinkled circles of her puckered areolas, and it took very little to make them burn with pleasure. This was a dirty little game she had played with herself countless times over the years, one which she had particularly refined in the dorm. Before going to college, after

all, she had not had to share a room with her sister since she was little. In the previous two years, however, in a way she had had to learn to masturbate all over again, refining her skills, finding new ways to heighten her enjoyment while remaining as silent as possible.

There was something indescribably naughty about playing with yourself while another girl slept, unsuspecting, just below you in the silent moonlight, so close that you could hear her breathing, could hear the gentle rise and fall of her bosom against her pajamas. Yet whereas that girl's breasts were soft and peaceful, yours ached with desire, nipples thickened and sensitive as they rubbed against your nightshirt, as your fingertips began to play lightly across them. No matter how desperately you needed your orgasm—and no matter that every young woman must do such things, and would surely understand—you dared not wake your roommate. Why, if she woke, one whiff of the scent of your pussy in the air would tell her exactly what you had been doing. The odor of such an aroused vagina, strong and wet and heady as it waited for your shameless hands to stir up its copious juices and rub them deliriously all around, was unmistakable, a dead giveaway. The very thought was dirtily arousing.

Sarah had long known the joys of toying with the swollen nubbins of erectile tissue at the centers of her breasts, fingering them hungrily while her nude thighs rubbed softly together in the secret darkness. Yet in college she learned the exquisite bliss of teasing her nipples more torturously than she ever before had thought possible. This night she used all her wiles, running her fingertips so lightly over those tender buttons that she could scarcely stand it. She caressed the tingling circles of her bosom softly for many long minutes, alternating between dragging her nails across the puckered flesh of her areolas and rolling the tips of her nipples between competent thumbs and forefingers. The excruciating motions sent a quivery ripple running straight down her belly to the watering crotch which brooded, fragrant and untouched, between her sweating thighs. It felt so good.

Finally, at long last, she could not stand it anymore. Sighing, pinching and twisting one nipple ever more roughly in her ardor, Sarah simply reached her other hand down into the hairy blonde nest of her glistening pussy and began rubbing the throbbing morsel of her swollen purple clitoris with abandon. Smelly fingertips slippery with her generous lubrication, the girl stroked herself happily, ever more rapidly, until the joy welled up liquidly from the very pit of her soul, flowing like hot throbbing honey through her trembling limbs, burning in the heaving mounds of her breasts and glowing syrupy and sweet in the fevered base of her reeling brain. Her hips jerked helplessly, and her mouth worked in a soundless agony of bliss as she struggled not to cry out at the long, sumptuous climax which consumed her. She could smell nothing except the reassuring musky tang of her aroused pussy as the scent wafted out from under the covers. On and on and on her orgasm coursed through her spasming flesh.

She fell asleep but a moment later, sticky fingers still pressed into the velvety heaven of the open petals of her vagina. Still her friend Nikki slept peacefully beneath her.

Chapter Two

The next day was Friday, and both girls had taken the day off to finish straightening up around their new apartment. They had worked hard enough the previous day, however, that by early afternoon they were done.

Sarah brushed a wisp of hair from her forehead and dropped into the couch with a sigh. "I'm hungry," she asserted, "but I really don't feel like making anything. You want to go out to lunch? Maybe some Mexican? I think I still have some money left before payday."

"Sounds good," agreed Nikki, closing the closet door and joining her. But then she stopped and made a theatric little *O* with her lips, as if having just remembered something. "Only —"

"What?" wondered Sarah.

"Well," murmured the brunette, one corner of her red mouth quirked with the ghost of a faintly enigmatic smile, "I, ah, had sort of been thinking about going out tonight..."

"We'll eat cheap now, then," Sarah said reasonably, "and still be able to afford to go out later. We can split some nachos or botana." She stood and kicked at Nikki's foot. "Come on, I'm starving."

The other girl eyed the blonde sideways for a moment. "All right," she said at last, smiling once more. They headed downstairs.

The restaurant was not very far, so they walked rather than taking Sarah's car. The day was fair with only a few clouds crossing the high blue, and the city was fairly quiet, for most students had gone home for the summer.

In the restaurant they got a booth right away. Their order was taken by a cute, short-haired little blonde who obviously wore no bra beneath her clingy red T-shirt. She jiggled

pleasantly as she brought them tortilla chips and salsa and a pitcher of water, and when the girl bent, Sarah happened to glance down the neck of her shirt and thereby get a quick glimpse of the smooth flesh of her bare breasts hanging soft and free. The girl gave the two a quick smile and then hustled away. Idly Sarah watched her go, then turned back to Nikki. “Okay,” she said, reaching for a triangular chip, “now what was that about going out tonight? Where were you thinking of?”

Nikki tested the salsa. “Well.” She swallowed. “You remember Denise, right?”

“Sure,” said Sarah, “we had that chemistry class with her. She works in the Student Union, doesn’t she?”

“Yeah, I see her working there all the time.” Nikki contemplated the chips. “I ran into her there a few days ago, and she wondered if you and I would want to go out with her and her girlfriend this weekend.”

Sarah took a slow drink of her ice water. At length she replied. “She’s a lesbian, isn’t she?”

Nikki lowered her lids slightly as if considering something, then shrugged matter-of-factly. “I never asked.” She looked up at Sarah from beneath those provocative lashes of hers, dark eyes gleaming. “Why do you think so?” she asked, her voice almost mockingly innocent.

“Well,” Sarah said quietly, “she *is* just a bit mannish—you know, short hair, square face, and plain dresser.” She bit her lip. “And the couple times I’ve seen her with her girlfriend, they seemed...well, kind of close. They seemed to touch each other a lot.” She shrugged helplessly. “I mean, I could be wrong—and, of course, it doesn’t really matter to me one way or the other. Gosh, it’s none of my business.” Flustered by Nikki’s silence, she concluded lamely, “I just wondered, that’s all.”

“I confess I’ve never asked Denise,” Nikki said serenely, “what she does or doesn’t do in the bedroom—or on the couch, in the shower, or out in some back alley either, I

suppose.” The brunette flashed a quick, wicked little smirked. “But, ah...well, she did say that the place they were going was a gay bar over on the north side.”

“Really?” Sarah breathed. “And they invited us to come?”

“Uh huh.” Nikki smiled. “I think she knew it might be a bit awkward, so she gave me plenty of time to think about it—and to chicken out with some plausible excuse.”

Sarah opened her mouth—then closed it again. “I don’t see *myself* getting plenty of time to think about it,” Sarah said mildly. “Half a day? Why, by now it’s probably too late to back out without being rude, even if we wanted to cancel.”

“Ah, well,” Nikki shrugged. “I guess I figured you’d want to be sociable, maybe see how the other half—or ten percent, or two percent, or whatever—lives. There didn’t seem to be any need to give you too much time to back out.”

“You’re really quite altruistic, aren’t you, roomie?” Sarah smiled wryly.

“Oh, yes,” Nikki agreed, “quite.” She covered her grin with a long drink of her iced soda.

Sarah thought about it uncertainly. She had nothing against lesbians, of course. After all, when she herself had an idle daydream or two about what it might be like to play with another girl, how could she fault the women who actually lived that life? Some nights Sarah behind her flushed eyelids might imagine kittenish cheerleaders prancing, smirking, beckoning—but girls such as Denise and her friend actually did what the hesitant Sarah only dreamed. Those women really did flirt with other women, dance with them, kiss them...even make love with them. And afterward, aglow with pleasure, such sweetly feminine couples lay together in bed, all naked and smooth, bare arms wrapped about one another in the cool moonlit sheets as they fell contentedly asleep. What a pretty picture it must be, Sarah imagined.

Denise and her girlfriend knew the secrets that Sarah never dared attempt discover. They knew what it was like to

let yourself truly lust after another woman, and what a joy it was to strip one bare before your appreciative gaze and make her respond, your lips on the fuzzy nape of her neck, your hands on her jiggling breasts, her fluttering belly, the moistening nest between her helplessly opening thighs. How wildly inflaming it must be, Sarah imagined, to revel in the strange freedom, to do whatever was your crazy, dirty whim and not have to care about what anyone else thought about it!

Yes, Denise and her girlfriend knew what another girl felt like inside, slick and pink and hot and grasping. They knew the heady thrill of pleasuring a young woman relentlessly, lovingly, making her shiver and gasp and cry out in joy. And such women knew what another girl tasted like, too, all hairy and wet, musky and salty-sweet. Oh, that was the ultimate in decadent surrender, it seemed—to dig open a pretty girl's squelching labia and then, breathing raggedly of the secret, deeply evocative odor of feminine excitement, just drop your flushed face gratefully into her welcoming nakedness and lick and suck her juicy pussy until she screamed!.

A fly on the wall of their apartment—or, perhaps, Sarah amended mentally, a curious straight girl somehow invited to watch their lovemaking—could learn a thing or two about making a wench squeal prettily under the ministrations of red lips and tongue wallowing contentedly in the smooth flesh of a wide-open pussy wet with lubrication and with saliva. And if the silent watcher then were invited to join in...oh, how might she finally abandon herself! On the other hand, though, a good girl of course could not agree to such a thing too easily, could she? Despite the wicked curiosities that seethed so powerfully within her, she would have to be coaxed and convinced, seduced almost. What a pretty, flattering game it would be!

And yet if by chance the straight girl finally agreed but then, biting her lip, suddenly got nervous again and tried to back out...well, the lesbians then could just *force* her, couldn't they? Yes, if that was what it took, they would make the shivering girl experience this liberating act whether she wanted it or not. Oh, they might torment her first, might call

her a tease and a flirt, might slap her round ass red and pinch her nipples vengefully until she squealed. She was completely within their power, they would remind her darkly, and she had no choice but to obey them. Mm, and maybe they would tie her hands behind her narrow back, and maybe not, but one way or another, the foolishly reluctant straight girl was going to end up on her pretty knees before the splayed thighs of some smirking lesbian, shivering to the look in the commanding eyes that leered down so coolly.

The straight girl could only sway there helplessly, exposed and vulnerable before these girls who preyed on other girls, her poor nostrils dilated with the salty-sweet reek of excited womanhood wafting so powerfully up. And as one hard-eyed lesbian, smirking cruelly, grasped her by her long flowing hair and forced her down, the shamed straight girl could only submit, bowing to the undeniable fleshly reality of that which she had craved in such girlish innocence but which now was so terrifyingly immediate. She could only open her trembling lips and feast, helplessly. Cheeks wet with smelly juices, the girl as she progressed would lean ever more hungrily down, filling her mouth with the intimate feminine flavor of savory flesh that veritably writhed under her innocently eager attentions. Her nose would breathe nothing but the damp curls thrust into her wondering nostrils, her eyes see nothing but woman, glistening pink flesh and glossy black hairs! Ah, the surrender!

Sarah shivered suddenly. Such was merely the stuff of fantasy to the imaginative blonde, but to this Denise and her kind it was an everyday occurrence. The thought was perversely compelling.

“Sarah?” wondered Nikki at last, eyeing her closely. “What do you think?”

“Well...” She hesitated.

Yet those behaviors about which Sarah could not help being vaguely curious still were attended with enough of a stigma that she herself never would have considered asking a pair of lesbians if she could go with them to their hangout. She was not afraid that she would do anything weird, for she knew

that, despite her secret curiosities, she did indeed like boys. She had discovered that she was perhaps more appreciative of the beauty of other girls than many of her peers were, and she had learned not to discuss such things around those more narrow-minded than herself. No matter what, she was attracted to men far more than—or at least just as much as, she admitted inwardly—she was to women.

She was not afraid of another girl making a pass at her either. It wouldn't happen, she knew—and even if by some chance it did, nothing would come of it. No, there would be no harm. And yet... And yet she knew, secretly, that the thought of some lesbian perhaps flirting with her gave her a terrible, unacknowledged thrill. This again was something she could not have spoken aloud, but the thought that another woman would find her attractive was wildly inflaming. Her heart beat heavily beneath her breasts.

Sarah found herself nodding jerkily. "It can't hurt," she shrugged. "Let's go out with 'em."

"All right," Nikki grinned. "Sounds like fun." The waitress arrived with their food, and idly Nikki watched the supple handfuls of the girl's pretty little breasts jiggle beneath her thin red T-shirt. She pursed her lips and waited until the other had left again. "I'll call Denise and tell her we're coming."

Sarah shook out her paper napkin and set it across her lap. "Gee, how do you dress to go out with lesbians?" she wondered softly.

"Me?" asked Nikki slyly. "Or you?"

"You know what I mean," Sarah smiled. She gestured vaguely with her fork. "I mean, what the hell is the etiquette for straight girls? Do you dress up? Do you go casual? Or what?"

"What would you like to do?" Nikki said levelly.

"Well, I want to avoid looking like a jerk," Sarah shrugged. "I don't want to be patronizing, and look like I'm trying to fit in, and be something I'm not. On the other hand, I

don't want to stick out and look like some pith-helmeted Brit coming to observe the natives." She sighed. "Look, just give me the benefit of your budding anthropologist's knowledge of the world's societies and customs, huh, wise-ass?"

"Dress like you would for guys, then," suggested Nikki. "Wear something cute. Hey, how about that red skirt and those red shoes you bought at the mall last semester? The white blouse, too." She licked her lips. "And black nylons, I think," she added. "That'd work well."

Sarah shook her head fondly. "You really like those, don't you?" she chuckled. "Why, it was you who suggested I get that combination in the first place. You know, you can borrow any of that stuff whenever you want."

"Oh, no," Nikki protested, "I like 'em on you." Her eyes twinkled. "Besides," she smirked, "I don't have the hips or the tits to fill out clothing like that. Those threads are made for stacked blondes like you, not little brunettes like me."

Sarah flushed in pleasure and in embarrassment. How sweet it was of Nikki to compliment her like that, she thought. She sometimes thought her boobs and her hips were too big, and it was endearing that Nikki would reassure her so. She searched quickly for something to say. "Well, look, I'll wear my stuff if you'll wear that slinky little cream dress of yours, the one with the really low back. Then we'll both be ready to do the town."

Nikki smiled prettily at the compliment. "Thanks, Sarah, that's a good idea." Yet suddenly she sighed. "I'll really have to keep my eye on you, though."

"Why?" gasped Sarah, a little guiltily despite herself.

"Well, you really are a number in that outfit," Nikki shrugged in mock innocence. "What happens if some cute dyke tries to pick you up?"

Sarah flushed deeply at the thought. Could it really happen? she wondered uncertainly. What would it feel like to know that another girl thought you were pretty, that you were, well...sexy? What if all you had to do was just nod, and that

hungry babe would take you back to her place and expect you to make out with her? What would happen then?

How would it feel to sit there on a couch, say—or in some shuttered bedroom—while another girl looked into your eyes and drummed her fingers casually upon your knee and flirted with you, and suddenly you knew that what she really wanted to do was flip that skirt up over your hips and slide her knowing hand up your shivering thigh until she buried her busy fingers in the squelching mess of your sloppily lubricated pussy? Embarrassingly wet as she chatted so easily with you, you knew, exulting, what she craved—and if you smiled just right, she would fulfill your every dirty fantasy, gratefully. She would strip you bare, and then while you lay there in her bed, flushed and splay-limbed and ready, the poor hungry thing would run her supple red lips and her shameless tongue over every trembling inch of your naked skin—flushed throat and rounded shoulders, stiff-nippled breasts and jittery belly, fluttering thighs and lust-reeking wet pussy—probing and licking and sucking until you screamed in unwilling delight! God, the groaning nirvana of that sweet Sapphic indulgence...

“Well?” Nikki egged her on. “What then, roomie?”

“Huh?” Sarah jerked guiltily from her perverse reverie. Her face felt hot.

“What happens if some unsuspecting wench tries to walk off with my favorite roommate?” Nikki wondered. “What then?”

“Well,” said Sarah softly, her cheeks burning, “I guess I’d just have to tell her that I need to go home with you.”

Dark eyes gleaming, Nikki pursed her crooked red lips and nodded silently in satisfaction.

That evening Sarah and Nikki drove over to meet Denise and her girlfriend at the bar. Biting her lip, Sarah sneaked

another peek at herself in the rearview mirror.

“Yes, you look just darling,” Nikki said dryly. Sarah gave her a quick look through slitted eyes, but the other just continued imperturbably, “Nope, no way you could ever hope to improve.”

“Hmm,” said Sarah, thinking about it. “You know, that tone doesn’t exactly give the most ringing endorsement.”

“Aw, come on, lighten up.” Nikki grinned. “Seriously, though, you look great. Just stop fussing about it—you’re making me nervous, too.”

Sarah sighed. “Okay, okay.” She glanced over at her roommate, eyeing the slender little brunette’s makeup and the way her lustrous sable hair swayed about her pale neck and shoulders. The girl’s lips were naturally full and dark, but she had glossed them with a little lipstick anyway, and now they were bright plums that veritably begged for a kiss. Her eyelids were brushed with shadow, as if they already were flushed with the pleasure of physical excitement. A hint of rouge on those impish cheeks plus a fine application of eyeliner and mascara made her look absolutely irresistible. The sly-eyed thing wore it all so well.

In lovely contrast to her youthful flush and that heavy raven mane, Nikki’s dress was a clinging sheath of glossy, sliding cream. And beneath that creamy dress lay flesh creamier still, supple and youthful and bare, scarcely concealed! She was small enough that when she wore the right outfit she needed no bra, and Sarah could not help but notice that under that single layer of shimmering fabric Nikki’s soft little breasts were jiggly and unrestrained. The scooped front of the garment revealed a generous view of the tops of those springy mounds, and the outer sides of the tender handfuls were gleamingly visible in the armholes of the dress whenever she raised her elbows. The back of the dress was cut low, far past the girl’s shoulder blades, down to the narrowing small of her back, almost to the top of her resilient buttocks. She was so cool and soft and supple.

Why, that dress was so slinky that even the elastic of a pair of panties would have shown beneath it...and yet Sarah was almost certain that she discerned no panty lines. It was shocking—and yet somehow pleasantly so—to realize precisely how much on display her pretty little roommate was. The sculpted handfuls of her petite bosom and the points of her nipples, the rolling flesh of her long hips and her youthful buttocks, even the dark curls between her soft upper thighs—all were naked and smooth beneath just one thin, teasing layer of sliding cream. The girl would be hard for any man to resist, Sarah knew. Yet then she remembered again where they were going, and she blushed.

“You look great, too,” Sarah said quickly. “Let’s neither of us obsess about it, huh?”

“Precisely,” said Nikki. “It doesn’t really matter anyway, though, does it? It’s not like we’re trying to pick somebody up.”

“N-no, no, of course not,” Sarah stammered. Suddenly she was self-conscious of the big breasts pushed up and out before her, and of the deep swath of cleavage that her blouse revealed. She glanced down, surprised to see a thick thimble-like disturbance in the silk covering each breast... The evening must have been cooler than she thought, she reflected uncertainly.

“Just relax.” Nikki smiled sideways at her and gave her a friendly, very unhurried pat on the trembling flesh of her nyloned knee. “We’ll have fun.”

“Of course,” whispered Sarah.

The gay bar was in a part of town with which Sarah was not very familiar, but they found it soon enough. The bouncer at the door—a man, and apparently straight, Sarah was a little surprised to see—smiled easily at the older girl and scarcely even glanced at her ID, but he scrutinized Sarah’s driver’s license closely before nodding and then stamping their wrists with different colored ink. “Just remember, though, ladies,” he added, wagging a finger not unkindly, “getting in doesn’t

mean drinking. Twenty is not close enough,” he told Sarah, “and if you’re caught sharing, you’re out.”

“Thanks,” Nikki smiled back on the younger girl’s behalf. “We’ll remember.”

“Our liquor license depends on that kind of thing,” he said apologetically, and let them in. Cigarette smoke wafted around them, stale and acrid.

“Gee,” Sarah murmured, gagging a little at the smell as she leaned close in the smoky darkness, “do you suppose he gives that spiel to everyone underage? I already knew how old I was.”

“Oh, he’s harmless,” shrugged Nikki. “Well, looks like it, anyway,” she added hastily as Sarah glanced at her in curiosity. “Probably tells that to anyone he doesn’t recognize as a regular,” she guessed.

They looked around, letting their eyes adjust to the sudden drop in brightness. The place was smallish but fairly busy, with waitresses weaving between tables and booths that were mostly filled already. Beside the mirrored bar was a stage where a local rock band worked an old Bob Seger song, their effort made palatable by their enthusiasm. Those who swayed and gyrated on the crowded dance floor, Sarah saw, were almost exclusively same-sex couples, with only a few men and women paired off together. It was no surprise, of course, but still for a moment she could not take her eyes from the unaccustomed sight of girls dancing with each other, their eyes smiling and sly, their hands gliding easily across rounded feminine hips and smooth shoulders. Some were mannish and to Sarah’s eyes not particularly attractive, yet a fair many were really rather cute...

“There they are,” said Nikki, nudging her. “Over there.” She nodded toward a booth along a side wall.

Sarah peered, saw two halfway familiar faces there. “Okay, I see ’em.” The two looked up and waved, and Sarah and Nikki started to head over. “What’s her name again—Denise’s girlfriend?” Sarah asked quickly.

“It’s, uh... Oh, hell,” Nikki frowned, suddenly drawing a blank. “I don’t really know her like I know Denise.” She snapped her fingers impatiently. “It’s...Joan—no, Jane. Yeah, Jane, that’s it.”

“Thanks,” Sarah nodded.

“I’m glad you made me remember,” Nikki replied gratefully as they threaded their way to the table. “Maybe *you* didn’t need to know right offhand, but it would have been tacky for me to have forgotten her name.”

“To have shown you’d forgotten it,” Sarah smirked, leaning close.

“Hmph.”

They weaved with apologetic smiles and nods through patrons heading to and from the dance floor, milling around with drinks, and chatting in impromptu clumps between the close tables. Most looked ordinary enough to Sarah, with nothing to distinguish them from the customers in any other bar. A fair minority here and there, however, sported unusual costumes—both males and females dressed in all varieties of studded black leather or shiny body-hugging red latex, androgynous men with makeup and feathered boas, tough-faced women in plaid shirts, jeans, and work boots. She tried to look around without being rude.

This bar was a meat market just like any other, she knew, yet she could not help finding it wickedly thrilling. The spike-heeled goddess in crimson rubber who towered over a petite consort wearing an artfully ripped prom dress and a leather collar was a case in point, as was the California muscle boy in a motorcycle cap and leather chaps who cruised a group of languid young men in half-open silk shirts. The patrons of this establishment needed their sexual relief perhaps no more or no less than the denizens of any straight bar. Here, however, so much of it was out in the open that she found it hard not to be excited by the atmosphere of knowing decadence.

Sarah looked again at a pair that could not help but catch her eye, the imperious black-haired babe with her pretty debutante-slut. She saw now not only that the little redheaded slave of the rubber-clad brunette wore a collar but that the collar sported a gleaming chain that ran to the end of a leash held in her mistress's long-gloved hand... Even more inflaming than the mere openness here, Sarah realized uneasily, was the very *difference*. She knew, after all, what heterosexuality entailed, though she herself had not yet found a man with whom she could do more than the most preliminary experimentation. She knew what fit where, and there was no secret, no mystery. About what these people did, however, Sarah could not help being secretly intrigued.

A submissive wench like that sly-eyed little redhead with her jiggly boobies peeking through her rent crinoline obviously enjoyed the role she played. Yet to what extent would she play her slave's part? Was she really at her mistress's beck and call constantly, subject to whatever were the commanding woman's dirty whims? Would her mistress just reach in and pinch those alluring little nipples whenever she felt like it, even here on the dance floor? If that red-clad beauty got the whim to watch someone else touch her property—some innocent straight girl, say—would the slave protest? Or would she just angle her shoulders to push one of her long pink nipples through a tear in her garment and simply smirk as the poor curious straight girl sucked it into her guilty, desperate mouth? The thought made Sarah shiver.

And if the self-possessed rubber-goddess enjoyed this level of worship in public, with what wild abandon might she demand that her statuesque form be adored in private? Did her pretty slave like to be tied up sometimes? the flushing Sarah wondered. Her taut young body aflutter, stripped and untouched and yet lashed spread eagled in display, did she crave to have her gasping face smothered with the comforting wet velvet of her lover's demanding black-furred cunt? Lying there trembling in her bonds, her own nipples achingly hard and her own soft pussy dripping unheeded between her forced-open thighs, how she might crave the sight and smell and touch and taste of her lover's excited womanhood! Oh, with

what abandon might she cavort in that squashed-open mess of flesh and hair and juices, slobbering, sucking, and moaning!

Nikki caught her by the arm, and Sarah jumped guiltily. “This way,” Nikki nodded. Her eyes followed Sarah’s for a moment, and her wicked lips pursed impudently. “How the other half lives,” she whispered, leaning her mouth close to Sarah’s blood-warmed ear.

“They don’t sleep in bunk beds, eh, roomie?” Sarah said quietly, trying to quip like Nikki.

Her roommate smirked. “No need for an extra blanket when you have something like that to wrap around you, huh?”

Flushing, Sarah knew she was outdone, and she smiled wanly. Her face warm, she tried not to visualize the picture that Nikki’s easy words suggested.

Nikki turned to shrug mischievously with her pretty eyebrows, and then she led the blushing Sarah toward the table of Denise and Jane. The blonde followed closely, directly behind the older girl rather than beside her because of the crush of bodies. With the fingertips of one hand kept lightly on her roommate’s bare bicep to avoid getting separated, Sarah kept glancing in secret curiosity back and forth about the room. Now and then from some stranger’s face or another she almost thought she read a look of recognition or a familiar nod—but that couldn’t have been, she told herself, for she knew no one here. Most likely the shapely little form of Nikki was attracting those eyes. Yes, that must have been it.

When they got to the booth, Denise greeted them with a smile, and Sarah and Jane introduced themselves. They all sat down.

Denise was rather plain and a little mannish, with lifeless brown hair and sparse eyebrows that made her pale eyes seem almost lost somehow. Her girlfriend was in Sarah’s view prettier, however. Jane’s curly strawberry-blonde hair was short and tousled, but she wore lipstick and eye makeup. She had three or four silver earrings in each lobe and a small ring in one nostril. Whereas Denise was fairly flat-chested, Jane’s

breasts were large—not as big as Sarah’s, perhaps, but quite noticeable anyhow. Sarah could not help but see that the buttons of the woman’s shirt strained upon the fabric across her bust. Did her own bosom look like that? Sarah wondered uneasily. Suddenly she was aware of Nikki regarding her blandly, and she busied herself smoothing her skirt and tucking her purse away.

“Do you want to split a pitcher of beer?” Denise asked them. “Jane is old enough to buy.”

“Ah, none for me, thanks,” replied Nikki, glancing at Sarah. “I feel like some Coke.”

“You sure?” said Jane amiably. “It’s no big deal. They never mind here,” she assured them.

“I guess I’ll just have pop, too,” said Sarah. “Thanks anyway.” She smiled politely. She was guided less by the admonition of the bouncer than by her own growing lack of interest in alcohol. When she was a freshman in the dorm, of course, she had gone with the more experienced Nikki to parties and had done a little drinking. They had never really gotten into the habit, however, and Sarah just couldn’t see the point. Truly getting drunk wasn’t really much fun—especially the next morning—and the idea of mere “social drinking” had come to seem silly, just a needless dulling of the senses. In fact, neither had drunk in months and months. Nikki on her twenty-first birthday had not gone out on one of the celebratory drinking binges so common to college towns, and Sarah suspected that when she turned twenty-one, neither would she. It simply didn’t seem the important milestone she had imagined back when she was eighteen or nineteen.

Denise signaled a waiter, and they all ordered. As they waited for the pitcher and the soft drinks, they chatted. Sarah was a little uncomfortable, both because she didn’t know the other girls and because of her uncertainty about how to act in this place, but at Nikki’s subtle urging she let herself be drawn out.

A big basket of pretzels came, then the drinks. They talked about their jobs and classes and the people they know at school, and as Sarah began to realize that these girls were not specimens in a zoo but people little different from herself, she found herself relaxing. They were fun and likable, and the smirking Jane had a good sense of humor.

As the evening wore on and Denise and Jane drained their pitcher of beer, they grew more boisterous. By the time they finished that second pitcher, Sarah estimated ruefully, their company probably would grow a little tiresome to anyone who was not halfway drunk, too. For the present, however, it was still enjoyable.

Sarah was relaxed and comfortable, except—well, except that she could not help but notice that Jane was looking at her...like a boy would. Sarah tried to dispel her suspicions—but she could not. The more they chatted, the more convinced Sarah became that Jane was eying her body. It was a look she recognized from men, and though intellectually she knew she should not be surprised at the fact that in a gay bar a lesbian indeed might enjoy her shape, she still could not help being somewhat disconcerted.

As the other girl sipped her beer, Sarah watched her dark eyes slide secretly back to Sarah's bosom. Sarah's blouse was cut a little differently from Jane's, and whereas that woman's breasts drew her fabric tight, Sarah's opened button revealed a generous double-handful of soft cleavage. From where Jane sat she could look easily into Sarah's open blouse, and whenever Sarah happened to lean forward, the girl got an even better view of Sarah's beckoning flesh, rounded and soft and warm. The more she drank, the more obvious her attentions became.

Sarah looked quickly at Nikki to see if she noticed, but the brunette's expression was unreadable. The muscles of Nikki's jaw tightened faintly, though, as she happened to glance over at Sarah, and when she looked back to answer something Jane had said, the lids over Nikki's fathomless eyes slitted unpleasantly for a moment before she replied.

Was she disgusted, Sarah wondered, even after the way she had ribbed Sarah about her uncertainty about going out with these girls? That wasn't like the open-minded Nikki—but maybe it made her uncomfortable to think that Denise's girlfriend would look at either of them like that. Maybe she suddenly felt protective of Sarah.

It was flattering, Sarah thought, that her roommate would look out for her like that. And yet...perhaps it was also flattering—perversely so—that the woman across the table would take such notice of her body. Nikki had said to dress as she would when going out with boys, after all. Could Sarah blame Jane if she looked?

She sat up a little more and drew her shoulders back in a casual stretch, and her big breasts rose full and tempting. They felt comfortable, somehow. Perhaps Jane took notice of it, perhaps not—Sarah happened to look the other way...though out of the corner of her eye she did chance to see the woman shift restlessly on her seat. When Sarah brought her gaze back to the table she glanced down at herself, and her eyes widened in sudden surprise. Her nipples pushed out fat and bold, just as if she were freezing cold rather than having to wipe the sweat from her warm brow. She thought about it uncomprehendingly for a moment, and then the flow of conversation drew her attention back, and she could puzzle about it no more.

After awhile she leaned forward again, farther now because of her new changed posture, putting her elbows comfortably on the table and resting her chin on her folded hands. Her heavy mounds hung slightly apart, she could feel, so that anyone sitting across from her perhaps could look deep into her cleavage, could with appreciative eyes measure the swell in mental handfuls. That, of course, Sarah imagined, was how a boy—or a lesbian—thought about it, not in inches or cup sizes but in the cradling reach of palms and fingers about resilient flesh.

Did Jane long sometimes to play with a set of big breasts like Sarah's? Denise's breasts, after all, were small—much smaller than Nikki's, even. Whereas Sarah's roommate had

pleasant little mounds—handfuls, really, just made for the right palms and digits to appreciate, Sarah always secretly believed—Jane’s girlfriend was basically flat-chested. If men liked a good pair of boobs, Sarah wondered, did a lesbian, too? Could a woman lust after such simple physical features like a man might?

Did Jane sometimes wish her girlfriend had big ones like she herself did, heavy mounds to be cupped and caressed and squeezed and joggled? Maybe now and then Jane could not help wondering what it would be like to treat a girl so, slaverling over her big tits with as much relish as any man. Perhaps in secret fantasies the curly-haired wench longed to seduce some stacked straight girl and just rip her blouse open so that buttons popped and scattered everywhere, and the woman’s full mammaries bulged out in the lesbian’s flushed face. Jane might imagine that as the quiet Denise watched indulgently, she could just grab some big-busted gal’s boobs and squeeze her fat nipples up between feverish clenching fingers and thumbs and devour them!

Yes, maybe Jane craved some really big nipples, the kind with great wide areolas that puckered up so thick. Sarah knew what veritable fistfuls her own pink-brown paps became when excited, and to what delicious lengths the naughty things could be stretched. Maybe the curious Jane wondered what it would be like to suck on a pair like that. She could fill her hungry mouth with such nipples, sucking, chewing, making the poor straight girl writhe beneath her, masturbating fiercely. No matter how secure Jane and Denise’s relationship, it would be hard, Sarah suspected, not to have such naughty thoughts now and then.

Sarah let out her breath raggedly. Inexplicably, her own nipples were agonizingly stiff. Reaching her warm hand for the condensation-beaded glass of her iced drink, Sarah glanced back up...and found Jane gazing with scarcely disguised excitement into the full mounds gleaming soft and round and touchable in her blouse. The other girl looked up, and their

eyes met. Sarah's hand trembled as it wrapped about her Coke, but she could not break the gaze.

"Does anybody feel like dancing?" Jane wondered quietly, unblinking. She took a long drink of her beer, eyeing Sarah speculatively over the top of her glass. After a moment she turned to Denise. "How about it?"

"Oh, I don't know," the other replied. "I'm having such a nice chat..."

"Me, too," said Nikki flatly, not looking at Jane.

"But if you really feel like it, Jane..." Denise shrugged obligingly. The beer and her interest in the conversation had kept her from noticing her girlfriend's wandering eye. "Well, Nikki, if you and I don't want to, maybe Sarah would." She smiled easily at Sarah, oblivious. "Go ahead if you like, Sarah. The band's pretty good tonight, better than usual."

"Well..." Sarah bit her lip. She glanced at Nikki, but the other was studying the pretzels, her jaw set.

"Hey, that's a good idea," Jane said slowly, her thin lips curling. She took another drink.

"If you're sure..." Sarah said hesitantly. She teetered between shamefaced curiosity and almost reflexive aversion. She couldn't really dance with another girl...could she? And yet, really, there would be no harm in it, she tried to convince herself. She was just being friendly, and it was all perfectly innocent.

"Oh, go ahead," Denise laughed, gesturing toward the dance floor with her half-empty glass. "She won't bite—not too hard, anyway."

Frowning, Nikki spent a long moment comparing her watch to the pulsing neon clock behind the bar. Sarah tried to catch her eye for advice, but Nikki seemed intent on adjusting the hands of her wristwatch just right. The hands moved forward and back beneath Nikki's restless adjustments, tightly, but they would not settle. The girl did not look Sarah's way.

“Well, okay,” Sarah said at last, “it sounds fun.” She smiled with more assurance than she felt.

“All right,” smiled Jane wolfishly. “Let’s cut the rug.” She rose and held out her hand.

Sarah stood and, surprised, let the girl take her hesitant hand. No other girl had ever touched her in quite that way before. It was a comparatively innocent contact, but Sarah sensed a strange mixture of deference and eagerness in the woman’s easy grip. Jane was comfortable and confident—yet somehow sly, almost seductive—as she led Sarah out onto the crowded dance floor.

They found a space, and as Jane released Sarah’s hand, her fingertips chanced to glide lightly across the blonde’s hip. Facing Sarah—and standing a little closer than Sarah thought she would—Jane began to sway to the music. “Never done it before, have you?” she said crookedly, her voice just audible over the music.

“Huh?” said Sarah, startled. She found the beat and began to dance, moving her hips, her arms.

“Danced like this,” the short-haired girl amplified smilingly. She moved a step closer so they could talk without yelling. “In a bar like this...with another woman.”

“Well...no,” Sarah admitted. She gave a quick, nervous smile.

They were so close now that their breasts touched whenever Jane swayed forward, and Jane’s hands happened to slide over Sarah’s hips and waist as the girl shook them rhythmically back and forth. “Don’t worry,” Jane murmured, staring directly into Sarah’s eyes. “There’s always a first time.”

Sarah nodded jerkily. The other girl’s big bosom bobbed into her again and again, and Jane’s hands were teasingly light on the sides of Sarah’s body. She glanced down and saw that Jane’s nipples, like her own, were erect beneath her shirt. She didn’t know what to think.

The music flowed over them, around them, through them, good rock and roll that was heavy and loud. Flushed and sweaty, Sarah just moved with the hypnotizing rhythms. Despite the strangeness of the situation, she was comfortable, unthinking. On the crowded dance floor, where everyone could see and where no one could, she danced unconcernedly as Jane smiled almost challengingly back at her.

Whenever Sarah reached up to brush a wisp of gold from her warm forehead, Denise's girlfriend watched her full breasts rise within her silky blouse. The girl kept touching her, light and teasing, about her hips and her sides. Sometimes she herself reached out to brush back Sarah's hair, and whenever she did, her fingertips ran softly down Sarah's blood-warmed ear and the side of her neck before sliding down her collarbone and off her rounded shoulder. That touch was so sly, so insinuating...almost possessive somehow. Yet the confused Sarah did not know whether she wanted it stopped, or not. She could scarcely think.

Then the band wound down one song and started another. The one was an old Melissa Etheridge tune, slow and sensuous, with a strong undercurrent of commanding guitar. Sarah slowed herself and caught the new beat. She felt it in all her limbs, felt the long guitar strum spread from her belly outward like a sweet, sighing ache. All around her couples swayed closer together in the smoky darkness.

Her confident dark eyes gazing into Sarah's uncertain green ones, Jane stepped closer still. Her breasts rubbed restlessly against Sarah's, and her hands glided teasingly up and down Sarah's slowly gyrating hips, her trembling hands, her arms and shoulders. Her supple lips pursed impudently as she looked from Sarah's flushed face, down to the lush curves of her body, and back again.

The singer pushed out the lyrics, haunting and hungry. Yes, Sarah realized vaguely, this woman so close before her knew all too well how to treat another girl's body. Sarah recoiled at the stale beer on her breath, yet she was

mesmerized by the look in those half-lidded eyes, by the secret caresses of those experienced fingers. Those hands would know just what to do to another girl's throbbing nipples, would know all the tricks that could make fluttering feminine flesh ring with pleasure. This short-haired girl with whom she danced had no fear that made her run, Sarah realized as she swayed to the richly evocative voice of the singer up on stage who caressed that microphone as if it were her lover's supple bare body. She had no demons she was hiding from—no, that self-confident, spunky-haired strawberry blonde simply *obeyed* her demons, happily! Sarah writhed drowsily.

And those wicked lips—oh, surely they hungered as well! From lipsticked mouth to flushed neck, from rounded shoulder to upstanding nipple, from fluttering belly to watering cunt, those lips knew it all. They were no strangers to the worship of womanhood. Why, Jane had put her mouth in secret places that Sarah had never really even seen. Willingly she had breathed deep of the salty aroma of wet cunt and had abandoned herself to the dirtiest of joys, wallowing between splayed white thighs, licking, sucking, smacking her appreciative lips. Husky with the sweet agony of devotion, the singer crooned about walking in fire, about drowning in desire...

Sarah moved slowly, teasingly. She rolled her shoulders, feeling her nipples slide beneath the silk of her blouse. She swayed her hips, feeling her thighs grind pleasantly together beneath her short red skirt. How warm she was, and how moist, all over! Her heavy eyelids had slid closed. She knew the other girl was watching, but she didn't care—or she did. She could not decide, and it did not matter. Right then all that mattered was the dance, the comfortable feeling within her body, the soft touches which tantalized her.

She pushed her breasts out, daring those fingers further. Hands glided up and down her sides, her hips, her arms. It felt so good, good to tease herself and the other, good to be admired in return, and soon the fingers which danced across her grew bolder. Now when those fingertips came up beneath her arms, they might chance to brush the sides of her bosom, or the bottom. Sarah writhed unconcernedly, feeling a hand

now and then squeeze softly at her resilient flesh. Her nipples burned, untouched.

Her mind drifted in the music, in the sensuous dance. She was alone with her voiceless feelings, with her slow-building yet unacknowledged arousal. She could have floated there forever.

The engorged pink-brown crinkles that tipped her overflowing bosoms felt so big, so excited! Eyes contentedly closed, Sarah swayed to the music, making her breasts rub against the other girl who danced so close before her, warm and soft and smiling and silent. She shuddered as the hands upon her bosom grew more assertive, as knowing fingernails raked slowly over the electric points of flesh that protruded so boldly through the thin silk, visible even through her brassiere. It felt so good.

Sarah smiled to herself in the darkness as sensuous fingertips finally settled all about those turgid nipples and began playing with them in earnest. Unthinkingly she pushed herself deeper into that possessive grasp, sighing as she let her heavy breasts nestle in cradling palms.

Her big breasts ablaze, her flushed eyelids heavy, Sarah writhed comfortably to the music. Frank fingers and thumbs had caught her hungry nipples, and now they squeezed rhythmically. She moaned as soft fingertips rolled the hard tips of her breasts, tugging the sensitive pink-brown erections relentlessly. The sensations ran straight down to her watering crotch, and absently she found herself pressing her thighs together restlessly as she danced.

Sarah breathed heavily, swaying upon her distant feet. She groaned faintly deep within her throat as she reeled slowly toward some ultimate pleasure she pretended not to notice. Her nipples burned comfortably, sending a secret tremor down her jangling nerves to glow hot and electric blue in the hairy pink flesh between her moist thighs. The music seemed to go on forever. A promising tingle pulsed within her. Sarah reeled closer and closer—

Finally, however, the song was done, and Sarah blinked her sleepy eyes open to find Jane gazing intently into her flushed face. The band took a break, and in the sudden quiet the dancers began to disperse. Jane's fingertips fell lightly upon Sarah's wrist and remained there. "I think I need to visit the restroom," the girl said softly, her quiet voice full of meaning. "How about you?"

Sarah blinked. Why, did Jane really mean...? Sarah blushed fiercely. She was so confused that she could hardly think. Her helpless young body was aflame with wild desires that she could not name, and her mind was awlirl.

Suddenly she did not know why she had come tonight, and she did not know what had happened. She had aroused another girl, she told herself uncomprehendingly. She had teased the girl all night long and had watched as the thought of her own body had made Jane's nipples perk up bold and erect. She had danced with Jane, closer and closer, and had let the girl flirt with her, and touch her, while everyone watched. And now Jane wanted—she wanted... It was unthinkable. Good girls weren't supposed to do that.

Yet despite her nagging conscience, Sarah's betraying nipples ached with their terrible erectness. If she herself had not initiated the situation, she wondered vaguely, did that mean it was not as bad? Her flesh was so fiercely excited! How she craved her release! Agitated, she tried to weigh the terrible violation of perhaps-arbitrary norms against the forbidden pleasures she needed so desperately.

Sarah's heart thudded beneath her heavy breasts. She licked her lips, but for a moment no speech came. Jane's eyes beckoned her silently, and she tried to steady herself. She did not know what to say.

And even if she did convince herself to go through with it, Sarah wondered, could they really get away with it? If they did go to the restroom, could they slip into a stall together without anyone noticing? Did that kind of thing really happen?

Her mind raced in crazy, desperate circles. Why, Jane was even hungrier than she was—if given the slightest opportunity, she would deny Sarah nothing, nothing! The thought was perversely arousing.

Maybe if Sarah got up on the seat, she could crouch there and take off her poor soaked panties. Oh, how wet and smelly they must be! And then, and then— But what would she say? Why, she could never bring herself to ask... Yet perhaps the knowing Jane would need no invitation. Wouldn't it be enough if Sarah just lifted her skirt and opened herself up, all hairy and wet and excited? Wasn't that invitation enough for someone like Jane? Sarah wouldn't even have to say a word. She would just dig her fingers into the smelly damp flesh of her pussy and pull her squelching lips wide open. And then—

She looked up and saw Jane's eyes gleaming hungrily. "Yeah," said the other girl quietly, "it'll be okay. You know you want to try it." She squeezed Sarah's hand. "Come on," she whispered, "before the others miss us."

Sarah bit her lip uncertainly. She took a steadying breath

Suddenly she felt a hand drop onto her shoulder. Sarah jerked guiltily. It was Nikki, carrying both her purse and Sarah's, as if she were ready to leave. The girl put her arm possessively around Sarah's shoulders, in a way she never had done before. As Nikki stood there her body was reassuring and firm all along the length of Sarah's, and her little breast was soft and high against Sarah's sweating side. To Sarah's surprise, Nikki made no move to break the contact or to step back and give Sarah any more room. The dark-haired girl smiled fixedly at the uncertain Jane.

"It's getting kind of late, Sarah," Nikki said blankly, staring hard at Jane. "You wanted me to remind you. We both have work tomorrow."

"Oh," said Sarah, conscious of the coolness of Nikki's slinky flesh against her, a shocking contrast to the urgent wet warmth within her body. "Y-y-yeah, that's right. Th-thanks."

“Thanks for inviting us,” Nikki said mechanically to Jane. “We had a great time.” She slid her hand down to Sarah’s hip and patted it familiarly.

“Uh, great,” stammered Jane. She looked nervously from one to the other. “We—we’ll see you later, huh?”

“Oh, yeah,” Nikki said bleakly. “Sure.” She stared, her narrowed eyes icily unblinking, until Denise’s girlfriend had to look away.

They turned and made their way back toward the door, Nikki’s arm around Sarah’s waist, her hand comfortable on Sarah’s trembling hip. Though her hammering heart gradually slowed, still Sarah pulsed within. She did not quite know exactly what she felt.

“Thanks,” said Sarah as they stepped out of the hot, smoky bar into the cool starlit night. Heat wafted from Sarah’s face, and beneath the high stars her skin prickled with goose bumps.

“No problem,” Nikki muttered. She released Sarah and sighed. Gravel crunched under their shoes. “It was getting kind of late.”

Sarah dug out her keys and unlocked the car shakily. Beneath the thin fabric of her blouse, her nipples still stood up enormous and tight. Her hands trembled. “Say, Nikki,” she said with attempted casualness, “do you, uh...do think you could drive? All that caffeine must have made me jittery.”

Nikki looked at her for a long moment. “Sure,” she said at last, quietly, her eyes unreadable. “Let’s go home.”

Chapter Three

For a wearying month after they went to the bar with Denise and Jane, Sarah dated nearly a dozen different boys. Sarah was not the kind of girl who always had to have a date and go out every weekend, so Nikki noticed the change right away. At first the older girl kidded Sarah about it, but the blonde chose not to see anything unusual.

One night Nikki asked her—rather snippily, really—what she was doing to attract so many men now. Sarah protested. She was working extra hours at the big bookstore in Okemos, and it seemed that all of a sudden she was meeting more interesting and eligible young men than ever before. Her roommate just frowned.

Nikki grew less good-natured about her jesting. If a guy was named Richard, for example, Nikki referred to him as Dick. “Have you seen that Dick lately?” she might wonder, her dark eyes slitted. If Sarah had not seen him since their last date, Nikki would give her a big list of the reasons why he was no good. Sometimes they got into rather nasty arguments.

Yet really, despite Sarah’s best intentions, most of those guys did turn out to be duds. She would not admit it to herself, and she certainly would not admit it in the face of Nikki’s snide I-told-you-so’s, but it was hard to keep up the facade. She resented Nikki’s pseudo-psychological second-guessing, but she herself could find no easy explanation either. There wasn’t anything wrong in going out with boys, was there? If she happened to pick a string of losers, Sarah told herself, that didn’t really mean anything. It didn’t mean, for example, that subconsciously she was trying to prove something...while on yet some even deeper level perhaps trying to sabotage herself. That was the kind of psycho-babble Nikki would try to give her, and Sarah simply would not buy it.

She had nothing to prove, after all—did she? No, not to herself, not to anyone. If Nikki thought that silly little dancing with Jane in the bar had made Sarah react unusually, she was dead wrong. That hadn't meant anything either one way or another, and neither had it put her in a position where she felt she had to prove anything. In fact, Sarah was certain she was right, because Nikki had never quite dared to bring up that night they had gone out with the lesbians. If even the critical Nikki would not mention it, then surely, the blonde tried to tell herself, it must not have been important.

Nikki, however, had other ways of getting to Sarah. Sarah could not figure out why, but her roommate was becoming more and more difficult to live with. Some evenings were tense and silent as rather than using the dining area, the girls ate their dinners on their laps in separate rooms, perhaps one flipping irritably through television channels while the other pretended to read a book, each suddenly finding something different to do and somewhere else to go if the other chanced to enter the room she occupied. On other evenings the enigmatic brunette simply disappeared without explanation and came home late, looking grim and unsatisfied, yet almost vaguely shamefaced somehow. Now and then Sarah thought she smelled strange perfume upon the older girl, and when once, despite herself, she could not help asking about it, Nikki looked at her almost challengingly. "They had samples at the mall," she replied at last, flatly, as if daring the buxom girl to say more. Biting her lip, Sarah could only nod jerkily in confusion.

Nikki sneered not only at all of Sarah's dates but, apparently, at the very idea of dating as well. She snapped at odd things. Sometimes she sulked. If Sarah had not known better, she would have thought that Nikki was jealous. Was she jealous of the time her friend spent with those dates instead of with her? No, that was crazy. Or perhaps she was jealous of the attention Sarah got. Yet that simply could not be either, for she had seen Nikki turn heads whenever they went out anywhere. One evening Sarah told her as much.

“My God,” Nikki exploded, “who in the hell cares about that! I don’t care how many drooling guys look at me, and if you knew what was good for you, you wouldn’t either! Do you really want to end up with the reputation of a slut? Don’t you think that’s what’ll happen when you go out with all those guys?” Her face was red.

“Nobody thinks that!” said Sarah defensively. “I don’t do anything wrong!”

“Then you’re a cock-tease,” the dark-eyed girl spat venomously. “You can’t walk around the way you do, with those big tits and a lot of blonde hair, and not expect every asshole in the world to want to get you into bed. If they do, you’re a slut, and if they don’t, you’re a cock-tease. There’s no in-between!”

Taken aback, Sarah looked at her in amazement. “Well, what should I do, then?” she asked finally, exasperated. “Live in a cave?”

“Shit, I don’t know!” Nikki snorted with disgust. She threw down her magazine and stalked into the bathroom and slammed the door. In a moment the shower started up.

Sarah sat on the couch, quaking with emotion. She didn’t understand Nikki, and she didn’t understand herself. Nothing made any sense anymore. She seemed to be losing the best friend she had—over nothing, nothing! Near tears, she just stared at the floor.

In just a few minutes, however, the shower stopped, and Nikki hurried out, wrapped in a towel and still dripping wet. She dropped to her knees in front of Sarah and hugged her around the waist, heavy black hair soaking Sarah’s shirt, chilling her breasts. “I’m sorry, Sarah!” she gasped. “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean that. I don’t know why I’m so wound up. Please—please...”

“That’s okay,” Sarah said in quiet surprise, her voice soothing. It really touched her that after such a tirade the girl would run out to apologize like that. The slender temptress was rarely actually unfair in her judgments, but Sarah of course long since had noticed that she was very headstrong—demanding in certain ways, really. When the strong-willed

Nikki changed her opinion, she might admit the error of her earlier reasoning, but almost never did she feel the need to apologize for anything per se. It simply was not in the willful creature's nature. Her sudden outpouring of emotion therefore meant just that much more to the grateful honey-blonde.

Sarah simply couldn't hold anything against Nikki. No matter how nasty the older girl had been, she really was trying to look out for Sarah, and Sarah loved her for it. "It's okay," she said again.

She stroked Nikki's head, wet and cool against her. Then she reached into her lap and took the girl's chin in her hand and raised Nikki's face. The brunette's eyes were red, and her cheeks were streaked with tears. Sarah wiped them away with a tender thumb. "I really do appreciate your opinion, you know," she said softly.

Nikki nodded. She swallowed. "Thank you," she said. Abashed, she laced her tapering white fingers in Sarah's lap, laid her chin back down, and looked up across Sarah's soaked shirt, half transparent with wetness. The girl's eyes were big and dark, rimmed with dense lashes. "Look, tomorrow's Saturday," she said. Her voice was slow, almost hesitant. "Let's get out of the city and relax." She raised her eyebrows. "My parents are away on a vacation, and we could go out to my house for a nice hike in the country." She smiled hopefully. "You want to?"

Sarah tousled her head. "Of course," she replied gratefully. "It sounds fun."

They both dried off and changed into their nightshirts, and they watched a little television before heading to bed.

It took Sarah quite a while to fall asleep, however. Though Nikki had taken back her comments so apologetically, still Sarah could not help returning to something the girl had said. What would it be like, Sarah wondered idly, actually to be a slut...?

Oh, that was something that never could happen, certainly. With the risk of heartbreak and pregnancy and

disease, you just could not go around doing things like that, she knew. Still, how entertaining it was to imagine sometimes!

As Nikki slept peacefully beneath her in the bottom bunk, Sarah stirred restlessly. Shivering, she pulled up her long nightshirt to expose the hairy blonde nest of her moistening twat, her fluttering belly, and the heavy mounds of her stiff-nippled breasts. Smiling in the darkness, she began to touch herself while naughty visions danced behind her flushed eyelids.

As practiced fingertips stirred the copious juices squelching between her wide-opened thighs, Sarah imagined a dirty gangbang all for herself. As she lay on display in a great canopied bed in a candlelit castle somewhere, she would pluck idly at the sensitized pink-brown puckers crowning her heaving mounds. Naked beneath the gaze of the dozen hungry, naked young men in chains who lined up for their turn at her shapely body, she would smile demurely up at them. At her whispered assent the first boy would climb up into bed, his fetters clanking, and without any preliminaries he would just fuck her, mindlessly.

In her midnight daydream, Sarah writhed prettily, her plump labia filled with the demanding pressure of reddened male organs, one after the other. She pushed her breasts up so that her poor slaves could suck the turgid pink-brown flesh of their mistress's aching nipples. It felt so good to have one rigid cock in her cum-filled hole and one hungry mouth slavering through her fat tits—and a dozen sets of eyes watching it all. Smiling wickedly, she performed beneath their hungry gaze... beneath their sweating flesh.

Each handsome male specimen would use her, desperately, and when he had spattered the slick depths of her grasping cunt with the flatteringly copious fluids of his urgent lusts, the next slave would sink himself gratefully into the gooey mess. Sticky dollops of other men's cum splashed out with each urgent stroke, and Sarah angled her hips and pulled her knees ever higher so as not to spill the semen they poured

so unreservedly into her. On and on she would gasp, her demanding young flesh absolutely full of manhood, her soul full of bliss, strangers' scrotums slapping against her wet buttocks glistening with stray streamers of sperm. It was thrilling to be treated like that, desired as a mere object, pampered as a princess, worshiped as a veritable goddess.

As one man serviced her needs—both the fleshly desire of her body for this profoundly primal satisfaction of this forthright treatment and the demands of her feminine ego for this most natural of stroking—all the others would watch in silence. Those who had not yet possessed her would stare with trembling eagerness, their purpled phalluses high and dark, perhaps already slicked with a dribble of clear seminal fluid. Those who already had enjoyed her favors watched with the desperate desire to try her again, wilted penises aching with reluctant re-inflation. Insatiable, she would urge them to ever greater feats of sexual prowess. And in the rosy glow of the innumerable candles which lit her boudoir, through her heavy lids Sarah might just make out the slender shape of Nikki, who watched smirkingly, and ushered in another shipment of shackled consorts...

As often happened, such midnight exertions served less to satisfy Sarah's natural appetites completely than to whet them for another shameless frigging. When she woke in the morning, blinking in the golden sunlight as Nikki stretched sleepily in the bunk below her, Sarah felt a hungry feeling in her empty belly, a feeling not entirely caused by the need for breakfast. As she stirred beneath the covers she could smell herself, musky and feminine and familiar, and the scent made her nipples stand straight up against the thin cotton of her sleep-warmed nightshirt.

Yet this morning, apparently, another session of self-pleasuring was not to be. Without quite realizing it, she had

planned on having another orgasm while Nikki was in the shower. As the door to the bathroom closed safely behind her roommate, Sarah shivered in unacknowledged arousal. For a long while she simply lay there in her bunk, running her hands over herself idly. Finally, however, she could not help just spreading her thighs wide and reaching into a cunt which already reeked deliciously of sex. Sighing, Sarah placed her tapering fingertips about her swollen clitoris and drew slow blissful circles all around the little morsel of erectile tissue that was the heart of her desires. She squelched noisily.

It felt so good. Yet just when she had gotten herself all worked up, flushed and panting and sweaty, the shower went silent and Sarah had to stop. Biting her lip, she drew her fingertips from the slick garden of the open lips of her whorish, virginal pussy, wiping the lubrication hastily on her thigh. She pulled her long nightshirt back down over her hips and climbed quickly out of bed, heart thudding. Her face, she knew, must still have been betrayingly flushed.

“You’re just now out of bed?” laughed Nikki as she came out of the bathroom toweling her dark hair. “And here I hurried just for you.” Indeed, the girl was not dressed yet, her shapely flesh instead wrapped about with a towel that went from the tops of her high young breasts to the very tops of her sleek thighs.

If Nikki wasn’t careful, Sarah realized uncomfortably, that towel would ride a couple of centimeters higher up those pretty thighs, and damp black fur would curl out slyly... She shuddered convulsively at the strange thought. “That’s right,” Sarah said awkwardly, groping for something to say, “we’re going to drive out to your parents’ place today, right?”

“Right,” agreed Nikki, “so let’s get moving, huh?” She grinned and turned toward the closet, and Sarah could not help noticing that as the bottom of the towel twirled, it flipped back briefly to reveal a sudden glimpse of a beautiful white buttock.

“Okay,” Sarah replied unsteadily. Face warm, she headed into the bathroom. She had wanted to play with herself in the shower while Nikki dressed, but she knew she should hurry

along, for Nikki had proposed having that big walk and picnic on her parents' property out in the country. It would take them, the older girl had said, quite a fair drive to get there. Sarah thought maybe she would just sneak in a quick frig anyway—just a little one, she told herself, fast and dirty and desperate—but just as she began scratching her nails down through the soaked curls of her beckoning thatch, Nikki's voice made her jump guiltily.

“Come on, Sarah!” her roommate called loudly through the closed bathroom door. “We've gotta get moving.” There was a pause, and then she added with a sly little laugh, “Don't make me come in there and get you!”

“Okay, okay,” Sarah shouted back over the rushing of the faucet and the splashing of water droplets which careened across her trembling body, across the walls, the shower curtain, and the wet shower floor. Feeling helplessly unsatisfied, Sarah hurried dutifully through her washing, her palms unwillingly chaste on wet swells and planes of nude white flesh that craved to be caressed and stroked and fondled. It was an exquisite torture to keep her fingertips from the oversensitized bundle of nerve endings that pulsed, swollen, between the thickened lips of her vulva. Her knees felt weak.

Sarah's poor neglected nipples still stood up perversely stiff at the thought that if she started masturbating, someone might actually come in and catch her. How terribly embarrassing it would be! Why, her shame would be unimaginable, the very notion even now being enough to make her face hot and red. And yet...and yet for some reason Sarah replayed the thought again and again.

Somehow she imagined that if the unspeakable indeed did happen, she might be so desperately aroused that she would be unable to stop... No matter who stood there, staring open-mouthed at her most intimate act, she would just keep touching herself, on and on and on, gazing back shamelessly—invitingly—through heavy-lidded eyes. And as another pretty girl watched her so uncertainly, frozen in her place, despite the humid warmth of the shower, the ripe plums of that girl's

nipples would push up bold and stiff against the thin fabric of her blouse, helplessly aroused.

Sarah, smiling dreamily at the knowledge that she had done that to another girl, would writhe seductively, caressing her own hips and thighs, her belly and breasts. Eyes locked with the mesmerized watcher, she would lower herself slowly to the tiled floor, where she would spread her legs wide and, with hips bucking of their own accord, stroke her slippery little clit ever faster. Huskily, then, she would beg the watcher to join her... Oh, certainly Nikki had joked innocently enough—but it always *had* been a naughty little fantasy of Sarah's.

Breathing rapidly, Sarah slammed off the water in frustration and toweled herself with a vengeance. Though her flesh felt good as she gripped it through the towel, she dared not knead it in earnest, or she would never stop. She still didn't feel completely dry between her trembling thighs, but she dressed quickly, squeezing her nipples without even realizing it as she scooped the jiggling mounds of her bosom into the soft cups of her brassiere. She brushed her teeth, brushed her hair, glanced at herself cursorily in the mirror.

When she stepped out of the bathroom and joined her roommate she was sure that her face was still flushed and warm, but though Nikki eyed her with casually friendly scrutiny, her expressive red lips made no comment.

The other girl just arched one smoky eyebrow, smirked inexplicably, then said, "Come on, let's go." She gave Sarah a friendly little whack on the bottom with the palm of one hand to hurry her along...and the innocent contact could not help but make Sarah quiver inside.

How good it would feel, her dirty mind raced on helplessly, to have a pair of hands grab her there, fingers and thumbs digging possessively into the yielding flesh of her ass! Suddenly she longed to just throw herself face-down and naked on a silk-sheeted bed somewhere and feel frank, appreciative hands gripping her, squeezing her, spreading those round cheeks apart. Man or woman—it didn't matter. In fact, why, if those exploring hands were soft and feminine

rather than coarse and manly, perhaps that would make the act all the more inflaming...

And as she writhed there, flushed and drowsily smiling with her golden tresses gleaming about her naked shoulders, graceful tapering fingers would reach on under her and push a couple of red-nailed digits right up inside her watering cunt! Despite her month-long flight from that close call in the bar with Jane, how she longed still for this forbidden possession!

She knew her friend meant nothing untoward, but nevertheless her clitoris throbbed helplessly in response. Confused, Sarah bit her lip and hastened for the stairs.

The day was beautiful and the drive a pretty one, but every now and then the pit of Sarah's belly still quivered with a faint hunger. She had wanted to touch herself since the moment she woke up, and her kinky thoughts in the shower certainly hadn't made anything easier. Only the comfort of Nikki's pleasant banter helped ease her tensions, distracting her mind from the agony of not being able to masturbate.

The farther they headed out into the gently rolling countryside, the older and more twisting the roads grew. Sarah had to pay attention to the patched and potholed pavement, to the dusty corrugated dirt roads as they meandered between wooded hills and lakes, swamps and disused meadows, pastures and fields. She was glad Nikki was there with her, keeping her mind from focusing on her own lustful body rather than the unpredictable back roads beneath her wheels.

Well, actually, Sarah realized in dismay, if Nikki hadn't been with her, she wouldn't have remained frustrated for very long. If Sarah had been alone, after all, she would have found a quiet spot to pull over long ago. Far from prying eyes, she would have cut her ignition and rolled to a stop in the dappled sunlight. Safe behind her locked doors, basking in the rich sunlight which flooded through her car windows, Sarah would have kicked her sweaty shorts and her hot musky panties down around her ankles, and as she reclined her bucket seat as far as it could go, she would have reached her grateful fingers down into her sodden blonde pussy so that she might play with

herself. And after her first desperate frigging, if her swollen clitty still longed for more, there would be nothing to keep her from prodding herself there again, contentedly...

Sarah shivered suddenly in the bright sunlight. That kind of thinking wasn't the way to settle her nerves. She nodded absently as Nikki addressed some remark her way, trying to bring herself back into the here and now.

Eventually Nikki spied the last hill before their destination. "Just over there," she said, indicating the direction with a nod of her graceful chin. "But the road curves left at the bottom, so watch out."

"Okay," Sarah replied. They topped the rise and rode down the narrow gravel lane in a clatter of stones and a cloud of dust. Sarah turned off the road toward the white farmhouse with its many tall, old-fashioned windows and its wrap-around porch where wicker furniture sat. A rusty Depression-era windmill still stood in the farm yard, while behind the house a weather-beaten barn perched on a foundation of fieldstone left over from the last Ice Age. It was beautiful.

She parked her car in the empty driveway of Nikki's parents' house, and they grabbed the picnic basket and headed out into the cornfield. They were alone. The sun hung heavy and molten in a cloudless sky.

They walked on and on through the gently rolling furrows, through a leafy jungle of corn whose lush verdancy often reached above their heads. Sarah laughed along with the impish Nikki, smiled and chatted as the dark-haired sprite who now and then hooked her arm so easily around Sarah's trembling waist or clapped her about the shoulders. Yet despite her dear friend's casualness, Sarah's hungry body could not keep itself from responding betrayingly. Sarah's flesh always had been most easily agitated, and when you were horny, she was discovering to her chagrin, even the touch of another girl's hand on your hip or on your arm was...well, not welcome, making her feel strange inside. Certainly everything was painfully innocent. But still Sarah's heart sometimes thudded

in perverse, instinctive response. It was something she tried not to notice.

When Sarah was in such a restless mood, Nikki's touch on her body could not help but make her quiver inside. Every friendly contact on her naked arm or her shoulder was a terrible tease that was no less real for being so accidental. If a hand fell casually around her shoulders, for example, how could poor Sarah not imagine what it would be like for that hand to reach farther, groping for the forbidden flesh of a soft full breast, fingers eventually grabbing for thickened nipples they were not supposed to crave? How could the gentle pressure of an arm and hand about her waist and hips not make the agitated Sarah crave further caresses, increasingly intimate intrusions that would stop only when elegant fingertips had parted the moist lips of her pussy and rubbed her into a delirious orgasm?

Sarah knew, guiltily, that it was wrong to respond like that, but she just couldn't help herself. Her sweet Nikki didn't mean any harm, she tried to tell herself, and neither did she—it was simply her mindless flesh that longed for its release. Frowning, Sarah tried not to dwell on the guilty reactions of her betraying flesh, tried not to explore any disquieting ramifications.

"It wasn't supposed to get *this* warm," Nikki sighed at last, a little dramatically. Already deep in the agricultural wilderness, they had spent half an hour or so of strolling down the rows of healthy corn plants. Dappled summer sunlight wriggled through the rustling leaves to beat rich and warm upon the dark tresses which bounced, somewhat wilted, about rounded shoulders clad in the faintly damp white cotton of her thin T-shirt. Nikki's face glistened with a fresh sheen of perspiration. "That does take some of the fun out of a good hike, don't you think?"

"You said it," Sarah nodded, brushing a damp honey-blonde tangle from her forehead.

Nikki was right. The sun really was hot, hotter than Sarah had expected when they first discussed a long walk in this

beautifully secluded portion of the property of the older girl's parents. Though the wicker picnic basket held not only sandwiches but a big insulated jug of cold lemonade, Sarah could not help thinking wistfully about the case of soda they had left in the back seat. She imagined the way that carbonated liquid would splash dark and frothy as it was poured in a tall, iced glass... Well, she tried to content herself, it wouldn't have been as refreshing as that lemonade anyway—and, besides, that pop wasn't even chilled yet. Her tongue felt thick as she imagined instead how good that tart lemonade was going to taste.

“Maybe we should go wading,” Nikki suggested with enormous casualness. She glanced sideways at the younger girl, hopefully. “There's a stream up ahead, just behind those trees at the back edge of the field.” She raised her shapely eyebrows at Sarah, but the sun made her squint them back down again, made her cheeks scrunch up cute and rosy.

“Really?” Sarah looked toward the forest, and as she peered more closely her eyes could discern the sinuous curves where the ground dropped away from the cornfield at the sandy bank of a stream. “Is it clean?”

“Clean enough,” Nikki shrugged with elaborate unconcern. “I wouldn't drink out of it, but I'd say it's clean enough for our feet.”

“Okay,” Sarah laughed. “Sounds like a good idea.”

The two girls continued on through the dense growth of bushy six- and seven-foot plants until they reached the stream. Nikki set down the picnic basket and took off her shoes and socks so that her slim bare feet could wiggle their supple little toes in the warm earth. Grinning at her, Sarah followed suit, and together they stepped from the edge of the cornfield gingerly down into the cool water. They were alone.

Shuffling the naked soles of their feet along the winding creek's bottom of fine sand and water-smoothed stones, Sarah and her roommate talked for a while about professors and classes and how good it was to be on summer break. They

congratulated themselves on finally moving off campus together. How exciting it was!

In a few moments, however, Sarah's mind turned back to the nagging particulars of the present. She began to realize that although the water rippling about her calves cooled her down somewhat, the sweat was still dripping from her face. She looked over at Nikki again, and she blew out her cheeks.

"Yeah," said Nikki as if reading her mind, "it still is pretty hot, isn't it?"

"Uh huh." Sarah shook her head slowly and wiped her brow with the back of her hand. Sweat beaded on the tiny golden hairs of her wrist, glistening in the sun.

Nikki pursed her pretty lips as if in thought. "You know," she said slowly, with an almost artful hesitance, "if we really want to cool down...well, maybe we should take a swim." She looked speculatively at Sarah, her gaze calm and searching. "What do you think?"

"That sounds like a good idea," Sarah chuckled, "but I don't want to get my clothes all wet."

"Well...me either," admitted her friend. "But maybe—" She paused, then gave a faint facial shrug. "Well, I mean..." She stopped. Blinking in grand innocence, she waited.

"What, Nikki?" wondered Sarah uncertainly.

The brunette's lips seemed to quirk ever so slightly, and then she gave a laugh that appeared more indicative of nervousness than the lines of her face necessarily suggested. "I was just thinking—I mean, we're all alone here, right? Way back in this cornfield, so far from anybody else's property..." Again she shrugged with an upturn of her pouty lower lip and a lift of the inner edges of those wondrously expressive eyebrows of hers. "And even my parents aren't home right now, and so, well..."

Sarah's mind raced ahead, trying to guess what the girl meant...and she stopped suddenly, blushing. No, that couldn't have been it, she realized shamefacedly. Nikki couldn't be

suggesting that they take their clothes off and swim naked together...could she? Frowning at her strange fancy, Sarah prompted her friend to finish. "And...?"

"Well, you know," Nikki said patiently, confirming the strange thoughts gliding through Sarah's agitated mind, "we could always go skinny dipping." She bit her lip prettily and looked away, and then continued on with an airy reasonableness, "I mean, it really is so hot...and it's just you and me, after all." She shrugged and looked back at Sarah out of the corner of her eye. The gaze she gave from underneath her beautifully dense lashes was both shy and hopeful, almost coquettish, Sarah thought.

Yet then she was vaguely surprised that her mind, unbidden, had labeled her friend with such a term, old-fashioned and laden with sexual implications. A girl wasn't coquettish toward another girl, after all... Sarah forced her thoughts back to what Nikki had said.

"Skinny dipping...?" Sarah breathed slowly. Startled, she found herself nodding. Though she hadn't meant to, she *had* been thinking it herself...and really, as Nikki said, it wasn't actually that big a deal. Surely there couldn't be anything wrong with the two girls going swimming like that, she tried to reassure herself. They were both adults—good friends—and it would have been silly to be all childish about it, or to be embarrassed or uncomfortable. "You're right," Sarah finally grinned back at her with more confidence than she felt. "That's a great idea."

So they waded back to where Nikki had left the picnic basket, and they stepped back ashore, their wet feet collecting dirt. The two of them stood there a moment, hesitating. Despite her attempted nonchalance, Sarah's face felt red, and she could scarcely meet Nikki's eyes as she glanced appraisingly back at the younger girl.

Then, giggling, Nikki pulled her T-shirt off, leaving her pale chest covered only by her lacy bra, which gleamed bright in the rich sunlight. The two had seen each other without blouses before, of course...yet somehow this seemed different,

and Sarah bit her lip. Suddenly quiet again, Nikki looked down and with queenly grace began working at the button of her cut-off jeans.

Sarah tried not to be, but she was still sheepish. She had never gone skinny dipping before, and the thought was somewhat embarrassing. And even though they had lived together for almost two years, neither had seen the other really naked—half-dressed, perhaps, but never truly nude. There was, after all, a certain unspoken etiquette regarding such matters, no matter how sisterly a relationship became...no matter how vaguely, wickedly curious one might be.

Still, Nikki *was* one of her best friends now, and the heat was so oppressive. Sarah followed her example and stripped slowly, self-consciously, trying not to watch Nikki as she slid the denim shorts from her slinky waist over her shapely hips, down her bare thighs, and around her softly rounded calves to the ground. Clad only in her underwear, Sarah wondered absently if she herself looked as...well, as funny, and as innocent and cute, to Nikki as Nikki looked to her now. She could not quite name the emotion she felt.

Her cheeks blazing, she tried to act casual as the other girl reached behind her own narrow back, unhooked her brassiere, and shook her high young breasts free. Sarah's breath caught in her throat—those tender mounds all at once were so shockingly naked, so supple and yet firm at the same time. She had always envied Nikki her bust, for she thought the other quite shapely in her own slinky way. The slender-limbed Nikki was more petite than Sarah, her mammaries bouncy and girlish rather than full and womanly as Sarah's were. Sarah had always considered those jiggly mounds quite attractive.

It was...well, *strange*—and yet somehow not altogether unpleasant, perhaps—to see the soft handfuls of her pretty roommate's naked little breasts jiggling free before her unwilling gaze. Sarah could not help noticing that the plum-colored circles of her nipples, smaller and intriguingly darker than Sarah's big pink-brown ones, had peaked up impudently

despite the warmth of the summer sun. It must have been nervousness, she thought. Those tight, crinkled nipples were like bulls-eyes, so richly dark against the pale cream of those naked bosoms that they immediately attracted even the most innocent gaze—and, Sarah’s mind rambled ahead unchecked, perhaps even the hand and mouth as well...

Sarah had long wondered—vaguely, perhaps not quite realizing it—how those pleasant titties might look unclothed. Yet now... Now suddenly she could not help wondering what they felt like! How soft and springy they were, how pert and girlish! They veritably begged to be cradled and cupped, to be weighed in reverent hands. And no hands, it seemed, could be more worthy than those of another woman... One side of her mind suggested wordlessly that there could be no harm in such a thing—while the other side shrank back immediately, almost less in prudishness than in simple reflexive avoidance. Good girls, it had always seemed, weren’t supposed to think those kinds of things.

Blushing, Sarah looked up into Nikki’s face... and found the dark-eyed girl smiling silently back at her, calm, serene, almost smirking somehow. Sarah’s heart went out to her dear friend, for she naturally imagined that it must be very difficult to bare one’s bosom like that, to stand before the gaze of another, nipples disconcertingly erect. How deliciously exposed the poor girl was! How sweet she was to have taken the first uncomfortable step!

Sarah unhooked her own bra quickly so that Nikki wouldn’t feel alone in what must have been embarrassment. She pursed her lips uncomfortably as she wriggled out of the lacy cotton, self-consciously cradling the naked white mounds of her bosom in awkwardly crossed arms. She had so much more to hide. Yet her roommate nodded at her in tolerant understanding, and gradually Sarah lowered her forearms, letting the weight of the solid flesh of her breasts tug against her, settling upon her ribcage, exposing shy nipples that seemed to shrink upon themselves in fright.

At once Nikki looked politely away, but soon her half-lidded eyes danced back in slyly innocent curiosity as Sarah straightened up and squared her slumping shoulders, pulling

the creamy pink-tipped swells of her breasts back into shape. Her mounds were so round and full, so conspicuous—yet as they bulged there naked and unashamed, Sarah felt almost proud of them. She took care of her bosom, after all, always wearing a bra, and it paid off. The heavy handfuls were big, but they were still young and high. Sarah tried not to notice, but the quiet thought that her big breasts were as interesting to Nikki as Nikki's perky little ones were to Sarah was vaguely comforting somehow.

Now there was only one garment left. Sarah's heart hammered beneath the full breasts which jutted out so round and bold from her ribcage. She could not stop now.

She swallowed as together the pair both stepped out of their panties. Sarah tried to keep her eyes upon the ground, but, almost instinctively, against her will, they flicked back up. Her wide eyes gazed upon her friend's forbidden nakedness in wonderment, and her mouth suddenly went dry. The triangle of crinkled pubic hair beneath Nikki's flat young belly was so beautifully dark, so wide and thick and luxuriant—it was naughty to look...but somehow the sight of that most intimate swath of gorgeous, glossy black curls seemed irresistible.

How, Sarah wondered helplessly, might those dense feminine tangles feel beneath appreciative fingertips...? The curls between the girl's pale thighs would be soft and yet scratchy at the same time, she imagined. And perhaps, her mind forged ahead against her conscious will, if you reached further, in a moment they would be suddenly shining wet, slick and inviting...

She shuddered convulsively, eyes burning with the picture of that wild young thatch, and looked quickly away. She felt bad that she looked, felt as if she had invaded Nikki's privacy somehow. But she couldn't help it, she tried to tell herself. And besides, in some strange way it also made Sarah feel closer to the girl than ever before. Frowning at the thought, she turned and hurried back toward the stream, and Nikki strode regally on to join her.

Together they stepped into the water again, walking toward the middle of the stream, deeper. Sarah shivered nervously as the cool water lapped higher and higher up her calves, her trembling knees, her goose pimped thighs. The water rippled against the hot naked flesh nestling musky and folded between the sweaty joints of her upper thighs, a shocking contrast. Soon, as she stepped deeper, the coolness washed through the matted curls of her pubic bush, soaking it, helping to ameliorate the unexplainable heat slowly building beneath her belly. She let out her breath and looked cautiously back at Nikki.

Nikki gave a purposeful giggle and submerged herself with a splash. When she popped back up, Sarah noticed again that the nipples of the girl's bobbing breasts were puckered up stiff and crinkled, as firm and sculpted as tasty little chocolate candies. Blushing, Sarah dived in, too.

The water was quiet and cool, soothing on that scorching day. Yet when Sarah surfaced, Nikki suddenly jumped at her, laughing. She grabbed Sarah's hips and splashed her face, and the shock of Nikki's hands frank and unashamed on her unclothed skin galvanized Sarah's entire body. She had never expected that—and the sudden shock somehow made her helpless nipples stand straight up.

In another split-second, however, her confused brain accepted her friend's attentions as natural, nothing to be afraid of, nothing to shun. She recovered quickly, and she splashed Nikki right back. The two roommates cavorted in girlish innocence, joyously thrashing, dunking each other underwater, grabbing one another's shoulders and diving away. They pushed and splashed, playfully squeezing rumps, tickling stomachs and feet.

Once or twice, perhaps, Nikki missed her target as Sarah bounced and spun, and her hands accidentally dug squarely into the crease between the resilient flesh of Sarah's buttocks or closed mistakenly upon an engorged nipple, giving it an unintentional tweak. It felt good. Sarah's nerves were already jangling and sensitive from missing out on playing with

herself earlier in the morning, and such contact could not help but send a bright spasm straight down to her unsatisfied little clit...and yet, red-faced, she tried to dismiss such misplaced attentions. Those mishaps felt nice, but she didn't dwell on them.

In response Sarah let her own hands roam Nikki's supple naked curves with wondrous unconcern. She grabbed the girl's shoulders, and if now and then the glistening refraction of light in the water misled her hand and made her tug at one of the engorged plums crowning her roommate's taut little breasts, she discounted the accident easily. Once as she reached for Nikki's flat young belly her hand seemed to catch at something wildly furry, hot and smooth and yet surrounded by scratchiness as she cradled it in her palm...but she paid it no mind.

And Nikki gave such things no thought either, apparently. She did not shrink from Sarah's laughing caresses, and she did not hesitate to give as good as she got. Why, Sarah almost could have sworn that once as the giggling Nikki wrestled with her and caught her between the blonde's legs, one of the girl's fingers had thrust straight up her unresisting pussy—but of course that couldn't have been.

Sarah did not put a name on such actions. She never thought of it, for example, as if they were playing some dirty game, a quasi-sexual form of chicken. She never thought that the older girl was copping a feel of the forbidden flesh of her roommate's breasts and purposefully squeezing helplessly stiffened nipples. It never occurred to her that, perhaps subconsciously, now that the opportunity presented itself, she herself was trying to see how often she could push her curious fingers into the older girl's receptive young vagina. If Sarah felt one of her sweet roommate's stray digits slide deftly into her own open pink cunt and catch her there, helpless, like some fish on a hook, she simply tried not to squirm...for that would have impolite, embarrassing for both of them. There was no need to draw undue attention to it. What happened... well, it just happened, that's all. She simply savored the slick

feel of the tapering intruder, the soft slide of a graceful finger beneath the agonized nodule of her stiffened clitoris, blithely, trying not to notice the restless hunger it kindled.

Those things were accidents, nothing more, she assured herself inwardly. It was simply such wild fun, exciting not to have to care about clothes or modesty or propriety. It was liberating to grab a pretty girl's nude flesh and to know there was nothing wrong, to let her grab you in return and not care where her innocent hands fell or how they made you feel inside. Her dancing with Jane in the bar weeks before had been a dirty thrill, yet this was something entirely different. Somehow it was just the simplest, most natural of joys. If Sarah's nipples ached with their stiffness and the lips of her vulva were thick and inexplicably dilated, ready for the occasional stray penetration of another girl's chaste fingers... well, so be it.

Breathless with innocent exhilaration, Sarah twisted beneath the silvery surface of the water, grasping at Nikki's naked body as the girl grabbed so impishly for hers. Cradled in the calm buoyant flow, under the rippling liquid mirror of the surface which separated this dream-world from the one above, the girls and their frantic motions were given a slow-motion grace. Sarah's body was at one with the elements, reacting naturally to every caressing stimulation of current or sandbar or hand, her nipples as hard and tight as the tender flower of burgeoning womanhood between her sleek young thighs was soft and loose. Nikki's slippery flesh slid out from between her palms as they broke into the bright sunlight, gasping for air.

As she stood there in the cool deep water, Sarah's heart raced beneath the bare white mounds of her breasts, those intimate beauties exposed to the natural beauties of the world, and to the unselfconscious gaze of her dear friend. She had not been naked like this since she was a small child, longer ago than she could really remember. Somehow it all seemed so right. She felt wild and happy and free.

Indeed, despite her inhibitions her hands still tingled to the feeling of Nikki's firm young flesh beneath her palms. Her

skin burned with the memory of the long curves and swells of Nikki's rounded femininity. Still her brain reverberated with the unaccustomed yet somehow natural sensation of another girl's naked shoulders and breasts, sides and belly, hips and buttocks and thighs, long smooth calves and narrow feet sliding through her joyous grasp. It was most strange...

"Wow!" said Nikki, standing so close to her in the water that her breasts bobbed, apparently unnoticed, against Sarah's. Her dark eyes gleamed unaccountably intent, but her voice appeared light with simple girlish enthusiasm. "That really cooled me off."

"Me too," Sarah agreed truthfully, yet somewhat distractedly. Though Nikki may not have realized how close the two were standing, Sarah certainly did—and she could not help but note the way the dark pink nubs of Nikki's rigid nipples nudged her own peaks familiarly. Though Sarah's nipples had been flaccid when she undressed, now they were as erect as Nikki's, and betrayingly sensitive. She felt the intimate contact of the hard little points of the girl's breasts rubbing against hers so clearly, sending a quiet buzz running down between her quivering thighs.

Suddenly Sarah didn't know what to say. Her poor nipples ached so! She should have stepped back, but she could not make her feet move. Indeed, the current made her sway ever so slightly, even made her lean forward a little so that the big thimble-like erections of her buoyant breasts rubbed harder against the turgid plums of Nikki's jiggling handfuls. It felt good, she realized vaguely. The heat of sun and the exertion and the steady motion of the current almost made Sarah feel ever so slightly lightheaded, and to steady herself she unthinkingly reached out and put her hands on Nikki's shapely naked hips. That was better.

Nikki licked her lips. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyelids flushed and heavy. "Let's head back up," she said at last, softly.

“Sure,” Sarah replied, attempting to smile. The girl turned, and as she rotated out of Sarah’s grasp, for a moment the supple flesh of her buttocks slid cool and slippery through Sarah’s wandering hands. They felt good.

She followed Nikki back to the shore, eyes resting absently on the rounded white flesh of her friend’s hips. Helplessly she reached up and cupped her own breasts behind Nikki’s back, giving her thickened nipples a long, twisting squeeze that made her somehow hungry. Her clitoris, untouched between her moist thighs, pulsed in eager response. But suddenly she realized what she was doing, and stopped guiltily.

As Sarah stepped up into the cornfield, she remembered that they had brought no towels. “But now how’ll we dry off?”

“There’s a little clearing out that way,” said Nikki, her tapering finger pointing from the end of a shapely, naked arm. “We’ll put out the picnic blanket and dry off in the sun.”

“Okay.” Sarah followed her between the rows of tall corn, watching the taut muscles of her hips and buttocks roll below her narrow waist as her smooth legs carried her forward. She *was* rather pretty, Sarah realized again, even to another girl. Sarah’s eyes tracked unthinkingly down the pleasant curve which ran from shoulder and tapering back, to feminine little waist and widening hips, and down long, rounded legs to trim ankles and smooth, bare feet. Now and then she caught the glimpse of a dark-tipped breast swinging soft and free beneath Nikki’s pale arm. Her flesh was creamy and sculpted, shapely as the Venus de Milo. Sarah relished it as unconcernedly as she would a painting in the University art museum.

The leafy corn slapped at her arms and legs, her hips and shoulders, her out-thrust nipples, rubbing her, caressing her all over. It was strange to think that the two of them were naked there, all alone in the outdoors, and that no one could see them. It seemed natural, and yet at the same time the faintest bit—well, exciting. The sun was warm, but it appeared that the cloying strokes of the rough leaves of the corn stalks kept her nipples from going flaccid again. The sensation was different

from any she had experienced before, yet it was somehow comfortable as well, giving her a pleasant little tingle somewhere in the pit of her belly. It must have been about time for that picnic lunch, Sarah thought.

In a few minutes they approached a shallow rise where the growth of corn had been stunted by the relative dryness of the soil. The plants went from six and seven feet down to three feet, and finally even less. In the middle was a patch of bare earth just a few paces in diameter. Sarah shivered nervously in the hot sun as she stepped out into the open, but still the pair was invisible from more than a couple of yards away. They could be naked here, they could do anything at all—and it didn't matter. The realization made Sarah feel so wonderfully naughty.

“Here we are,” said Nikki. She set down the picnic basket, and then shook out the blanket, and without quite realizing it Sarah watched with an almost artistic eye as Nikki's supple body bent and stretched gracefully. Even in this casual activity she seemed as poised as a dancer, as limber as a cat. Sarah could not help admiring the slim, athletic form of the older girl, and the narrow tuck of her waist above exquisitely rounded buttocks. As Nikki bent and flexed, those sweet cheeks unaccountably struck Sarah not as abstract shapes but as a veritable double-handful, a springy mass of flesh almost inviting somehow... And while her mind confusedly tried to understand the stray thought, her roommate's bending movement suddenly rotated into view beneath that soft crease a shockingly dense tuft of wet hair, and a luscious hint of moist, velvety pink—

Blushing, Sarah started guiltily from her reverie, and she remembered to help her friend smooth out the blanket. Politely she tried not to notice the alluring beauty of the ripe mounds of those swelling breasts, or the way the damp tresses of Nikki's dark hair swung almost seductively about her ivory throat and rounded shoulders. It was difficult not to be affected, however, for truly she was as beautiful as any lordly

little housecat...and perhaps, Sarah's mind wandered ahead only half consciously, as cuddly and strokable.

Nikki glanced up and caught Sarah staring, but she just smiled back easily. "Thanks. This'll be comfortable, don't you think? We'll just lie here and air-dry."

"Of course," said Sarah softly. "There's nothing more...relaxing," she continued blithely, "than stretching out and air-drying after a nice skinny-dip."

Nikki pursed her full lips—and Sarah could not help but notice that the slinky girl's plum-like nipples still stood achingly stiff on her taut little breasts. "Well," the girl replied with a faint, enigmatic smile, "the blanket is too small to give us much room...but I'm sure it will work out just fine."

Nikki reached her arm around Sarah's cool back to give a quick, reassuring little hug—and, quivering, Sarah found herself patting Nikki's naked flank in return.

Chapter Four

Brushing the dirt from their feet, the two stepped onto the blanket and then lay full-length across it side by side—close, so close that Sarah’s faintly trembling hand almost touched Nikki’s. She could feel the heat of Nikki’s body against her naked skin, friendly and intimate. The cloudless blue above was bright with glare, making Sarah squint and blink, until finally she just gave up and let her lids slide shut. Light still soaked hotly in, red as it filtered through her closed eyelids, and she draped her wrist over her face to shade herself. That was better.

Forearms chastely across their eyes, the young women both lay naked, basking drowsily beneath a warm summer sun which now seemed less oppressive and more so comforting. Sarah felt the droplets of water which still covered her body slowly beginning to bake away, evaporating from her lazy skin into the thirsty sky. Her breathing came slow and deep, quiet under full breasts which pulled away from each other with their naked weight, opening up the cleavage between. She felt those generous mounds, unharnessed by a brassiere, more consciously than usual...yet the sensation made her feel somehow liberated rather than uncomfortable or overly self-conscious. The whole situation seemed so innocuous, so relaxing.

Sarah kept her knees modestly together, the muscles of her prim thighs tight. After a while, however, the enveloping heat coaxed her to open her legs to the drying caresses of the sun. At first she hesitated, but then she realized that there was no harm. Nikki was not looking, after all—and, really, her mind wondered obliquely, what would it matter if she did? Besides, the sun felt so good.

Sarah squirmed slightly at the sensation of the warmth falling across her skin like dry rain, soaking her face and arms, her shoulders and breasts, her belly and legs. She thought

briefly about the harsh ultraviolet that rode down the sky with all that beautiful white light, but then she dismissed it quickly—a half-hour's exposure here and there wouldn't hurt. Sighing, she felt the warmth penetrate her body, felt the heat flat and solid like massaging hands on the naked skin of her open inner thighs, felt it nestle like tiny fingertips or soft tendrils between, wriggling. The heat seeped gently into tender flesh unaccustomed to such caresses.

Unaccountably, she found herself feeling vaguely aroused again. The presence of her friend, Sarah knew, should have been enough to banish her cloying arousal. But it was not. There was just no way she could lie there naked and not want to touch herself, at least not after the way she had been so cloyingly excited all morning. If only she had gotten the chance to masturbate again back at the apartment as she had wanted—

A faint trickle of perspiration ran down Sarah's jaw and neck. Stray drops of stream water, warmed by the life-giving sun, moved slowly, ticklingly through her pubic hair—she had to resist the urge to scratch. Soon her thighs were covered with a film of fresh sweat. She wanted to flick the moisture from her legs, wanted to scratch the itch beneath those crinkly hairs... But the moisture on the outside of her body was nothing compared to the moisture within her. No, if her hands started moving down there, it would be but a moment until her naughty fingertips peeled back those puffy labia and began prodding the slippery bud of the clitoris which pulsed upright from the nestling little folds between them. Ah, how good it would feel!

Incuriously she wondered if the two girls really had stuck fingers up each other's vaginas just a few minutes earlier... She would not have thought it possible, but somehow it seemed to have occurred. And those naughty accidents had felt so good. Licking her lips, Sarah tried to remember how it had happened, what it had felt like to have another girl's finger so unconcernedly in your pussy. Dimly she wondered how it might happen again...

Sarah grimaced as she tried to keep the little fantasy from taking over her mind, for her inventive mind, she had long known, was most susceptible to such harmless fancies. Others might affect shock at such thoughts, but Sarah had never been one to spurn the soothing joys of a dirty fantasy that led to a comforting clitoral rubdown. Of course...well, sometimes afterward, as her once-raging flesh cooled, she might indeed feel just a little bit guilty, as if the unnaturalness of some notion that mere moments before had so thrilled her now seemed just too dirty, something that good girls were not supposed to think about. But she simply couldn't help herself. The poor girl was an absolutely wicked masturbatrix, and qualms of conscious could rarely restrain her. Why, if Nikki hadn't been there, Sarah would have frigged off at once, helplessly. And for a long moment she almost wondered if she could get away with it anyway. She could be really quiet, after all...

Sarah shivered convulsively, and she forced her wicked mind to dismiss the naughty thought. No, that was unthinkable—and she probably couldn't get away with it anyhow. Though she longed to dig her thumbs into her moist blonde bush and grab the thickened lips of her pussy, to spread her burning labia wide open so that she could send her fevered fingertips dancing all about the restless morsel of her erect clitoris...she dared not. Why, with her luck, just as soon as she got really going, she would make some kind of little noise. Despite her caution, she might gasp or her hips might give a helpless jerk, and suddenly Nikki would sit up, curious, and look over at her. And then, as Sarah trembled at the excruciating brink of orgasm with her naughty fingers in her pussy, syrupy seconds away from unendurable bliss, she would blink red-faced up into Nikki's wide dark eyes, and then— Well, then Sarah didn't know what.

She tried to simply lie there, sleepy as she had been before. She took a deep breath, then another, her breathing coming slowly, slowly. The sun was so warm, after all, so relaxing. Idly she wondered whether in this heat the drying of evaporation would ever win out over the beginnings of

perspiration. Still, it scarcely really seemed to matter anymore, for she felt so utterly comfortable.

Nikki yawned, and Sarah's eyes blinked sleepily open. Nikki stretched her firm youthful body kittenishly, lithe and sensuous, and as she rolled onto her stomach Sarah again noticed how physically attractive she was. Even to another woman she was pretty, her body curvy and well formed. Well, Sarah thought, though the big blonde herself wouldn't mind losing a couple of pounds, perhaps, she was basically satisfied with her own body, too. As roommates, then, the two were well matched not only mentally but physically, like some living feminine jigsaw puzzle, a blonde and brunette yin and yang. It was an odd thing to think—but Sarah's mind seemed to have become as lethargic as her flesh.

“That swimming sort of pulled a muscle in my back,” Nikki said with another artful yawn. She smiled briefly, her lashes half-lowered, apparently against the sun. “Would you mind giving me a little rubdown to help smooth it out?”

“Okay,” Sarah agreed. She sat up and reached for her friend's shoulders—and then suddenly stopped. She gazed down at the other girl for a moment, eyes filled with the pretty, naked curves of Nikki's shoulders, her tapering back, her swelling hips, and the firm double-mound of her succulent bottom. It was strange enough to be there like that, nude and unashamed, but the thought that now this trusting girl lay on display before her was...well, deeply shocking in some way that the poor confused girl could not name, nor even investigate too closely. After all of the effort of trying not to look at the older girl's body, now Nikki's supple flesh filled Sarah's view, burning its image into hungry retinas whose treacherous optic nerves sent the picture into the deepest recesses of her reeling brain. Just an hour before she would not have thought it possible, yet now here she was, with another woman stretched out naked before her as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

And now Sarah was required not merely to look at this slinky young girl but actually to touch her. The idea normally

would have been a forbidden one, and yet now it was almost exciting somehow. No, Sarah realized at once, it wasn't just *almost* exciting—it was wickedly so. Why, here she was, so horny that she could hardly keep her dirty little fingers away from her own flesh, from her big stiff nipples and her sodden blonde mound. Her body craved the touch of her own feminine hands, and her hands longed for the feel of her own nakedness. And then she had to run those needy hands all over another girl's nude form... The torture was excruciating! Her body gave a helpless shudder, and she had to take a deep, steadying breath.

“Do you see it?” laughed the provocative Nikki at last, after waiting silently through Sarah's sudden indecision. “My back is that thing between my head and my butt.”

Sarah could not help smiling. “Sorry,” she replied. “There was a fly buzzing around my face, and I just had to shoo it away.” Flushing at the lie, she added, “I'm ready now.”

Hesitantly, then, Sarah reached down and dug her hands slowly into the heavy mass of dark waves lying fresh and cool and damp about Nikki's nude shoulders. Feeling strangely possessive about it, she penetrated that refreshing coolness and gingerly pulled the dense tresses from those shoulders, baring a graceful nape which was soft with fuzzy little hairs. With no little trepidation—not knowing how she herself would react, let alone Nikki—Sarah placed her hands upon that swanlike neck and began to smooth her palms along it.

These were the hands that wanted to just grab a pair of soft breasts appreciatively and twist their thickened nipples with merciless fingers, to jam eager digits into a moist open cunt and prod at a swollen clitoris until it spasmed deliriously — Sarah bit her lip with the effort of restraining herself. No, that treatment was for her own body, while to this one—so similar, really, and so attractive—she must give only the most chaste of caresses. She was certain that Nikki would sense the trembling of her hands, and she was guiltily convinced that girl would discern the cause.

Nikki seemed to enjoy the guilty Sarah's caress, though, for those knowing red lips smiled faintly. The brunette melted contentedly into the sun-warmed picnic blanket, and Sarah continued down across her shoulders. Tenderly she rubbed along the warm, wet skin of Nikki's back, feeling the musculature youthfully firm and supple beneath caressing hands. Sarah slowly worked her way from neck to waist and back again, rubbing, kneading, soothing her roommate's tired flesh. She felt nice in Sarah's hands, and the girl sighed delicately as the massage worked at her shoulders, her sides, and the small of her back. It made Sarah feel good to hear Nikki sigh like that, and know she appreciated the back rub.

"Mmm, that feels good," Nikki purred. She rotated her head to look at Sarah from the corner of one lazy eye. Yet despite her apparent drowsiness, that gleam in that fathomless dark orb was slyly examining somehow, almost a sort of secret unacknowledged appraisal. Sarah could not quite explain the sudden thought, though—it must have been her imagination, she told herself. "Now do my hips?" the older girl wondered innocently.

"Sure," chuckled the indulgent Sarah. She began rubbing Nikki's slim waist and slinky hips, her motions making the rounded mounds of Nikki's firm buttocks jiggle prettily as she pressed the flesh of her long swelling flanks. Sometimes Sarah gave the sides of those shapely white cheeks a bit of a squeeze, sensing the occasional tense muscle. Nikki did not seem to mind. Indeed, her hips seemed to be grinding faintly to the slow rhythm of Sarah's massage. Smiling with sisterly affection, Sarah was glad to help her.

At last Nikki got up on her elbows, her pretty little breasts jiggling, and Sarah was faintly surprised that despite the overwhelming heat the dark plums of her nipples were still puckered up full and stiff...and yet so were her own, Sarah realized slowly, uncomprehendingly. Confusedly Sarah tried to move her arms to hide the embarrassing erections crowning her own heavy bosom.

“Thanks,” Nikki smiled. Her dark eyes glanced briefly toward Sarah’s chest. For a terrifying split-second, Sarah thought that those beautiful eyes widened ever so slightly at the sight of her throbbing nipples, that the smile on those wickedly expressive lips deepened ever so faintly at the evidence of Sarah’s helpless arousal... But it must have been merely her guilty conscience, Sarah realized, for then Nikki’s gaze came back up casually.

“That felt good,” the sable-tressed temptress told her softly. “I think we’re ready now, aren’t we?”

“Wh-wh-what?” gulped Sarah, certain that she could not have heard what she thought she had, yet almost too embarrassed to ask.

“Ready to switch,” explained Nikki in mild tones, choosing not to notice the younger girl’s near-panic. Raising her eyebrows innocently, she smiled unhurriedly back at her naked roommate. “Why, whatever did you think I said?”

“N-no,” Sarah stammered, “I j-just didn’t hear what you said, that’s all.”

Nikki gave a half-nod, a slight lowering of the chin that was gracious and urbane. “Of course,” she murmured. The corner of her lips twitched faintly. “Now let me do you.”

“Uh, okay,” replied Sarah a little awkwardly. “Gee, thanks.” She lay on her stomach to receive Nikki’s attentions, her naughtily stiff-nippled breasts at last chastely hidden. Yet instead of kneeling alongside, as Sarah had done, Nikki threw one of her legs over one of Sarah’s, straddling the back of her thigh. Suddenly Sarah could feel the heat of Nikki’s crotch against her, hairy and fleshy all at once.

“Comfy?” the older girl’s sly voice wondered almost challengingly.

“S-s-sure,” managed Sarah in attempted calm. Fiercely embarrassed by the impossibly intimate contact of the sultry brunette’s split-open sex against her leg, the younger girl could only press her burning face into the blanket.

But soon Nikki’s gentle massage began to calm her. The girl’s competent hands roamed her back, her sides, even her

bottom unconcernedly, kneading and stroking in a casual yet cloyingly sensual way. Sarah's whole body felt warm and tingly, and though she tried to relax, at the same time she felt somehow loose and quivery inside. The combination of sensations was strange.

She let her muscles loosen as Nikki worked over her hips, and she let her legs come apart ever so much. Those competent, self-assured hands upon her plump cheeks were just so relaxing, so comfortable, but her sleepy mind refused to wonder about them. If those slender digits splayed across her white mounds, squeezing, caressing, opening, there was no harm in that. Perhaps a little voice at the bottom of her brain did whisper that one of those fingers would feel even better probing farther, farther, pressed into the sticky folds of her dilated cunt—again and again and *again!*—while another ground right up against her erect clitoris...but she didn't listen to that. Not consciously, anyway. Sarah was just so comfortable.

Slowly Nikki moved up her back again, palms caressing and possessive and strong. When Nikki's massage worked from the center of Sarah's back out to her sides, the girl happened to cup and squeeze at the bulging outer flanks of her roommate's big flattened breasts. Oh, the older girl's hands were unthinking and innocent, Sarah tried to tell herself nervously, and yet as the repeated motions continued, they could not help but make the puckered centers of Sarah's mammaries crave the same attention, too. It felt good, she realized vaguely, good to have the sides of her breasts stroked and squeezed like that. When the hands traveled up to her shoulders Sarah found herself longing wordlessly for them to come back around again. And when they did, she was happy.

Slowly Sarah began to come out of her stupor, at last starting to realize what was happening within her betrayingly excitable flesh. Suddenly her face felt hot. It was only with an effort that the embarrassed blonde kept herself from becoming more aroused. She trembled slightly at the thought, hoping Nikki could not tell. Sarah knew that Nikki did not mean to do

so, but her friend was really beginning to turn her on. It had been bad enough to be aroused in the presence of her friend—but to be aroused *by* her friend was something that simply could not be borne. It was too terrible, too forbidden.

Yet Sarah could not help herself. Her wicked nipples, tantalized by the indirect attentions to the sides of her breasts, ached for the same caress. Biting her lip, she wished suddenly that she could just reach under her body and play with them, scratching her nails over the crinkled areolas and dragging her knowledgeable fingertips across the erect nubbins at their centers. Sometimes when she was horny, late at night beneath the covers in the top bunk above the sleeping Nikki—like last night—that was how she began to masturbate, secretly. Sarah had always liked to tease herself a little first, making her nerves all jangly before reaching down between her moist thighs and finding the dilated petals of musky pink waiting, ready in the silent darkness—

If Nikki could have sensed her guilty excitement, Sarah just knew she would have been disgusted—but she simply could not help herself. Yes, Nikki was another girl, her best friend at school...but her hands were squeezing and stroking Sarah's trembling bare flesh, and the shapely brunette's wet crotch was rocking against the back of her leg. Sarah could hardly admit it to herself, but the thought of Nikki's naked body against hers like that was secretly arousing.

And when Nikki lay down across her and Sarah felt the supple little handfuls of the other girl's breasts pressing into her back, Sarah was so frantically excited that she could have screamed. If only she could have touched herself and eased the dirty, tingly ache in her pussy...but Nikki was lying innocently on top of her, hands working the muscles of her neck, her scalp. The girl brushed the sensitive skin behind her ears almost teasingly.

What if she did just reach beneath herself and hook a finger in the top of her moistening pussy and begin to masturbate? Sarah's mind wondered wickedly. If she did it slowly and quietly enough, would Nikki think she was merely

stretching, or scratching an itch? Maybe she could just play with herself until she came, teeth clenched as she vibrated tightly in the silent agony of her forbidden bliss, and perhaps her sweet roommate, Nikki, unsuspecting, would keep on touching her all the while... Oh, how dirty that would be! The wild idea blazed in Sarah's mind. She shivered at the soft strokings Nikki gave the lobes of her blood-warmed ears.

Yet suddenly Sarah realized that Nikki was not just touching her ears...she was *kissing* them, her lips gentle and soft and seductive upon the responsive blood-warmed flesh. Sarah gasped. But, frozen in shock, she did not pull away. Soon, emboldened by the confused blonde's hesitance, Nikki began licking kittenishly at the fuzzy skin of her blazing earlobes, her mouth demonstrative and demanding, shivering in its own need.

Sarah's poor brain whirled. God, this was awful, absolutely mortifying! Why, she had never wondered before what it would be like to make love to another girl, she tried to tell herself—well, not too often, anyway, probably not more than most girls did, she imagined. Certainly, regardless of how often she might have fantasized about various delicious, forbidden lesbian sex acts as she masturbated herself quietly to sleep over the long months, she never would have considered the possibility in real life...or at least never thought she would actually have the chance to try them.

This was terrible! screamed the corner of her mind still capable of even halfway rational thought. Some deep dark part of Sarah's subconscious whispered to her, eager and leering, that this could not possibly be wrong. Why, it felt so good, did it not? Yes, she replied to herself unwillingly, squirming, it *did* feel good, so, so good, impossible ever to stop... But a heroine must think the same thing, mustn't he? she tried to tell herself frantically. Just because it felt good didn't mean it was right, or proper, or good for her. And, yes, Nikki was such a close friend anyway, the only girl with whom she had ever really wanted to make love—no, no, she meant the only one

with whom it just possibly could be allowable... Sarah could not think coherently anymore. Her mind was awlirl.

This was wrong, she told herself with an almost unwilling doggedness. It was unnatural and shameful and wrong, something good girls didn't do. It was one thing to fantasize and dream and pretend, but actually to take this terrifying plunge into the inky depths of these unspeakable desires—no, it was unthinkable. Why, to stop this abhorrent misstep now, and quickly, before anything worse could occur, would be even more for the confused older girl's benefit as for her own! She could not imagine the carefree Nikki having to live with the thought that she had done something so dirty and perverse. Though her mindless body throbbed, her heart seemed to glow with a noble, selfless altruism.

Shakily, then, Sarah tried to squirm free of the dark-haired girl's passionate grasp. "N-n-no!" she gasped frantically. "N-Nikki, please! D-don't! Stop, please—"

Suddenly the older girl stopped. Pinned beneath her friend's narrow body, Sarah rolled her head to the side and blinked up from the corner of her eye, finding Nikki gazing down at her wide-eyed. All at once, though, these evocative dark orbs narrowed dangerously. "What did you say?" asked the older girl softly, her voice icily distinct.

"I-I-I—" Sarah gulped, licking her lips. "I mean, gosh, Nikki, we shouldn't..." She closed her eyes piteously, trying to hide from the other girl and from herself as well. "W-we just *c-c-can't*..." Hopelessly she trailed off.

Now, though, Nikki lowered her head even more, her reddened cheek almost upon the blanket, so that she could peer sideways into the blonde's embarrassed face as it tried to burrow into the soil beneath the thin cotton blanket. "You *are* a tease!" she exclaimed, sounding bitterly surprised.

"B-but, Nikki—" Sarah tried to protest.

And at that older girl drew her lovely flushed face back in reproachful silence, the grave anger of her look stopping Rachel's voice as if the girl had been gagged. Nostrils flaring, she thrust her slender white to the very base of the gleaming

golden tresses of her roommate's hair, made a fist, and then without any warning simply yanked.

The spine of the astonished blonde suddenly arched back at the painfully commanding grasp, and for a moment her eyes could only roll wildly, and her mouth work soundlessly like that of some great fish pulled up from the comforting aqueous support of its invisible but all-enveloping surroundings and tossed out onto the sandy riverbank. Her big breasts came free of the blanket, heavy pale handfuls suddenly exposed and swaying.

"You can't say that to me," Nikki gritted fiercely, looking her straight in the eye. "Not to *me!*"

Again Sarah tried to explain somehow, tried to talk sense, tried to calm the once-familiar friend whose dark gaze now gleamed so crazily. Before a syllable could be formed, however, the incensed brunette pulled back her other hand and then, almost sobbing with the intensity of her own emotion, slapped the blonde straight in the face.

Sarah yelped, and her eyes welled up with tears. Why, how could Nikki do this to her? the heartsick blonde bewailed inwardly. Just yesterday the girl had apologized so sweetly after their argument, so touchingly—but now she was as hard and cruel as a stranger. Sarah wriggled her shoulders desperately, but there was no escape. The long-limbed Nikki controlled her utterly, pitiless as any rapist. All her action did was to make the big globes of her bosom joggle as they hung unrestrained beneath her, and immediately she regretted that.

Yes, for though Sarah's poor nipples had gone flat with shock and with hurt, now Nikki, snorting, reached around and tugged the vulnerable pink-brown things savagely back into erectness. God, the impossible directness of the girl's assault, forthright, unexpected, and unapologetic! Commandingly she pulled at those once-forbidden nodules, sneering, and the helpless blonde could only whimper and thrash in her shame as the older girl elongated those tender peaks in ungentle, mindlessly urgent fingertips.

"You are a fucking *tease*," Nikki told her again darkly, "and that is the one thing I cannot abide."

Once more Sarah tried to open her mouth, but the black-haired girl silenced her with a menacing, slit-eyed look.

“Shut up, you goddamned closet-dyke,” Nikki growled warningly, “you with those big fat tits stuck out in everyone’s face and those innocent little-girl eyes that pretend like there’s nothing wrong! But you’re a cock-tease, aren’t you? Yeah, and a cunt-tease, too.”

“N-n-no—” Sarah attempted to deny, but it only made the other angrier.

“Oh, yeah, you are!” Nikki asserted. “I know you! And if this is the way you want it,” she chuckled nastily, “then all right, baby, you got it!” Breathing heavily, Nikki worked herself up, heaving abuse almost incoherently upon the dumbfounded blonde who writhed in her grasp. “Oh, I’m gonna get you, you slut!” she spat. “You’re gonna fuckin’ *scream* for me! You bitch! You whore! You fucking cunt!” Over and over the slender brunette threw the most demeaning epithets at Sarah, hard-hearted as a fiend, until finally she had to struggle to catch her breath.

“Nikki,” attempted Sarah, terrified, “I’m sorry—”

“Not yet you’re not...” murmured Nikki grimly, her voice meaningful. Purposefully, vengefully, she began to handle Sarah’s bare breasts again, staring challengingly into the girl’s wide green orbs.

Sarah bit her lip, marveling at the dark power in her roommate’s suddenly unfamiliar eyes. She could only squirm there miserably as the older girl excited herself with the feel of the blonde’s vulnerable body, her palms cupping and squeezing at the full bosoms which moments before had throbbed with pleasure but which now felt only shame. Those knowing red-nailed fingertips, however, simply would not let her poor nipples go flat...

“No, you’re not sorry yet,” the raven-maned beauty informed her quietly, “but I’ll *make* you sorry.” She stared long and hard at her captive, her eyes so menacing and merciless that poor Sarah at last did not dare even open her mouth.

“That’s better,” Nikki observed, her voice now mockingly mild. “Now—and in future—we will play a game. The game,” she said patiently, “is called *you are my slut*.” She smiled briefly at the confusion and terror in the blonde’s eyes. “I need not bother,” she explained airily, “to deign to inform you when this game may begin. It will be *your* responsibility to determine that.” Her gaze was smilingly hard. “During such times, you will address me as ‘Mistress’ and you will obey my each and every command without question, no matter the time, the place, or the indignity. In fact,” she added as she considered it, “you may even have to *anticipate* my commands to save me the labor of needing to give them. The decision, of course, as to which is required shall be mine, but the penalty for any negligence of course will be yours.”

“B-but, Nikki...” Sarah attempted placatingly.

Calmly Nikki slapped her face, hard upon the tender skin of a cheek that already burned, and then she gave each nipple a long, punishing twist that sent a strange ripple of sensual energy straight down to the girl’s watering crotch even as her tears ran down her cheeks. “You will address me as ‘Mistress’,” repeated the brunette, “and you will obey my each and every command without question, no matter the time, the place, or the indignity.” She waited.

There was no escape, Sarah knew hopelessly, no way to resist this woman she hardly even knew anymore. Her only hope was to play along, at least for the moment. “O-okay—” she attempted, humiliated, trying so hard not to cry.

But once again Nikki slapped the sniveling blonde, with no more emotion than a man clicking a leash on the collar of his dog. The poor girl wailed, forlorn and completely without dignity as she gushed tears of bitterness and terror, but this only hardened the other all the more. Very purposefully, then, Nikki reached out and with her beautiful red nails savaged the exposed crinkled centers of Sarah’s heavy breasts, making her whimpering victim cry out in mingled pleasure and pain.

“You will address me as ‘Mistress’,” the older girl repeated imperturbably, “and you will obey my each and every

command without question, no matter the time, the place, or the indignity.” She waited, eyeing Sarah pointedly.

Snuffling pitifully, Sarah licked her lips. “M-M-Mistress...” she began at last.

“Yes...?” wondered Nikki with ironic sweetness.

“I—” Gulping, she corrected herself hastily. “M-Mistress,” she tried again, “I-I-I—” She swallowed forlornly. “Mistress, I understand,” she concluded at last, meekly.

Nikki gave a long, slow, satisfied smile, her eyes gleaming predatorily. “Good,” she nodded, “good...” Nodding graciously, she released her slave’s hair and moved so that she no longer straddled Sarah’s thigh. “Now roll over,” she commanded. “Expose yourself to me.”

Sniffing, Sarah wiped at her eyes. “Yes, Mistress,” murmured Sarah. Face burning in her shame, she complied, squirming inwardly as the older girl’s leering eyes roamed her bare body without remorse.

“Does my gaze excite you...?” wondered Nikki, eyeing her closely.

God, of course not! screamed Sarah’s brain wordlessly. Why, she was so humiliated, so shamed! Of course...well, she realized in some confusion as she blinked down at her own softly rounded form, the nipples that tipped her big lolling bosom were still almost painfully erect. But that, she told herself, must have been because of the roughness with which the other girl had treated the poor things. Yet then she looked up guiltily, realized that Nikki was still waiting for an answer.

“Yes, Mistress,” Sarah responded unwillingly. Yet any other answer, she knew now, would bring only further humiliation, and pain.

Watching her face, Nikki raised one smoky eyebrow. Lips pursed, she stared down enigmatically.

“O-o-of course, Mistress!” replied Sarah, thinking quickly. “Of course!” Oh, how terrible it was to have to cringe and fawn beneath the merciless eyes of one whom she so foolishly had imagined was a friend, to parrot these awful things! And yet...well, in a way these were hidden sentiments

that she herself long had thought but of course had scarcely even dared acknowledge. For yes, much as she hated to admit it, the sly-eyed devil always had seemed to Sarah simply the most beautiful thing ever, the most secretly provocative. But how cruel the older girl was to force the words now from her shamed throat!

“Yes,” agreed Nikki softly, her gaze half-lidded, “of course...” For a long while, breathing heavily, she reached down and excited herself by fondling her unwilling captive’s breasts, eager as any panting teenaged boy. Deliriously she ran her palms over the great silken swells, squeezing possessively. She cupped and caressed the full mounds, she jiggled and flopped them, now and then she pinched excitedly at the sensitive erections at their fiercely crinkled centers. Clearly it was all for the older girl’s pleasure rather than for hers, but those frank, calmly objectifying hands could not but make poor Sarah flutter and sweat within.

“Yes,” observed Nikki, groping Sarah’s big boobs double-handed and unashamed, “we’ve both been waiting for this for a long time.” Smiling knowingly and superior, she gathered the poor girl’s thick nipples in her tapering red-nailed digits and pulled them high, making the heavy globes stretch. “Haven’t we?”

For a moment Sarah could only toss her head back and forth upon the blanket, shivering at the sweet jolts of erotic energy sizzling straight down beneath the pit of her belly. Oh, how sensitive those betraying pink-brown nubbins were, how always ready for attention! Yes, and how many, many nights had she herself begun her intimate bedtime regimen with similar sly, self-pleasuring motions. No matter her mind’s shame and reluctance, her poor betraying flesh could not resist this treatment. She bit her lip prettily, her breath snorting in her nostrils.

“Haven’t we...?” wondered Nikki again, very quietly, pulling those tender things higher, higher, *higher*.

“Yes, Mistress!” gasped Sarah helplessly. She let her eyes slide contentedly closed, panting as the older girl stimulated

her calmly. “So much, Mistress...” she whispered, hoping to curry favor.

Benevolently the brunette tortured her, cool white hands calm and unhurried. “Now masturbate,” she instructed at last, matter-of-factly.

Sarah’s eyes snapped open in panic. She could only squirm as the other regarded her levelly. Uncertainly she licked her lips.

“Masturbate,” Nikki told her again, her eyes narrowing slightly.

“Y-yes, Mistress!” gasped Sarah. Obediently she pulled up her thighs, and then, painfully aware of the other girl’s gaze leering down at her, she began to touch herself in the sticky split pink beneath her hairy blonde mound. It was hideously embarrassing, but she knew she would have to put on at least a passable pretense of the once-private act if she were to avoid punishment. Face red, she dragged her fingertips self-consciously through her thickened labia, hoping this would appease her tormentor.

Nikki, who had knelt at the blonde’s hip, now repositioned herself between her captive’s spread thighs, forcing them all the wider. Breathing heavily as she gazed down upon the younger girl’s glistening crotch, she kept playing with Sarah’s breasts as well. Shivering despite the heat of the sun, the black-haired seductress breathed deep of the secret, salty odor of aroused womanhood. The untouched nipples of her own beautiful little breasts, Sarah could not help but notice, were fearsomely erect and long. “Ooh, some bad girl knows just what to do...” Nikki opined softly.

Sarah was not sure if this statement required a response or not, but she thought it safer to reply. “Yes, Mistress,” she told the headstrong girl, rubbing herself rhythmically.

“Yeah, show me, you slut,” whispered Nikki excitedly, her long-lashed dark eyes watching every move. “Open it up,” she urged breathily. “Lemme see that clit!”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” stammered Sarah, humiliated and yet unable to resist. Face red in her arousal and her shame, she

used her left hand to open her vagina wide while the fingertips of the other hand stroked little circles around, against, upon the throbbing little morsel of sensitized purple meat that was the very center of her desires. Shivering with the exhibitionism of it all, she dropped her middle finger into the open pink funnel of her pussy, dragged out a shining streamer of lubrication, and smeared it purposefully all over her clit. Nikki's wide eyes gleamed flatteringly excited. "Like this, Mistress?" Sarah wondered politely.

The older girl's breathing was heavy. "Yeah," she murmured, her gaze intent and unblinking, "yeah, yeah..." Her clutching hands were demanding upon Sarah's bare bosoms.

Smiling gently, and more caught up in the act than mere moments before she would have believed possible, the blonde polished herself, faster, faster. Thrilled by the look in the more experienced girl's mesmerized dark eyes, the ecstatic Sarah simply rubbed, rubber, rubbed, heedless of any shame, any self-restrain, any inhibition. She could not help herself. It just felt so good—so, so good... And then suddenly, as bliss began to bubble up from beneath her trembling belly like honeyed lava, threatening to overflow, the slender shapely brunette swaying between her wide-open thighs simply collapsed upon her with a groan, the supple white body covering her busy hand, the writhing tendons of her golden-haired arm, her heaving torso.

Sarah reeled as Nikki's face, flushed and beautiful descended upon her, lips roaming the big pink-brown puckers of her lolling breasts, the fluttering skin of her throat, her blood-warmed ears, finally her gasping mouth. Oh, the heady thrill of writhing happily beneath that long-hipped temptress, tongue-kissing with the most innocent sisterly passion, as she rubbed gruntingly at her spasming clitoris like a beast, all the while feeling warm and wanted and needed.

Yet even as her own climax roared down every jangling neural pathway and seethed along every hugely dilated blood vessel coursing with the chemicals of contentment, Sarah smiled to herself, for she felt her demanding mistress snake an elegant white arm between their tight-pressed sweating abdomens, reach down her imperious belly sheathed in the

most lovely thatch of crinkly sable curls imaginable, and frig herself excitedly off. The blonde reached her free hand up to cling happily to Nikki's slender shoulders, Frenching her helplessly, murmuring, cuddling, as in the timeless moment of shared orgasm the two seemed elevated to impossible heights on a throbbing pinnacle of unalloyed ecstasy that stabbed up and up and up. On and on went the sweet rapture, on and on...

Chapter Five

As the heady afterglow of a desperately needed orgasm suffused Sarah's satiated flesh, she lay sleepy and happy and warm beneath the gentle weight of the sweetly imperious Nikki, feeling the older girl's heart hammer beneath her delicate little breasts.

"Oh, Sarah!" the long slender temptress atop the full-bodied blonde sighed contentedly in her blood-warmed ear. "*Sarah...*" Deeper the pale-skinned beauty nuzzled into the comfortingly obscuring tresses of Sarah's honey-blonde waves, breathing deep the intimate aroma of her accepting flesh, murmuring wordlessly into the faintly sticky warmth of her softly perspiring neck. How unguarded the dark-eyed girl was now after this communion of mutual souls, how blissfully at peace!

Benevolently Sarah clung to the shapely bare shoulders of her roommate, her friend...her lover. *Lover*. With solemn wonderment she let her drowsy mind savor this once unheard-of word, cherishing it like a flame beginning to flicker within a tangle of dry kindling so, so ready to burst into crackling blaze. With maternal arms of the most heartfelt sentiment she shielded the notion against the thoughtless vicissitudes of the cold, uncaring world beyond. Smilingly she let the unspoken syllable roll slowly around upon a tongue that finally had tasted the sweet stimulation of another girl's corresponding tongue. *Lover?* What a strange, strange thing to say, but...yes, she had to admit now, happily, how true it was! Automatically, unselfconsciously, she stroked her tender fingers reassuringly through the long waves of glossy jet that tumbled so beautifully about them both. No longer able to think or wonder or judge, but only to exist, Sarah let her heavy lids slide slowly closed. Wrapped in the rosy sanctity of serene feminine graciousness, she floated at the very edge of sleep.

The girl nestled against her fuzzy neck began to stir, though, and as Sarah blinked her green eyes open once more,

Nikki kissed her very tenderly, unhurriedly and with chastely closed lips, upon the soft mouth that had gasped so gratefully beneath her, upon the abused red cheeks that had stung beneath her savage white palm and then had run salty wet with tears, upon the forehead that had flushed with the blood of the forbidden passions she had roused. Smiling, Nikki raised herself on graceful white forearms and kissed the blonde delicately on the tip of her nose. Fondly she stroked golden waves back from the younger girl's sweaty, dreamy face.

Blinking up open and defenseless and beaming, Sarah parted lips that at last had felt the caress of another girl's supple red mouth. She made as if to speak— but at the look in Nikki's eyes, she stopped all at once, aghast.

“Well...?” wondered the brunette crookedly, staring down with gorgeously lash-rimmed eyes that had hardened once more, stony and unreadable and bleak.

Sarah swallowed uneasily. Why, it had not been just a fleeting moment, she saw now, disconsolate and despairing, not just a whim or a fancy or merely play. What the other girl said at the beginning of her staggering sexual onslaught was *real*, and it truly was what the dark-eyed demon wanted. This girl who once had been her very best friend, this sweet feminine soul who finally had made love to her and caused the happy blonde cry out the joys she had tried to deny for so, so long—this stranger who had ravished her like a beast—why, she truly did long to command and sneer, to torment and torture, to heap degradation upon one who would have devoted her every moment to the smirking, red-lipped angel. There was no escape, Sarah realized again, none. For oh, when the headstrong creature was in this mood...

Dreading, Sarah licked her lips and thought quickly. “Thank you, Mistress,” she stammered at last, crestfallen. Tremblingly, Sarah prayed that her servility was pleasing enough to avoid incurring further punishment. All she had to do, she told herself, was appease this iron-willed young beast until she had the chance for escape...

Smirking cool and superior, the raven-maned devil accepted Sarah's words with a slight nod. “Good whore,” she

said matter-of-factly, as one might praise a dog. “You may just be properly trainable yet.”

Sarah blanched at the sneer in that beautiful face, at the implacable tone of command. Yet suddenly she realized that Nikki was eyeing her pointedly, waiting. “Thank you, Mistress!” she gulped again, belatedly dutiful.

“Yeah, that’s more like it,” the older girl chuckled darkly. Grinning, she dropped her red lips to Sarah’s, and while her poor recoiling victim could only squirm, any vestiges of arousal completely quashed with shame and revulsion, she pushed her tongue into Sarah’s mouth and kissed the cringing girl thoroughly, uncaringly, stimulating every naked inch of the inside of her as if to prove a point.

At last Nikki raised herself again and wiped her mouth off on the back of her slender wrist. “You take it like the whore you are,” she commented matter-of-factly, “which is a plus.” She stared down into the blonde’s humiliated eyes. “Is that really all your body is to you?” she wondered, faintly amused. “A thing to give away, for others to take their pleasure on?”

Sarah could scarcely even begin to sputter, but then Nikki cut her off—fortunately, really, since any hint of disobedience surely would have incurred severe punishment. “Next time, though,” she reminded the blonde without rancor, “make sure you kiss me back. When I use you, I expect to really get off on it.”

“O-of course, Mistress!” replied the terrorized girl. Helplessly she imagined it—being groped and pawed whenever the other felt the urge, stripped bare and touched all over, made to respond whether she wanted it or not... Oh, it was awful!

Nikki nodded again casually in acceptance, and then as Sarah lay exposed and spread-legged on the blanket, too fearful even to move, the dark-haired girl stood lithe and slender and lovely. White buttocks rolling beneath the tuck of her narrow waist, she stepped nimbly a few paces back into the cornfield, then returned in a moment, smiling smugly as she carried part of a cornstalk in her long slender hands. “Tell me,

my shy young Sarah,” she enunciated with placid irony, “are you still a virgin?”

“W-w-well, yes!” gasped Sarah reflexively, taken aback. She blinked. “Aren’t you?” she asked rather shyly in automatic reply. “M-Mistress?” she amended hastily.

“Me?” wondered Nikki in calm, faintly amused tones of surprise. “Oh, of course not.” Regally she returned to the side of the astonished girl, then lowered herself gracefully so that she sat cross-legged and the poor Sarah could only goggle into the lustrous forest of the crinkly ebon thatch beneath the shapely swell of her belly. “But you...” Nikki regarded the blonde searchingly. “I wonder how close you’ve gotten...”

Those knowing dark eyes held her transfixed. Sarah was hesitant, guilty, embarrassed—and yet she knew she dared not deny the question implicit in the older girl’s slyly superior visage. Trembling slightly, Sarah swallowed. She took a deep breath. “One time in high school I went out on a date with this really cute guy—M-Mistress,” she added belatedly at the other’s swift look of warning. “I was just about to graduate, and I was feeling—I don’t know—just wild and free, and we were walking along this trail along the edge of the woods behind the football field. It was a beautiful cloudless night, with so many stars, so high and tiny and shimmery...”

She blinked, and there it was in her mind, as if that magical scene were yesterday, and despite the heat of the midday sun now, the delicate blonde hairs upon her forearms began standing up as those remembered emotions suddenly all came back. Her skin prickled with goosebumps, and as her thick pink nipples stood up, too, Nikki reached out one calmly superior white hand, splayed her fingers wide, and thrummed the digits with an absolutely inflaming negligence across one trembling peak and then the other, completely unconcerned.

Poor Sarah shivered, trying to catch her breath. “N-n-now, I’ve really only even kissed a few boys, Mistress,” she maintained shakily, “but I ended up necking with this one. I had my back against a big tree, and he just kissed me and kissed me and kissed me, and his hands were in my hair and

on my neck, holding me, caressing me... He was a nice guy, and I liked him.”

“Yes?” murmured Nikki. Unhurriedly she reached down and pinched delicately at the very tips of the erections tingling upon the blonde’s full creamy bosoms. “Then what happened, pray tell?” requested the brunette in even tones.

“Well, we were k-k-kissing, Mistress,” Sarah managed breathily, “and he was hugging me and touching me, on my shoulders and my side and my hip, e-even my ass a little, and it got me so excited...” Sarah licked her lips. “Finally, Mistress, I let him touch my breasts through my sweater.”

“Oh, of *course*,” Nikki agreed placidly. “How predictable!” Crooked-lipped, she gave each of those thick breasts a casually possessive squeeze, making white flesh rise like dough above her circling fingers and thumbs before she then released the jiggling masses just as easily. “Big-titted blonde girl gets groped,” she clucked sardonically.

“Yes, Mistress,” agreed the obedient Sarah quickly. “Of course.” Her face was red, but Nikki’s calmly smirking face urged her silently on, prodding her to reveal every secret, every naughty detail. Suddenly she could not have stopped herself now even if she wanted. “I had never let that happen before, Mistress, but I was just so horny that I could hardly keep my fingers out of my jeans. It felt good to have his hands all over my boobs, and know how much he wanted to feel me. He kept squeezing my nipples through my sweater, and it made me so wet. I don’t know how long we went on like that. Then, well...” Sarah swallowed, open and defenseless beneath the commanding girl’s experienced gaze. “Then finally I pulled my sweater up and scooped my breasts out of the cups of my bra, and I told him he could suck me.”

“How surprising,” Nikki said dryly, theatrically patting her lips with the back of graceful fingers as if stifling a little yawn. Yet how her eyes gleamed!

“M-my nipples were so big, Mistress,” whispered Sarah. “I just really needed it.” She took a breath. “And he was so grateful, helpless. Like a baby, almost. He was a nice guy, and he never thought he’d get that far—and neither had I. He

pressed himself right up against me, tight, licking and sucking my boobs, hard, squeezing 'em and groping 'em as I stared down my chest and watched it all. I was—" Helplessly she trembled, untouched, as the other girl merely watched now without deigning to make a move. "I was so excited! I reached down to play with myself through my pants, rubbing the crotch of my jeans—they were damp all the way through, hot and smelly and slick."

"Did you come, you dirty slut?" wondered Nikki, smiling. "You masturbated yourself in front of some teenaged boy you hardly even knew. Did you give yourself an orgasm while he sucked your big fat titties?"

"Yes, Mistress," confessed Sarah quietly, both shamefaced and thrilled beneath the gaze of her all-knowing mistress. She stared up rapt into the dark eyes that measured and weighed her every word, her every thought. "I was so horny, Mistress—I just couldn't help myself. His mouth was..." She swallowed. "It was incredible," she breathed at last.

At this, without bothering either to ask or to explain, Nikki bent, wrapped her wetly sucking mouth all about one of the younger girl's nipples, and with her tongue wallowing behind her lovely concave cheeks she gave a long, slow, smacking pull, making the blonde shudder helplessly. "Mm?" queried the dark-eyed temptress, her mouth full of a thick pucker as she regarded the girl from the corner of one flushed lid. Without haste or shame she repeated the gesture upon the other breast.

For a moment, Sarah could only squirm in helpless delight, whimpering faintly when her stretched nodules of erectile tissue sprang free as Nikki straightened her supple spine. "M-m-my nipples always have been, ah...rather sensitive, Mistress," she explained coyly, shivering. Fleetinglly she wondered if she might be able to lure that mocking red mouth down once more...

Smiling down serene and enigmatic, though, Nikki merely smacked her lips a little, then nodded graciously for the

girl to continue.

“As I rubbed my pussy harder and faster through the wet denim of my pants,” said Sarah, a little disappointed to have had her engorged pink-brown fistfuls released so negligently, “the back of my hand was moving against his jeans, too. He was so stiff against me, so thick. It felt...strange.” She pursed her lips. “And as I was masturbating, the rhythm of the back of my hand must have made him come, too. He couldn’t help it. His eyes went wide, and then they slid closed, and he just whimpered as he sucked my nipples, on and on...and his poor cock kept pulsing again and again, and he filled the crotch of his pants with all the cum I made him shoot.”

Sarah let out her breath as Nikki regarded her in stately silence. But, ah, the secret glow in those porcelain cheeks! Wickedly pleased, Sarah continued dirtily. “I could feel his sperm soak through his jeans, Mistress. Somehow it was good to know I had done that to him, that I had made him as wet as he made me. Maybe he started out by thinking he was gonna take the initiative and be in control, but I made him do what *I* wanted. Simply the thought of my big nipples in his mouth—oh, and they were big, Mistress, they were!—was probably just about enough to make him come. He was wallowing in them, squeezing, licking, and sucking. But then when he felt me playing with my pussy, too... He just couldn’t help but come all over himself. His balls must have been full to bursting, but afterward it was *him* that was swimming in sperm. His pubes must have been covered with it, his nuts slippery and cold...” Shivering, Sarah felt the saliva cooling upon her untouched peaks, making the things ache beautifully.

The dark-eyed Nikki gazed down at her for a long, contemplative moment, nostrils flared in cloying unspoken excitement. At last, though, she licked her lips and broke the silence. “Oh, you *are* a tease, aren’t you, you whore...?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Sarah murmured contritely, batting her lashes.

Nikki’s eyes flashed. “But you can’t tease *me* like that,” she reminded the girl in tones silkily powerful. Her delicate

bosoms rose and fell with her slightly unsteady breath. “Not again,” she maintained softly, “not *ever* again...”

Again? thought one little corner of Sarah’s mind fleetingly. Why, did that mean, the girl wondered in quiet awe, that this angel-faced devil had been watching her, thinking about her—lusting after her—perhaps for months and months, very secretly...? God, the kinky thrill of that notion! Sarah’s pulse throbbed heavily beneath her belly.

And yet she realized suddenly that though no question had been spoken, perhaps the excitable black-haired temptress might enjoy a sweetly submissive response nevertheless... “No, Mistress,” breathed Sarah in apparently scandalized solemnity, therefore. She pushed out her full lower lip, looking dramatically mournful.

Nikki watched her willing victim crookedly, speculatively. “You can bet *I’ve* never teased anyone like that,” she said at last, the corners of her eyes seeming to smirk somehow.

“Of course not, Mistress,” agreed Sarah primly, feeling pleasantly mischievous.

“I’m not some slutty tease like you, you unfucked cunt,” Nikki assured her darkly, with a slyly provocative smile that seemed to offset her fierce words. “I’m not some cock-teasing little virgin.”

Sarah, bit her lip, not quite sure of the proper reply, and despite her fear to offend, she must have looked doubtful. Clearly, after all, the passions of this uninhibited older girl ran toward the enjoyment of other women...

“Oh, I’m an open-minded girl, aren’t I, Sarah?” chuckled the petite brunette, her face all at once playful again, easy and unoffended. “In high school I experimented a bit, too—had a boyfriend and everything.”

“Really?” gasped Sarah in wonderment. “M-mistress?”

“Mm hmm,” replied Nikki agreeably, the muscles of her forearms working as she began to pull one of the ears of corn

from the meter-long stalk cradled across her lap. “A nice guy, really,” she shrugged. She tossed away the rest of the leafy plant into the rows behind her. “If you like guys, that is,” she added as something of an afterthought. Smiling crookedly, she gave Sarah a mischievous wink.

“Yes, Mistress,” temporized the uncertain Sarah.

“Well, I was still a little unsure back then,” explained Nikki mildly, “still experimenting.” Eyes distant, she began to strip the tight-wrapped green husk from the ear she retained in her hands. “And the night I finally brought him a pack of condoms...” She shook her pretty head fondly, making fragrant waves of sable sway about her naked shoulders. “Ah, the look in his eyes!”

Sarah’s nostrils flared. She feared any misstep or offense to her demanding white mistress, but oh, how powerfully curious she was! Face warm, she at last let herself ask, “Yes, Mistress?”

The dark-haired girl closed her eyes for a moment, remembering. “It was a beautiful summer night,” she said at last, her voice soft as her lids fluttered open, “and he drove us down this dirt road way out in the country, and we ended up parking at the bank of a little swamp all shimmery with moonlight. There were cattails all around, all fuzzy with pollen drifting in the heavy night air, and the bullfrogs were croaking, and everything smelled so fresh and wild and natural, and the fireflies were thick like a swirling golden snowstorm...” Her smile was soft. “He just needed it so bad,” she murmured tenderly.

Sarah licked her lips, helpless as she imagined it all. “Yes, Mistress?” she asked again, hopefully.

Nikki looked at her once more. “So I let him have me,” she explained, her voice quiet and patient and without reproach. “I think it was his first time, too. He just buried his face in my neck, and I wrapped my arms around his sweating shoulders and felt him push me wide—so wide!—sinking deeper, deeper, deeper, until finally he was all the way in, right up inside of me.” She smiled in calm remembrance. “And then he drew back and looked at me with those great big puppy-dog

eyes, his mouth open in astonishment or wonder, sort of, and I kissed the tip of his chin, and I pulled his gasping red face down between my bare breasts, and I let him do every single thing he needed to do. God, the look in his eyes as he came...”

Breathing heavily, Sarah watched the brunette’s cream-complected face, lovely with the thought of its innocent passions. The blonde was acutely aware that her own wide nipples had crinkled up once again, wickedly sensitive and needy. “V-very magnanimous of you, Mistress,” she attempted unsteadily, her eyes huge.

Nikki nodded with queenly grace. “Yes, but then—” Then, however, as if suddenly she had said too much, she closed her lips in provocative mock-primness. Her eyes twinkled naughtily.

Sarah knew that this shameless girl’s hesitance was all purpose, all art, all stratagem, but she simply could not resist the baited hook. She blinked, fearsomely curious. “Yes, Mistress?” she asked, eager despite her apprehension.

“Well, I was merely going to say,” Nikki shrugged, patient as if with a child, “that once I even—” Suddenly, though, she paused again, smiling at the look in Sarah’s wide green eyes.

Slowly that calm, appraising dark gaze observed the trembling girl, so slowly, so searchingly that Sarah was sure she had incurred her mistress’s wrath. It would be allowable to seem to encourage this fair imp, would it not? she wondered in trepidation. And yet if her wicked curiosity ever were to seem impudent or demanding... Anxiously she bit her lip.

“Well...” Nikki clucked a little self-deprecatingly, a surprisingly playful counterpart to her pose of stern command. “Gosh, it’s very sweet of you to listen, but you wouldn’t actually want to hear any more of this, would you?” Her tone was casually dismissive, and yet her half-lidded eyes gleamed a secret promise. Blinking down into her lap, she drew back another strip of green covering from the tight-curved husk from the ear of corn in her pretty hands.

The blonde pursed her lips nervously. “M-mistress...” she began—and yet she knew not what to say, for at any

misstep surely lay a trap.

“Yes...?” wondered the dark-eyed girl, dangerously sweet.

Sarah froze, suddenly uncertain.

“Do you agree, my ungrateful whore?” wondered Nikki, smiling. “You would spurn my words...?”

“N-n-no, Mistress!” gasped Sarah,

“Then, you demanding little cunt,” the older girl hypothesized slyly, “you would order me and dare tell me what to do...?”

“No, Mistress!” whispered Sarah desperately.

“Well, then...?” prodded she who controlled the bosomy blonde, body and soul, she who had the power to tease, please, or torture at her mere whim. Her narrowed eyes seemed to dance with sneeringly superior mischief, those of a cobra that might mesmerize its victim before the inevitable ghastly strike.

Helplessly Sarah considered it. Why, she had to say something—something! “Wh-whatever the mistress prefers,” she assayed at last, deferentially.

At this the older girl’s lips cracked crookedly into a slow, self-satisfied smile. “Yes,” she agreed softly, “quite.” She considered her captive for a long, speculative moment, weighing the blonde in her calm dark eyes. She looked down, contemplatively pulled another piece of rustling green husk from the plump-kernelled ear she tormented half-thinking, then looked back at the wide-eyed blonde. “Well, one time, then,” she continued with a faintly smirking shrug, “over the summer after graduation we were having sex in this apartment he had rented across from campus, and—”

Once again she stopped, though, smiling enigmatically at her wide-eyed listener. “Oh, by the way, Sarah,” Nikki said at last to the girl lying spread-legged beneath her, as if by afterthought, “you may masturbate.”

Sarah’s breath caught in her throat. “M-m-mistress?” she stammered uncertainly.

“You heard me...!” the older girl stated, narrowing her dark eyes.

The blonde licked her lips. “I—” She swallowed. “I think so, Mistress...”

“You have my permission, slut,” Nikki told her again, kindly. The tip of her tongue darted across her rich lips as she studied every plane and curve of the blonde’s voluptuous bare form, ripe and full and round. “You may proceed,” she said, a trifle breathily, her hands pulling at the cylindrical object in her grasp, unseen as she eyed the younger girl’s body.

“Th-thank you, Mistress,” replied Sarah, flushing. It was embarrassing and perverse, but...well; she was indeed rather wickedly excited, too, was she not? God, to lie here naked and exposed, the thrall to this wild-eyed older girl’s crazily inventive passions, with the arch of her smoky brows, the set of her crooked red lips, even the dirty words that her wanton mouth cupped and caressed and finally released being sure to tease the excitable blonde, to thrill her... Nostrils flaring, she reached down between her legs and began to touch herself. Despite her attempted eagerness, though, she still could not help feeling a bit awkward, the initial motions of her hand seeming strange and unnatural.

Smiling idly to herself, however, Nikki watched patiently as Sarah began to demonstrate an act which the blonde once had thought was the absolute height of wickedness, done only very secretly and in private. Yet now, enslaved by the powerful demands of her regal white mistress, and by her own needs which for long years had simmered and roiled, scarcely even acknowledged, Sarah pushed the middle finger of her right hand deliberately between thickened labia already parted with arousal. Trying to banish her lingering hesitation, she then began to rub the sensitive flesh there, a familiar, comforting gesture. It did feel good. Eager to please, she blinked up into Nikki’s calm dark eyes, hoping that those lovely red lips soon would begin spinning out yet another naughty scene of debauchery.

For several long, quietly leering moments, however, the headstrong girl merely watched in approving silence as the

big-bosomed blonde excited herself. It was not enough simply to act, Sarah realized—she could not merely pose and preen and pretend. No, when the haughty brunette commanded masturbation, the act had to be slippery and gooey and *real*. Presumably taking another orgasm now would be too much, but...well, just how much did the raven-tressed devil need in order to demonstrate her complete dominance over the younger girl? Biting her lip, Sarah pushed aside sodden streamers of gold fur and stroked herself intimately in the bared pink flesh beneath. It was wickedly exciting, and yet embarrassing, too, but perhaps that just made it all the more pleasantly dirty. Her nostrils flared, and her left hand trembled faintly at her sweating round hip.

Nikki's crooked red mouth quirked slightly as she saw the tremors of Sarah's unoccupied fingers. "Oh, go ahead," she chuckled, "get your nipples, too. I can see how bad you need it." Indulgently she shook her pretty head. "Show me what a fat-titted slut likes to do to herself."

"Yes, Mistress!" gasped Sarah. Gratefully she began to handle her big breasts before Nikki's calm eyes, at first a little hesitantly but soon with growing directness. Eyelids heavy, she pinched and pulled at the fiery tips of her engorged pink-brown nipples, tugging them high to make the billowy white meat they capped jiggle and stretch. She smiled to herself at the look in the older girl's gleaming dark eyes. Mm, it felt so good.

"As I was saying," continued Nikki at last, matter-of-factly as she pulled away strips of green corn husk and tossed them over her bare shoulder, "we were having sex on the couch of my boyfriend's apartment, really hot and heavy, with Sean just hammering me balls-deep, grunting as he played with my little titties." She smirked primly at the tightly vibrating blonde. "And then his roommates came home, all four of them..."

Sarah's mouth opened wide—and then, breathing heavily, she closed her lips, and her eyelids fluttered heavy and flushed. Excitedly she listened, rapt as she rubbed herself.

“Sean was so excited,” Nikki shrugged, “that he just couldn’t stop.” Her voice was wickedly calm, yet how her dark eyes burned! “He just kept humping me, on and on and on, as all those other guys stood around and nudged one another in the ribs and chuckled and cheered him on, and *oohed* and *aahed* about how pretty I was and how fun it must be to fuck me.” She licked her lips as she thought about it. “I had never been so turned on in my life,” she said quietly, “*never!*” Face warm, she shook her head indulgently.

“Y-yes, Mistress?” Sarah wondered politely, struggling to keep her voice from shaking.

“Yes,” agreed Nikki, inclining her determined little chin calmly. “And then, at last, how he came!” chuckled the girl fondly. “Lying naked between my spread white thighs, sweating, shaking as he clung to me, his hips jerked and he just emptied himself with a long low groan into the very bottom of my pussy, and suddenly that condom swam with a hundred million writhing spermatozoa. And his friends stood there and watched it all, wide-eyed.” She smiled.

“Yes, Mistress?” Sarah managed again, the flesh beneath her belly comfortably aflutter.

“But I wasn’t done,” said Nikki softly, looking the other girl straight in the eye. Nostrils flaring, she pulled strands of corn silk from the tapering cylinder with her elegant red-nailed fingers. “*I wasn’t done!*” Her dark orbs flashed. “So while Sean stared to get up, limp and tired and suddenly sheepish, before he could say a word I told those other guys where the condoms were. He blinked at me like he must not have heard correctly, and his eyes went wide, but finally, blushing, he just stepped aside and dropped into the easy chair, looking sort of dazed. And then while my boyfriend watched, those other excited boys just climbed up and gangbanged me, one right after the other!”

Panting, Sarah rubbed herself excitedly. God, how aroused she was! It would take so little to reach another climax, she knew, so little, and yet she dared not. How cruel her dear mistress was, she marveled, how wantonly wicked and yet imperially stern! Shivering, the poor blonde could only

writhe there, dripping inside as she fingered the squelching flesh of her glistening pink cunt beneath the other girl's critical gaze.

"So these four guys I hardly even knew just dug my pussy open and fucked me," said the older girl purposefully, watching Sarah vibrate before her shapely white knees. "They played with my little boobies, squeezing 'em, pinching 'em, sucking 'em! They kissed my face and my neck and my shoulders, and they told me what a naughty girl I was for letting them do this." She looked Sarah straight in the eye. "I just lay back and took it, smiling up at them as I told them how bad I wanted it, and much I wanted to feel 'em come."

The blonde whimpered, stroking herself desperately.

"Poor Sean just sat there in the big chair next to the couch," Nikki related quietly, "a little uncertain now, a little jealous, maybe a little guilty, too...but his sticky cock was red and upright again, still oozing at the tip." Her eyes flashed. "His face was as red as his dick, and he never said a word, but he just couldn't help sitting there and jerking off as he watched all those other guys handle me and use me, making me shiver and moan. When the guys got done, they each tossed the oozing rubbers on my belly and chest with a splash, and after they all had used me, I just laughed and started pinching my nipples as they watched, and I told 'em I needed more, a *lot* more, and then those horny studs started in on me all over again..." Face warm, she tried to catch her breath as she remembered it all excitedly, her eyes now glowing also with the sight of the younger girl's self-pleasuring struggles.

"Does that turn you on, you big-boobed, blonde, virgin cunt?" Nikki wondered at last, her nostrils flaring. "Do you get excited hearing about how a woman truly honest about her sexuality likes to express herself?"

"Yes, Mistress," Sarah confessed, rubbing herself happily.

"You fucking slut," Nikki growled in response. Her face was red now. "Are you some sort of pervert? Do you get off on masturbating in public like this, with somebody watching? I'll bet that makes it better for you, you shameless bitch, doesn't it? Doesn't it!"

“Yes, Mistress,” whimpered Sarah helplessly, her hands feverish, “yes! Thank you, Mistress!” she gasped. “Thank you!”

The older girl’s face was powerfully flushed, her lips dark with the blood of arousal, her eyes burning with nameless desires. “Stop touching yourself, you wallowing frig-pig!” she hissed suddenly.

“M-M-Mistress?” gasped Sarah, her eyes wide.

“Now!” spat Nikki. “Don’t you dare come. Don’t you *dare!*”

Sarah’s breath caught in her throat. God, how shiveringly ready she was, how tremblingly poised upon the very brink of orgasm, ready for the final dizzying plunge... Yet she dared not resist the other girl—she dared not! That powerful being could tease or please, could tantalize or torment, completely at her dirty whim, while poor Sarah simply had to take it and suffer, no matter how her flesh howled with its agony. Whimpering in her plight, she could only comply disappointedly, dropping her quaking hands to the sweaty blanket. How she prayed for some new violation!

“Now open yourself up,” whispered Nikki fiercely. “Mm, use both hands!”

Oho, this might be it! one corner of her mind whispered to her. Biting her lip, the blonde obeyed, wickedly hopeful again as she reached into lubrication-slicked fur to pull herself wide, displaying every glistening pink fold to her savage, unpredictable white mistress. Uncertainly she blinked up into those wild dark eyes that surged with unspeakable passions—

And then suddenly Nikki, gasping, flourished the great golden ear of corn in her shapely hand and thrust the thing triumphantly between the younger girl’s lust-thickened labia, pushing deeper, deeper, deeper!

Sarah’s mouth opened wide, soundlessly at first, unconsciously mimicking the hairy pink lips of her womanhood that stretched a fleshy *O* far greater than that she had ever caused with one or two curious fingers. God, the possession, the impossible feeling of fullness! Spread-legged

and rolling, pinned as helpless as some beautiful butterfly to the card of a collector, Sarah could only toss her head fitfully, making honey-blonde waves flail about her smoothly rounded shoulders. Why, this girl *owned* her, she realized dizzily. She thrilled to the wicked thought, enslaved, possessed, stabbed to the grasping core. She had never imagined it could be like this.

Her whole body shivered and shook as the plump kernels of the penetrating ear of corn ground back and forth beneath the swollen nodule of her excited clitoris, every row a pleasure and a punishment all at once. Her big breasts heaved as her spine arched. Blood roared in every dilated vessel, surging. A low sound assailed her ears, something primal and passionate, almost animalistic in its longing...and all at once very distantly, almost disbelievingly and yet in the same instant not surprised at all, she sensed that the source was herself! She grunted, she groaned, her mindless throat abandoning all dignity as the fat corn dildo plunged ever deeper into her wet, hairy blonde mound. There was no thought, no will, no volition—only the instinctive gutturals bubbling up from the most primitive region of the hindbrain.

“Of course, you know *this* was my first lover, don’t you, you slut?” laughed Nikki, panting as she penetrated the younger girl. “Mm, I used to strip my poor body naked the very first *second* I was out of sight of the house, then hurry down those long rows with leaves slapping me all over, touching my hips, my thighs, my belly, my arms, my nipples, like the fingers and tongues of a thousand lovers! And then I’d get the biggest goddamned ear of corn I could find, and just fuck myself absolutely silly! Oh, the endless summers I spent like that, day after day after day...”

Happily Sarah writhed beneath the dark-haired girl’s demanding passions, exposed and open to her every whim, mindlessly accepting of every sensation. And yet the thought of this slender little devil cavorting as she had said, innocent and wild, recklessly unrestrained in the blossoming glow of youth, made Sarah’s very soul throb all the more. How privileged she was merely to hear of it!

Grinning, Nikki mastered the full-bodied blonde animal reeling in her grasp, seeming to excite herself with the

possession. “Yeah, but now it’s your turn, you fuckin’ tease!” she chuckled. “Ah, take that, you whore! *Feel* it! Oh, you’re fucked now, baby, bad...”

Poor Sarah, thrilled and incoherent, could only moan out her assent, hips churning as the widening yellowy cylinder sank deeper, more insistent with each stroke, stretching the shameless walls of her cunt farther. Her demanding mistress, smiling crookedly, thrust the penetrating ear of corn suddenly deeper than the happy victim ever imagined possible—deliciously wider—taking Sarah’s breath away. “Take it, you whore,” crooned the older girl, “take it...”

Sarah thrilled to the sensation of that big sun-warmed ersatz penis rubbing back and forth within her hungry twat. The great thing within her was bigger by far than any amount of fingers Sarah had ever pushed into her pussy, but what really made her moan was the texture, for the swelling corn dildo was knobby, ribbed by rings of plump kernels seemingly put there only for the purpose of strumming agonizingly beneath the pulsing morsel of an overexcited clitoris. Joyously she held herself open for this beautifully brutish assault, but deep within she felt the depths of her cunt wrap tight around the welcome intruder, happily, hungrily, veritably trying to pull the welcome intruder to the very spongy bottom of her slippery interior.

The other girl made the blonde crave her orgasm madly, and yet somehow, as the tormentor smirked with the heady power of her most intimate command, with the careful play of her supple, experienced wrist she withheld that promised bliss. Poor Sarah could only writhe on the sweaty blanket, head tossing back and forth, breath coming fast and ragged. The sensations welling up from deep within her writhing body were too powerful, too sweet to ignore, yet they coyly refused to satisfy.

Laughingly Nikki penetrated her, deeper and deeper, the nubby cock almost bringing her off with every slow stroke, but still the savage angel would not quite deliver her from her sweet agony. Why, once, without even realizing what she was

doing, as the younger girl held herself so obediently open, one finger chanced of its own volition to drift toward the protruding tip of her agonized clit, that thing so comfortingly familiar to the soft pads of her fingertips. Now, however, this action was forbidden, and her commanding mistress, without deigning even to say a word, with a hard and stinging open-handed blow simply slapped the naughty hand away sternly away, her eyes flashing. God, the torture!

As Sarah's palpitating flesh seemed to revolve in ever-tightening circles about a nameless point which teasingly retreated as she approached it, her entire soul cried out for satisfaction. On and on it went, until finally, heedless of her place and of the potential gravity of the offense of daring to interrupt or question her demanding white mistress, she found her voice. "*Please!*" she whispered desperately at last, almost incoherently. "Please, Mistress! P-p-please...?"

"Yeah, you slut," Nikki told her softly, her voice like black velvet wrapped around manacles of cold-hammered iron, "beg me for it! *Crawl*. You whore, you nympho, you fucking cunt-tease—tell me how bad you need it. Make me desire you..."

"Please, Mistress," Sarah pleaded again, "please! I'll do anything, Mistress, anything! You know I will!" Her eyes seemed to roll in their sockets, but Nikki's beautiful face still swam there in her mind, flushed and powerful and demanding, oh-so worthy of the most intimate worship.

Ah, to grovel before this headstrong creature, to pant and whimper and wallow! What a strange freedom this slavery brought the sweating blonde, she who once had been so outwardly reserved, so secret in her passions! And yet at the same time...why, in her servitude she could *make* the fiery brunette respond, could *force* those ravishing hands to further heights of sensual frenzy! That was what the girl had suggested, wasn't it? she told herself, marveling. God, the joy of cracking that polished imperial demeanor, of making those dark eyes burn with desire for her poor needy slave...

Sarah smiled at the thought, flushed and needy as she abandoned herself to mere sensation without a shred of

restraint or sensibility or self-consciousness. “I am your whore,” she confessed at last, her voice husky with its eagerness, “your slut, your slave! God, Mistress, please, just—just—just—” Sarah struggled to catch her breath. “Prove it to me, Mistress, *show* me. *Make* me do it,” she begged helplessly, scarcely even knowing for what she asked but still craving it all the more, “everything, *everything*...”

Oh, the look in those lovely, hugely dilated dark eyes! Snorting in her own simmering need, the agitated ebon-haired fiend apparently could stand the torture no longer either, and at long last she relented. Gasping, Nikki moved quickly. She rolled nimbly up onto her knees, swung one shapely ivory leg over the girl’s round hip to kneel facing the direction of the blonde’s wide-spread feet, and then with a delighted little shiver she settled the featherweight curves of her fluttering body down so that suddenly the split-open pink funnel of her fragrant black-furred young crotch squashed stickily all about the gasping mouth of the astonished blonde. For a moment Sarah could only goggle there, confused and dizzy and struggling even to breathe as she drowned in the salty ocean of the other girl’s innermost sexuality.

Grunting in her possessive joy, the petite sloe-eyed temptress drove that giant dildo of corn into the big blonde like a log-splitting wedge beneath a sledgehammer, mastering her. Absolutely smothered in cunt, Sarah whimpered helplessly into those intimate portals of fishy curl-wreathed flesh as the sweetly vengeful Nikki thrust the thickening ear of corn deep within her welcoming pussy, deeper, ever faster. And while the primitive womanly muscles of her secret interior began to spasm and clench beneath her sodden blonde mound and neurons began to cascade wildly in the over stimulated pleasure center at the very depths of her burning brain, somehow in the act of tossing her head she discovered a space for her snorting nostrils to breathe, and at last her mouth found the swollen morsel of the brunette’s throbbing purple clitoris, and reverently she began to feast.

Oh, that was what she needed! God, the joy of it, the impossible intimacy, the knowledge that at last she committed herself to the other girl in the dirtiest and most undeniable way

she could! Despite the lack of a clear command from her mistress, Sarah's hands left her own labia and flashed upward instinctively, up the girl's hipbones and belly and flat youthful ribcage to grab wonderingly at the demanding Nikki's beautiful pale little breasts, so high and taut and firm, so wondrously squeezable. Delightedly she fondled those smooth bare bosoms at long last for the very first time, pinching those fiercely upstanding dark nipples, pulling them, rolling them, exciting herself desperately even as she pleased the other girl and made her demanding lover sway above her, delirious and grateful in her own dark-eyed passion. All the while her cherishing lips kissed, they sucked, they gummed, and the brunette whimpered in her helpless ardor atop the pleasantly rounded ripeness of Sarah's comforting blonde body. Ah, the joy of making that slender, shapely little girl respond!

Sarah's mind reeled, her flesh aflame with wild sensations she had never felt before as she slavered and licked and tasted, red-faced and drooling. Oh, she had had those desires—yet, so forbidden, they had been secrets almost to herself. No matter how many times she had rubbed herself dreamily to sleep, blissful as her hands squelched ever more rapidly through the sodden garden of her hairy pink pussy, never had it been like this! If as she shivered demurely beneath the covers of her top bunk her mind sometimes, seemingly of its own random volition, conjured up images of her sweetly provocative roommate...well, such a stray perversion could be quickly dismissed afterward, forgotten. Yet this—this was it! Finally, finally she performed oral sex upon another girl, and there was no turning back. *This* was what she deserved.

On and on Nikki fucked her, possessively, compulsively, helplessly, whimpering delightedly as the happy Sarah squirmed there beneath her dear mistress's sweating white flesh and slobbered like a pig in a trough. Mere moments of building frenzy had passed as an eternity of slow-building delight, but now the pleasures throbbing rich and hot in the liquid pit of Sarah's innermost womanhood seemed to bubble up like hot lava, threatening—promising—to spill over. A flare went off in the swollen nubbin of her inflamed clitoris,

spreading hotly through the spongy pink flesh of her cunt, finally pulsing electric blue down every nerve ending, honey-rich through every cell of her flesh, making her back arch spasmodically, making her sob out her joy to her darling, demanding Nikki as in her exquisite rapture Sarah, nestled snug in the warm wet cradle of her mistress's splayed lap, nursed as contented as a baby.

Delirious, Sarah hugged the imperious brunette to her in a desperation of tender longing, her tongue wallowing as the comfortable chemicals of well-being seeped into her bloodstream from the joyous base of her brain to suffuse her entire being. On and on rang her orgasm, on and on, a timeless eternity of bliss shared with this ethereal raven-maned creature who for so long had fired her secret curiosities and haunted her guilty dreams, and who at last had initiated the timid blonde into a land of impossible fulfillments. It seemed that the sweet consummation would never end.

Chapter Six

Sarah woke slowly the next morning, inordinately comfortable, exquisitely happy. She lay there for a long moment, eyes closed in the soft warm glow of a bright summer morning. From the seething heart of the life-giving sun burred up the energy that sent the slippery photons slicing across the eight-minute gap to the fecund Earth, and beyond. Those indefinable wavicles—sometimes quantum packets of particulate energy, sometimes undulating waves—cascaded from the high interplanetary spaces down thickening mile after mile of nitrogen-oxygen, bouncing, refracting, careening, until they lit the unseen room and filtered finally through the thin skin of her eyelids.

That rosy morning glow was cheery, inviting, the only impetus that could have roused Sarah from her tranquil lassitude. She was happier than she remembered ever being. She knew that fact, but in the languorous region between sleep and wakefulness, it seemed that she knew nothing else. For a timeless moment her mind wandered blankly.

She was naked, she realized dimly, and the thought made the nipples of her full youthful breasts stand up thick and sensitive against the thin sheet that partially covered her bare flesh. Eyes still closed, Sarah shivered with instinctive arousal. She had not been able to sleep nude since back before she came to college, and even then she had only done so a few times, secretly. Those were nights when the girl had been especially horny. After a long day of almost unbearable erotic torment, when for one silly reason or another her sensitive flesh had been so mindlessly aroused that she could scarcely stand the physical and mental tension, her quivering hands would slide beneath the covers to caress her ripening body in wondering, wanton innocence.

On such a night she would touch herself for dreamy hours until she finally drifted off to sleep. She played a wicked

game, sometimes teasing her throbbing nipples, sometimes gently stroking the outside of her glistening pussy, trying to see how close she could bring her nubile young body to the whimpering brink of orgasm before backing shudderingly off and breathlessly beginning again. Ever onward she would torture herself.

Idly she would sport in the sloppy mess of an open cunt drenched and gooey with hours' worth of dripping vaginal lubrication. Sometimes before she played with her breasts Sarah drew her fingertips through her sodden folds, so that when she pinched her nipples with wet digits she might smell the excited musk close near her panting face. More than once she pressed her flattened palms across that open funnel of slick hairy pink, dirtily, exulting, and then she caressed herself all over, trying to make herself as wet on the outside as she was on the inside. Very occasionally, of course, wickedly curious, she had been compelled to raise those fragrant digits up to her full sensuous lips and taste herself, relishing the reassuring feminine flavor of that forbidden elixir...

She never imagined, of course, that such a dirtily inflaming little game meant that she ever might want to suck another girl's pussy—well, she never consciously recognized it, anyway. It was true, perhaps, that sometimes as she licked the musky juices of her arousal from her tapering fingers she could not help but wonder what it would be like to taste such glistening fluids directly from the source... Yes, the thought of *really* doing that was powerfully exciting. Rather than digging those slippery juices out of her own cunt with her fingertips, she had wondered a little guiltily, what would it be like to be able to forget what good girls did and what they didn't, to let herself scoop that most intimate flavor out of some indulgent girl's labia with her adoring tongue, moaning as she wallowed in wet hairy pink held shamelessly open...?

Such fantasies had seemed so far removed from possibility, however, that she never questioned what they might mean. They seemed merely thought-experiments, like those of Einstein on the trolley. And if Einstein's thought-

experiments of accelerating that prosaic vehicle up near the speed of light to observe the relativistic effects had led to a way of looking at the universe that changed the world...well, Sarah had never pursued such unsettling tangents and how they might be applied to her own life. The idea that her own thought-experiments might lead to something as personally momentous simply had never occurred to her. Her masturbation was good, and she would enjoy it, period.

Often after such a workout, in the middle of the night she had wakened, playing with herself drowsily—and in the morning she then had masturbated again, fiercely, her practiced fingertips squelching noisily in the smelly feminine garden of her oversexed, virginal young cunt. When she slept in the nude she just could not keep her hands off of herself.

No, she had not slept naked in too, too long. One habitual corner of her mind protested feebly that she should cover herself quickly, while another laughed at the thought. Yet her befuddled brain could not understand why. After all, with a roommate—

And then suddenly it came to her—everything that had happened yesterday, *everything*, all at the instigation of her wickedly smirking roommate. Nikki had coaxed and chivied her, even lured her, really, into a seemingly innocent skinny-dip in the comfortingly naturalistic and yet deliciously exhibitionistic setting of that hidden stream deep in the property of the brunette's parents. Yes, for there beneath the fathomless dark eyes of the inscrutable sable-haired girl could Sarah at last be seduced, teased and titillated, humiliated, enslaved, made to grovel and beg...forced finally to cry out the forbidden joys that she previously had scarcely even dared acknowledge.

But now—why, *acknowledge* was hardly the term for it anymore, was it? No, once you had kissed another girl right on the mouth, feeling her soft lips against yours and her tongue dancing all about the inside of your wondering mouth— Once you had lain naked and exposed beneath her calm dark eyes, frightened and aroused all at once, and had begged her

whimperingly for the sweet shame of being abused in the most intimate way possible— Once you finally had drowned yourself in the salty-sweet pink ocean of her masterful vagina, seeing nothing but the crinkly wet curls of glossy ebon delta, breathing nothing but the excited odor of her innermost body, tasting nothing but the slippery juices of her arousal, as you mouthed devotedly at the throbbing purple pearl of her swollen little clitoris—

Well, you hadn't just *acknowledged* then, had you? No, you had *reveled*, you had *wallowed*, you had plunged from the wind-swept heights of sunny innocence to the darkest depths of secret feminine desire and had committed yourself wholeheartedly. For you, the world had changed. You could never wish it away or pretend it hadn't happened. The knowledge of what you had done would be there always, a scarlet letter of the mind.

And what of the fellow woman who had initiated her into this strange world of once-forbidden expression, once-impossible fulfillments? How should Sarah—how *did* Sarah—feel about the slender, long-hipped imp? In a way, Nikki had stalked the unsuspecting blonde and set her up as purposefully and as cynically as any frat-boy trying to slip a Rufie in some girl's drink at a party. She had gotten the girl alone and had chatted and smiled so syrupy-sweet, easing her inhibitions with all the familiar blandishments of friendship. But then, her eyes hardening cruelly, she had put the poor confused blonde in a position where she had no choice but to get ogled and felt up, her trust and her body as well violated as the brunette excited herself with the heady thrill of command. Yes, and when the astonished Sarah had hesitated even the slightest bit, the imperious devil had slapped her in the face and called her a whore and a cunt and a tease, had sneered at her and demeaned her, had threatened her and yanked savagely at the vulnerable pink-brown points of her tender nipples.

And yet...well, in a way, some hidden corner of her mind whispered naughtily, had not that treatment actually been perhaps the best thing the waffling blonde ever could have received? Oh, before that day she never could have asked for such an experience, never! But, God, the freedom she had

experienced at last, the unspeakable fulfillment! How grateful she was to the crooked-lipped fallen angel with her halo of lustrous ebon waves—her roommate, her best friend...her lover. Sarah swallowed uncertainly. She owed that pale temptress so much, more than she ever could repay. And she felt about the girl something different from anything she ever had felt before. The mere thought of the slinky brunette made her nervous and shivery inside, made her restless and longing and excited, made her very heart seem to dance beneath her heavy bosoms. Why, could it be that the full-bodied blonde was...well, in love? She did not know what to think.

Sarah could not help smiling faintly to herself, though, as she recalled the discoveries of yesterday—no, she corrected herself, the *confirmations* of yesterday. She still did not consider herself a lesbian, really. She always had liked boys, after all, and every day on campus she saw many whom she believed were attractive. Sometimes when she played with her naughty little clit under the covers at night she thought of them. She relished their tight butts and their comforting biceps, the very shape of their masculine bodies. It was good to think of one of those boys just grabbing some girl's aching nipples and falling desperately upon her, sinking his thick, red, swollen cock into that gasping wench's snug pussy, lunging gruntingly into her again and again so that she shrieked out her passion helplessly...

And sometime Sarah imagined that the willing young slut was herself.

How sweet it would be to loll her head back against the pillows, golden blonde hair spilling all about her flushed face as some exquisite masculine specimen performed between her prettily spread thighs! Though she might lie back naked and receptive, her most secret intimacies bared to his gaze and to his touch, open to his animalistic penetration, it would be she who was the powerful one, not he. After all, it would have been her sleek flesh that had set him rigid, she who had coaxed him up into her bed. Perhaps he was the one to pin her to the sweaty sheets with his blind, rampant phallus, but it was her desirable young flesh alone that could both fuel and quench his lusts.

And as she arched her back, feeling his hands grasp quivering at her big breasts, groaning as the turgid veiny pillar of his inflamed cock sank again and again between the swollen lips of her squelching vulva, she might look up through slitted eyes at his helpless movements. On and on he would pant, mindlessly, until the soft wet pressures of her flesh pushed him over the brink and, crying out in his uncontrollable joy, he filled her indulgent vagina with spurt after spurt of the thick white streamers of his helplessly gushing seminal fluids. She would watch him dispassionately as she studied his male orgasm, as curious and detached as any pith-helmeted anthropologist taking notes at a bare-breasted tribal dance.

And if he came too soon for her, if she wasn't done yet—oh, and she would *not* be done, she knew wickedly, for no matter how excited she was, she would be sure to hold out for as much shameless pleasure as she could get—she would merely nod slyly to him, and, red-faced, the poor boy would slither down the bed and plant his grateful mouth with a splashing plop right into the wet hairy cunt he had just used! Yes, even stinking and full of cum, that sloppy chalice of naked pink still called forth his mindless male worship. And as the stringy globules of the cum he had pumped into the grasping pink depths of her pretty body oozed out of her dilated twat and down across his lubrication-slicked face, he would stretch his tongue shamelessly into her musky hole and stir the smelly juices of their sex all about the erect nubbin of her clitoris. Loose coils of semen and drizzles of vaginal lubrication sliding unheeded down his throat, the boy would smack his lips lustily, kissing, licking, and sucking until she howled out her delight—

Yes, it had always seemed that might be fun to be a slut now and then—especially if in doing so she could turn some cocky young stud into her helpless sex-slave. It had been powerfully exciting to watch the face of the boy she accidentally had made come in his pants that night at the edge of the moonlit forest, the way his features had suffused so helplessly with bliss as his neglected organ spurted a hundred million wriggling sperm into the curly hairs of his own

clenching balls...as all the while he chewed and slobbered so deliciously upon her big pink-brown nipples. It had been a marvelous counterpart to her own orgasm.

If she could have, she would have exercised her feminine powers even more dirtily. If she had thought she could get away with it, Sarah would not have minded letting some deserving boy use her supple flesh however he needed...so long as her inventive desires were to be satisfied as well. Yet there existed the risk of becoming attached, and the heartbreak that could bring. There was the risk of ending up with the reputation of a slut, which would drive away the nice guys she might have liked while attracting all the wrong sort. And there were even worse things to think about as well. Sarah knew, of course, that such escapades simply were not possible, not with the sobering risk of pregnancy and heartache and disease. As mere fantasies, however, these wild scenarios of cum-drenched possession were worth revisiting again and again.

Yet she was attracted to girls as well. She had known it, perhaps, a bit guiltily, but she had not ever actually admitted its full implications. There was nothing new about fantasizing about girlish little dalliances, being struck suddenly now and then with how pretty another girl looked and how sexy she seemed, and wondering vaguely what it would be like to kiss her, and to touch her smooth young body. She had long read in women's magazines and had often heard on late-night call-in radio and television shows that almost all women occasionally do have lesbian fantasies.

That, after all, happened to Sarah often. How could it not, Sarah reflected, when women were simply so smooth and desirable, seemingly attractive to either gender? If Sarah sat behind a cute girl in class and gradually got to thinking about how pretty the nape of her neck was and what a delight it would be to lean forward and simply kiss her there...why, surely there was no harm in that. She might fantasize innocently about cupping the good girl's breasts from behind, fondling her gently until her nipples were helplessly erect, making her respond to another woman's caresses as she never

thought she would. Thrilling to the springy feel of another girl's forbidden tits in her splayed hands, Sarah would stimulate the other mercilessly.

Then perhaps she might strip the confused straight girl bare right there in class, slowly, her palms savoring the curve of the girl's hips and firm buttocks, the bouncing resilience of her bosom, the moist furriness between her trembling thighs. Sarah would French the helpless thing, squeezing her shapely flesh, now and then bending to suck and smack at her throbbing nipples. Sarah would run her fingertips through the musky pout of the young woman's wet vulva and paint her shivering captive's parted lips with the girl's own shining juices. It seemed so naughty.

Soon the other woman couldn't help simply dropping to the floor and playing with herself, begging for Sarah to make love to her. Smiling indulgently, Sarah then would squat over the helpless wench's face and muffle her pleading with the open folds of an excited blonde cunt. Drenching the girl's flushed visage with her lubrication, trembling upon the tongue which pleased her so desperately, Sarah would nod to the professor to open up the thickened lips of the girl's hairy pussy so that she might torture the agonized purpled clit with both naughty hands...while the rest of the class looked on silently.

Yes, Sarah had many such harmless little fantasies. Never had she considered them anything but passing fancies, beautiful perversions to contemplate but not to act upon. The real focus of her sexuality, she had vaguely thought, was men.

Yet it was quite another thing to be turned on by other girls just as much as you were by boys. She had never let herself seriously consider making love to another girl as an end in itself rather than just a dirty little game...a game she secretly craved yet until the day before never had possessed the courage to actually play. No, she simply had not admitted to herself the extent of her desires until she went skinny-dipping with Nikki—but as she looked back over the years she saw that the natural hunger indeed had been there all along.

Really, though, even after all she had learned about herself in the previous day, still she hesitated even to term herself bisexual, exactly. Somehow the categorization seemed a little too purposeful, embarrassing somehow. What she was...well, she was just broad-minded and imaginative, she told herself.

She thought of her dear, demanding Nikki, marveling at the way their friendship gradually had been transformed, unnoticed, into...well, something strong and deep and desperate. Why, if when she had moved into the dorm as a freshman someone had told her she would end up having lesbian sex with her roommate out in the open in a cornfield someday, Sarah would have been shocked and incredulous... though perhaps as she fell asleep that night she would have friggged herself wildly at the very thought, imagining that the fingers which stretched and fondled her nipples and stroked her slick little clit so desperately were not her own but those of some other indulgent young girl. But those were just fantasies, she had always believed, not real emotions to be acted upon. Yet as she and Nikki had grown to be the best of friends, perhaps, given their inclinations, it was only natural that their love had matured from that of one friend to another to that of one lover to another.

Her cheeks warmed as she replayed in her mind their sweet, naughty lovemaking in the cornfield. How wickedly sweet it had been for Sarah to lie there spread-legged and exposed, open and available beneath the glassy dark eyes of a dear companion suddenly grown frightening in her intensity! Ah, to touch herself at the stern angel-slut's command, masturbating whether she wanted to or not, intimacy made exhibitionistic merely to demonstrate the older girl's utter mastery of the hesitant blonde! To pull shamelessly at her own crinkled pink-brown nipples, making the soft flesh of her pale breasts ripple and stretch! To display her glistening wet vagina as she fingered herself faster and faster, ashamed and excited all at once! What rapturous, kinky bliss!

And how good it had been at long, long last to touch another girl, to run wondering hands all over silky naked feminine flesh, squeezing, caressing! And to stick her wallowing tongue right up inside Nikki's juicy pussy... The

fierce black tangles of the girl's sumptuous dense pubic bush had scratched softly all about Sarah's flushed and dreamy face, stray strands curling ticklingly up the nostrils of snorting nose, but Nikki's shamelessly lubricated interior had sucked her in, the snug little cunt craving Sarah's exulting possession. Sarah's heart thrilled as she remembered the way Nikki had shivered atop her, sighing and grateful as she came, pounding the great dildo of sun-warmed corn to the bottom of Sarah's ready cunt in a frenzy of possession and devotion, dilating the blonde's hungry cunt hugely, filling her, fucking her, making her sob out her ecstasy in the split folds of the older girl's fishy nest of curl-wreathed pink...

Sarah remembered, too, ashamed and yet fiercely excited, how she had had to demonstrate her sexual subservience even further on the long drive back to the apartment. This time Nikki drove, and Sarah, who had been forbidden to dress herself again, could only cringe there exposed and nervous beneath the other girl's leering dark eyes. "Tell me, Sarah," Nikki had wondered, her vice softly dangerous, "might you entertain any thought, perhaps, that somehow you could escape me...?"

"N-no, Mistress!" Sarah gulped in guilty haste. And yet, as her flesh had cooled on the long walk back out of the cornfield and the realization of exactly what she had done began to sink sickeningly into her brain, she had indeed began to wonder, very secretly, how she might free herself of this humiliating slavery. Why, once they got home, she told herself, she could slip out in the middle of the night when her tormentor was asleep, beg the apartment manager the first thing in the morning to break her lease on some plausible excuse, and then just drive away, leaving all her possessions if necessary.

Fun was fun, but...well, the mercurial Nikki had revealed a side of herself the younger girl had never guessed, and it frightened perhaps as much as it excited the blonde. Her cheeks still stung with the pale beauty's punishing slaps, and she remembered the way those long-lashed eyes had watched

her critically, sneering and completely without remorse, as she snuffled and whimpered there, naked and ashamed and helpless. “No, Mistress,” she breathed again placatingly, seeming scandalized.

“Good,” Nikki had nodded calmly, “good.” Driving one-handed, she rummaged around in her purse, then brought out her cell phone. Without sparing her eyes from the road, she thumbed through her menus by touch, then finally handed Sarah the phone. “In addition,” she shrugged nonchalantly, “you might want to take a look here as well.”

Uncertainly Sarah took the little device— And at what she saw, her mouth dropped open, and suddenly she blanched cold and white. An expression of horror upon her face, she turned apprehensively back to the cruel, lovely creature who controlled her body and soul.

“You like...?” asked the older girl, smirking.

Licking her lips, Sarah blinked down once more at the cell phone in her cringing hand. The small yet wondrously detailed screen glowed bright with a snapshot taken moments before when the blonde had sighed unawares: Sarah’s face flushed and beautiful in its undeniable passion, eyes closed as she slobbered so devotedly at the split plump lips of a vagina that glistened in the sopping black curls beneath a succulent, plump little white rump... Aside from a timestamp and date, the bottom edge of the picture was labeled with Sarah’s full name and a mockingly crisp caption: *First lesbian cunnilingus*. Shakily the girl let out her breath, utterly defeated.

“Well?” Nikki wondered darkly, demanding now. “Do you like it?”

“Y-y-yes, Mistress,” the glum girl hastened to assure her captor.

“It arouses you, I presume,” suggested the other, her narrowed dark eyes darting sideways, “to see yourself like that—enslaved and wallowing, smothered in cunt the way a dirty closet-dyke like you deserves to be...”

God, of course it didn’t! It embarrassed her, it mortified her, and it humiliated her! Only...well, perhaps the picture was

just the faintest bit titillating, too, she almost had to admit, squirming inwardly. She had, after all, masturbated to pornography on the internet just like this a thousand times before, especially some of the amateur stuff that was not choreographed and posed but was all too clearly real and impromptu. And now it was *her* face rapturous and willing, *her* flushed eyes slid dreamily closed, *her* wanton tongue flopping and rolling and licking, stimulating so intimately within the forbidden paradise of another girl's alluring body... She swallowed. "Yes, Mistress," she whispered again.

"Good," repeated Nikki smugly. "You wouldn't want to forget, after all, would you, slut? You wouldn't ever want to imagine you could forget that you now are bound to me more tightly than with any chains...?"

"Of course, Mistress," Sarah replied dutifully. Well, that was it, she knew—all hope of escape gone. At the first sign of disobedience, the first attempt to free herself from this terrible girl's clutches, the photograph would be made public and Sarah would be ruined. Leaked to the internet and then spread through cyberspace with a speed which in her parents' generation would have been unimaginable, that single cell phone photo would follow her around for the rest of her life—turning up in background-searches when she applied for graduate school or for jobs, or any time a classmate or an old friend tried to look her up on one of the social websites, till the time she was a gray-haired old lady rocking in a nursing home. Yes, the merciless Nikki was correct: Sarah had ransomed that instant of wicked pleasure with the dignity of the entire rest of her life, and now she would belong to this slender-limbed devil for ever and ever and ever... Despite the heat of the sun soaking through the windows of her car, the girl could not help shivering slightly.

At the wheel beside her, smugly superior in the face of Sarah's dread, fully clothed in the face of Sarah's nakedness, serenely powerful in the face of Sarah's abject subjugation, Nikki shook her head fondly. "You are an amusing whore," she chuckled. "You are going to be quite a lot of fun to play with..."

Sarah frowned in fuming resentment—but then she realized that the older girl awaited her response. “Thank you, Mistress,” she replied at last, unwillingly.

“Oh, my pleasure,” smiled Nikki, her eyes sardonic. She retrieved her phone and dropped it back into her purse, and yet when she reached calmly out, rested her shapely forearm upon Sarah’s bare shoulder, and cupped her cool palm across the nape of Sarah’s neck, the touch now was caressingly gentle. “It truly is...” she murmured, very softly.

Sarah blinked. Biting her lip, she sneaked a quick glance at the side of the older girl’s enigmatic face, but she did not dare to speak.

For a long while Nikki rubbed the confused blonde there, tender and possessive, unhurried as her red-nailed fingertips burrowed now and then into heavy, bouncing gold. Eventually, though, she pulled back slightly so that she could take the soft, faintly fuzzy flesh of the blonde’s earlobe between her thumb and forefinger and begin to stroke her tenderly. Despite her conflicted emotions, Sarah’s breath caught in her throat. Ah, that felt good! Her ears had always been just so pleasantly sensitive, the perfect place to begin foreplay, as only a couple of her boyfriends had ever bothered to discover. How the soft, knowing feminine touch upon her burning lobes now made her tremble inside! All at once her nipples crinkled up thick and erect, aching to be handled. Her own fingers, laid flat upon the bucket seat on either side of the swell of her hips, quivered faintly.

“Comfy?” wondered Nikki in innocent tones.

“Y-yes,” shivered Sarah. “Th-thank you, Mistress.”

The other girl inclined her pretty head slightly in acknowledgment, smiling as she stimulated the blood-warmed skin of her captive’s ear. Eventually, as Sarah squirmed there, Nikki let the back of her fingers glide softly down the girl’s jaw and the side of her neck, until her hand wrapped itself with a casual negligence about the top of the full mass of the heavy mound of the blonde’s bare left breast. Breathing hard, she began to fondle the springy handful, seeming to excite herself with it. “Mm, very nice...” she murmured, almost to herself.

Sarah could only bite her lip. God, how unpredictable this older girl was, how mercurial! Her touch was so frank and forthright, so reassuring somehow...and yet still Sarah feared another random swerve of her fierce passions. It was shameful and humiliating and degrading to be handled like this, she tried to tell herself. Only—well, that sly-eyed girl certainly did know what to do... She shivered as the petite Nikki groped her big body as eagerly as any man would, touching, cupping, squeezing. The grip upon her nude flesh was somehow both flatteringly demonstrative and yet commandingly possessive all at once. Her face felt warm.

“Oh, I could do this all day, Sarah!” murmured Nikki, touching the blonde intimately. She splayed her fingers and strummed them back and forth about the erect nodule of the girl’s thickened pink-brown nipple, teasing herself perhaps almost as much as she did Sarah. “Mm, to have you all for myself on a nice long drive in the country,” husked the older girl, “playing with my big blonde toy...” Now she began raking her nails all about the sensitive flesh of the flushed blonde’s crinkled areola. Sometimes she brought her fingertips together and gave the tender nipple a more purposeful, rolling squeeze that took the girl’s breath away. “Mm hmm,” she murmured, pinching the outthrust nubbin, pulling on it, “naughty Sarah likes her nipples pinched, huh? Yeah, I know it, baby, I know it...”

Poor Sarah could only squirm there in the seat, her hips rolling faintly of their own accord as the other girl groped her bare bosoms eagerly. God, she was wet! Back and forth that cool white palm cupped and fondled the blonde’s full, jiggling breasts. Sometimes, shivering and perhaps not even realizing it, the girl angled her shoulders a little so that her tormentor could better reach the needy point of fire crowning her right mammary. How those knowing fingers pulled and *stretched!* Quivery little jolts of erotic delight ran straight to the watering crotch pressed so tightly between her grinding thighs.

“Yes, you like that, don’t you?” the slinky little brunette teased her—yet gently somehow, smilingly. Demonstratively she pulled at the girl’s lengthened nipples, stretching them. “Ah, how I could make you *beg...*”

Sarah's nostrils flared. Her face was warm. The fur beneath her belly burned, wet and smelly in the close confines of the car. Her eyelids felt heavy and flushed, and she wondered vaguely, hopelessly, if this sweet torture would be enough to give her an orgasm... Oh, sometimes she had done it like this herself, both hands wild on her sensitive nipples as she ground her thighs ecstatically together, rolling breathless in sweaty sheets, flexing, squeezing, grinding, on and on and on, until—

“Does this make you want to masturbate?” Nikki asked curiously, her voice suddenly matter-of-fact in Sarah's blood-warmed ears.

Sarah's gaze snapped guiltily to Nikki's smugly superior face. The older girl's dark eyes glanced rapidly between the road and her shivering victim, and though her cheeks were flushed, the corner of her red lips seemed to quirk in amusement. “Does it, dirty girl?” the sly-eyed tormentor pressed her, pulling at her nipples for emphasis.

Sarah's hands twitched faintly on the seat beside her full hips. Her whole body trembled. Uncertainly she tried to read her captor's cryptic tone. Was this merely a rhetorical question, meant to humiliate and demean her, to force her to speak aloud the sweet shame of the erotic agony of her predicament? If so, what would she say? Shivering to the sweet torture of her pale, supple titties, would she simply have to confess it all, every naughty desire? God, and probably the older girl would really stretch it out, too. Sarah couldn't just whimper out her admission and be done with the embarrassment—no, she would have to grovel and beg, would have to plead oh-so prettily for permission to degrade herself ever more before this bright-eyed predator, for the chance to masturbate herself once again into a sweaty, sighing frenzy...

Or was Nikki's question instead essentially a command, meant to demonstrate the experienced girl's utter mastery over this curvy, beautiful blonde thing trapped in her manipulative grasp, a helpless victim who had no choice but to obey whatever humiliation was heaped upon her? She tried to tell herself that she did not want it like this—did not want to be goaded and prodded and chivied into yet another wickedly

exhibitionistic perversion. Oh, but this lustful wench would force it on her whether she wanted it not, wouldn't she? Yes, Sarah might try to oppose Nikki's unnatural desires, but the hand of the smirking brunette was merciless, and her gaze was pitiless and dominating. Despite her hesitance and her shame, the honey-blonde could not resist.

Or, Sarah wondered at last, was this question simply a sly invitation, giving the girl the opportunity to expose herself still further, to debauch herself, to surrender to natural passions twisted in such creative unnaturalness...? She bit her lip as those knowing red-nailed hands kept playing with her full, jiggling bust.

"Oh, sweetie," crooned the dark-haired girl, softening, her own voice growing breathy, "open up!"

"Wh-what?" gasped Sarah automatically.

"Come on," urged the older girl, smiling, "lemme see that pretty pussy! Ooh, you know I make you wet..."

Poor Sarah bit her lip, embarrassed and thrilled at the same time. Shuddering, she pulled her knees wide, exposing herself wet and hairy and bare.

The other girl's breath sounded tremulous in her flaring nostrils as she blinked down at the sight. "Very nice..." she said softly.

Wriggling, Sarah could not help smiling at the flattering sincerity of the older girl's almost reverent voice.

Nikki licked her lips. "You wanna show me, baby?" she wondered, her voice almost shy now.

"How?" whispered the blonde, her eyes wide.

"Use your hands, sweetie," Nikki replied quickly. Back and forth she jiggled the girl's naked boobs. "Mm," she urged, "don't you wanna open it up and let me *really* look...?"

Sarah shuddered beneath that eager, possessive grasp, her nipples comfortably aflame. Oh, how dirty this request was! And yet she could not help herself. Already today she had done this before—and worse, too, far worse. This competitively minor indignity was no true harm. Why, the

other girl only wanted to look, after all... And, ah, how those dark eyes shone!

Smiling slightly, therefore, Sarah slouched down a little farther in the seat so that she could put her naked heels up on the dashboard, spread wide. She reached both hands slowly down, and then, very deliberately, with the fingertips of her soft white hands she pulled herself open, spongy and fragrant and squelching. She glistened inside, gaping and pink. Her poor untouched clitoris was erect—she could see it! Blinking, she looked up into Nikki's beatific face.

Nikki breathed heavily. Her cheeks blazed. Even as she squeezed and clutched at Sarah's available bare breasts, the younger girl could sense the enormous nipples of the brunette's petite little bosoms pushing up beneath her thin T-shirt, visible even through the lacy cups of her delicate brassiere. Nikki licked her expressive red lips, slowly.

Sarah could not help smiling. "Like this...?" she wondered, her voice coquettish as she held her vagina open to the other's most intimate inspection.

The older girl shivered, groping her desperately. "Mm, *smell* that," she whispered wonderingly at last, almost to herself, "*smell* it..." She swallowed, then drew her gaze from the spread, thickened lips of Sarah's vagina to the blonde's flushed and beautiful face. "Yes, baby," she whispered, "just like that."

Breathless, Sarah posed for her bright-eyed roommate. She fluttered her lids dramatically, feeling restless and wicked and gloriously feminine. Her body was shapely and lush, dirtily excited—anyone could see it! She was smooth and white and curvy, and she knew it. Almost teasingly she displayed the sopping pulled-open folds of her hairy, innermost womanhood, at the same time drawing back her shoulders to present her big breasts all the better to Nikki's roving hand. Oh, how desirable she must be, she knew, how irresistible! Her head lolled contentedly, making honeyed waves shake about her naked shoulders as Nikki's fingertips plucked and pulled and pinched. God, the bliss, the joy, the torment of it all!

Smiling sleepily, Sarah at last shifted her wrists, and as she now held herself open with only one hand, with the fingertips of the other she sported in the open bowl of her glistening cunt, purposefully, showily. Gazing over at Nikki from beneath coquettish lashes, she dragged her digits across the thickened lips of her soft labia and all about the tremulous morsel of her naked clitoris, dipping now and again into the liquid pit at the very core of her being, making little strings of shining lubrication stretch and snap. She could smell the excited odor of her sex, and so could Nikki.

Eventually, gazing longingly at the dark-eyed fallen angel who had caused it all, Sarah smeared the smelly juices of her excitation all about her enormously engorged nipples, and as Nikki could only goggle at her helpless and breathless, the naughty Sarah pushed her big boobs up to her beatifically flushed face and began to lick smilingly at the great thickened peaks of pink-brown erectile tissue... Poor Nikki took it for as long as she could until, finally, her eyes wild; she had had to pull over on a secluded side road. “You fucking slut!” she gasped excitedly. “My God, have you no shame!”

Breathing heavily, she ordered the wriggling Sarah to turn over in the seat, and in a frenzy of arousal she spanked the girl’s supple round ass blazing red with ringing open-handed blows from her vengeful white hand. Then, as Sarah could only wallow there face-down, still chewing whimperingly upon her own nipples—for her mistress, of course, had not commanded her to stop—poor Nikki climbed atop her back, hunched over as she pulled back the girl’s glowing golden hair commandingly so that she could kiss at her victim’s sweating neck and her blood-warmed ears, and the brunette reached down her taut belly and into her damp cut-off jeans and simply masturbated her ebon-furred pussy into a delirium...

Ah, what a day it had been! The tortures Sarah endured, the gratifications, the uncertainties, the guilt, and the unendurable compulsions! At the conclusion of the evening, though, to her secret joy, she had found herself lying with her firm mistress in the lower bunk, naked beneath the covers,

arms twined around the other girl, whispering, kissing, caressing. It was everything she could have hoped for. How fresh the world had seemed, how wondrous and beautiful and new! And after they had made love and had pleased one another to the very limits of their exhausted flesh, the two collapsed in each other's arms and fell blissfully to sleep, satiated.

Sarah blinked her sleepy eyes open now to find herself lying nude in the bottom bunk with Nikki's slinky body close against hers. Sighing, she snuggled her face into the warmth of her lover's neck, soft and silken between her tousled dark hair and her smooth pale shoulder. Sarah nested there contentedly for a moment, breathing deep of the aroma of Nikki's dense sable waves. It felt so right.

Soon, however, she drew back to watch the girl. She let her gaze slowly track down from the fuzzy top of her lover's ebon-tressed head, down her sweetly sleeping face, down bare shoulders and pretty little breasts, down a flat narrow torso that sank into a sheet sculpted by the curves of her long hips and thighs. This enigmatic creature, so tempestuous and demanding in her rages, was in repose so peaceful, so dear, so angelic. Sarah's heart ached with longing.

Tenderly she kissed Nikki on the top of her head, where tousled black hair flowed fragrant and darkly shining about her. The girl stirred faintly without really showing the beginnings of wakefulness. "Mmm..." she sighed. She was still inaccessible, enveloped in a peaceful slumber which made her seem so heartbreakingly dear. That girl was all hers, Sarah realized again, exulting.

Sarah kissed the pale plane of Nikki's forehead. "Wake up, Nikki," she whispered. Her heart thudded beneath soft breasts whose nipples suddenly perked up in hunger. The wide pink circles of the areolas of Sarah's heavy young breasts tightened, growing crinkly and puckered, making her nipples stand out swollen and sensitive. The subtle chemicals of arousal coursing through her hot young blood could not be denied. All at once she wanted...everything.

Sarah started to say more in the hopes of rousing this lovely sleeper—her friend, her lover, her fiercely commanding mistress—yet on second thought she stopped. Shuddering with anticipation, she slithered quietly farther down in the bed, touching the other girl gently about her tender shoulders, about her sleek flanks. She nibbled Nikki’s throat daintily, kissed her collarbones with chaste reverence.

Scarcely able to restrain herself, she placed her lips upon the small dark circles of her roommate’s soft nipples, one after the other...yet lightly, so lightly. Inhaling deep of the scent of sleepy feminine flesh, Sarah plucked silently at those buds with her rounded lips, coaxing them into cloying erectness. Soon the flaccid circles peaked, nipples lengthening deliciously from the center of dark areolas. They made her mouth water as surely as any cool ripe fruit on a hot summer day.

Sarah gently ran her tongue all about those naughty stiff plums, wickedly teasing, until she could restrain herself no longer. As Nikki quivered helplessly in a sleep now shallow and surely haunted with fragmentary cloying dreams of the most wondrous perversions, Sarah finally sucked those dark turgid peaks of feminine delight into her grateful mouth. The thought of doing that to her dear girlfriend in her sleep was deliriously intoxicating. It made her feel dirty and sweet and powerful.

“Ohhh...” the wench shuddered, yet still she did not wake. Still she was sunk in whatever syrupy realm of non-thought the wicked Sarah had engendered in the vulnerable synapses of her unconscious mind.

Sarah licked her girlfriend’s pretty nipples lovingly, smacking her lips as she sucked the taut nodules of erectile tissue between reverent lips. At the same time, breathless, she slid her right hand down through the tangled black thatch of Nikki’s rich pubic bush to grasp her crotch possessively. It felt good. The girl was hot, moist in Sarah’s palm.

Probing impatiently, Sarah ran her middle finger across the tremulous nubbin of a clitoris instinctively erect and

slicked with lubrication even in sleep. Nikki quivered restlessly, and all at once Sarah realized how fiercely aroused she herself was by the boldness of the act, the casual escalation of intimacy...the thought of the inevitable possession. She could do anything to the girl, she realized—anything!

Thrilling, she pushed her slippery digit between musky pink petals already dreamily dilated, and straight down into the comforting depths of a snug youthful cunt. Nikki squirmed fitfully, whimpering. The girl was so heartbreakingly beautiful—the sight of her helpless face made Sarah want more, and more.

Breathing heavily, Sarah at last slid farther down the bed and with hands trembling with the effort of restraint, she dragged the covers down off the slender brunette's belly and hips, down her long sleek thighs and pretty knees, down her smoothly rounded calves and trim ankles and her narrow feet with their dainty toenails painted crimson, leaving her utterly bare and exposed to the gaze of her enthralled slave. Eyes hugely dilated, Sarah took a ragged breath that drew in the alluring scent of ready femininity, and then, groaning, she wrestled those beautiful thighs wide, buried her face in the hot slippery curls between, and began to perform oral sex. God, the selfless surrender, the unutterable contentment! Whimpering, she feasted.

“Oh, Sarah, Sarah!” gasped the other girl in bare seconds. “*Sarah!*” Nikki woke moaning, her face flushed and beautiful, heavy eyelids fluttering her gorgeously long lashes in joy and confusion. She writhed mindlessly as the sweet spasms of her slow-building orgasm stole over her, swelling from the phantasms of some nameless dream to a wild reality. She tossed in the tangled sheets as Sarah sucked triumphantly all about the tremulous flesh of her clitoris, wallowing tongue dipping deep to flutter and swirl and taste. Her climax went on and on, exquisitely pretty. Sarah reveled in it.

“Oh, Sarah...” Nikki breathed at long last, her little breasts heaving as for a long moment she could only lie there in the confusion of her sudden ecstatic wakefulness. Shivering,

she eventually sat up and looked in wonderment at the dreamy-eyed blonde. Shakily she reached out one graceful white arm and tousled her head fondly, making tangled waves of gold bounce about the younger girl's naked shoulders. "God, Sarah," she sighed earnestly, "I dreamed—"

Sarah's green eyes were wide, worshipful. Suddenly, though, the brunette caught herself, and her imperious face composed itself once more. Sarah flinched.

"You truly are a cunt-struck whore, aren't you?" wondered Nikki crookedly, now fully in control again. Like Sarah, she of course was completely bare, yet whereas the blonde's nakedness was that of helpless exposure, Nikki's nudity seemed to reflect the self-composure of icy superiority. She had no need of clothes to hide her fair body. She had no flaw, no weakness inside or out, and she knew it. Her nakedness was a challenge.

"Yes, Mistress," murmured Sarah obediently. Her poor nipples went flat under Nikki's faintly sneering gaze.

"I suppose you would like an orgasm now, too...?" speculated Nikki, her eyes dancing with dark mischief.

Uncomfortably Sarah hesitated. She dared not say yes, for that would be impudence, willfulness, disobedience that her serene white mistress would be sure to punish, gladly and with great vigor. Yet if she lied and claimed she did not...well, then the girl would simply deny the poor blonde her gratification, just as happily. "Wh-whatever the mistress prefers," she managed at last, her eyes downcast.

"Precisely," Nikki agreed with a placid smile. "Good whore."

Sarah swallowed. "Thank you, mistress," she replied, embarrassed.

Nikki yawned, stretched pretty, and stepped gracefully out of bed, long-hipped and stately as she shook out her heavy raven tresses, her creamy complexion beautifully offset by the rich triangle of her lustrous pubic bush, the fierce plums of her upright nipples, her smirking red mouth, her shining eyes and the expressive dark brows above. "I could use a shower," she

commented matter-of-factly, flexing her nostrils. “Then I’m going out.”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” said Sarah uncertainly.

“While I’m gone,” the older girl told her serenely, “I expect you to masturbate.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Sarah murmured deferentially. Oh, how casually this crooked-lipped devil could command such a perversion! And yet...well, if Nikki did not deign to grant Sarah her desperately needed pleasures herself, at least the blonde would be allowed to do so with her own naughty efforts. She shivered slightly as she imagined it.

“No orgasm, though,” added Nikki, as if by afterthought. Her eyes, however, burned.

“M-M-Mistress?” Sarah gulped.

“No orgasm,” repeated the other, her dark orbs narrowing. “Simple enough to understand, isn’t it, even for a slut like you? Or,” she added darkly, the tendons in the back of her hand rippling as she flexed her right hand consideringly, “do I need to turn you over my knee and paddle some sense into that thick blonde ass of yours...?”

“N-no, Mistress!” answered Sarah hastily. “Wh-whatever the mistress prefers.” She blinked. “N-naturally!”

“You will go straight to your laptop,” ordered Nikki calmly, “and you will spend the morning masturbating to whatever dirty internet pornography happens to strike your whorish fancy today.” She gave a poisonously sweet smile. “Your choice.”

“Th-thank you, Mistress,” replied Sarah in embarrassment. Uncomfortably she bit her lip. She felt the older girl’s all-knowing gaze upon her guilty visage. The silence stretched, stretched, stretched...and finally she ventured to open her mouth once more. “Um... M-Mistress...?”

“Mm?” wondered Nikki, eyeing her prey closely. “You weren’t going to say, were you, my buxom blonde bitch, that you are not already very well acquainted with the solitary

pleasures that the helpful perverts of the internet help to spur...?”

Sarah’s face was red. Unwillingly she opened her mouth—then closed it. Again she marveled at the power of this commanding black-haired fiend. Ah, for danger lay behind any reply. As always, this dark-eyed queen had her checkmated.

“Because,” Nikki commented archly, “that’s certainly what my monitoring of your internet activity suggested...”

Sarah gasped, and her hand went reflexively to her mouth.

“You didn’t know...?” the brunette wondered innocently.

“No,” whispered Sarah, wide-eyed.

“Oh, I know a guy,” the older girl shrugged airily, “computer science major—met him in an English class, actually—who hooked me up with the nicest little keystroke bug...” She flashed her even white teeth. “Why, I may have suspected your fondness for lesbian porn, especially all that amateur stuff to rouse and reinforce your secret girl-next-door fantasies, but how else would I finally have known for sure—for absolute sure!—that you had interests in all the other kinky niches as well?” She arched one expressive dark eyebrow matter-of-factly.

“Mm, gangbangs of five, ten, perhaps even twenty guys on one girl,” Nikki reminded her victim quietly, “just grabbing her and *using* her, maybe finishing inside her pussy, maybe pulling out and coming all over her with a big splat. Either way, though, the men waiting just stand around and chuckle about what a slut she is, jerking off a little to keep themselves hard as they watch, and wait for their turn to fuck her. Ah, how that always makes one of these girls gasp and writhe, glistening with a dozen men’s semen! I couldn’t help noticing, though, that you seemed particularly fond of watching a really busty girl get it, some whore with great big soft breasts they could grab and juggle and squeeze and stretch...*especially* a blonde.” She leered knowingly at the silent, abashed Sarah.

“Of course, you don’t mind dabbling in good old-fashioned bondage either,” continued Nikki, “real hard-core,

with whips and chains, big well-muscled bare-chested guys in leather pants and hoods absolutely *dominating* naked girls in a stone-walled dungeon somewhere. Yeah, hooks on the ceiling and iron rings on the walls, a place from which there is no escape—just like with one’s own desires, eh?” She gave a slow, considering nod. “Sometimes the faceless men will bind these little sluts in crazy poses, or maybe they’ll use wooden stocks where the reluctant-looking chicks get locked in, and everybody can touch ’em and grope ’em. Oh, and then, of course, these big guys will do anything they ever, *ever* wanted—pinching and pulling at the girls’ vulnerable nipples, greasing up their assholes and fucking ’em there, maybe sticking their swollen purple dicks all the way down the bitches’ throats to make ’em choke and gag, and finally feel what it’s like to *truly* submit...” Lips pursed, the dark-haired seductress contemplated it for a moment, her eyes half-lidded and distant.

“Or,” she added crookedly, “what about ooey-gooey facials? Oh, you clearly have a very deeply oral nature, don’t you, Sarah? It all begins in infancy, I suppose,” she shrugged, “where to wrap your lips around something warm and wet and comforting is simply the most natural thing in the world. But to grow up and get down on your knees so that you can just open your sticky mouth and suck the naked red cocks of men you have never met before, one right after the other, until they shudder and snort and groan and finally unload all over your flushed face until you’re hung with every dripping string of their ejaculate...” She gave a mockingly prim little smile. “Well, I think we all agree that that’s a rather naughtier thing entirely, isn’t it. And yet so, too, is prowling every corner of the internet so that you can masturbate to the sight of other girls doing it...”

Sarah could only squirm, frowning inwardly. Oh, how many nights had her every click been recorded, how many sweaty sighing weekends, how many occasions of what started out as just a “quick” little peek but then turned into hour upon hour of fevered compulsive grunting? Months and months, surely, her privacy violated while she cavorted unknowingly, every single secret of soul revealed. How humiliating it was!

And yet the whole while, how Nikki's wicked dark eyes must have glowed in calm triumph as her all-too predictable victim burrowed deeper and deeper into the brunette's sticky trap! And had it excited her, too? God, the thought of that pale-skinned beauty growing flushed and restless as she saw all the dirty things through which the bosomy blonde wallowed, the thought that perhaps the secretly leering thing might have reached down the damp crinkles of her lower belly and been compelled to touch herself there, lovely and breathy and completely unashamed...

And now Sarah imagined as well the show that she herself would put on for her demanding mistress this morning. Clicking through one forbidden delight after another, each one kinkier than the last, with the full knowledge that Nikki would learn them all, every single one— Rubbing excitedly in her squelching blonde cunt, teasing, prodding, polishing, sometimes perhaps reaching up to rub the smelly juices all over her thickened nipples and then push up her big boobs so that she could lick them off, as she knew her petite mistress so adored— Gasping and panting, shivering, whimpering in her intimate distress as she kept her senses deliriously on edge like the shameless slut that she was and yet, obedient and devoted to she shapely beast who enslaved her, always refusing to grant her poor suffering flesh she culmination it so desperately needed—

At last Sarah blinked, her face warm. “Thank you, Mistress,” she whispered shyly.

Nikki cocked one smoky eyebrow.

“Thank you, Mistress,” she said softly, “for your kind attention.” Her green eyes gleamed doe-like and defenseless as she gazed up from the older girl's rumpled bed, naked and curvy and soft, and with her face stinking beautifully of her mistress's vaginal lubrication. Ah, she vowed inwardly, how she would prove her worth now!

Graciously the brunette inclined her regal head.

Chapter Seven

When Sarah got home from her job at the big bookstore in Okemos on Monday afternoon, Nikki wasn't there yet. That surprised her, for Nikki worked at the Country Market just a few blocks away, and even though she often got off a little later than Sarah, she still usually was back at the apartment first. Sarah looked around, frowning.

She was vaguely disappointed, for she had been hoping that if Nikki was in the right mood, Sarah could greet the dark-haired girl with a kiss on those smirking crimson lips. And if she was in the wrong mood...well, then Sarah would be rebuffed imperiously, would be called a slut and a cunt and a whore, would have her poor nipples yanked savagely and her bare bottom slapped without remorse. And then she would grovel and crawl and beg, and at last the sweetly whimpering slave might be allowed to bury her face in the wet velvet folds of her stern mistress's beautiful vagina and content herself in the only way she could...

It was only their second full day as lovers—as mistress and slave, as goddess and worshiper—and Sarah just thought it would be right to begin such a tradition. The notion was at once both quaintly old-fashioned and agonizingly new and exciting. It reeked of aromatic old Norman Rockwell pipe smoke—and wet young pussy. Yes, she realized, in some deliciously perverse way the two were like newlyweds, committed to each other body and soul. The understanding was not only wickedly arousing but comforting as well.

As she had negotiated the traffic—attenuated as it was by the summer migration of the majority of students back to all corners of the continent, and beyond—Sarah had looked forward to a naughty homecoming kiss. She imagined her darling's full lips soft and reassuring upon hers, the girl's sly tongue soon slipping between, into the sensitive hollow of Sarah's mouth. She had longed for the feel of Nikki's supple

body against hers, the pressure of resilient little breasts against her big ones. And soon, all too soon, her own trembling hands would slide possessively across the brunette's slinky hips and waist, up her narrow back...and around, up the front of that taut young torso.

Moaning into her mistress's eager mouth, she would reach her naughty hands into Nikki's blouse, into her bra, shuddering to find soft naked flesh both firm and jiggly. Wrapping her hot palms about those beautiful girlish tits, Frenching the wench desperately, Sarah would catch Nikki's plum-like nipples between her tapering digits, rolling them, stretching them, fondling them until the girl's dark eyes fluttered drowsily with lust and she begged Sarah to fuck her —

Face warm, Sarah let out her breath. Well, she would simply have to wait. Nikki must have gotten out late or bought some groceries before she left. Shrugging, Sarah dropped into a chair and stretched out with a magazine.

Sarah had read an article or two when she heard soft footsteps outside, and then the rustling metallic slide of a key in the lock.

Nikki came in, her eyes bright. "Hey, Sarah—"

Estimating the girl's mood quickly by the tone of her voice, Sarah sprang out of the chair and hurried to wrap her arms about Nikki's shoulders. "Hi, Nikki," she purred. She kissed the surprised girl squarely on the mouth, making her squirm with delight. Oh, the joy of finding her like this, open and unguarded! The older girl's pose of mistress could be wickedly exciting, but...well, how sweet it was, too, on occasion to find Nikki merely a young woman like herself, a creature to be addressed as an equal rather than some untouchable denizen of Olympus.

"Mmm," Nikki smiled as they broke apart. She held Sarah at arm's length and smirked knowingly into the blonde's green eyes. "I'm glad to be home, too. Sorry I'm late," she continued breathlessly. She toed off her penny loafers and kicked them aside to wriggle her shapely naked toes on the

carpeting. “But look what I picked up at that cool second-hand store.”

The slinky brunette reached into the bag she was carrying and pulled out a big clunky camera that looked like something out of the 1980s.

“Uh, looks nice,” said Sarah a little dubiously, “but, you know, you can use my camera anytime. It’s in the closet.”

“Well, yes,” replied Nikki softly, “but, ah...this one is a Polaroid.”

Sarah pursed her lips in feigned disapproval, but she felt her nipples harden uncertainly beneath her blouse. Her own dirty mind could think of only one reason anybody would want a camera that developed its own pictures. You would want something like that only if you were going to take pictures that you really, really didn’t want anyone else to see. A film camera, of course, had to have its film developed in some shop, and even the file from a digital camera could be misplaced and perhaps end up being viewed by someone else. But one of those old-fashioned Polaroid’s...well, before everyone carried cell phones with cameras, that was pretty much the cutting edge of security for secret dirty pictures circa 1970, wasn’t it? The thought gave her a comfortable little shiver somewhere deep within. “And...?” Sarah prompted the sly brunette.

“You know, my big blonde angel-whore,” Nikki murmured, dark eyes gazing at Sarah from beneath dense lashes, “sometimes it would just be so convenient to have our pictures right away instead of using your digital and having to download ’em to one of our laptops, tweak ’em with editing software, and get the right kind of photo-paper for printing... And you know how half the time the printer ends up throwing in those splotches of toner here and there, and then we’d just have to try to print again. Gosh, I don’t know if I could wait so long.” She sighed disingenuously. “I thought maybe you could pose for me, and then maybe I’d take some pictures...and, well, whatever.”

Sarah let out her breath slowly. Her pulse thudded between her heavy breasts. Beneath her belly she felt suddenly moist. “What should I wear?”

“Oh, I don’t know...” Nikki cocked her head in mock thought, as if considering she probably had already decided long before. “Why don’t you wear that white silk blouse of yours? And maybe your red skirt, the really short flouncy one? And some black nylons.”

“Like I did that night at the bar,” Sarah said softly. She was flattered and wildly excited—and it made her want to goad and titillate her Nikki a little more. “You’d like me to dress like that for you?”

“I watched you tease *her*, Sarah. I saw you dance right up against her,” Nikki whispered, “saw the way you let her touch you...just about *begged* her to touch you.” Her dark eyes smoldered. “If she had taken you away from me, though, I would have scratched her goddamned eyes out.” That lovely face clouded, but then her lust burned through, and she continued, “But you were really getting off on it, weren’t you, Sarah? You loved to be on display, to be watched, to be wanted.”

“Did I, Nikki?” Sarah taunted, her nipples achingly hard. “Are you sure?” She knew Nikki could see them through her clothing, and she shrugged her shoulders around idly to make herself more comfortable.

“I know you did, my darling blonde angel,” Nikki murmured, her eyes on Sarah’s blouse, “my naughty little slut. I watched you writhe as she pinched those big fat nipples that even I hadn’t touched yet...”

“Why, Nikki,” said Sarah, inclining her head and pouting innocently, “what a terrible thing to say about one’s roommate.”

“Oh, don’t think I wasn’t watching,” Nikki replied with a soft, faintly indulgent smile. “You did just about everything except ask for it out loud.”

“Me?” Sarah wondered. She put her fanned fingers upon the top of her bosom, then slowly dragged them down her body, over her engorged nipples. It felt good.

“I had always wondered,” the other girl said quietly, almost to herself, “but that’s when I finally knew about you—*knew!*—for absolute, positive certain.” She gave a gentle little headshake, making glossy sable sway about her ivory throat, beautiful and evocative and slow.

God, how thrilling it was to know that this sly, simmering creature had been watching her for so, so long—evaluating her every move, estimating the chances, longing in silent... The deeply flattered Sarah could only lick her lips and blink back, profoundly touched.

“And you do know,” prodded Nikki smilingly, “what that stupid cunt, Jane, would have done if you had gone to the restroom with her, don’t you, Sarah?”

“What?” Sarah whispered.

Nikki let out her breath. “Exactly what happened to me my freshman year when I let myself be picked up by some cute dyke in a club,” she said deliberately. “You’d have gotten your hairy little twat sucked out by a real pro, baby.”

“*Really...?*” Sarah breathed, her eyes bright.

“Uh huh,” smiled Nikki. “But it was *me* who was gonna be your first, honey. I’d have slapped the ugly right off Jane’s fucking dyke face if she had gone any farther.” She winked. “But if you’re a really good girl for Nikki, maybe sometime she’ll tell you about the time she got picked up and let another girl eat her out—while poor Sean just sat back at the booth wondering what was taking me so long...”

“Sounds very enlightening,” Sarah said unsteadily. The thought of some strange girl’s tongue slathering through Nikki’s wet bush was profoundly disturbing. It cut like a dagger-thrust, and it made the jealous blonde’s blood seethe. And yet...well, perhaps it was just a little bit inflaming to the guilty thing at the same time, too. Why, how horny had her slinky darling been to let some stranger bury her face in those

dark curls and feast upon the savory pink flesh beneath until Nikki could only gasp out her kinky joy? Ah, the depths of that commanding woman's passions!

God, Sarah wanted this shapely brunette all for herself! Of course, it wasn't as if the black-haired devil had had the chance to get attached to the other woman, really. Or, apparently, to the boyfriend she had had when she first came to college—or to his four roommates whom the smirking thing had let gangbang her... Or to the girls she had sneaked out with during that terrible month before the frustrated thing finally had seduced and enslaved her confused roommate—yes, Sarah knew she had done it, she *knew*, bitterly certain. And yet none of those things, she told herself desperately, meant half as much as what the sable-haired goddess had done to her dear devoted Sarah!

Shuddering inwardly, though, she brought herself back to what the other girl had said. “You’ll really tell me about it?” she persisted, unwillingly aroused.

“Mm hmm. You’d really get off on something twisty like that, wouldn’t you, babe?” Nikki smiled enigmatically. “But now it’s time for you to strut your stuff for me.”

“You think I should?” Sarah wondered. She was so wet inside!

“Yes,” Nikki said quietly.

“Really?” Sarah asked, smiling faintly. “You want me to dress up for you now? So you can—” Sarah’s breath caught in her throat. “So you can ogle me?”

Nikki looked at her, almost sheepishly. “Please.”

“All right,” Sarah agreed. Trembling, she stood up.

“You go change, and I’ll get the camera ready.” Nikki licked her lips. “Put on a lot of makeup,” she said huskily. “Oh, and, um...why don’t you wear that black bra—you know, the lacy one that really pushes you up. It—it looks nice.”

Heart racing, Sarah turned for the bedroom. “If that’s what you want...” she called over her shoulder. She had to try to slow her footsteps.

“Uh huh,” Nikki breathed.

She shut the door behind her and stripped her body in haste, running her fingertips lightly across the sensitive pink-brown buds crowning her big breasts as she shrugged herself out of her bra. It felt good, but she didn't dare do it any more. Well...not much, anyway.

Sarah certainly could understand Nikki's wondering love of her full breasts, for she herself always had found them so nice to play with. Helplessly Sarah cupped herself, weighing the naked mammaries in her comforting hands. As she squeezed the rippling flesh she could not help placing her thumbs and forefingers at the very outsides of her swollen nipples and pulling—*hard*. She twisted the great pink-brown peaks relentlessly, stretching them to enormous, delicious lengths. If even her dear Nikki had caught them like that, suddenly and without warning, such intense treatment would have brought surprised pain...but now, restlessly excited as she was, the happy torment sent thick bolts of anticipatory pleasure quivering from those sensitive nubbins straight down to her moistening pussy. It felt so good.

Sarah unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans quickly, sliding them off her hips, across her quaking thighs, and down her softly rounded calves with a long caressing gesture. As she ran her hands back up across the bare flesh of her hips and buttocks she remembered the way Nikki had gripped her there that morning, the way Nikki had dug her thumbs into Sarah's plum hairy labia, opening her up to stare into the smelly pink bowl of her pulled-open sex. Oh, the girl had put her beautiful face right down there, nostrils flared as she drank it all in, calling Sarah a slut and whore, a dirty closet-dyke...until finally, red-faced in her own sensual agitation, she had leaned forward and begun slobbering her wanton tongue through the naked wet flesh of Sarah's juiced-up cunt. God, the seething passions of that slender black-haired seductress!

Shivering, she tossed her clothes into the hamper...but then Sarah stopped. Before she closed the lid, she retrieved her panties, still warm from the heat of her body, and very

noticeably moist in the crotch. Lips pursed, she folded the garment and slid it beneath Nikki's pillow. Yes, Nikki would find those hours later, just before bed, and she would know what to do.

Breathing heavily, she sat down nude in front of the mirror and applied her makeup. She pursed her lips up full and sensuous and glossed them bright red, gleaming and whorishly attractive. Angling her head this way and that, she brushed rouge on her warm cheeks with a wide brush, and then carefully rubbed her eyelids with a smoky color. Staring at herself in the mirror, she accentuated her green eyes with a little eyeliner and combed fine dark mascara into her lashes. Honey-blonde waves bounced about her naked shoulders. Her nipples were so tight and stiff—

Sarah opened her jewelry box. She put earrings in her blood-warmed lobes, elegant little gold hoops. Then she selected a string of faux pearls and wrapped it carefully about her pale throat. Their coolness felt good against her hot skin.

Sarah stood again and selected her clothes—from the closet her creamy blouse and red skirt, from the dresser her black brassiere and matching nylons. She would dress herself up as her lover had desired.

Idly she watched herself in the mirror as she scooped her breasts into the lacy little push-up bra she had bought once on a whim. In fact, she remembered suddenly, when she found the brassiere she had been shopping at the mall with Nikki, and it was Nikki who had pointed it out to Sarah... Even then, Sarah realized excitedly, the flirty girl must have wanted to dress her up...and play with her. Why, for months the poor excitable thing must have been in emotional and erotic agony, wondering if she ever could get the blithely unknowing Sarah in her greedy, red-nailed clutches.

The thought made Sarah's heart go out to the girl so much! And, she realized slowly, it gave her a wonderfully naughty, very secret feeling of power. If her beloved Nikki had grown infatuated with her and had lusted after her in silence, after all, how much more demonstrative could the pretty dark-

haired thing be now that all pretenses were gone? In the pose of her stern mistress, Nikki, of course, wielded her power with a smirkingly inflaming negligence...yet was it not Sarah who fired that inventive girl's passions in the first place? Oh, perhaps it was Sarah who had to crawl and beg, Sarah who might suffer the most intimate punishments at her mistress's whim, Sarah who would be tied up and ravished with all the wild frenzy that one girl could have for another...but it was the buxom blonde who always danced there in the ebontressed girl's sultry half-lidded eye!

Her breasts within the naughty brassiere were so high now, hefted and thrust out! Sarah gazed at herself in the mirror. The lacy black bra made her bosom even more noticeable than it already was, made her generous young mounds stand up big and round, to be ogled and dug back out and fondled and groped. Yet the teasing garment was cut low so that it already exposed a great double-handful of jiggling cleavage. Why, it scarcely covered her great swollen nipples... Restlessly she stroked her nails across the peaked fabric, savoring the quiet buzz of neural activity that quivered up to the pleasure center buried deep within her brain, and down to the liquid pit of her mindless pussy.

Sarah stepped into her sleek black nylons slowly, carefully smoothing the sheer material across her softly rounded calves, her knees, her trembling thighs. Though her Nikki waited, it was a terrible temptation to part those nyloned upper thighs and dally there for a moment...but she restrained herself with an effort, keeping her naughty hands chaste. Despite her care, however, one of her nails snagged near the crotch of the nylons, making a tiny run. Sarah frowned and almost pulled them off. Then she looked more carefully in the mirror. Well, the run didn't really show yet, not unless you were already looking for it. She decided not to change the nylons.

She stepped into a pair of pretty red shoes, ones so high-heeled that she almost never wore them. They were trim and tapering, cunningly fashioned of narrow strips of shining red leather. Posing before the mirror, she saw with approval that

the bold spiked heels and the slenderness of the shoes' construction made her legs look very good.

She put on the pleated red skirt Nikki had requested, the one that came only halfway down her thighs. The pleat accentuated her hips nicely, the flare of the hem making a nice contrast with the slimness of her waist. It showed off her shape well...and there was something about such a flouncy skirt, Sarah had always imagined, that made the viewer just want to grab it and flip it up over womanly young hipbones, revealing the soft fragrant femininity that it so teasingly hid. Was that how everyone responded? Sarah wondered idly.

Then she dressed in the silky white blouse, tucking it carefully into the waistband of her skirt. She fastened the pearly little buttons one by one, up her flat abdomen, across the swell of her accentuated bosom, until only one was left undone. She eyed herself in the mirror for a moment, contemplating the shape of her face and the framing of her hair, the smooth descent of her pale throat—then she opened two more buttons, and the rounded tops of her breasts gleamed back at her. Yes, that was better. Nikki would like that. Face warm, Sarah headed back for the living room.

“How do I look?” she asked nervously as she came through the doorway.

“Beautiful,” said Nikki, her dark eyes intent. “You look great.” Sarah could not help but notice that the girl gazed for a long moment at her cleavage jiggling full and tempting at the unbuttoned opening of her silky blouse... It made her feel lovely and wanted and powerful.

At length Nikki forced herself to look back up into Sarah's pleasantly flushed face. She took a deep breath. “Now pose for me, Sarah. Put your hand up on the doorframe,” she suggested. “A little higher,” she added as Sarah complied. “Okay, now move your right foot forward and to your, um, your left. That really shows off your hips.” The girl licked her lips as she tried to decide on just the right angle from which to shoot.

“Now rotate your shoulders a little—I want more of that profile.” Self-consciously, Sarah did as she was told. Lips pursed, she leaned back a little so that her bust jutted out more, firm and round. She watched as Nikki nodded eagerly in approval.

It was strange...but in a way it was exciting as well, exciting to perform like this for the pleasure of another. Yes, as she posed and arranged her young body just as her girlfriend desired, it was all too easy to see that Nikki was aroused by the dirty little game. Maybe Nikki thought she was in control, but Sarah suspected that the powerful attraction of her own burgeoning young womanhood held the girl as spellbound as the camera captured her voluptuous, seemingly helpless model. Sarah couldn't help but smile faintly, one crooked corner of her bright-lipsticked mouth turning up ever so slightly at the thought of her secret power and the knowledge of the comfortable pleasure of exercising it.

“Oh, Sarah,” Nikki groaned, “that smile is so sly...” She bit her full lower lip. “Hold it, hold it.” The camera's flash fired, and the mechanism whirred as the picture, already slowly developing in the chemicals sandwiched within its transparent wrappings, was ejected. Nikki quickly pulled out the white-framed square of blurry gray and tossed it on the coffee table. “Okay, now turn your head away a little—uh huh. And look at me out of the corner of your eye—” Nikki took another picture. “Beautiful, sweetie.”

Sarah watched as Nikki thought for a moment, her cheeks glowing. “Why don't you lean back against the doorframe? Good. Now put your hands behind your back...and push your chest out, please,” she husked. Sarah could not help smiling faintly again at the transparency of Nikki's possessive gaze. The girl always lusted after Sarah's big bosom, and now she seemed particularly helpless. Sarah looked down and saw that her own nipples were peaked up like thimbles beneath the thin silk. She made sure to angle her shoulders a little so that Nikki could see.

“Very good,” the brunette whispered, her eyes unblinking on the shamelessly turgid points of Sarah’s breasts. “Just a second, because I want to be able to see the bed in the background...” She maneuvered herself around. “Cross your ankles. Now put your head back just a little more, look down at me—purse your lips...”

Sarah gave her lover a sultry look, thinking about how much Nikki must have wanted to reach up and grab those creamy tits with both hands, ripping the pretty silk shirt apart so that her dark lips could slobber all over the full mounds, sucking and chewing upon their engorged nipples until Sarah came, screaming out her love— The flash snapped brightly.

“That looked good, Sarah,” Nikki said quietly, “very good. Now come on out and just walk around,” she said. “I’ll tell you if I want anything special.”

Feeling that she was Nikki’s pretty toy to play with—yet also sensing that with her obvious charms she controlled the dark-eyed wench almost as much as the headstrong girl did to her—Sarah pranced about the room. She knew what to do. She peeked flirtatiously at Nikki over her shoulder, she let her golden hair fall across one green eye, she puckered up and blew a kiss. She was wickedly aroused. It was all she could do not to throw her curvy body onto the couch and frig herself into a delirium.

Nikki didn’t have to direct her at all. She just followed Sarah around wide-eyed, snapping pictures silently and tossing them onto the coffee table. Nikki reloaded the camera clumsily, fingers fumbling as she kept her eyes upon her teasing girlfriend.

Then Sarah turned around and squeezed her breasts boldly through her blouse. It was the most overtly sexual thing she had done yet. “Don’t forget to take a shot of this, baby,” she smiled, fondling herself slowly. “This is what you want, isn’t it?”

“Mm *hmm...*” Gazing quietly at her, Nikki clicked the shutter. “Now why don’t you lean over and let me look down

your blouse while you do that?” she whispered. “Your cleavage is so soft and smooth, so inviting...” She swallowed. “And look up at me from under your brows, because you know how naughty it is... Uh huh.” The flash fired again. “Squeeze ’em, Sarah,” she said huskily. “Really make yourself feel it.”

Smiling dirtily, Sarah fondled her silk-clad bosom the way Nikki wanted...the way Nikki wanted to do it herself. She cupped her big boobs, squeezing them, lifting them. Making sure that Nikki’s eyes were upon her, Sarah pinched at the tingling peaks of the nipples that pushed up so bold and clear through the thin silk. It felt good. The camera whirred.

Looking at Nikki coquettishly from the corner of one green eye, Sarah slowly retreated until the backs of her nyloned calves touched the big easy chair. She sat down and crossed her legs at the knees, making the flouncy red skirt ride high up her shapely young thighs. Deliberately Sarah unfastened another button of her blouse, and another. Her low-cut push-up brassiere shone lacy and black. Leaving the garment about her shoulders, she opened the flaps of the blouse wider and reached inside to run her fingertips lightly across the long slopes of her cleavage and to stroke her nails across the scarcely covered peaks of her shameless nipples.

“Is this what you wanted to see?” cooed Sarah softly. “You wanted to see your dirty blonde whore play with her big jugs?” As Nikki knelt before her, trying to steady the camera, Sarah arched her back and peeled the tops of the cups of her bra down the few inches it took to expose her nipples. They were enormous, swollen and dark.

Nikki quivered. “Good,” she said, breathing heavily. “Good...” She took another photo as Sarah toyed with the big crinkled erections crowning her breasts. “Now stretch them, Sarah,” she pleaded, “*stretch* ’em!”

Sarah complied, whimpering at the liquid tremor that ran straight down between the thickened lips of her cunt. She rolled her great pink-brown nipples assertively between her

tapering fingertips, pulling, twisting. It felt so good to do...and it was so naughtily arousing to be watched, too.

And yet how especially strange it was to think that these bare fistfuls of delight were the very same ones that this fiercely demanding creature now smiling before her had ravaged so determinedly just the day before. Why, yesterday the seething brunette had clamped those tender peaks hard and yanked them high, simply for the wild, heady joy of it all, with no more regard for her poor sobbing victim than would be given a pair of soaked, heavy jeans being hung on a backyard clothesline. God, how the red-nailed devil had manipulated the bosomy blonde, forcing her to enjoy the torture whether she wanted to or not! How sore her elongated teats had been afterward, the whimpering girl feeling drained and used and ashamed...and yet, somehow, impossibly alive and secretly grateful.

And yet now her demanding white mistress wished to play another game, wished this time merely to coax and murmur and convince. Again Sarah marveled at the versatility of the other girl's passions. Ah, the many ways in which the long-hipped demon could tease and please her adoring, enslaved blonde whore! Yes, and every path, it seemed, led to satisfaction such as she had scarcely even imagined... As she played with herself she gazed back fondly at her dear Nikki from beneath flushed, drowsy lids. She found that her thighs were grinding together ever so faintly.

"Sarah," Nikki whispered from behind the camera, "I want you to suck yourself now."

"Nikki!" Sarah gasped, her hands reflexively flying open to cover her breasts. Suddenly that just seemed too much. Yes, she had done it yesterday in the car, spontaneously in the heat of her wicked arousal, but...well, it still was a little embarrassing.

"Come on, naughty girl," said Nikki. Quickly, she took a picture of the surprised, almost mockingly innocent expression on Sarah's face, and the slender feminine hands that with their inadequate coverage of those rippling mounds actually ended

up inflaming the viewer far more than they ever could have assuaged Sarah's sudden misplaced modesty. "Come on, sweetie, push your boobs up and suck on those big nipples for me."

"Nikki..." murmured Sarah uncertainly. She looked down at her breasts self-consciously. It was true that now and then Sarah sometimes did like to suck her own nipples... But she had always been a little bit ashamed of it. It was dirty enough, after all, to play with your pussy for hours on end as Sarah long had done...but to push your tits up into your flushed face and wallow in them, licking and sucking as you longed for another mouth to do—wasn't that just too much? Oh, once her bosom had grown big enough, it had not been long before the curious girl had tried pleasuring herself that way. But somehow it just seemed especially dirty.

"Come on, Sarah," Nikki begged, lowering the camera. "You did it for me yesterday. I'll bet that wasn't your first time, either! Those lovely tits are just so big and full—I don't see how you could help yourself. I know I would if mine were that big..." She pouted prettily. "You *have* sucked yourself before, haven't you? Plenty, I bet..."

"Well," Sarah admitted, red-faced, "maybe sometimes..." Her pulse throbbed in her crotch at the sight of the triumphant, somehow hungry look that gleamed suddenly in Nikki's dark eyes.

"Do it now, then," Nikki whispered, raising the camera again. "Come on, Sarah," she begged. "Suck your nipples for me. Please? *Please...?*"

Heart racing, Sarah said nothing. God, how thrilling it was that the wicked red lips of the imperious girl who, if she wanted, could command the obedient blonde's every move with the unthinking mercilessness instead now deigned to beg and plead and play. Shivering to the pleasant exhibitionism of the act, therefore, and to the look in the other girl's wild dark eyes, she slowly pushed one of her breasts up toward her flushed face. Ducking her chin, Sarah gazed down at the great crinkled nipple and puckered up her lips teasingly.

“Mm *hmm!*” Nikki snapped a photograph, her breath ragged. “Go on, baby,” she whispered. “Do what you need to do.”

Squeezing the swollen pink-brown bud higher between her knowing fingers, Sarah stuck out her tongue and licked herself slowly. She relished the pebbly texture as she ran her taste buds across it, relished the little blue flame that pulsed down beneath her belly.

The flash fired. “More, naughty bad-girl,” Nikki murmured, “more.”

Sarah was wildly conscious of her lover’s eyes bright upon her every move. Peeking slyly at the dark-haired beauty from beneath her lowered brows, Sarah opened up her shameless mouth and sucked her thickened nipple between her glossy red lips. “Mmm,” she sighed, sucking noisily. It felt so good.

“Good...” said Nikki. The flash clicked. The discharge mechanism whirred. Another photo landed on the slippery pile developing across the half-covered coffee table.

Squirring in the chair under Nikki’s reverent gaze, Sarah worked herself over happily. She licked, she sucked, she chewed. Soon she was nursing on her own tingling nipple with abandon, slobbering lustily, smacking her lips. Flushed eyelids sliding contentedly closed, Sarah sucked herself with gusto, her hips grinding. Distantly she heard the camera click again, and again. Shot after shot was ripped out and tossed sliding onto the great pile. How she loved her dear Nikki!

Sarah’s entire being felt filled with a syrupy sweetness, heavy and thick, a pleasurable tension that reverberated along every over sensitized neural pathway in her body to coil tight about the erect clitoris squeezed so comfortably between her slippery labia, her clenching thighs. If she could maneuver her hips around just right, she was certain, in just a moment she would gasp out her climax. Oh, how good it would feel! And perhaps Nikki would enjoy watching that, too... She could hear the naughty girl whispering her encouragement.

Yet, dimly, Sarah realized that she did not want to let the girl off so easily. Much as she wanted to come, shamelessly, writhing under the inflamingly possessive gaze of her lover and the glassy stare of the camera's immortalizing lense, Sarah also wanted to stretch out Nikki's wait. It must have been, she knew, a delicious agony for the brunette to watch her so, craving Sarah's orgasm...and her own. Oh, yes, Sarah was certain, as soon as the photography was done, Nikki, too, would need to bury her fingers in her own furry snatch and rub her pulsing clitty until she screamed.

But now Sarah had other plans. The wicked little thing had gotten her all worked up, had begged Sarah to perform for her so that soon she might masturbate as well—but first, Sarah decided, Nikki would have to suffer, too.

Face warm with her pleasures, Sarah gradually pulled her bright-lipsticked mouth from her tortured nipple. Smiling dirtily at her girlfriend, she fondled herself for Nikki to see. “Was that what you wanted, baby?” she asked huskily, her voice trembling with the anticipation of the climax from which she had just backed away. Still she rolled her engorged nipples purposefully between quivering thumbs and forefingers. They were exquisitely erect, impossibly sensitive.

“Yes,” breathed Nikki. “You know it is.” She licked her lips, her eyes bright as she considered swiftly. “And now—”

“Now I think you have some more pictures to take,” Sarah said quietly. Sighing, she pulled her spiked heels up into the seat of the chair, and her skirt fell back across her waist, baring the shapely curves of her nylon-clad bottom. The tall heels made her legs look long and elegant. “You did want to see this, didn't you?” Sarah goaded her.

“Yes, Sarah,” Nikki replied gratefully. “How thoughtful of you.” She clicked the shutter, then hastily loaded more film.

“And this?” wondered Sarah. Drowsy green eyes staring into Nikki's great dark ones, Sarah let her knees fall apart, opening her inner thighs so that her moist pussy, clad only in

one damp layer of sheer nylon, was exposed. She squeezed her big breasts absently, pulling on her thimble-like nipples.

“Beautiful,” Nikki murmured—and all at once Sarah realized that as the girl knelt there before her, she was perched so that one naked heel pressed up comfortably against the damp crotch of her jeans. Nikki stared back at Sarah, gyrating slowly, her dilated denim-clad cunt wrapped about the moistened back of her slender foot. Somehow it was good to know that Sarah’s wicked tease had made the girl begin to masturbate like that, idly, unthinking.

Smiling at the heady power that for once she could exercise so mercilessly, Sarah finally released the stiff-nippled meat of her bosom, running her palms slowly down her torso and across her swelling hips. With excruciating slowness she glided her fingertips in from her knees to her crotch. She covered her pussy with her hands, feeling the lubrication seeping through the nylons and into her hot palms. She rubbed herself ever so faintly, watching Nikki’s restless reaction.

Pushing her fingers gently though the soaked nylon and across the wet velvet lips of her hungry young vagina, Sarah gazed impishly down into Nikki’s eyes. “You *would* like me to do this, wouldn’t you?” she goaded the older girl. She waved her fingertips languidly in the air and then placed them back on her sodden mound. “Look nice?”

“Yes,” Nikki said shudderingly. The camera sounded. “It looks beautiful.” Rocking upon her arched foot, Nikki tore out the unformed picture and tossed it with the others. “And I can smell you, Sarah...so wet, so good.”

“Really?” said Sarah lightly, her heart pounding. “Oh, yes—that’s right. You like a nice wet pussy, don’t you? A soft wet cunt you can see and touch, and smell and taste?” She ran her red nails up and down the soaked, fragrant crotch of her sheer black nylons. She could scarcely keep her fingers out of herself...but first she had to make her sweet Nikki suffer beautifully. “Well, go ahead, darling,” she purred, “look all you want.”

Smiling in the sudden tranquility of erotic triumph, Sarah found the tiny run near the crotch—and she dug her wicked nails in and pulled, ripping the thin material from top to bottom, exposing the hairy blonde nest of her musky liquid cunt. Smirking into Nikki’s wide, unblinking eyes, Sarah reached farther, digging her soft fingertips into the thickened lips of her naked pussy and opening herself up, squelching and smelly and pink.

Breathless, Nikki snapped another picture. “Oh, *Sarah!*” she whispered devotedly.

Sarah leaned her head back against the chair, blonde waves swinging about her throat. “That was your last picture, Nikki,” she said quietly.

“But—” Nikki looked up confusedly. She was so heartbreakingly dear!

Sarah just smiled back at her. She took her hands from her labia, and still the plump portals stayed half-open and expectant. One hand came back up to toy with her nipples idly...while the other reached forward to remove the camera from her girlfriend’s surprised grasp.

“You’ve looked long enough, Nikki,” Sarah whispered. “Now eat me, baby.” She nodded at the girl’s sudden grateful smile. “Eat me like you know we both need. Please?” She blinked coquettishly, praying that the unpredictable girl would not give one of her imperious about-face swerves. Oh, for she could—she could! “Pretty please...?”

“*Thank you...*” Nikki breathed, mercifully still entranced by the big blonde. Ecstatic, she opened Sarah’s cunt wide with both hands and leaned hungrily, noisily, in.

Sarah gasped in joy at the wild lips and tongue that filled the glorious pink flower of her triumphant womanhood. Already, instinctively, Nikki knew just how to treat her—an exquisite combination of licking, probing, sucking that could not help but make Sarah writhe under her wild oral caresses. Thick liquid spasms of joy welled up from her tongue-lashed clitoris, up through her trembling belly and her heaving breasts, along every cell in her singing flesh. The primitive base of her brain glowed with the comforting rush of

endorphins, companions to the serotonin whose release at the endless moment of climax—soon, so soon!—helped to strengthen the emotionality of her pleasantly confusing bond with this mercurial dark-eyed temptress. It all felt so good.

Sarah's raven-haired beauty buried herself selflessly in the blonde pussy she adored, moaning. Sarah tried to keep her eyes open, tried to relish the beautiful sight. As Nikki rocked there with her cunt squashed upon her own heel, she worshiped devotedly within the temple of Sarah's love. Gleaming sable waves flowed shining across her wide young shoulders, framing a face whose long-lashed eyes were contentedly closed, whose cheeks were flushed and shining with lubrication. Nikki's straight narrow nose was pressed into Sarah's wet blonde mound, dilated nostrils breathing in nothing but the aroma of her grateful slave's excited body. Her dark lips and eager tongue wrestled, smacking noisily, between Sarah's open folds. How beautiful she was, how devoted!

Thrilling to the sight, Sarah snapped a Polaroid.

Chapter Eight

Sarah and Nikki fell into...well, not exactly a *comfortable* routine in their new life together, for the cream-complected older girl, with her sly sultry dark eyes, her crooked red lips, and the glossy waves of jet that framed the smirking face of a fallen angel, made certain that comfort was precisely what her shivering blonde victim lacked. Nor was it even a *routine*, really, for Sarah's regal, demanding mistress could be kind or cruel, completely at her whim. When Nikki desired, for example, she might kiss and pet and snuggle, and murmur so sweet and reassuring. At yet when the mood struck, she might just as easily bind her fluttering slave open and exposed, punish her with all the wildly inventive love that one imperious young woman could have for another, and then at last—calmly, haughtily, negligently—redirect her merciless crimson-nailed white hands with a gracious superiority to make her bosomy captive whimper gratefully in her indescribable bliss.

Because neither was taking a summer class—both working for rent and for fall tuition instead—Sarah in a way sometimes felt the two were like an old married couple, with both partners coming home from work after the clichéd hard day at the office. Despite their schedules, however, they were both so young and excited and alive that Sarah also felt, rather privately, as contentedly carefree as a newlywed, too, a blushing bride of the olden days awaiting with a most secret eagerness the sweet ravishment of her beloved. Oh, how her commanding mistress could make the blonde shriek in her ecstasy!

For example, on that first Sunday after their momentous walk in the cornfield, before Nikki dressed and left on some mysterious errand, when she commanded Sarah to masturbate to all the dirty internet pornography she could find—but not climax!—poor Sarah simply could not resist. Embarrassed, and yet wickedly aroused, the agitated blonde could only

comply, shivering. Sweaty and red-faced, with her curl-sheathed lower belly absolutely reeking of the fishy odor of her guilty excitement, Sarah rubbed herself fiercely, with all the hard-earned skill of the well-practiced masturbatrix. And it did indeed require every bit of skill the girl possessed—plus a self-restraint the poor drooling thing by herself did not have, unless it was shored up by the looming threat of her cruel mistress’s savage punishments—to keep her betraying hands from granting the orgasm she was forbidden.

When Nikki returned to the apartment a couple of hours later, Sarah was still sprawled naked in the chair before her laptop, calves up on the desk with her heels on either side of a computer screen that danced with flesh-colored perversities. She heard the older girl come in, but, biting her lip, she thought piously that it would be better to continue her intimate regimen rather than interrupt something which had been so clearly commanded. Her eyes flicked guiltily toward the door, but then, shivering, she drew her gaze back to the electronic gateway to arousal humming almost in her lap. Eyelids heavy, she scooped a dollop of lubrication from the open funnel of her glistening pink vagina and smeared it carefully all about a clitoris that stood agonized and throbbing from the delicate folds of its hiding place.

“My goodness,” clucked Nikki with playful exasperation, “are you *still* at it, Sarah?”

“Y-y-yes, Mistress,” the blonde murmured deferentially, touching herself.

“Are you a fucking slut, or what?” wondered the dark-eyed girl, shaking her head as she strode languidly forward on shapely, scissoring calves.

Breathing heavily, Sarah rotated her head to watch her beautiful tormentor approach. Looking the other girl straight in the eye, she caught her nipples in both hands, gave the sensitive things an exquisitely long, slow, twisting pull that lifted her bosoms high, then released the lengthened pink-brown nodules with a flourish to let the full mounds bounce meaty and rippling upon her ribcage. “Yes, Mistress,” the green-eyed exhibitionist confirmed quietly. “I am an absolute

whore.” Smiling drowsily, she turned back to her laptop and resumed stroking her cunt.

The nostrils of the dark-haired girl flared behind her. She licked her lips contemplatively, then asked over Sarah’s bare shoulder, a trifle unsteadily, “And what have you been looking at, you shameless fuck-animal?”

“*Look, Mistress!*” whispered Sarah urgently. The display of her laptop showed twenty or more tabs of internet pages stacked for easy perusal. Removing one fishy hand from her crotch, she clicked the mouse quickly. “This site has a woman of forty-five or fifty, I’d say, getting gangbanged by...well, God, it must be two or three dozen guys!” Excitedly she nodded toward the screen. “Look at how they handle those big tits of hers! And they don’t use condoms, Mistress,” she added, her eyes bright. “They just fuck her and fuck her and fuck her, and when they get done and splooge in her pussy, why, then the next guy just has to stick his dick in it and fuck ’er some more!”

“Of course...” murmured the older girl standing behind her. Yet Sarah thrilled within as the brunette reached down her graceful white hands and began fondling her full bust with an inflaming matter-of-factness.

“This one,” said Sarah, clicking another tab eagerly, “shows men jerking off on girls’ faces! Some of ’em are very pretty, but others are just so average and plain—and...well, I kinda like that,” she added quietly, “because it shows how it could be *anybody* on that site, not just a bunch of professional porn models but normal people, too, people who e-mail in and want to try something dirty.”

“How egalitarian,” commented Nikki drily. And yet, ah, the simmering scarcely controlled caress of those seemingly disinterested hands upon her supposed victim’s heavy breasts!

“Sometimes they kiss in it, Mistress,” Sarah went on coaxingly, shivering faintly as the older girl handled her. “They start by having a couple of girls making out—you know, touching one another’s breasts, and kissing, maybe, and unzipping each other’s jeans and petting a little. And these guys watch ’em and get all excited, and then they m-m-

masturbate till they just squirt all over 'em—*all* over 'em! And these little sluts'll French-kiss with the sperm slopping between their tongues, or dangling from their flushed faces to their bare breasts..."

"I see," nodded Nikki in soft tones, pinching absently at the big blonde's upstanding nipples as her dark eyes peered at the action onscreen.

"This one's a lesbian site," continued Sarah reverently, clicking another tab. "Sometimes they show one of these older women seducing some skinny little girl with teeny-tiny breasts, just—just—just—" Sarah caught her breath and licked her lips. "Just *dominating* her," she concluded quietly, "making the girl take it whether she wants it or not." She bit her lip as Nikki's hands, perhaps without the girl herself even noticing, grew more demonstrative at the centers of her soft bosoms. "Mm, sometimes she'll masturbate 'em in public somewhere, or tie 'em up and *whip* 'em, or...God, *lots* of things!"

"Really?" wondered Nikki, her red-nailed fingers pinching.

"Y-yes, Mistress," Sarah struggled to respond, squirming as she touched herself, the other girl's hands torturing her all the while. Lolling in her tormentor's arms, she masturbated herself showily. "It—it—it—" She took a steadying breath. "It can be rather exciting..." she murmured demurely.

"Oh, you like the thought of some innocent little slut getting *forced*, don't you, you bad girl?" sneered Nikki softly, tugging those thick nipples high.

"Yes, Mistress!" Sarah confessed happily, whimpering. She moved her fingers faster in the slippery flesh beneath her belly.

"Mm, then take *that*, you whore!" laughed the raven-maned devil, and suddenly she clamped the other's elongated nipples in shining devices of gleaming, spring-loaded steel. "Take *that*!"

Sarah gasped, and her eyes flew open in shock, and for a confused moment she could only wallow there disoriented and

pained and stimulated all at once as her crooked-lipped inquisitor hooked her shapely fingers into the rings on the end opposite the biting teeth and manipulated those nipple clamps with savage glee. God, it was like nothing she had ever felt before!

The suddenness, the intensity, the complete loss of control! There was not even a feeling of surrender, really, so sudden was the onslaught. Too off-balance to react or even wonder, let alone actually think, Sarah could only endure, one way or another, an intimate assault that violated her every sense, that stimulated her poor betraying body without regard while not even pretending to promise any consideration whatsoever. Oh, compared to this, her humiliation of yesterday was an engraved invitation followed with a *pretty please*. But this demanding ravishment—why, it was indescribable!

Soon, panting, the brunette at last just yanked, lifting those heavy pale globes in a vengeful, careless parody of what Sarah herself had done with such purposeful fingertips. Yet now there was no tenderness, no caution, no restraint—merely a laughing pull that stretched the rippling flesh up, up, *up*, until Sarah scrambled sobbing to her feet, instinctive despite the absence of any clear command. The other girl spared a hand to grab from the floor a bag she had set by the chair and then, wild-eyed, she simply dragged the reeling blonde to the bedroom by her agonized nipples.

“Nikki,” gasped Sarah, staggering, “be careful! Please!” Despite the proprieties that already had been slapped into her the day before, the words were torn from her heedless lips. She hastened clumsily after her headstrong mistress and the stretched cones of her burning teats. “Oh, God, Nikki,” she begged, “*please...*”

Breathing heavily, Nikki fished wordlessly into the bag, coming up with handcuffs. She snapped a cuff on one of the confused girl’s wrists, then pushed both arms behind the blonde’s naked back and clicked on the other, leaving the goggling thing swaying there with her bare bosom sticking out in front of her with no means of defense, nipple clamps ready for the yanking—seemingly begging for it. Growling with delight, the slender seductress pushed her victim backwards

into the lower bunk, and as Sarah floundered there, Nikki bent low, ran cords through the rings of the spring-loaded clamps, stretched the cords up and wide, *hard*, so that the girl's big bosoms suddenly stood elevated above her shoulders, pointing up and out, and then lashed the restraints to the frame of the bed above.

"Nikki, Nikki, *Nikki!*" panted Sarah, her eyes rolling in the terror of her bondage and her pain. "God, please," she begged mindlessly, "*please...*"

"What did you say?" Nikki demanded, her pupils hugely dilated. Red-faced in her agitation, she hauled off and gave the blonde a ringing, open-handed blow on one cheek. "What did you call me?" Gaspng, she slapped the other side as well, and then for good measure she plucked recklessly at the thrumming cords connected to the reeling girl's elongated pink-brown nodules, making the girl whimper and moan uncontrollably. Nikki's cream-complected face, framed with swaying sable, swam cruel and desirable in Sarah's watering eyes.

Despite her humiliation and shock, Sarah swallowed and tried to take a steadying breath. "M-M-Mistress..." she began deferentially, near panic. Oh, how vulnerable she was, how completely at the other's mercy, nearly non-existent as it was!

"Yes...?" the older girl purred slowly, running contemplative fingertips over those tight-stretched cords once more, a master musician on the strings of a harp that played a concerto of the most intimate punishment and delight upon the raw nerves of a victim who pleaded unknowingly for more, even as she protested aloud. She narrowed her eyes.

Trussed up as helpless as a side of beef, poor Sarah could only blink up speechlessly. "I-I-I—" She licked her lips as the other girl studied her with unhurried dark orbs. "W-well, I, uh..." Uncertain of how to appease her attacker, she let her voice trail off.

Breathing heavily, Nikki climbed into bed and straddled her captive's hips. Eyes bright, she bent down, sank one hand possessively into the girl's glowing golden waves, and kissed her hungrily, passionate and open-mouthed. Back arching,

Sarah could only respond instinctively to that fierce, inventive feminine tongue. Mm, it felt good—but the extra weight of Nikki’s body in the mattress carried them both deeper into the springs, and this added tension stretched the poor blonde’s tender nipples ever fatter, making them throb and burn.

At last, her face flushed, Nikki drew back and looked her slave straight in the eye. “And what do you want to do now, whore...?” she wondered in dangerously light tones.

Sarah bit her lip, thinking quickly. “T-t-to please you, Mistress,” she attempted at last.

The ebony-tressed girl smiled, and her lids fluttered heavily. Sighing, she leaned down again, nuzzling Sarah’s face almost gently, and she allowed the blonde to coax open her mouth for another kiss, accepting the wordless, almost grateful stimulation of Sarah’s slow-rolling tongue. Bound and clamped and utterly helpless, Sarah’s mouth simply worshipped the black-haired devil, supplicatingly, hopefully, in the only way it could. At last they broke again.

“Good,” nodded Nikki softly, “good...” Licking her lips, she raised her eyes and ran her splayed palms slowly up and down the smooth, soft undersides of Sarah’s stretched-upward breasts, observing her hands almost in wonderment. Appraisingly she squeezed the rolling flesh pulled taut, watching Sarah shiver.

How unnatural was this pose, and yet how wildly on display the girl was! Sarah was wickedly conscious of it all—of the humiliation of having been reduced to the status of mere object, of the discomfort in the tips of her thickened nipples mixed with unexpected pleasure, of the look she brought to those drowsily gleaming dark eyes that drank up the sight of her excitedly. Despite the awkward position, despite the uselessness of her cuffed hands, despite her shame and her guilt, the girl wondered, a little secretly, about whether it might be possible to masturbate like this. Why, if her kindly white mistress merely ordered the attempt, Sarah almost believed that the grinding of her sticky thighs combined with the purposeful struggling of her shoulders against the demanding tug of those fierce clamps just might be enough to

bring her poor needy flesh to the culmination it so desperately craved...

Smiling crookedly, though, Nikki instead reached over the side of the bed and drew from her bag an enormous double-ended dildo, surely two solid feel or more and shining black rubber, thick and lifelike and vein-sculpted. One end, the side that had a cupping swell atop the shaft that seemed ready-made to bump and grind against the split flesh at the upper juncture of the wearer's vulva, had a sort of harness attached, and as Sarah watched in wide-eyed silence, Nikki smilingly opened herself up with one hand, slowly impaled the thing to her sweetly squishing core, eyes fluttering, and then buckled the straps securely about her sleek white hips and narrow waist. Another strap she drew from the bottom, back up between her buttocks, to clasp at the leather belt at the very base of her spine.

Sarah blinked up across that enormous jutting rubber phallus, up into the fathomless dark eyes of the fallen angel who controlled her utterly. Her heart racing, her stretched nipples fantastically aflame, her green eyes wide, the girl could only blink up into her mistress's flushed and lovely visage, so regal, so superior, and yet so seething with its unspoken needs. The blonde licked her lips.

"Please, Mistress," whispered Sarah pleadingly, gazing up at the crooked-lipped temptress in selfless adoration. "Please?" Imploringly she wriggled her hips to elevate her knees and spread them enticingly wide, exposing a soaked vagina whose thickened, sodden labia came apart with a sticky little squelch. The motion also pulled her body farther down the bed, and she winced slightly in pleasure and in pain as she thereby stretched the clamped nodules of her erectile tissue ever farther for the sloe-eyed devil. Happily, though, she did it, thrilling to the look in the older girl's simmering dark gaze.

"Please, Mistress?" she begged again. "Please?" Submissively she presented every inch of her vulnerable body to any and every sensual outrage that might please her sweet mistress. She gave herself utterly, trusting to the wicked superiority of the beautiful beast who enslaved her. She could smell the open flesh of her own slippery cunt, shamefully wet

and ready between her whorishly splayed thighs, and that primally salty-sweet reek somehow excited her all the more.

“Take me, Mistress,” Sarah husked, her voice fervent and desperate, “*hard.*” With her wrists cuffed behind her back, her big breasts pulled high and wide by their tight-clamped nipples, and her legs spread far, she smiled up at the other girl almost shyly. How her heart soared! “M-make me feel it,” she pleaded longingly. “Make me all *yours.*” Her eyes gleamed with devotion. “*P-p-please...?*”

Smiling beatifically and struggling to keep her long-lashed lids open, Nikki at last inclined her lovely head in a gracious little nod. Biting her lip prettily, she penetrated her willing slave in one long, slow, deliriously deep thrust that took the buxom girl’s breath away. Entranced, she watched the girl’s astonished mouth stretch wide, watched her green eyes roll back in her head, and watched the beautifully tormented pink-brown nubbins that tipped her pulled-up ivory globes elongate even farther as the brunette’s weight carried the full-hipped girl deeper into the bed. Then, whimpering in her own grateful bliss, she drew her slinky hips back, and as she grabbed her lover’s bare shoulders possessively, forcing the cords of her intimate bondage tighter, she just fucked the big blonde like an animal. Sarah could only roll and writhe and squeal beneath her, completely freed of will or dignity as the dark-haired girl took out her every frustration upon her willing victim’s softly rounded flesh...

Yet sometimes Nikki instead could be the most tender, gentle thing ever. After such a bout of sweetly savage lovemaking, for example, a swooning ecstasy of ringing spanks, almost unendurable nipple torture, limb-stretching bondage, and the most unremitting dildo-fucks imaginable, once the dark-eyed girl at last freed her gasping captive, she might take the exhausted, sobbing creature in her slender white arms and soothe her with unfeigned kindness. Murmuring, Nikki might kiss oh-so softly at the now-painful tips of her victim’s chafed, ravaged red nipples. Sometimes she stroked the younger girl’s tousled blonde hair and whispered reassuringly into an ear that mere moments before had burned with epithets such as *bitch* and *cunt* and *whore*. She would rub

considerately at wrists or ankles indented with the marks of tight-pulling cords. At last, nuzzling close, Nikki might kiss her lover very chastely upon her full soft lips and then, grateful and sleepy and warm, she would snuggle into the girl's overflowing bosoms and drift contentedly off to sleep.

Often Sarah simply lay there in the darkness, smiling solemnly to herself, as she watched the fierce little brunette drowse. God, how beautiful she was, how delicate and smooth, and yet how impossibly commanding as well! Sometimes, almost shyly, she caressed the girl's long, glossy sable hair, feeling the rise and fall of those darling little breasts against her, and the beat of her proud young heart. Dreamy and contented, Sarah could only marvel at the power of the audacious brunette.

The two immediately began to sleep together in Nikki's bottom bunk, and almost every night they made love, one way or another, with the wild inventiveness of youth—sometimes soft and sweetly sighing, sometimes savage and unrelenting. They woke to the sight of one another every morning, and often they showered together as well. They took to setting the alarm to go off earlier so that they would be sure to have time for their playful lovemaking. There was something so wonderfully dirty about rustling that shower curtain closed and standing under the warm spray together, getting as wet on the outside as they were on the inside. They played many pleasant games together, caressing, squeezing, soaping each other with inventive thoroughness. It just felt so natural.

More than once they contrived to adjust the shower head to settings that were just right for bombarding erect nipples with stimulating spray or for filling a pretty cunt with rich frothy suds that bubbled all about the spasming bud of an overexcited clitoris. Under the warm shower erectile tissue began as flaccid, but when the pulsing spray was angled to scrub slyly at the edges of a sensitive areola, soon that flesh could not help but crinkle and lengthen deliciously. The erect nipple, they discovered, should be attacked from the side, in profile, while the vulva was best approached head-on, with the

pressure aimed slightly above. Every now and then they could bring each other off like that, but just as often one pleasantly frustrated girl would simply have to grab the head of her torturer and force the wench to her knees there on the wet-tiled floor so that a willing mouth might fall into an open pussy already hopelessly agitated...

After they finally dressed, both women would head to work, Nikki to the store just a few blocks away and Sarah to the big bookstore down the road. Usually Sarah dropped Nikki off, giving her a peck on the cheek and a tender pat on her round bottom before heading off into Okemos. If Nikki was wearing a skirt, Sarah liked to slip her hand right up underneath and into the girl's panties to give the naked cheeks of that pretty ass a comfortable, possessive little squeeze. Nikki would just turn back and smile indulgently at her. Blowing a kiss, then, the brunette would wink and walk away, her slinky hips rolling.

Every now and then their schedules worked out so that they could meet for lunch, and Sarah would swing by again and they would go over to the Mexican restaurant by the big hotel. They might sit facing one another over burritos or a plate of nachos, playing footsie idly under the table as they chatted and gazed into one another's eyes. Watching Nikki's dark nipples harden beneath her blouse, Sarah once or twice slipped off her shoe and slid her supple foot along the smooth flesh of Nikki's nylon-clad thigh, pushing farther until she teased the thickened lips of that sweet hairy pussy with her toes. Sarah simply could not help herself. Smiling benevolently, she just worked her big toe across Nikki's juicy quim and bumped it rhythmically into her, daring the girl to enjoy it as much as they both craved.

Once she ended up tearing the crotch of a particularly old pair of Nikki's nylons, and Sarah simply pushed her wriggling toes right up into the girl's dripping pussy, triumphantly, making her lover's heavy-lashed dark eyes fly wide open in surprise and in wild excitement. On and on and on the naughty

Sarah strove, her supple ankle rolling, until her poor Nikki, red-faced and trembling, climaxed helplessly. Sarah smiled gently at the exquisite sight of the throes of Nikki's erotic agony, at the way her narrow back arched convulsively, at her flushed cheeks and slitted eyes, at the way her pretty mouth worked so soundlessly. Staring longingly at her dear love, Sarah strove to prolong her blisses.

Sarah's whole foot was wet and smelly—she could whiff it even from where she sat—and her toes were slippery with lubrication. Somehow it felt good to be like that, to be squelching and slick with the fragrant liquid product of Nikki's womanly arousal, to feel the juices musky and dirty-clean between her rounded little digits. Moist tangles of Nikki's rich black pubic thatch tickled and scratched all about her instep, and reverently Sarah clenched her supple toes in a subtle rhythm, pinching and pulling at the swollen nodule of a clitoris that begged to be mastered, to be coaxed from beneath its protective folds and cupped and prodded until it could stand no more. How sweet the torturing was!

Sometimes they simply went back home for a quick sandwich. That was always the chanciest thing to do, of course. After all, when they went home and bustled around their little kitchen, it was all too likely that the only lunch to be eaten would be pussy. Shuddering in their need, they might just drag each other to the floor and bury their flushed faces in one another's sopping vulvas, hungry lips and tongues probing for the eager naked flesh beneath. Clinging to her lover's pretty hips, Sarah would suck gratefully at the girl's furry cunt, ravenously aroused...as all the while Nikki's joyous tongue lapped and strummed and danced about her swollen clitoris. It was a comforting way to spend the lunch hour.

More than once Sarah had returned to the bookstore with her unwiped lips smelly with lubrication and with the tangy taste of Nikki's wet cunt pooled in the taste buds on the back of her comfortably tired tongue. Her poor nipples had stood up swollen and sensitive all afternoon, inflamed by the faint musk she inhaled with every breath. Working in quiet joy with the

scent of Nikki's tongue-lashed pussy wafting up from just beneath her nostrils and the intimate flavor filling her watering mouth, Sarah had cherished her sweet secret all day long.

Sarah always looked forward to their infrequent little lunches together. She was surprised one day when Nikki called her cell phone at work late one morning.

"Sarah?" came Nikki's voice. "Hey, um, look," she said, "I think I'm gonna need to break our date for lunch today."

"Aw, really?" Sarah's nipples, which had begun to inflate at the sound of her lover's voice, softened disconcertingly. Her eyes flickered restlessly across the bright rows of books arranged beneath the great shallow-arched ceiling of the bookstore, along the faces of the customers who went unconcernedly about their shopping. "That's too bad, Nikki... but I guess I'll just see you at home instead. What happened? Somebody call in sick and you have to work extra?"

There was a pause, and then Nikki replied, "No." The voice hesitated. "It's no big deal, really, but—well, I'll just have to tell you this afternoon."

"Okay," Sarah agreed. It was not necessarily unusual that Nikki might have to work through lunch, but Sarah was somewhat puzzled by the girl's demeanor. She took a deep breath, shrugging inwardly. "I'll see you this afternoon."

Nikki arrived home later than Sarah that afternoon—a bit to Sarah's surprise, for she had supposed that if Nikki had worked extra through lunch, she also would get off earlier at the end of the day. Sarah already had taken her warm pantyhose off, though otherwise she was still in her work clothes. Bare-footed, Sarah came to the door and kissed her, and then she asked, "So what happened with lunch?"

"Oh," said Nikki, "that." She thought about it a moment, her lips pursed. "You remember me talking last year about that guy I met in Dr. Rodney's class—Steven?"

"Maybe," said Sarah as they sat down on the couch together. She crossed her knees purposefully so that Nikki could get a good look at her legs. Still a little restless about

having had to miss the date she had planned, Sarah hooked her arm around Nikki's slinky waist and snuggled closer. The girl's body was warm against her, and comfortable.

"Remember, it was that class on sixties radicalism that I said was so interesting? We had to do group projects—"

"Okay," Sarah said slowly, "that does sound kind of familiar. Who did you say the prof was?"

"Dr. Rodney—Phillip Rodney. He was really good." She looked at Sarah. "Why?"

"This prof is kind of balding on the top, right? Dark hair on the sides. Glasses, a beard with some gray in it? Yeah," she said as Nikki nodded, puzzled, "we had him as a guest lecturer in my English class one day. He had a really neat sense of humor, subtler than most people realized, I think. He talked about the Beat poets and nature—very interesting."

"Oh, his class on the sixties was great, too," said Nikki. "We had to do group research projects, and that's where I met this guy, Steven. He was the only other person in my group with a brain. We did just about all the real work."

"Gotcha," Sarah said finally. "I remember you telling me about it now. So what about him?"

"Well, he came into the store yesterday, and I saw him. He's a nice guy—not just some frat-boy jerk or something—and we got to chatting." Meeting Sarah's questioning glance, she continued, "I hadn't seen him in...oh, quite a while, I guess, and he asked if I wanted to get together over lunch—"

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. Inexplicably she felt a sudden stab of jealousy. "And...?"

"Well," Nikki said with disarming reasonableness, "I just figured I hadn't seen Steven since—" She blinked. "—well, in, ah...in quite some time, really, and I probably won't end up seeing him again for another year, not on a campus this size. I didn't want to break my date with you, but it was the only time I'd ever get the chance to reminisce with him."

Sarah let out her breath. “Sure,” she admitted, “that makes sense.” Despite herself, however, she still felt strange inside. Certainly Nikki was entitled to get together with a friend if she wanted to—and yet it was still no fun to have your lunch canceled...and to know it was because of someone else. “I understand,” she tried to smile. “I was just looking forward to our lunch, that’s all.”

“You were?” Nikki said with knowing, crooked red lips. She dropped her hand casually upon Sarah’s naked knee. “Was it those Aztec burritos that you were looking forward to?” she smirked.

“Well,” Sarah said quietly, leaning her head on Nikki’s shoulder, “I had sort of been thinking we might come home for lunch.”

“Mmm,” replied Nikki noncommittally. Her soft fingertips began tracing little circles up the top of Sarah’s thigh, making the blonde shiver. “Did you really want to spend all that time making sandwiches, and then cleaning up afterward?”

“Oh, I don’t know...” Sarah murmured. At Nikki’s silent urging, she let her knees uncross. The girl wrapped her palm about Sarah’s leg possessively, fingers gentle yet firm on the soft skin of the inner thigh beneath Sarah’s skirt.

“You don’t know,” Nikki repeated with a smirk. “Well,” she laughed playfully, “I think I do.” Smiling indulgently, she pushed her fingers farther, finding Sarah’s pussy already open and wet. She brushed aside damp blonde curls to draw her fingertips lightly across swollen labia. “You weren’t going to fix me anything to eat but this, were you, honey?”

Sarah shuddered as one of Nikki’s fingers pushed right up into her cunt. “I guess I wouldn’t have minded...” she breathed. This was what she wanted! Sarah had craved it all day long. She wanted to be on display, to feel pretty and loved and desired, to be possessed and pleased mercilessly. Nikki always made her feel so good.

“Uh huh,” agreed Nikki, “I’ll bet you wouldn’t.” Her dark eyes smirking into Sarah’s heavy-lidded orbs, Nikki flipped Sarah’s skirt up over her hips, baring her fragrant womanhood.

The air felt cool on Sarah’s hot, moist flesh, but it was pleasant. And it was a wicked treat to be exposed like that, to know that Nikki couldn’t help but stare at her watering crotch. She gazed down at herself, eyes tracking across a dense triangle of tangled golden curls, the lower hairs glistening with lubrication. She could see the thickened lips of her vulva, soft and naked and already eagerly parted. The sight of her open body made her feel restless and hungry inside.

Yet even more exciting was Nikki’s hand pressed so close between her pale thighs. Into the slippery velvet pink of those labia pressed the tapering white flesh of Nikki’s middle finger. The girl penetrated her comfortably, unconcernedly, while her other digits wrapped possessively about Sarah’s most secret regions. Biting her lip, Sarah glanced up into Nikki’s appreciative eyes...then shifted her hips to get a better view.

Nikki’s nostrils dilated as she breathed deep. “My, my,” she said quietly. “Some naughty blonde has one smelly pussy.” She looked up from the wet garden where her hand lay and slyly into Sarah’s warm face. “You’ve been thinking of me, haven’t you, sweetie?”

“Mm hmm,” murmured Sarah, lolling her head back against the couch, letting her golden tresses spill all about the pair. With trembling fingertips she began to unbutton her blouse. She needed to touch herself so badly—surely Nikki wouldn’t mind. Perhaps the dirty thing would even enjoy it. “I thought about you all day long, baby.”

“Oh, I can tell that, Sarah,” Nikki purred. “There’s enough lube here for—well, for anything.” She pulled her middle finger from the depths of Sarah’s body and held it up before the girl’s flushed face, glistening. “Smell it?”

“Yes,” breathed Sarah, staring at Nikki’s wet digit. Opening her blouse, she reached her sweating palms into the cups of her brassiere and pulled out the heavy flesh of her

naked breasts. As Nikki watched, she began to stroke her trembling fingertips across her rippling white flesh, and to fondle her nipples idly. Those peaks were big and crinkled, terribly sensitive.

“Oh, I wish we were out in the cornfield now,” mused Nikki, rubbing her fingertip across the pad of her thumb. “Think of what I could put you through... You’re so wet,” she said mischievously, “wet enough to take anything I wanted to do to you. I’d pick the biggest ear of corn I could find, bigger than anything you ever thought you could try, fatter than that big black double-header I bought at the porno shop...but I’d make you take it all. I’d fill you, Sarah—I’d fuck you full, wider and wider... And you’d beg me for more.”

Sarah squeezed the sides of her pale bosom restlessly, her lips parted in arousal as she gazed longingly into Nikki’s playful eyes. She shuddered as the girl reached down and ran her fingertip again through the dripping lips of her pussy.

“Maybe you’d better check it for me first,” Nikki teased. “You want me to taste it, I suppose... If you wanted this to be my lunch, maybe you should taste it first to make sure it’s okay.” She pulled her digit, squelching, from Sarah’s slippery cunt and reached back up to draw the fingertip lightly across the blonde’s upper lip.

Sarah was filled with the sudden, instinctive urge to lick her lip clean. Yet she dared not, for that just seemed too much. To hold out a little longer, she recognized somehow, would be good for both of them, and for the sweet game. Trembling with the effort of restraining herself, she squeezed her big breasts, staring silently at her lover’s flushed face.

“Taste it,” whispered Nikki. Her finger, wet and fragrant, still hung close before Sarah’s watering mouth.

Sarah fondled her nipples slowly, gazing uncertainly into Nikki’s frank dark eyes. Despite herself, her lips had parted faintly. How good it would be to perform for her lover, to do whatever wicked acts were the girl’s whim... Oh, it was fun, too, to pretend to resist, to flirt and pose and preen—yet if she

held out too long, she knew, she risked bringing out the more demanding persona of Mistress that Sarah both loved and feared. It was a game she must play carefully.

“Go ahead,” Nikki urged, nodding. “Taste it.” Her dark eyes gleamed.

The thought was so pleasantly dirty—Sarah could scarcely resist the temptation anyway—but what decided her was that faint flicker at the corner of the older girl’s eye, some almost indefinable indicator that the blonde either was going to play along soon or was going to get molested without remorse. As if this second, it was Sarah’s call. A little longer, and it might not be...

Blinking, then, she finally opened up and sucked her own juices from Nikki’s finger, obediently savoring the tangy taste of her own excited cunt. Yet despite her slight quiver of anxiety, her response was not merely an act. The taste of her cunt was smelly and sharp and womanly, it excited her wickedly. Gazing up into Nikki’s big dark eyes, Sarah pinched and pulled at her own nipples. She just couldn’t help herself.

“You think I’d like that, too?” Nikki wondered. “Would I, really?”

“Very nice,” Sarah whispered. “It’s not fresh and clean and dainty like, say, just after a shower.” Her face was warm, her eyelids flushed and heavy. “It tastes strong and excited... just the way you like it.”

“Gosh, Sarah, I’m not sure you got a big enough taste to tell. There’s plenty more here, after all...” Smiling slyly, she pushed the fingers of both hands wedge-like into the open flesh of Sarah’s cunt, filling her, making the blonde squirm happily.

Then Nikki reached back up and worked her tapering digits all about the engorged nodules of Sarah’s erect nipples. Grasping the swollen fistfuls of Sarah’s wide, crinkled areolas, Nikki smeared them with the blonde’s generous lubrication, twisting and pulling with casual roughness. She stretched those great nipples high, making Sarah bite her full lower lip

to keep from crying out as the sensation trembled insistently down her fluttering belly, and lower. Sarah writhed under the sweet torture, cupping the sides of her big breasts obediently so that Nikki might sport as she desired.

Sarah trembled with the sharp jolts of pure pleasure that ran electric blue from her swollen nipples to her throbbing nubbin of bliss nestling between the thickened lips of her wet pussy, and with the anticipation of what further intimacies might follow. She watched Nikki's nimble fingers stretch and thumb her great peaks so beautifully, watched the girl's warm dark eyes relish the sight. The blonde was defenseless under the possessive caress of Nikki's wanton digits, under the hungry gaze of Nikki's loving eyes...and it felt so good.

"Maybe you should taste it again, bad-girl," Nikki cooed. "Tell me whether I'd really like a faceful of that mess or not."

"All right..." Sarah shuddered. Sighing, she ducked her chin and began wallowing gratefully in her boobs. She pressed the cool meat of her white bosom to the warmth of her red cheeks, squeezing the flesh happily. Inflamed, she licked first at one smelly nipple, then the other. Helpless under the hypnotizing power of Nikki's lusts, she sucked hard at her sensitive mouthfuls as the girl wanted her to—as Nikki wanted to, as Sarah herself wanted to. It was so wildly arousing to perform for her like that! And the pure physical sensations, redoubled by the very naughtiness of the act, were exquisite.

"Taste okay?" Nikki asked slyly. "You think I'd like it?"

"Yes, baby," Sarah groaned between desperate licks, "yes!" She swirled her tongue all about one great peak before sucking it deep between flushed concave cheeks. A powerful spasm ran straight down to her untouched clit. "Yes, Nikki," she whimpered, coming up for air. "Please, baby. *Please.*"

"Why, Sarah," Nikki teased in mock innocence, "whatever do you mean?" Yet despite her steady voice, her face was betrayingly flushed.

"Please." Sarah fondled her nipples urgently...and, she knew, prettily. "Lick me, baby," she begged. "Suck my pussy."

“Sometimes you are so hard to resist...” Nikki whispered, enslaved by the very passions she had inflamed. “And I know what you need—what we both need.” She gave the blood-warmed lobe of Sarah’s ear a tender kiss.

Slithering to the floor, Nikki knelt between Sarah’s wide-opened thighs and buried her pretty face in Sarah’s wet cunt, gratefully. Gasping, Sarah tore at her swollen nipples, licked them, sucked them, chewed them—as Nikki worshiped so devotedly in the squelching garden of her naked pink. The girl’s loving tongue prodded a liquid flow of honeyed lava that pulsed up from the very depths of her soul to fill Sarah’s entire being, hot and sweet and happy, making the reeling blonde cry out in her rapture, endlessly...

Chapter Nine

Despite herself, Sarah still couldn't quite get the idea of that Steven out of her mind. Certainly her dear Nikki gave her no real cause for jealousy, but the nagging thought remained that there just might be something amiss. The canceling of lunch that time was understandable, for example, yet it also could be interpreted in a more sinister way. Nikki was pretty and flirty, Sarah knew too well—what boy would not be attracted to her? And if now and then there were times that Nikki came home late with some explanation that was ever so slightly evasive without really being conclusively suspicious, how could Sarah not feel a strange chill?

She tried to tell herself that her thoughts were just an overreaction. After all, despite Sarah's occasional little fears, the girl seemed as attracted to her, and as happy, as ever. They lived together, showered together, slept together, and still they lunched together whenever they could. And there seemed to be no change in their sex life. That, Sarah imagined grimly, would be one of the first signs of trouble.

Indeed, the impish Nikki was as wildly passionate as ever. Sometimes she was girlish and playful—flirty and friendly and fun, a laughing, dark-eyed darling who kissed and petted and romanced. How kind and caressing those slender white hands could be, and how delightfully sly those inventively nibbling red lips! The bed, the couch, the shower, the back seat of Sarah's car—these were the scenes of the brunette's pleasant debauchery.

Sometimes, of course, Nikki instead was brutally commanding, forcing the bound bare body of her willing victim through almost unendurable pleasures. On such occasions the sable-tressed demon would fly into a rage that Sarah, very secretly, suspected was coolly calculated for the desired effect. Yes, whipping herself into agitation at some pretended slight, the shapely sensual devil then could punish the blonde's full, ready flesh without remorse—tying her

naked and spread-eagled, spanking her round white bottom or even slapping her piteously shocked face, clamping the great big pink-brown puckers of her sensitive nipples and abusing them mercilessly until the younger girl whimpered and moaned and writhed, her entire soul aflame with erotic torment that only her stern mistress could bring to the culmination the poor reeling girl so mindlessly desired. And then, wild-eyed, the chuckling Nikki might strap on that enormous double-headed dildo of hers, mount the bosomy blonde with a triumphant flourish, and simply fuck the gasping thing till she screamed...

Once, a few days after her mistress had grappled with that splayed white flesh, dug her wide with both hands, and ridden her like a bucking bronco, Sarah suddenly felt another twinge of doubt. What if Nikki wanted that dildo fuck because it reminded her of a man? the blonde thought uncomfortably. Unlike Sarah, after all, this dark-haired girl had experienced the penetration of a boy—why, once five boys right in a row, after all! What if rather than thinking of Sarah, during a session with the giant double-header she instead had been thinking of that Steven? Suddenly she was cold, her skin clammy and twitching with nerves.

In fact, paradoxically, it was an encounter with another girl that almost seemed to support the terrible idea. Because Sarah had a rather artistic eye for the human form, she ordinarily did not feel threatened if she happened to catch Nikki looking at another girl. She knew Nikki had been with other girls before Sarah, and though she never dared ask, she was pretty sure that in the long, strained month before Nikki finally had seduced and enslaved her, the poor needy creature had tried to comfort herself as best she could in the arms of various anonymous lesbians she had picked up at the gay bar they had visited that time with Denise and her girlfriend, Jane. Since then, though, Sarah believed that she was Nikki's only lover, and that thought was the rock upon which her entire existence now seemed founded. There was no harm, she had always thought, in merely looking now and then—nothing could touch the relationship these two now shared.

One afternoon in the mall, however, Nikki did more than just look. Both of them chanced to have the day off, and since it was the middle of the week, the mall was not very busy at all. It was the perfect time to do a little shopping. They had been looking for clothes in one of the bright, mirror-walled shops. Sarah was in one of the fitting rooms in the back, trying on blouses while Nikki stood just outside.

“Let’s see,” Nikki said through the louvered door as Sarah slipped out of the shirt she was wearing.

“I’m not dressed yet,” Sarah replied. She reached instead for one of the blouses she had hung on the brass hook.

“I know,” Nikki murmured mischievously. “Open up. There’s no one else out here.”

Sarah’s hand stopped halfway to the cluster of hangers. Her heart quickened betrayingly. “Nikki...”

“Open up,” Nikki repeated quietly. “Let’s see how that looks.”

Lips pursed, Sarah thought about it a moment. There were only two women working in the store, one at the counter and the other puttering around with the displays. Neither could see them without walking all the way into the back of the store and around the corner—and Sarah was in the last fitting booth, so Nikki would see a clerk coming at the end of the hall long before she reached them.

“All right,” Sarah breathed. Her fingers trembled as she reached for the latch on the door. Dressed only in her skirt and her brassiere, she swung the door open to find Nikki standing there.

One corner of the brunette’s full dark lips curled up slyly in appreciation. Her eyes never left Sarah’s bust. “Looks nice,” she said quietly.

“You think so?” asked Sarah. She leaned forward a little so the other woman could look down the silky flesh of her cleavage. Suddenly her nipples were hard, clearly visible

through the lacy cups of her bra. Sarah's face warmed at Nikki's obvious appreciation.

"Oh, yes," Nikki said mildly, "very attractive." She crossed her arms and cocked her head, considering. "Yes, I'd say that look is very becoming on you, Sarah. Of course," she added, "so would that salesgirl."

"What?" Sarah asked, frowning.

"Really?" teased Nikki, leaning back against the wall. "You didn't notice her checking you out? Oh, I did, sweetie, I did."

Sarah's heart thudded beneath her heavy breasts. She thought Nikki was just kidding her...but suddenly she was vaguely, guiltily aroused nevertheless. She did not mean to attract anyone but Nikki, yet the notion that she had done so was titillating. "Why do you say that?"

"Why?" chuckled Nikki. "Well, angel face, I'd say those big yummy jugs of yours are reason enough—two very good reasons, in fact. And, of course, my big-boobed blonde," she added, "that sly innocent-girl face of yours makes it all the more likely."

Flushing, Sarah said, "No, I mean about her. She wasn't really looking at me..." The words came out automatically—but the strange feeling within her belied her seeming disbelief.

"Hmph!" Nikki snorted. "You weren't watching her like I was. There was a look in her eye... Oh, she definitely swings both ways. And she was kind of cute, wasn't she?"

"Nikki..." Suddenly Sarah's pulse quickened in wary excitement. When she was not in one of her fiercely commanding moods, this girl had a subtler way of sidling around a topic, of edging casually up to some exquisite perversion as if it was the most innocent thing in the world—which, Sarah realized slowly, perhaps they were. Still, she dared not let her mind try to outguess her lover now. After all, a misstep in either direction was danger, an unacknowledged disappointment for Sarah or an unspeakable offense to Nikki—and her mistress naturally would be sure to punish any

offense with a thoroughness sure to leave her cringing slave red and whimpering. In addition, she tried to tell herself inwardly, it was wrong to want to attract or excite anyone but her dear Nikki. It was shameful, a kind of unfaithfulness.

But if indeed she *had* attracted another girl, and Nikki didn't mind, what would happen then? After all, Nikki had done that kind of thing before they were together. She had told Sarah about the time she had let an older girl pick her up in a club one night two years ago. The woman had taken her back to the restroom, gotten into a stall with her, and then veritably devoured her flesh, kissing her mouth, her ears, her neck. She had begged Nikki to take all of her clothes off, and, trembling with arousal, Nikki had. All the while the woman whispered about how pretty Nikki was and how desperately horny she made her, until soon the girl was soft and bare before her. The stranger drank it all in hungrily, her eyes wide and unblinking, her nostrils flared as she breathed in the sharp womanly scent rising from between the moist trembling pillars of Nikki's cool bare thighs.

Biting her lip, Nikki had begun to masturbate. It was good to be watched, she told Sarah, and she brought herself to the shivering brink of orgasm again and again while the woman smiled and caressed her own body. Soon, however, the stranger could not help touching Nikki as well. According to the naughty brunette, the other girl tasted every square inch of her smooth white flesh, worshipfully, from her flushing forehead and ears, to her mouth and her throat, across her rounded shoulders and her jiggly little tits, down her fluttering belly and her hips and thighs to the tips of her curling toes. And then, while Nikki reached down between the uninhibited stranger's thighs and friggd her off feverishly, that girl buried her nose in Nikki's moist black thatch and sucked her juicy pussy until, gasping, the slinky thing could take no more.

After they had cried out their pleasures together, the two had parted with merely a secret, wordless smile. Nikki never saw her again.

Though her lover admitted that she had masturbated to the memory countless times over the years, Sarah knew that the event was safely in the past and could not really touch them. Why, even though the naughty girl had probably done the very same thing herself, this time as the aggressor to some other randy wenches in the gay bar, in the weeks before she finally had coaxed Sarah into a seemingly innocent morning of skinny-dipping, even these deliciously wicked trysts were finished, dead and buried. They did not affect the two roommates now in the least. Could a similar encounter for herself, Sarah wondered uncertainly, ever be an equally guilt-free treat for her, too?

Maybe the cases really were not parallel, she admitted to herself with a disappointed inner frown, since Nikki's adventures—even her most recent ones—had taken place before she and her roommate had shared that momentous morning in the cornfield. Despite her reflexive, rather superficial inhibition, though, the poor blonde still could not help wondering... Why, what if Nikki *did* want to give Sarah such a dirty little treat? If Nikki could carry around a memory like that—and thrill herself with it, tell it to her big blonde love-slave's bright-eyes, even be compelled to masturbate over it—perhaps Sarah could, too. And it would not really endanger their relationship either, she told herself, any more than Nikki's earlier dalliances did.

What harm could it be, then, if the sly Nikki now invited that salesgirl back to the fitting room while Sarah was dressing? Why, none, surely. And if the girl truly had been looking at her as Nikki had so smirkingly claimed, then...well, *then* what would the lanky little short-haired girl do? Oh, would Nikki let her—

She bit her lip uncertainly. No, someone with Sarah's imagination didn't dare let herself think about things like that.

"You didn't think so?" prodded Nikki, stirring her from her sudden reverie.

"Huh?" gulped Sarah.

"I said," the girl repeated purposefully, "she was kind of cute, wasn't she?"

“Well,” admitted Sarah, red-faced, “I guess she was...”

“Uh huh,” smiled Nikki quietly, “she *was* cute. I think she probably likes guys, too, but it’s clear that she also goes for stacked broads like you.”

“Nikki...” Sarah tried to protest—and yet at her lover’s words her sensitive nipples throbbed betrayingly.

“Yeah,” continued Nikki imperturbably, “a girl with a look like that on her face knows how to suck a pair of big titties, that’s for sure.”

Sarah bit her lip. “C-come on,” she stammered, “you don’t know that.”

“I know how she eyed your set, sweetie,” insisted Nikki slyly. “The only question is whether she would want both hands for squeezing those full-nippled jugs, or whether she would spare a hand to frig herself off at the same time.” She sighed. “Decisions, decisions...”

“But, Nikki...” Sarah whispered.

“She’s just another girl, after all,” Nikki murmured, “no harm...” Dark eyes smiling upon Sarah, she continued, “Why don’t I call her back here and give her a show?”

“Nikki!” gasped Sarah. Yet despite her reflexive protest, at the same time she knew that the mere thought had already made her wickedly wet beneath her skirt, juiced up and mindlessly fluttery within. Though she could not have admitted it aloud, the forbidden idea could not help but set her nerves jangling in terrible anticipation.

“It’d be different if we wanted to get to know her,” Nikki said quietly, arching her pretty eyebrows as she looked down and idly contemplated the toe of her shoe. “But we don’t. I would have killed that damned Jane before I let her get anywhere near you again, but this girl is nothing like that. We don’t know her, she doesn’t know us. No harm if we give the poor thing a little treat.”

“You wouldn’t mind...?” Sarah whispered. She did not want to appear overly eager, but the glint of understanding in

Nikki's eyes told her that her guilty arousal was all too clear. The way she felt about Nikki was... Well, however the confused girl might try to define it or might avoid trying exactly to name it, she knew—*knew!*—that she would never feel for another the way she felt about this demanding, fulfilling dark-eyed angel-slut of her soul. No one could match her adoring sweetness, and no one could challenge her towering sensual rages. And yet still, despite Sarah's hesitance to let anything or anyone come between them, all at once Sarah could not resist the thought of letting some pretty stranger gaze upon her. The idea was just so wildly exciting.

“No,” responded Nikki. She shook her pretty head with a calm, self-assured confidence, making heavy midnight tresses sway about her neck and shoulder. “Because you're mine, Sarah, aren't you?” she wondered softly. “Mine and mine alone...?”

“Yes, Mistress,” whispered Sarah reverently.

The older girl's eyelids fluttered slightly at the intimate sound of this title upon Sarah's soft, subservient lips, and for a moment she seemed to hesitate over which path to take. Either way led to pleasure, fulfillment, the most unconditional acceptance—a oneness such as no two humans, it seemed, possibly could have experienced before. Yet one way was gentle and cooing and mild, whereas the other route would be iron-hard, gloriously stern, but just as deeply moving. Despite her implicit invitation for the headstrong girl to master her, to ravish her, to punish and pleasure her naughty flesh with all the emotion that one fierce young woman could have for a fellow feminine soul, still Sarah shivered nervously within. She tried to force herself to calm, tried to ready her receptive body for whatever sweet sensual atrocity her beloved mistress might care to inflict...

Finally, however, graciously refraining at this instant from ascending the throne, Nikki instead merely nodded. “Of course,” she agreed placidly. Without haste or self-consciousness she let her gaze travel comfortably from the golden top of Sarah's head, across the girl's slightly uncertain

face, over her smooth throat and shoulders and the full swell of the tops of her breasts pushed up above the lacy cups of her brassiere, along her bare belly, the curves of her womanly hips within the flaring khaki skirt, down her pretty knees, her rounded tapering calves and her ankles, to the very tips of her toes, and then slowly back up again.

“A little silly play doesn’t threaten me,” she said at last to the faintly fidgeting blonde, “not when I know where your hungry mouth will be tonight...” She winked at Sarah. “Even after I’ve done all the mischief I can do today, you’ll still be in my bed where you should be—naked. And then your talented tongue will be wallowing through the lips of my hairy pussy, and you’ll show me again exactly how much you belong to me. Nothing can change that.” Again she shook her calm face left and right and left again. “This chick is no big deal.”

Sarah swallowed. “R-really?” she asked shyly, her green eyes trusting as they blinked back at the shapely, all-knowing brunette.

“Really.” The fair-skinned girl inclined her head ever so slightly, a gesture superior and yet also somehow very fond as well.

“W-well, if you think you should...” Sarah shivered restlessly.

“Mm hmm,” smiled Nikki. “I’ll tell her we need help with something. The other clerk is taking care of the register, so that’s no problem.” She stepped forward and gave Sarah a quick peck on her burning cheek. “I’ll be right back.”

Pulse racing, Sarah listened to the sound of Nikki’s footfalls growing ever fainter. She waited for endless moments, feeling suddenly foolish. Standing there clad in her khaki skirt and her bra, she realized all at once how ridiculous it all was. No matter what Nikki said—no matter how deliciously her idea fit with the sweet forbidden fantasies with which Sarah had teased and tortured and fulfilled herself for years—the situation was impossible. Nikki couldn’t just go up and drop some subtle hint and bring that girl back...could she? And if Nikki somehow did do this, then what? Sarah dared not let herself think any farther. Suddenly she felt vulnerable and

helpless in her partial nakedness. Irresolutely she reached for her blouse.

Yet then she heard footsteps approaching...two sets of them. She held her breath and stayed her quavering hand.

Nikki's quiet voice was spinning out some yarn about the dressing room door being stuck. Considering the simplicity of the latch, it was highly unlikely, yet though the rather circular narrative contained conveniently little detail, the salesclerk pointedly refrained from pressing further. Instead the other woman's voice merely seemed to nod along wisely.

"That's the one," said Nikki, now just outside the louvered panel. "My friend just couldn't quite..."

There was a subdued jangling of keys, and as Sarah waited breathlessly the door suddenly unlocked and opened.

Despite herself, her hands flew reflexively to cover her brassiere-clad breasts. She could not speak.

The woman at Nikki's side was small and slender, with a thick shock of short brown hair shot through with glints of red framing an angular face. Her cheekbones were high, her crimson lips wry and provocative. One nostril of the girl's perky, upturned nose was adorned with a single diamond stud, while her elegant little ears each carried three or four silver earrings. Her blue eyes widened...then slitted drowsily.

Yes, Sarah realized slowly, Nikki was right. The girl was rather cute—and she did not behave with the same type of reserve that a straight girl would have had in the same situation. This wench liked what she saw, and she hoped for more. The notion was profoundly exciting.

Sarah's heart thudded heavily as she observed the trim lines of the girl's body beneath a flowered sun dress that left her arms and shoulders bare. The swishing hemline ended just above her knees, and Sarah could not help noticing that the clerk's smooth legs were quite shapely. And at the juncture of those supple limbs, Sarah knew, brooded a soft nest that craved the touch of another girl's fingertips.

“There,” the girl said easily with a knowing smile. She spoke to Nikki, though her eyes came comfortably to rest upon the full mounds of Sarah’s breasts. “I thought that might do it.”

“Oh, thank you so much!” exclaimed Nikki. Her voice held a rather noticeable lack of surprise, but she more than made up for it with the friendly way she drew her arm about the other’s waist. Sarah shivered at the sight. “Say,” the dark-eyed seductress continued quietly, “as long as you’re here, maybe you could give us a hand. We’re trying to decide what looks best.”

“Well...” The brown-haired girl glanced at her watch—then back up at Sarah. “Yes,” she smiled faintly, “I guess I could help you.” Her eyes were saucy and bright.

Sarah’s face was warm. She felt strange...but on a wicked impulse she pulled her shoulders back, making her bust rise even more, prominent and tempting. The girl’s appreciative gaze made her feel somehow restless inside.

Nikki had judged this girl well, Sarah realized slowly. She indeed was a connoisseur of the female form, more so than any mere straight girl could be. Perhaps sometimes she liked a good simple fuck, liked to lie there beneath some red-faced boy as he clawed at her little breasts and hammered his mindless cock into the welcoming depths of her dilated pussy. Did she urge him onward while he rubbed his veiny organ back and forth beneath her restless clitoris? Perhaps as she was filled by every inch of the intrusive pillar of his throbbing meat, she would stroke his muscular shoulders, squeeze his straining buttocks, and scratch her nails across the hairy little peaks of his all too often neglected male nipples. And with what indulgence might she finally accept the young man’s urgent seed, flattering evidence of the inevitable processes of his undeniable biology! Eyes slitted with pleasure at the slow-building climax which welled up from the depths of the naked pink chalice she offered up to his quaint lusts, she would smile dreamily as he filled her with spurt after spurt of the stringy coils of his gluey gray semen...

Oh, but this girl knew how to treat another pussy as well—that was certain. There was no mistaking the hungry gleam in her eyes as she smiled back at Sarah. Did the pretty red lips and agile tongue of this stranger crave the musky pout of a hairy pussy like Sarah herself did? Yes, this slinky thing knew what it was like to strip another woman bare, to fondle her supple curves in frank appreciation, to lick her trembling body all over until you just couldn't help yourself and finally you parted her sweating thighs and buried your slobbering mouth in a cunt held shamelessly open with red-nailed fingertips... Sarah's pulse beat heavily.

“We appreciate your help,” said Nikki. “Only—” She bit her lip. “Gosh, I wouldn't want to leave the door open while my friend is trying on clothes...” She looked at the other coquettishly.

“Say, you're right,” agreed the salesgirl. Frowning in mock thought, she considered. “Perhaps we should just all come into the booth.”

“Oh, that'll work fine,” Nikki replied happily. Directing her voice to Sarah, she added, “Don't you think so, honey?”

Sarah swallowed. “Yes,” she husked. “I think that would be nice.” Her nipples ached under the gaze of the impudent salesgirl, whose appreciative blue eyes never left her.

And the sound of such a pet name being used before this stranger echoed in her ears in the most peculiarly naughty fashion. They never showed as much affection in public as a straight couple would, and Nikki's departure from this conscious policy—for they indeed had discussed the matter—now seemed wickedly titillating. They didn't care at all what others thought, of course, but still they felt there was no need to make themselves the center of undue attention. The little names they called each other were clear signs of intimacy, reflecting a bond of heartfelt devotion...and knee-weakening lust. You didn't call someone “honey” or “baby” or “sweetie,” it seemed, unless you slept with her, unless you knew her inside and out, unless you felt like you owned her body almost as much as she did and felt comfortable touching it, sucking it, penetrating it whenever you wanted to.

It was strangely liberating for Sarah to know that her lover could speak to her so, implicitly revealing not only their tender emotional connection but also their torrid physical one, and that this sly woman joining them now would scarcely bat a knowing blue eye. Such a revelation seemed as exhibitionistically exciting as one of those impossible fantasies in which she might bend over, panty-less, in a short skirt and let some lucky stranger gape at her naked ass and pussy as she friggged herself into a gasping delirium. Yet it was a wicked tease as well, flaunting an intimacy which the other girl simply could not achieve. After all, no matter what happened, no matter what perversions Sarah let her lover convince her were allowable here in the secrecy of this dressing room, in the end that golden blonde cunt would belong to her darling, demanding Nikki, utterly and completely—always.

Her hand resting with an inflaming casualness upon the stranger's supple hip, Nikki urged the woman into the little changing room. "There we go," she smiled, "very cozy." She looked from Sarah to the other and back again, her face pleasantly flushed. "You see, my friend likes this look—as I'm sure you would, too." With her free hand she gestured easily at Sarah's bosom, where the turgid peaks of her full breasts pressed so noticeably through the lacy cotton. Idly she reached out and scratched the nail of her middle finger along the underside of one of those scantily clad nipples, making Sarah shiver. "Only—well, I think this is even more becoming."

Releasing the other girl's waist, Nikki stepped close up to Sarah, so close that her jiggly little breasts pressed comfortably into Sarah's full ones. She reached around Sarah's naked back, and unhooked her brassiere. As she did so, in full view of the short-haired woman, she gave Sarah a gentle kiss directly on her trembling lips.

Sarah opened her mouth, helplessly, wanting to feel the girl's sweet shameless tongue inside of her...but Nikki coyly refused the proffered bait and withdrew with a wink. The other woman stared silently, one wry corner of her bright lips upturned. That sly, knowing expression inflamed Sarah powerfully, made her want to perform for this stranger until

the increasingly aroused short-haired girl could stand it no more.

Then Nikki stepped aside and pulled off Sarah's bra so that the blonde's stiff-nippled breasts were bared to the stranger's gaze. Biting her lip, Sarah stared back at the other as Nikki reached under her jugs and hefted them temptingly before the other girl, squeezing idly. It felt so terribly good to be watched! The salesgirl trembled faintly, and Sarah could not help but smile.

"You see?" said Nikki as she cupped Sarah's rippling white flesh, working her fingers slyly closer to the crinkled nubbins crowning them. "This look is nicer than the other, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," agreed the blue-eyed woman. "Very nice." She licked her lips restlessly as Nikki caught Sarah's nipples between her red-nailed fingertips and began to play with them.

Despite herself, Sarah gasped in pleasure as Nikki worked her over. Mercilessly her lover thumbed and stroked and tugged at her engorged pink-brown nipples, making her quiver in a delicious erotic agony. And the hungry look in the other girl's blue eyes made her long for more. She wanted to be pampered, to be eyed adoringly, to be handled intimately as her flesh craved. She knew it was wicked—but she wanted to be desired.

"Personally," said Nikki, "I think this arrangement is very attractive." Smiling, she bent her head and pulled one of Sarah's big breasts toward her flushed face. Making sure the salesclerk could see, Nikki stuck out her tongue tip and licked slowly about the pebbly crinkles of Sarah's sensitive peak. Then she puckered up and sucked the tender nubbin between her naughty lips. Pulling as she knew Sarah adored, Nikki sucked her, *hard*, hungrily, making her quake with arousal.

Eyelids heavy with lust, Sarah gazed back alluringly at the stranger. The woman could scarcely restrain herself, Sarah saw. Nikki had invited her back to this forbidden assignation,

but the clerk still did not know how far the situation would go. Clearly she was aroused, but just as clearly, she was uncertain of what she could let herself do. The sight of those thick young jugs was enough to make any mouth water, and Nikki's energetic demonstration was as beautiful as it was skilled. Fiercely wet beneath her skirt, Sarah could not help but reach up and stroke her own fingertips across her other nipple. The other girl's eyes widened gratifyingly at the dirty sight. Yes, Sarah realized, she wanted those big puckered mouthfuls, too.

Sarah nodded faintly as the other woman licked her lips in uncertainty. "I think this style is good," murmured Sarah. Dirtily she stretched her excited bud between thumb and middle finger, sending a sharp jolt of pleasure ringing down her overexcited neural pathways to her untouched pussy. "Still, maybe you could suggest something better..."

"A good idea," mumbled Nikki as she chewed daintily on Sarah's swollen erectile tissue. "It's always wise to consult a fashion professional."

"All right," whispered the other. "Let me see about that." She let out her breath slowly. Smiling crookedly, she joined the pair. Standing on the side opposite from Nikki, the girl reached out her sweating palms and let herself cradle the naked white flesh of Sarah's full mammary. She weighed it, measured it, and relished its heavy smoothness with both hands. It felt good to be touched like that, to be groped and fondled by this pretty stranger's hands. The very thought—and the sight—set Sarah's whorish nipples tinglingly rigid.

Soon the salesclerk began caressing her in earnest. The girl circled her naughty digits ever inward until she scratched her nails along the very edges of Sarah's crinkled areola, making the blonde shiver demurely. Lips pursed at Sarah's reaction, the girl took to stroking and pulling on the tight bud. Yes, she knew just what to do. It was inevitable, perhaps, that in a moment she finally lowered her smirking face and gratefully began sucking right along with Nikki. She seemed to enjoy that immensely, smacking her lips, moaning faintly.

Leaning back against the wall of the little cubicle, Sarah relished the sweet torture which seemed to set her wild nipples afire, making rapturous jolts run quivering down her fluttery belly to the nest of sweating blonde curls between her quaking thighs. She stared down at the girls who played with her breasts so joyously. Their eyes were contentedly closed, cheeks beautifully flushed, hungry lips and tongues ravenous. How glorious the sight was! It was exquisite to think that she inspired such innocent feminine devotion.

What was it about small-busted girls, she wondered happily, that made them love a pair of big tits so? Were they enthralled for the same reason boys were, because the great rippling mounds were so much more fun to play with than even their own jiggy handfuls? Perhaps—but it didn't really matter. So long as she was the center of such lustful attention, nothing else mattered. Smiling benignly, she reached down to run her fingers caressingly through the girls' hair. Nikki's glossy sable tresses were reassuring and familiar. The short brush like mass of the salesclerk's chestnut growth was excitingly new. She flounced and petted that red-brown hair encouragingly as the girl sucked and nipped at her sensitive flesh as happily as a baby.

Breathing heavily, Sarah reached farther, sliding her hands around the soft warm pillars of the other girls' fuzzy napes, along their rounded shoulders. She reached comfortably across their smooth-muscled forearms, each hand curious along the outer side of a different young woman's pert breast. Smiling gratefully, she caressed the sides of those soft little mounds for a moment, wonderingly. Nikki's firm handful was so comfortable and bouncy, so familiar—she would know every smooth inch with her eyes closed. The other woman's little breast was so wildly fresh and enticing, and yet somehow as delicate as a flower. Unable to help herself, Sarah let her hand roam the salesgirl's petite bosom, squeezing, and cupping. The girl's flesh was naked, Sarah realized, just beneath the thin layer of flowered cotton. The weight, the density, the springiness—she felt so pleasantly different!

Sarah found a tiny nipple pressed up firm and tight through the thin cotton of the girl's dress, and the blonde took to pinching and pulling at it lightly. The short-haired girl moaned around the thick mouthful of Sarah's great nodule of pink-brown sensitivity, shuddering. It was terribly exciting for Sarah to know that she could affect the other girl so, and she rolled the little bud curiously between her trembling thumb and fingertips. She smiled placidly at the way she pleased this poor lonely stranger, the way she made the girl beg silently for more. The wench's mouth was wild and grateful upon the swollen meat of Sarah's engorged erectile tissue. It felt so good.

Eventually, however, Sarah slid her palms farther inward to her own body. Serenely happy, she worked in haste at her narrow belt and at the buttons on the side of her khaki skirt. Impatiently she yanked the skirt and the wet panties beneath down over her shapely young hips and kicked them triumphantly off. Wonderfully naked, writhing under the wicked nursing mouths of her lover and the kinky stranger, Sarah reached unashamedly into her crotch and began to masturbate. "Mmm," she sighed. "Now, that's the most comfortably I've been dressed in a long time..."

Nikki rolled her big dark eyes affectionately up to Sarah. She gave the naughty blonde an extra deep pull on one swollen nipple as she removed her mouth with a hearty smack. "You know, sweetie," she murmured, "that style may just catch on."

Quickly, Nikki pulled her T-shirt off and unhooked and tossed away her bra, leaving the plum-nippled handfuls of her creamy young bosoms beautifully bare. The salesgirl ogled them silently from the corner of her slitted blue eyes, nursing happily on Sarah all the while. Flushing prettily in response, Nikki wriggled out of her shorts and underwear. Her crinkly black bush was wild and dense. Sarah could smell her, musky and intimate and excited.

Slyly, Nikki reached over to the other girl and pulled her thin sun dress up over her head and off her unresisting arms. She was small enough that she wore no bra, and, shuddering,

Nikki quickly eased the woman's panties down her slinky hips. The girl's breasts were petite and pretty, her nipples wondrously pale little pink circles—and yet so tight, so beautifully stiff. The red-brown curls between her pale thighs gleamed moist and tangled.

As the girl's thighs came stickily apart, Sarah's nostrils dilated, and the blonde breathed deep. Sarah pulled in the most intimate scent of this new woman, reveling in its difference. She smelled wet and womanly and aroused, yet somehow noticeably different from either Nikki or the blonde, a wickedly exciting contrast. The sweet musky tang of that fresh pussy made Sarah's mouth water, made her breath quicken.

Dividing her gaze between the two women, Sarah ran her fingertips faster through the slippery lips of her own vulva. As Sarah played with herself urgently, the other two women rose on either side of her, soft and supple and naked. To Sarah's wild delight, Nikki with gentle hands urged the short-haired stranger to nuzzle her mouth into the warm flesh along Sarah's sensitive neck and behind her ears. How Sarah always loved that when she masturbated! To Sarah there were few things better than toying shamelessly with her open pussy while indulgent lips and tongue danced ticklingly all about her flushed face and neck, making her writhe helplessly, happily. Nikki knew it so well, and it was wondrously solicitous of her to arrange the comfortable little treat. Why, what could be better than one naughty mouth on her trembling erogenous zone...but two?

The two girls commenced to tantalize her, licking and nibbling inflamingly along her trembling skin, and as they did so they each reached a hand up her ribcage to twist and tug at her agonized nipples. It was so good. Swirling squelching streamers of lubrication all about the over sensitized bundle of nerve endings clustered beneath the upper juncture of her smelly labia, Sarah shuddered to the wild joy of shameless lips and tongues on her earlobes and neck, of insistent feminine fingertips on her turgid nipples. She was filled with a slow-

building bliss that bubbled up from her liquid cunt, higher, and higher.

Mind reeling, Sarah struggled to keep her eyes open as she friggd off to the accompaniment of the other women's hungry mouths and agile hands. She felt naughtily exposed and open, dearly cherished. Her palpitating body was covered with their caresses, stimulated more than she could have imagined was possible. Why, how could she not play with herself with such girls nipping and sucking and toying with her sensitive, naked flesh? Smiling at the wild scene caught in the little fitting room's full-length mirror, Sarah watched as the girls reached their other hands across Sarah's trembling belly so that they could masturbate each other as well.... She bit her lip—but she simply could not deny Nikki the kinky thrill, not after the dear, dirty girl had arranged this for her.

Sarah felt a sudden stab a jealousy at she watched Nikki's tapering digits slide almost hesitantly between the auburn-fringed labia of the salesclerk, as she saw the other girl's fingers reach into her darling Nikki's black-furred cunt. Panting, Sarah suppressed the disconcerting twinge, trying to excite herself with it instead, just as she might with some dirty piece of internet pornography. Yes, for if she considered the sight dispassionately, evaluated it as high art rather than as a scene of betrayal, then it was indeed most beautifully arousing... Ah, those softly questing fingertips, so naturally girlish and eager even in the midst of softly panting perversion!

And yet...why, did the enigmatic Nikki seem to shoot the blonde a swift questioning look from the corner of one sly dark eye? Yes, Sarah believed, profoundly touched—yes! Her darling Nikki, that imperious creature who could pose so stern and haughty, who could command with the most negligent gesture, who could sneer and demean, who could force her every desire upon her fluttering blonde slave without pity, shame, or regret— Why, the poor thing wanted to play with this other girl as well as with Sarah, so, so badly...and yet with sudden gracious understanding she almost asked her lover rather than demanding. Ah, the kindly restraint of one who upon the fleshy playground of the blonde's available body

always instead felt free to take, take, take! How Sarah's heart went out to her black-haired darling!

Blinking, the inwardly squirming Sarah at last found herself nodding jerkily back. At this gesture of consent, the smiling brunette kissed Sarah's ear gently, reverently—and then she acted upon Sarah's reluctant nod and pushed her fingers with gusto deep into the sticky pussy of the stranger.

Staring entranced, Sarah watched the familiar dainty fingertips of her dear lover disappear into those strange, welcoming labia. She heard the soft slippery squelching of the stranger's helplessly wet cunt. She smelled the sticky juices her beloved Nikki prodded so excitedly. It all held a peculiar fascination.

There was no harm; Sarah tried to remind herself, for no matter what happened, they still belonged to each other alone. Sarah might let this other girl touch her lover—just as Nikki let the girl caress Sarah, she realized—but it was simply a pretty game, with pleasure being granted only at the couple's consent. She had never thought of sharing her lover with anyone, but...well, for a few minutes, at least, she would.

Eyelids heavy, Sarah stared at the reflection of the salesgirl's fingers exploring the engorged pink folds of Nikki's hairy pussy. Whatever gave that beloved garden of love the pleasures it deserved, she tried to tell herself, should be allowed—no, should be *encouraged*. Now, to Sarah's delight and dismay, the sweet slick pink where her own loving tongue worshiped daily was exposed to this stranger as the red-haired girl dug her fingertips purposefully in and spread wide the thickened labia majora of Nikki's pretty cunt. As Sarah watched, unblinking, the salesgirl pushed her mindless fingers happily into Nikki's unresisting wet hole. Sarah saw it, heard it, smelled it!

Masturbating fiercely, Sarah looked on as the stranger possessed her dear lover. She watched the short-haired girl sink her intrusive fingers knuckle-deep into the squirming Nikki's secret femininity, then draw her shining digits back so that she might smear her fingertips sloppily all about the once-

forbidden pearl of Nikki's wild clitoris. Triumphantly the girl prodded Nikki, making her gasp in helpless response. It was terrible and beautiful all at once. Feeling the fire swell in her loins, Sarah fingered herself faster and faster.

Rubbing themselves kittenishly all along Sarah's agitated flesh, the other two each pressed fingertips into the wet-furred lips of a strange young vagina to prod one another into a panting ecstasy. Tantalized by the soft wet sensations of lips and tongues on her sensitive ears and neck, by nimble fingertips upon her throbbing nipples, Sarah watched in almost unwilling delight in the mirror as her lover and the sweet stranger played with each other's unfamiliar pussies. The two were aroused not only by the skillful physical pressures, it seemed, but also by the very naughtiness of the forbidden act.

Fingering her own clitoris ever more urgently, Sarah gazed wide-eyed as the poor Nikki began to climax under the new girl's caresses. She was gorgeous in her rapture, and the dark-haired angel could not help stroking the lanky little salesgirl feverishly in return. Transfixed, Sarah watched Nikki's face suffuse with helpless pleasure. Her eyelids were heavy upon dark glassy eyes, her cheeks rosily flushed, her lips parted over the gleaming pearls of her front teeth. Even as she writhed against Sarah, nuzzling along her lover's neck, grasping at the blonde's great nipple, the ebon-tressed thing was impaled upon the smelly fingers of the salesclerk, who fucked her relentlessly. It was strangely compelling—

Sarah could not help herself. Groaning, she polished herself faster and faster, fingertips squelching in the dilated lips of her cunt. She forced herself to watch her lover climax to the stranger's caresses as the three panted together, on and on and on...

After they were done, Sarah begged for more. She was still inflamed by what had transpired, and the knowledge that someone else had pleased her girlfriend so casually, so competently, somehow made her want to make the slinky girl all *hers* again. So while the salesclerk looked on wide-eyed, Sarah dropped down on her knees before Nikki, dug her hands

into an aromatic dense black thatch already slicked by the strange fingers of the interloper, and licked passionately all about Nikki's savory nakedness. It was heaven.

A glossy strand of gold fell across one eye, but still Sarah saw the salesgirl watching enviously. Maybe she wanted the salty-sweet taste of that pretty pussy in her mouth, too, Sarah thought triumphantly, but that was for Sarah alone! Hungrily, Sarah smeared her flushed face through Nikki's velvet folds, reveling in the excited odor of womanhood. The girl just tasted so good, smooth and hot and pink, wet with the sticky juices of her fiercely demanding cunt.

Happily, Sarah ran her cherishing palms up and down Nikki's long slender body—her slinky hips, her delicate little waist, her sleek thighs and narrow calves. Ah, the joy of possessing her once more! Nuzzling deep, snorting and slurping, she sometimes reached around and grabbed that ass, too, squeezing greedily at those firm white cheeks. Yes, this dear girl was for *her*, Sarah knew joyously, all for her! Worshipfully she ran her hands at last up those familiar hipbones, soft fluttering belly, and taut ribcage, finally finding the jiggling little fruits that stood high and fresh from the flushed plane of her ivory chest. Whimpering in her delight, she burrowed deeper into the comforting paradise of Nikki's sloppy cunt, her hands clutching devotedly at the girl's springy flesh, fingers pulling at her lengthened dark nipples. Ah, let the salesgirl see *that!* Sarah told herself, thrilling. *This* was the way it was supposed to be!

Nikki swayed gratifyingly above her as Sarah worshiped in the utmost devotion. Oh, that other girl may have given the brunette a quick and dirty rubdown, but only Sarah could kneel and throw herself face-first into that musky garden and midnight curls and make that dear thing feel what she truly deserved. Her heart sang, and then when Nikki's hand at last dropped softly to the golden top of Sarah's tousled head, how she shivered contentedly to the unguardedly gentle caress!

Of course...well, in another moment, that little white hand made a fist, and almost instinctively the imperious girl

began to manipulate Sarah's head like a puppet. Sarah gulped, but with her mouth open and her tongue still extended, she could only comply uncertainly. Nikki pulled her deeper, demandingly tight, so that the sweating blonde struggled to breathe as best she could when her mistress's frantic movements happened to allow it. Before, Sarah had been making love, in the most profound way she knew how. Now, however, it was almost as if Nikki were merely masturbating herself with Sarah's submissive face. Up and down she dragged the gasping girl by her hair, up and down.

God, it was humiliating to be treated so in front of that stranger, to be *used* like an object—but if that was what her commanding white mistress needed, she vowed, so be it! Her lot was to serve, and she would do so, happily. Sarah simply abandoned herself to the wild demands of Nikki's unpredictable ardor. Whatever Nikki needed was by definition right and good, and Sarah would serve her firm mistress like the debased blonde whore that she was. And if the short-haired salesgirl goggled there in disbelief...well, then the foolish thing at least would have the opportunity to see what true devotion was!

After a moment of this pretty game, though, Nikki's hand stopped, and then she pulled back suddenly so that Sarah could blink up at her, open-mouthed and confused and secretly disappointed. Ah, how those commanding dark eyes burned down at her! The flush of those beautiful porcelain cheeks! The fierce erectness of the dark nipples that tipped those springy little white bosoms! Oh, why could the groveling slave not simply be allowed to make that dear, depraved fallen angel cry out her well-deserved joys? Sarah's heart ached with the longing.

Her face wild, Nikki could only gaze down at her green-eyed supplicant for a timeless instant of silent communion. Panting raggedly, she licked her rich lips. Yet finally, to Sarah's extraordinary surprise, the girl sank slowly to her knees, closed her eyes beatifically, opened her sticky mouth, and kissed the blonde passionately, fingers still twined in her honeyed waves.

Then, groaning, Sarah's lover dragged her down and curled up on the little floor in a delirious sixty-nine, a sweet tangle of feminine flesh, naked and supple and wet. While the other girl watched helplessly, her naughty fingers wild about the throbbing meat of her own clitoris, Sarah and Nikki began to lick and suck at each other's wet hairy vulvas in a frenzy of desperate devotion. No matter how deliciously perverse Sarah's previous orgasm, the release now was indescribable. She just had to eat her darling's sweet twat, and be favored in return. She didn't care who watched.

But no, she knew somewhere deep within her reeling brain, she did care—she *wanted* that other girl to watch, wanted her to see how good it could be. The short-haired wench was playful and friendly, and she had treated them both with happy skill. The girl obviously had enjoyed giving Nikki a rubdown that left her breathless and beautiful, and maybe she wanted to do even more—but she could not, for that final token of utter devotion was reserved for Sarah alone. Groaning, the blonde sucked possessively at Nikki's writhing nakedness. Soon, she knew, soon they would have what they both needed.

Sarah growled, she moaned, she smacked her lips dirtily. On and on she pleased her dear love, dark hairs curling up her nose. She saw nothing but the moist paradise of Nikki's cunt, smelled nothing but her excited lubrication, tasted nothing but her wanton flesh. Gripping Nikki's buttocks in her splayed fingers, she felt a warning tingle within her own body. The joy swelled enormously, and soon, locked together in the most intimate of embraces, they were writhing helplessly, their movements agitated and delirious.

As the spasming morsel of her own clitoris pulsed crazily beneath Nikki's caring tongue, Sarah's heart swelled beneath her stiff-nippled breasts. Ah, how she adored the girl!

Chapter Ten

It was not until a week or two later that Sarah began to get a strange feeling about that encounter in the fitting room. For her own part, on occasion she felt sheepish and guilty—and now and then, regarding Nikki, she could not help feeling just a little bit betrayed. Yet she had to admit that the forbidden tryst indeed had been wildly thrilling.

Confused, Sarah tried to analyze her emotions. On the one hand, what she had done...well, certainly could be considered wrong. She may not have meant any harm by it, but Sarah had taken pleasure at least partially at the hands of someone besides her lover. Had she cheated on Nikki? At the time, she had not exactly thought of it that way. The longer she brooded, however, the more uncertain she grew. She loved Nikki alone, and would not do anything to harm the girl. Never would she consider making love with another—not really, anyway. Yet now it seemed that in a way she had betrayed that trust.

But what about Nikki? Sarah thought stubbornly. Hadn't she begun the whole terrible thing? Yes, Sarah somehow had let herself agree—but it had been the sly Nikki who first noticed the other girl, who put the dirty thought in Sarah's fertile mind, and who invited the salesclerk back to the fitting room. Why, Nikki had led Sarah into the arms—the talented fingertips, the supple lips and tongue—of another. Had Nikki known what she was doing? And even if she hadn't, did that really make it any better? Either way, Sarah wondered bleakly, did it mean that her dear Nikki was growing tired of her? If Nikki had invited the girl back because she was bored with Sarah's lovemaking— Blood cold, Sarah could hardly let her mind continue. The thought was horrific.

And yet, Sarah realized again, red-faced, she herself certainly had enjoyed the forbidden act. Sarah always loved masturbating for her adored Nikki, sprawling back as the

naked girl slithered about her. It was a glorious treat to finger her swollen, over sensitized clitoris so unashamedly while the indulgent brunette mouthed gently along her blood-warmed earlobes and her tender neck, flicking her nails across Sarah's throbbing nipples. Sarah loved being so flagrantly on display, opening her fragrant blonde cunt to the torture of her skilled fingertips, and to the appreciative gaze of her lover.

Indeed, more than once Sarah had begged the indulgent Nikki to sit up in the bed with her naked heels pulled back and her knees spread wide so that she might sit almost in the girl's lap and loll back across her bare chest as she played with herself. Sarah found that particularly arousing. Cradled in Nikki's smooth nakedness, breathing in the sweet womanly tang of her untouched black muff, Sarah simply smiled and closed her eyes and let her restless digits slip down through the moist blonde fur to the slick pink velvet where they longed to be. She might prod herself dreamily, biting her lip in coy surprise as Nikki reached around and began palming and clutching at both of her rippling breasts at once. It felt so good as Sarah fingered her slippery clit.

Sarah shuddered at the exciting possession of her lover's frank hands fondling her big boobs, squeezing, adoring. And as the dark-eyed temptress found Sarah's engorged pink-brown nipples crinkled up huge and sensitive and commenced to tantalize them with excruciating slowness, the blonde could not help writhing upon Nikki's pale thighs. Filling her ravenous pussy with all the wild circular stroking it desired, Sarah gasped at the relentless fire Nikki's tapering fingertips kindled in her great thimble-like nubbins. While she whimpered on the helpless brink of climax, Sarah thrilled to the sudden sensation as Nikki bent and began nuzzling along the trembling skin of her neck, tongue fluttering. Her every erogenous zone pampered and inflamed, she felt loved, utterly contented...and she always moaned out a beautiful orgasm.

Yes, Sarah had learned what bliss it was to have every aching piece of hungry flesh caressed, sucked, and thumbed all at once. Yet what her dear Nikki and the short-haired salesgirl

had given her was even more intense than her usual shameless workout. Lips and tongues danced in her ears and all along her throat, hands clutched at her breasts—and as she polished her clitoris so feverishly she had been able to gaze with heavy-lidded eyes upon the sweet sight of the other two girls fingering each other's pussies. How wildly fulfilling it had been! It was easy to see why Sarah had fallen.

But what about Nikki? she wondered glumly. Nikki had not had merely the other woman's tongue in her ear or her unfamiliar hands on her bosom—she had felt the wench's fingers right up the open lips of her cunt. As Sarah thought of it again, she shivered helplessly, from fierce aversion—and, perhaps, from some cloying arousal as well. How could Nikki have done it? This wasn't like all the other times the brunette must have preyed upon those faceless girls at the gay bar in those agonized weeks before she finally had seduced her foolishly uncertain roommate...for now, after all, she finally had Sarah. Now there was no longer any doubt, and there was no more loneliness. How, then, could she have let that stranger rub her fingertips through the slick, hairy garden where the devoted Sarah so loved to cavort in slobbering joy? How could she have profaned the innermost temple of their love?

Well, of course the novelty was thrilling. If that new girl's fingers had felt good on Sarah's heaving breasts, she realized unwillingly, certainly it must have been far better to have them stuck up one's shameless quim. But why? she wondered grimly. How could you feel this way about someone—trust her, adore her, long for her...maybe even love her—and yet still want the caresses of another? The couple's secret devotion and their lust always had run parallel...but what happened when lust did not lead so conveniently toward one's beloved mate?

Frowning, Sarah brooded about it. She herself was guilty, too. Did that make it any better? Or did it make the situation worse? Oh, what did it all mean?

Gradually, Sarah looked further, pondering not just her own situation but monogamy itself. Up until the twentieth

century, she knew, monogamy had been considered the natural pattern of love. Certainly there were exceptions, and certainly people always had strayed, but generally the unbreakable love of a couple had been held up as an ideal, from religious scriptures to Shakespeare to civil law. The concept of evolution sometimes seemed to undermine the innateness of monogamy, however, for while some species thrived with the parental care of lifelong mates, others relied on the wild fecundity of wanton promiscuity. By the 1960s many Americans considered traditional monogamy simply an outworn convention. Yet by the 1990s—and fairly independent of the quasi-moral backlash of the 1980s—scientific research had begun to suggest a subtle biological determinism beneath the apparent unpredictability of love.

It had been rather silly, after all, to imagine that the wildly complex electrochemical processes of the brain could allow personality to begin as a *tabula rasa*. The tablet indeed was not blank but instead shaped not only by the near-infinite variables of environment but also by the myriad interactions of rarely sensed genetic boundaries. Surely love worked within those parameters as well. The pair-bond, scientists discovered, was not some random, artificial social convention that simply could be willed away whenever one liked. No, when each orgasm released chemicals that subtly yet almost inexorably fostered devotion for a single mate, monogamy finally was seen to have not merely a moral but also a commonsensical physical origin. Laboratory rats dosed with concentrations of this natural love potion would fight to the death for females they would have ignored just days earlier. Human history, of course, revealed the strength of monogamy.

Perhaps that love was usually between man and woman, but Sarah's own experience told her that one's psychochemical makeup could be set up otherwise as well. The love that was "natural" between her parents, after all, did not seem natural to her own condition. Her nature was different from most, she admitted, but her...well, love—yes, *love!* she told herself fiercely, yet secretly—for Nikki was no less real or valid.

Such a pair-bond might still be subject to change, of course—but Sarah didn't want her own to be. Why couldn't it be easy? Why couldn't simple chemical determinism just keep her locked in to her relationship, safe and dumb and happy, unaffected by outside influences? Despite the biochemistry, she knew ruefully, love never had been that tidy, and never would be.

Then again, Sarah didn't really consider herself to have been attracted to the salesclerk. She never learned the girl's name, and afterward she had been too embarrassed to return to the store again even just to buy clothes. It wasn't her own emotions she was worried about—it was Nikki's.

Yet there was no reason Nikki couldn't be as unaffected as she herself, Sarah realized... If the brunette's eye roved from something besides the almost unthinkable possibilities of boredom with her devoted Sarah or longing for another, what was the reason? Perhaps just as good a question, she thought ruefully, was why she herself had the fantasies she did. Oh, Sarah never seriously wanted anyone but her dear Nikki—but she did have to admit to herself that sometimes she did have some really kinky fantasies. She always had.

Why, maybe that was the answer, Sarah realized all at once. Her sexuality had not begun with her relationship with Nikki, or even with her heavy date with that boy back at the end of high school. No, she had masturbated for years, happily—and so had Nikki. That was only natural. One's sexuality began with oneself, Sarah saw, no matter how much one loved another. If one settled down and loved only one person that was fine. Yet no matter how committed one was, wasn't it a little unrealistic to think that one's imagination would never stray to the thoughts of others' flesh, to silly little perversions wondrous to conjure up but only rarely, if ever, to be acted upon? How could the pleasant habits of years be abandoned for a life without fantasy? Why should they?

All right, Sarah concluded, so there was no harm in some wicked thoughts here and there. And if they led beyond the bounds of imagination to the real world of physical

experimentation...well, just perhaps that could be alright so long as one kept oneself solidly and happily bound to one's relationship. She still could not help feeling faintly jealous that another girl had shoved her fingers in Nikki's pretty pussy, but now she knew she could get beyond it. The gut reaction was natural, but it was a bit overblown as well. Sarah hadn't fallen head over heels in love or lust with that naughty stranger—why would Nikki? She was relieved.

But suddenly she thought about Nikki's old classmate Steven again, and her blood seemed to chill in her veins. Maybe the kinky threesome in the fitting room had been as innocent and as fleeting a joy for Nikki as it had been for Sarah. But what about Steven? Sarah still could not quite get him out of her mind. Nikki had stood her up once for a lunch date with this boy, and though her reason had been plausible, it was nevertheless vaguely galling. The girl mentioned him every now and then, almost seemed to see him around the city occasionally.

There was nothing exactly threatening that Sarah could put her finger on, but the situation was somehow in a whole different category from their little lesbian escapade. They had not known that salesclerk before, after all, and had not seen her again. Yet Nikki had met Steven in Dr. Rodney's class on sixties radicalism back before she and Sarah became lovers, and still the girl remembered him, even saw him now and then. What did it mean?

Sarah thought of Nikki's unknown relationship with Steven on and off for days, eventually finding herself brooding about it. Had she been a drinker, perhaps she would have drunk. Instead, a thinker, she retreated into her mind, turning the problem over and over as if somehow she could still reach a solution despite her relative lack of information. She just could not make herself stop worrying...but neither could she force herself to delve further by asking the pointed questions whose mere imaginings made her cold and hollow.

Then Nikki missed another lunch date. Ostensibly it was not because of Steven, yet Sarah no longer knew what to

believe. What if Nikki's affection for the girl were cooling? Sarah wondered anxiously. What if she didn't feel the way Sarah did? God, what if she never had! Why, how could poor Sarah bear it? She really would have been a whore then, she told herself bitterly—not just the wickedly playful pet name that the sometimes-sinister Nikki liked to throw around, but the real thing, merely a one-night stand kept cunt-struck and oblivious, as available as a dildo, and just as easily discarded. Biting her lip, she had to blink away tears.

She tried not to think the terrible thought again, but she could not help it. Nikki had noticed her preoccupation and had asked what was wrong, but Sarah merely mumbled something about having a stressful period of work at the bookstore. Finally, however, Sarah had so tortured herself with uncertainties that one afternoon she just had to confront Nikki when the girl came home from work.

“Nikki,” she said quietly as the brunette kicked off her shoes and came over to the couch where Sarah sat motionless, “tell me about Steven.”

“What?” Nikki tried to laugh, but the attempt seemed a nervous one. “Well, what about him?” She dropped onto the cushion beside Sarah.

“What's he like?” wondered Sarah. “Is he nice? Is he good-looking?”

“Well, yes, he's nice,” said Nikki, disconcerted. “He's not one of those frat-boy jerks, he's...he's *real*.” The girl shrugged. “Friendly. You know.”

“Mmm.” Sarah pursed her lips. “Handsome, too?”

“Gee, I don't know, I guess.” Nikki gave a helpless gesture with one hand. “Medium height. He has short dark hair, kind of curly. A little goatee. I don't know. Why?”

“I just wondered,” Sarah replied evenly. “You talk about him sometimes, you must see him, I guess, and I just—” Sarah bit her lip, trying not to let her voice break. Her throat was tight, and the inner corners of her eyes felt suddenly moist. “I just wondered—”

“Oh, *Sarah!*” gasped Nikki, her dark eyes wide. Face white, she threw her arms around Sarah and pressed her chaste lips into the blonde’s neck. “Oh, sweetie,” she murmured, “it’s nothing like that! Why, come on, honey, how could you think such a thing?” She drew back to look at Sarah.

“I don’t know, Nikki,” she said helplessly. “But you have seen him sometimes.”

One arm around Sarah’s shoulders, the other hand on her leg, Nikki leaned her head against Sarah’s and let out her breath. “My poor blonde silly-pie,” she said. “I’m sorry, Sarah. I didn’t mean to worry you. There’s nothing wrong. But you’ve got a birthday coming up, and I just wanted to wait until then—”

“What—” Puzzled, Sarah looked at her.

“But I guess now’s as good a time for your surprise as any,” Nikki continued imperturbably. “Now just close your eyes.” Uncertain, Sarah did it, and gently Nikki kissed her lids. “And dry them, too,” the girl added softly. “I’ll be right back.”

Sarah heard her walk away. “No peeking,” Nikki said slyly. She must have stopped to look back from the bedroom doorway, Sarah guessed. She wiped the corner of one eye with a fingertip and tried to wait. Her heart thudded strangely. She could not imagine what Nikki was doing. She almost thought she heard a dresser drawer open and close. Then in a moment she heard Nikki return.

“All right,” came Nikki’s voice. The girl stood over her, Sarah could tell, and she could hear a crooked smile on Nikki’s lips. “You can open now.”

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at Nikki, who stood before her. The girl held out a largish photograph elegantly framed and matted. She nodded at Sarah’s raised eyebrow, and Sarah slowly took the picture from her.

Sarah’s breath caught in her throat. “Nikki!” she gasped.

The photo was an enlargement of one of the first Polaroid’s Nikki had taken of Sarah weeks ago. There was

nothing too bad in this shot, Sarah supposed, not really—but it was still rather embarrassing. In the picture Sarah posed in the doorway, the bed clearly visible and inviting behind her. The flouncy red skirt accentuated her hips flatteringly as she stood with trim black-nyloned ankles crossed, and her white silk blouse was unbuttoned enough to reveal a generous portion of creamy cleavage—and even a little hint of the black lace of her push-up brassiere. Glossy waves of gold cascaded about her ivory neck and her wide shoulders, framing a sly pouting face whose drowsy green eyes gleamed unmistakably with lust.

Sarah shuddered. Had she really looked like that? It was a little embarrassing...but in a way it was exciting as well. It did look good. “Well, thank you, Nikki,” she said a bit awkwardly. “What a, um...what a thoughtful birthday present.”

“Oh, you’re certainly welcome, sweetie,” Nikki smiled down at her. “You see, Steven’s a computer science major—”

Something clicked in Sarah’s brain, and her jaw dropped. “Is he the one you got that spyware bug from...?” she whispered.

Nikki grinned back, unconcerned and completely unashamed. “Why, now that you mention it, yes.” She chuckled at the sudden look in the blonde’s wide green eyes. “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about, though. I mean, I hadn’t told him that I was going to use it to monitor my roommate’s internet usage and masturbatory habits, if that’s what you’re thinking.” She blinked. “Of course—” She pursed her dark lips, then shrugged. “Of course, well, I guess he could probably put two and two together now, couldn’t he?”

Sarah squirmed, mortified, but Nikki brushed it off calmly. “Oh it doesn’t matter,” she asserted. “Anyway, his major is computer science, but his emphasis is in game design, so you know he’s up on digital photography and graphics and simulation and whatnot. I got to thinking about it after using that keystroke bug—he actually wrote that program himself, by the way, rather than using something off-the-shelf—and I

figured maybe he could help me turn those snapshots into some nice portraits.”

“Plural...?” Sarah noticed with some wariness.

“Well,” Nikki sighed easily, “once I got started I realized how hard it was to pick just one. Oh, but you needn’t worry about Steven,” she added hastily. “He’s non-judgmental and very discreet—the only one I’d trust with a matter of such delicacy, really.” She gave Sarah a wink and handed her the next framed portrait.

“Nikki...” Sarah breathed. Yes, the first shot had been very provocative cheesecake, but it wasn’t really any dirtier than some of the ads she saw in fashion magazines. But this shot— Here Sarah posed in the big easy chair, her back arched, her gleaming white blouse unbuttoned all the way. As she smirked up into the camera, the lacy black cups of her inadequate brassiere had been peeled down to expose the shockingly large peaks of her engorged pink-brown nipples. She cupped her bare breasts with both hands, shamelessly, stretching one great nipple enormously...while her other rigid bud glistened as her agile tongue pushed squarely against it. Why, this photo was blatantly pornographic—and all at once she felt her pulse beat instinctively beneath her fluttering belly.

“Very becoming, don’t you think?” said Nikki as Sarah shakily set the picture down beside her on the couch with the first. “And now number three...”

Sarah accepted it automatically—but then she bit her lip, her face suddenly red. This was one of the pictures Nikki had taken when Sarah writhed so exhibitionistically in the chair, her high-heeled red shoes pulled up alongside her hips. Her hair was tousled, her face flushed, her big breasts proud and bare...and her legs were spread whorishly wide. In the photo Sarah reached her red-nailed fingertips right into the crotch of her black nylons, ripping the fabric to expose the liquid honeypot of her naked cunt. Those fingers dug hungrily into the thickened lips of her pussy, opening them up, pink and wet and inviting. It was wickedly beautiful.

“Very artful, I’d say,” suggested Nikki quietly. “And, of course, the last...” She passed over the final portrait.

Sarah’s breath caught in her throat. This was the last picture of that afternoon, the one she herself had taken. This close-up shot looked across her lifted skirt and down into her sodden blonde muff. Here Nikki held wide her lover’s glistening labia as she pressed her pretty face devotedly into the fragrant mess of Sarah’s heavily lubricated cunt. Beneath the girl’s glossy sable tresses her face was flushed and happy, her long-lashed eyes dreamily closed. Her bright red lips had opened daintily, and from under shining front teeth had crept a pointed tongue that writhed happily about the swollen morsel of Sarah’s naked clitoris. The sight was exquisite. Nikki could be so firm and demanding, even cruel when she wanted, but here was shown the true girl beneath, the selfless surrender, the excruciating feminine joys!

“Oh, Nikki,” she whispered, “thank you! They’re beautiful.” Suddenly she was conscious of her wildly erect nipples. Her crotch was pleasantly moist within her panties.

“You’re welcome, darling,” Nikki smiled serenely as she sank to her knees and began unbuttoning and unzipping Sarah’s khaki shorts. “I did meet Steven a few times without telling you, but it was just so I could get everything planned. I got these full-sized pictures last week, but I wanted to wait until your birthday, and then when you came home from work you’d find them hanging in the bedroom...”

Sarah allowed her hips to be rocked back and forth as Nikki worked off the soaked cotton of her underwear. She opened her blouse and reached in to begin fondling her own nipples slowly, expectantly—

Then Nikki, trembling, parted Sarah’s pale thighs, pulled open the musky wet lips of an excited blonde cunt, and with a delirious little whimper dropped her face gratefully in. Groaning in her unspeakable delight, the dark-eyed Nikki began to feast.

“You know, it’s funny, Sarah,” Nikki said a few days later, “the way you thought there was something between Steven and me.” They had taken some sandwiches to campus for a picnic and had decided to sit at the fountains in front of the library. Across Circle Drive stood the old clock tower constructed back in the WPA days of the 1930s, while ahead, beneath the shallow tree-lined hill upon which the library sat, lay the botanical gardens. Nikki unwrapped her sandwich and set it beside her on the concrete rim of the fountain.

“I don’t know as it’s such an odd thought,” Sarah retorted evenly. “You are an awfully cute number. If I were a guy, I know I’d want to get into your pussy.”

“I’ve discovered,” smiled Nikki, “that you’d like to get into my pussy regardless of your gender.”

“Well, you know how it is,” Sarah shrugged with a grin. She handed Nikki a paper towel.

“They say you are what you eat,” Nikki said mildly. “But about guys—well, I just don’t think I like them nearly as much as you do.”

For a moment Sarah could only gape back at what to her seemed a patent untruth. “Why, Nikki,” she retorted, faintly scandalized, “you know I’ve never even—well, never even... *had* a man.” She thought about it. “In fact,” she grumbled, lowering her voice still further while she tried to keep her tone good-natured rather than accusatory, “*I’m* not the one who begged five boys to gangbang me one right after the other!” She blinked, feeling somewhat put upon.

The dark-haired girl, however, accepted this without rancor. “Oh, of course,” she replied, easy of conscience and completely matter-of-fact, “but that was years and years ago, like me bringing up the fact that maybe you tried to eat worms in preschool. We’ve all grown up since then.” She sighed. “But I still believe that some naughty-minded blonde is interested in such things a lot more than I am...”

“Nikki,” protested Sarah, “I don’t like any men! Why, I lo—” She caught herself and bit her lip. “Well, gosh,” she

murmured, flushing, “I just... Well, I l-like *you*.” Her green eyes were wide and defenseless. “All I need is you, Nikki,” she asserted quietly.

The slinky girl gazed back at her for a long moment, lips slightly parted as if she were going to speak. She closed them again, though, and swallowed. When she finally gave a slow smile, it was with a calm beneath which deeper emotions seemed to roil unacknowledged. “Oh, I know that,” the girl told her at last, very softly, “I know...” Then she cleared her throat, and with an easy shake of her head she continued more casually. “I mean in general, though. You find boys more... interesting than I do.”

“But Nikki—” protested Sarah.

“Uh-uh,” said Nikki gently. “I’ve seen you. I know you don’t mean any harm by it. But they do catch your eye a lot more than they catch mine. Don’t they?”

“Well...” Sarah tried to think about it. Certainly her secret fantasies always had included not only shapely, shameless girls but shyly roguish boys as well. Yes, she sometimes wondered what it would be like to let one of those masculine animals mount her and make love to her, to allow him to push the blunt head of a purpled glans between her plump lips and sink himself balls-deep between her youthful hips. What if her hungry cunt were filled not by a dildo but by a solid rod of swollen erectile tissue that ached instinctively for her femininity? How flattering it would be to know that her spongy pink flesh set him rigid and rubbed him just right! And as she watched his red face contort in joy and in gratitude at the helpless moment of climax, spurt after spurt of his stringy white seed would erupt from the tangled vesicles of his agonized balls to spatter the slippery cup of the bottom of her womb...

But she never let these thoughts show—did she? Surely she never looked at a boy so that her devoted Nikki could see such silly, harmless lusts in her face. Biting her lip, she looked over at Nikki—

“Uh huh,” smiled Nikki as she saw Sarah’s sudden sheepish expression. “Of course. I know how to read my beautiful buxom blonde, don’t I? And you know it, too, don’t you?”

“Well,” admitted Sarah reluctantly, “I guess maybe we all think some weird things sometimes, don’t we? But you know that doesn’t really mean anything.”

“Sure,” Nikki said, wiping the corner of her impish mouth with a napkin. “And it’s only natural to—to think things. Still... Well, my big-titted slut, if I thought I could get away with it, I’d think about having some lucky man climb on and fuck you, just to see what it would be like...”

“Nikki,” Sarah breathed, “you’re terrible...” She looked around quickly, but there was no one to overhear. She bit her lip as Nikki slid closer and put her hand idly on Sarah’s thigh.

“Maybe I am, dirty girl,” laughed Nikki, “but if I ever got the urge, you’d go through with it, wouldn’t you? Just to humor me, I’m sure.”

“Oh, come on!” Sarah said, trying to laugh it off. “I wouldn’t want that. Who wants some man down there anyway? All guys do is get drunk, and burp, and knock up straight girls.”

“Well,” said Nikki, letting her hand slide softly under the napkin covering Sarah’s lap, “I know you love a good tongue-lashing and a comfy little frig. But I’ve also ridden that pretty pussy enough with our big double-headed I bought to know that you like a good solid dildo-fuck, too.” She let her middle finger work itself under Sarah’s skirt and into her panties, where tangled blonde curls were faintly moist. “What would it be like, I wonder, to take the real thing, all fat and swollen and red? I’ve got to admit I’m a little curious—not about me, of course, but about you.”

“Nikki...” moaned Sarah softly. The girl’s fingertip had found the upper juncture of Sarah’s labia, and patiently it began to stroke through the opening pink flesh.

“Because you are a slut at heart, aren’t you?” wondered Nikki, her voice hardening slightly.

Sarah swallowed. “Yes, Mistress,” she whispered dutifully, sensing what was required of her.

“Uh-huh,” chuckled the older girl dirtily. “Yes, you’re a whore. You’re a tease. You’re a *bad* girl, and you always have been...”

“I am, Mistress,” agreed Sarah quietly, feeling the tip of that knowing red-nailed digit commanding within her, negligently insinuating.

“Yes,” Nikki said darkly, fingerfucking her with imperial calmness all the while, “you’d perform for *me*, you fucking bitch. You’d do anything I wanted...anything I let *you* want.” Then she looked up suddenly. “Goddammit!” she hissed.

An older couple was coming into view in the gardens below, slowly making their way along the rows of bright flowers. Fuming, Nikki pulled her finger from Sarah’s dilated young cunt and slid her hand out from beneath the napkin. Her fingertip glistened in the sun, and in shivering frustration she licked off her smelly digit as Sarah watched, trembling.

“M-Mistress—” began Sarah in a deferential whisper.

Nikki raised her eyebrows slowly. “Mm...?” she wondered—and yet even in that single syllable the blonde sensed the sudden swerve in her lover’s unpredictable mood.

Unsteadily the off-balance Sarah began again. “N-N-Nikki...” she attempted—and when the other’s face did not color dangerously but instead merely looked back at her in mild unconcern, the cringing blonde continued, “W-well, that’s sweet of you, Nikki—awfully dirty, but sweet nevertheless.” She let out her breath as her crotch pulsed helplessly, untouched. Frowning, she added, “But we couldn’t really do that, even if we wanted to. It’s just too dangerous nowadays, with all the diseases. It could never be safe enough.”

“Well,” smiled Nikki, “I’ve got to admit that I had toyed with asking my friend, Steven, to fuck you.”

Sarah gasped—but, almost against her will, her nipples stood up full and stiff at the terrible thought. “But, Nikki—”

“Oh, I’m afraid I had to scrap that idea, though,” the brunette shrugged. “For one thing, he *is* rather cute...no need to tempt you too much with a fine young specimen like that, hmm? And because he is still young, and so nice, really, maybe it wouldn’t be wise to risk his falling in love with my beautiful blonde baby-doll...” She smiled. “Mind you, if anyone our age could be discreet and trustworthy, he would—but, like you say, even without thinking about emotional entanglements, no sex with a man is really safe enough for my taste.”

“True,” Sarah said. She tried to reply lightly, but somewhere within her she could not help feeling a vague disappointment.

Nikki nodded pleasantly at the older couple as they came up the shallow steps from the sun-dappled garden. While the pair strolled hand-in-hand away down the curving sidewalk in the direction of the museum, she dropped her hand slyly under Sarah’s napkin again. “Still,” she said mildly, “I bet Steven wouldn’t mind jerking off for you.”

Sarah just stared at her, eyes wide. The notion was shocking, and should have been disgusting...but she simply could not make herself find it so. She had always been naturally curious about boys, of course, but after that heavy date during which the young man had ejaculated helplessly in his jeans as he sucked frantically on her swollen nipples, her curiosity had indeed been fiercely whetted. What would it be like, she wondered, to actually watch it happen, to stare at the engorged pillar of meat that twitched in a rhythmic hand until it pulsed out its gouts of pearly cum...? Sarah shivered suddenly in the warm sunlight.

“Yes,” murmured Nikki, nodding at her expression, “you’d like that, wouldn’t you?” Her naughty fingers crept into Sarah’s wet panties again.

“Well—” Sarah swallowed sheepishly. “It doesn’t really matter, does it?” She held still as Nikki pushed a finger comfortably into her hole. “I mean, that kind of thing could never really happen...even if we wanted it to.”

Nikki smiled enigmatically. “How do you think I paid him, Sarah?”

“Uh, gee—I don’t know.” She looked at Nikki in surprise.

“Oh, Steven didn’t want any payment,” Nikki assured her. “He just wanted to help out—he’s that kind of guy. But if you took a little Polaroid into a camera shop and told them you wanted it blown up as a portrait—a clean, clear one—they’d tell you it couldn’t be done.” Idly she pushed her middle finger knuckle-deep in Sarah’s squelching vagina, then dragged it back out along the underside of her clitoris, making her squirm. “Steven had to perform a lot of work to do that favor for me—enlarging the pictures step by step, manually adjusting everything pixel by pixel when the software couldn’t quite guess which way to tweak, probably hours and hours to turn those slightly fuzzy images on thirty-year-old film into something crisp and bright and nice.” She shrugged. “I felt kind of bad, no matter what he said...so I made him keep a little copy of each of those four shots for himself.”

“Nikki!” exclaimed Sarah. She flushed deeply, and, inflamed by the expression, her lover calmly penetrated her again.

“Oh, come on, Sarah,” Nikki chided her, smirking as she sank another finger into Sarah’s soaked cunt. “How do you think it must have made him feel to process those pictures, with all the time he must have spent staring at them, ogling your body as he tried to get the job done?”

Sarah bit her lip in embarrassment. She suddenly imagined some poor boy working on those pictures for hours on end, enlarging them enormously on the computer and adjusting every little detail by hand. How could one not be affected?

“Uh huh,” nodded the naughty Nikki, reading her face. “His dick must have been rock-hard the minute he saw those shots, all thick and pulsing...”

“But, Nikki,” Sarah husked as her lover moved comfortably within her, “those pictures are so dirty! What if —”

“Don’t worry, sweetie,” replied Nikki. “Like I said, he’s a nice guy, and very discreet. We don’t have to worry about the photos being safe. After making him suffer through such a terrible tease, I just figured it was the least I could do to let him keep some pictures to masturbate with.” Her thumb bumped rhythmically against Sarah’s engorged clitoris.

Sarah bit her lip, her eyelids heavy and flushed. “Nikki,” she whispered, “you don’t really think he—”

“Oh, yes,” Nikki said mildly, “I’m sure he jerks off to them. How could he help himself? Besides,” she smiled naughtily, “you should have seen the look on his face when I told him he could keep a set for himself. He blushed right away, and he asked if I were sure. Oh, he wanted them, but he was still a little embarrassed.”

“So what did you say?” whispered Sarah.

“I told him,” smirked Nikki, “that I didn’t mind, ’cause I got to have the real thing every night. Then I licked my lips and winked at him.”

Sarah shuddered as she stared into Nikki’s big dark eyes. Her girlfriend was so sly, so tempting. She knew it was true, knew Nikki had teased the poor young man just as she said.

Somehow it was perversely thrilling.

“He just nodded for a second,” Nikki continued, “and then he said, ‘Oh. I guess that’s right’. I told him not to worry about me, and I said that I knew he could at least put the pictures to good use.”

“Really?” Sarah breathed. Blinking in the bright sunlight, she felt full of her girlfriend’s possessive caress. Her hairy

blonde cunt began to spasm warningly. Her sweating thighs trembled beneath her short skirt.

“Mm hmm,” murmured Nikki, a swath of glossy sable falling across one dark, drowsy eye. Masturbating Sarah ever more purposefully under the napkin balanced on the girl’s lap, Nikki continued, “Yes, I told him I knew he could use the pictures well—and finally he blushed even redder and said, ‘Well, I guess you’re right’. And Sarah, I figure a boy of his age must jerk off at least a couple times a week. If he gets worked up, I don’t know—maybe even every day. How many times do you suppose he thinks of you, honey?”

Sarah squirmed at the dirty thought. The idea of Nikki’s friend masturbating to those pictures of Sarah was just so kinky, so wildly inflaming that she could not help herself. Her heart hammered beneath her stiff-nippled breasts, and her belly was aflame with desire. She was so close to her orgasm. Did she dare? she wondered. Could she get away with it?

Through heavy-lidded eyes Sarah looked quickly around, but still there was no one near the pair. Biting her lip to keep from crying out, then, she gave in, and let the wicked Nikki give her the climax her helpless body craved. She sighed as the sweet syrupy blisses coiled tight about the erect nubbin of her tortured clitoris sprang free and every cell in her fevered flesh suddenly rang with the rich glow of endorphins. Breathless, she rode out wave after wave of the pleasure her lover forced so happily upon her.

When Sarah finally blinked her flushed lids open, she found Nikki gazing glassy-eyed into her face. “You really are a whore, aren’t you?” the girl whispered.

Sarah smiled to herself, for despite the harshness of the brunette’s words, it was clear that her heart was not yet fully in it. Instinctively the slender devil reached for the scepter of command, but still she needed her pliable slave’s willing assistance to work herself back into the simmering sensual rage she craved. “Yes, Mistress,” agreed Sarah, smirking. “I am the absolute *worst* exhibitionistic slut ever. Why, how else would I let myself be masturbated in public...?”

“Exactly,” agreed the older girl, her voice shaky, even though she was the one who had started it all.

“My only regret, though, Mistress,” observed the younger girl contritely, “is that I could not have served you more fully...” She pushed out her lower lip in a dramatically mournful pout.

“A-and how is that, you fucking cunt?” wondered Nikki, her dark eyes gleaming.

“Really, Mistress,” Sarah maintained innocently, “it was absolutely inexcusable of me not to have begged you for even further degradation.”

“True...” replied the other softly. She licked her rich lips as she considered it.

“I should have begged you to strip me bare right here in public,” whispered Sarah, “every inch of me gleaming bare in the sunlight.”

“Even if everybody else could see?” wondered the other girl, her eyes bright.

“*Especially* if everybody else could see,” Sarah confirmed quietly. “Goodness,” she blinked in profound mock-sorrow, “how humiliating that would be for me...”

“Yeah,” chuckled Nikki, “yeah!”

“I should have had my hands cuffed behind my back,” maintained Sarah very solemnly, “and my nipples clamped as hard as they could be—”

“And stretched?” asked Nikki eagerly.

“*Hard*,” agreed Sarah, nodding gently, “so hard, Mistress.” Her smile was calm and soothing. “Mm, you could pull my great big heavy breasts right back over my fucking shoulders—”

“Y-y-yeah...” agreed Nikki raggedly, her porcelain face very red.

“—to make me pant and squeal,” the blonde continued imperturbably. “But of course, if I whimpered and cried, and dared to tell you it was too much, why, then you would just stretch ’em all the harder, wouldn’t you?”

“Of *course*,” whispered the raven-tressed beauty.

Sarah nodded sagely. “Thank you, Mistress,” Sarah replied, contrite and dutiful. “*That’d* teach me.”

“D-definitely,” breathed Nikki, licking her lips.

“And then while people walked by, and gawked and pointed,” asserted Sarah, “you could abuse me in whatever fashion might chance to amuse you. Anything you ever wanted to do to me. Everything!”

“Yeah, *everything*,” murmured Nikki, entranced.

“Oh, the things you would do to me, Mistress,” Sarah clucked fondly, her voice steady despite the thickened peaks that had crinkled up again at the tip of each solid breast, “on and on and on, as I shivered and writhed and screamed under your command, and everyone else would just laugh about what a shameful dirty slut I am...”

Benevolently the younger girl looked into the face of her dear mistress. Nikki’s lovely cream-complected visage was deeply flushed, her gorgeously long-lashed eyelids heavy, her crimson lips parted with her uneven breathing. The poor thing’s jiggling little breasts showed the plums of her nipples sticking straight out and obvious from beneath her clingy T-shirt. Her shapely hips shifted restlessly, and Sarah almost thought her wondering nostrils could just catch the faintest whiff of the cloying fishy odor of her secret arousal.

“Do you think maybe we should go into the restroom in the library now, Mistress?” wondered Sarah quietly. Smiling, she reached out and took Nikki’s slim cool white hand gently in hers. “Would you like that, Mistress?” she asked, almost shyly. “Would you?”

To her extraordinary delight, the nostrils of the dark-haired girl’s narrow nose flared, and then Nikki stood, pulling Sarah to her feet as well. “*Now*, you whore,” she whispered fiercely, urgently, “*right now...*”

Chapter Eleven

The following Friday evening, Nikki suggested they go out for ice cream and take a walk through the city. The weather was fair and not too hot, and Sarah agreed.

They stopped first at the Van Kleek and Van Kleek Tasty Chill, which had stood by the old bank ever since even the girls' parents were little—1960, claimed the giant neon-wreathed clock within the rear of the tiny building. Sarah ordered an old-fashioned chocolate malt, while Nikki got a banana split. They sat on the low concrete wall at the edge of the little parking lot, where a low rise apparently had been cut back, leaving a difference of two or three feet between the higher parking spaces of the little ice cream shop and the much greater expanse of the parking lot shared by the Country Market and the newer businesses in the former bank. They watched the summer traffic, thinned as it was by the relative lack of students, and listened to the crows that cawed through a darkening sky laced with the faint evocative contrails of jetliners too high in the cool thin blue of the stratosphere even to see.

Nikki checked her watch. "I guess I'm about done," she said, even though Sarah saw several bites left.

"Full already?" chuckled Sarah.

"Guess so," shrugged Nikki. She looked wistfully at the ice cream that remained, but, glancing at her watch again, stood up nevertheless. "I feel like that walk now. Want to take your malt?"

"Yeah, there's plenty left for both of us—I'm sure you'll be hungry again later," she opined mildly. "I know that flat little belly of yours likes its pleasures...of all varieties."

"All right," Nikki admitted with a smile. She pushed her garbage into the can and got a drink of lukewarm water from

the aged porcelain fountain set into the heavily repainted old cinderblock wall of the Tasty Chill. “Let’s roll.”

Nikki gave Sarah a quick pat on the ass, and they headed away from campus, back through the city itself, the older, quieter part of the bustling college town. Nikki led the way across the darkening sidewalks as the streetlights came on one by one. Sarah sucked idly at the thick, soothing richness of her malt. Soon, hungry again, Nikki helped her finish the tall drink, then found a trash container.

They moved from areas of off-campus student dwellings and gradually into the quiet curving lanes where professors lived. From the gigantic old homes subdivided for rent—often sporting added balconies or flat-roofed garages for student sun bathing and surrounded by tiny yards worn almost free of grass by the constant passage of sneakered or sandaled feet—they passed among the somewhat smaller yet now infinitely tidier houses built during the postwar college boom. Here homes were trim-painted frame, weathered redwood, ivied brick, all with cozy yards bordered by hedges and gardens. Overhead rose great oaks and maples, and the occasional evergreen, some of which obviously had stood since before the European settlers had dared the swamps and forests that once had covered the entire Great Lakes region.

As darkness fell they breathed in the aromas of freshly mown grass, sun-warmed rustling leaves, and blooming flowers. Nikki’s comfortable pace seemed to be slowing by degrees, though she seemed not to notice it. Sarah saw her check her watch again beneath the glow of a street light, but then Nikki walked on past, not pausing until they stood in the comparative darkness between that light and the next.

Sarah looked around, but she didn’t see anyone else on the street, didn’t see any houses she recognized. “What’s up?” she wondered. “Why are we stopping?”

Nikki glanced critically at the house nearest to them, then peered farther down the sidewalk. “There we go...” she murmured.

“What?”

“Hmm?” Nikki looked at Sarah for the first time in minutes. “Oh, I just wanted to make sure I know where we’re going.” she said lightly.

“Well, I know roughly where we are, of course,” Sarah observed as Nikki led them forward again, “but I’ve never really been through this part of town. I have to admit, one street looks pretty much like any other.”

“Oh, we’re headed a little farther, darling,” Nikki smiled quietly. Cloaked in the darkness, she reached for Sarah’s hand and gave it a brief squeeze.

“Where?” Sarah asked, puzzled. “You don’t know anyone who lives here, do you?”

“Mmm...” Nikki hesitated, then said mischievously, “Not exactly.”

“Not exactly?” Sarah repeated quietly. “And by that you mean...?”

“Well,” sighed Nikki, “maybe I forgot to tell you, but one of Steven’s profs went on sabbatical this summer, and she asked him to house-sit.”

Sarah pursed her lips, suddenly unsure of what she should—could—say. She could not quite sort out the strange mixture of emotions that surged up from the pit of her belly, and she dared not try to voice what she felt. Shock, guilty arousal, embarrassment... Her sweet, naughty Nikki had arranged something else for her, she realized all at once, and she did not know what to do. Certainly she could not even try to let herself guess what that forbidden treat would be.

Regardless of what it was, should she affect more disapproval than she really felt? If she did, would that be a polite little white lie—or would it be a misleading untruth, and a rude spurning of perversions freely offered? And that would be a sure way, would it not, to send her kind and thoughtful mistress into a towering rage? Oh, for how terrible it would be for some undeserving slave to dare oppose the dark-eyed girl’s

imperious will! Yes, a thoughtless slight like that would warrant the sternest and most humiliatingly intimate of punishments...

Yet surely she could not act pleased either...unless that was how Nikki wanted her to react. Did the sly brunette want Sarah to be her slut now? One could not volunteer such behavior, of course, but if one's lover wanted it... Well, if Nikki wanted it, then any unnatural act would be allowable, even laudable—any! Sarah's nipples throbbed uncertainly, growing visibly erect beneath the lacy cups of her bra and the thin cotton of her T-shirt.

Finally Sarah simply hazarded, "And...?"

"Well, gee, Sarah," Nikki said mildly, taking her trembling hand again, "you and I were talking last week, and I guess I figured..." She shrugged. "I guess I just supposed it would be kind of fun if we peeped in on Steven while he masturbated to those pictures of you I let him keep."

Sarah's feet failed her, and she stumbled to a stop. Motionless, she found herself staring wide-eyed into Nikki's face. The light was dim, but she could make out the hint of an impudent smile.

"Gosh, Sarah," Nikki continued blandly, "you don't think there'd be anything too odd about that, do you? I mean, at the time, it seemed natural enough to suggest. And though Steven was a little surprised, he did agree." Disingenuously she added, "Just as a favor to us, of course."

"Yes," breathed Sarah, "I'm sure."

"Just up ahead," Nikki murmured, giving her a tug to start her walking again. "Past this place with the basketball hoop, and then around those hedges over there." She nodded toward a cobbled path that led into a lush garden of flowering shrubs and trellised vines.

"Well..." Sarah bit her lip. Despite the heat, the arm upon which Nikki laid her smooth white hand as she led Sarah forward was covered with goose pimples.

“This way,” urged Nikki, pulling her unresisting lover beneath an obscuring trellis and around the corner of the unfamiliar brick house as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world. “Right through here.”

“But what about the neighbors?” Sarah whispered—praying silently that Nikki had an answer. Her pulse throbbed liquidly between her thighs.

“Don’t worry, honey,” the dark-eyed wench murmured. “Look at those bushes, that fence. The neighbors can’t see in the back yard here. Why, even if there were a light on—”

One of the back windows ahead of them lit up, and a pale swath of light spilled across the grass. Nikki glanced at her watch. “Right on time,” she smiled. “And look up there.”

Sarah followed her eyes to find two folding chairs revealed by the light from inside the window. Sitting alone in the otherwise dark lawn, they were like seats in some open-air theater of the surreal. “Why, Nikki...” Sarah breathed.

“Yes,” nodded the other, “for us.” She gestured elegantly with one arm. “Pick a chair, angel-face.”

Her cheeks warm, Sarah sat in one of the slatted wooden chairs. A pair of binoculars lay in the grass by the leg of her chair, and she picked them up slowly, weighing them in her sweating hand. She raised her eyebrow at Nikki, who bent solicitously over her.

“Those?” asked Nikki with blinking innocence. “Oh, that makes sense, doesn’t it? Why, even with front-row seats like these, you wouldn’t go to the opera without opera glasses, would you?” She pulled up her chair next to Sarah—but on second thought she rose again and placed hers behind the blonde. “There,” said Nikki as she scooted up close to Sarah and nuzzled her lips into Sarah’s fragrant golden waves. “Comfy?”

“Yes,” breathed Sarah softly, “thank you.”

“You’re most welcome, sweetie,” Nikki purred, her breath tickling the nape of Sarah’s neck. Kissing her lightly

about the ear, the girl began touching Sarah's shoulders idly. "Why don't you see if the show's going to begin?"

Leaning back comfortably into Nikki's soft caresses, Sarah let her breath come slow and easy. The older girl's hands traveled across her shoulders and her forearms, even reached forward to run reverently across the full mounds of her breasts. Nikki's palms cradled those big boobs lovingly, lingering over the turgid nubbins of sensitive flesh that crowned the soft meat. Sighing faintly, the brunette scratched at those crinkled peaks through the moist cotton of Sarah's thin T-shirt. She cupped and squeezed possessively, catching Sarah's swollen nipples as she knew the dirty blonde adored.

Trembling as her lover stroked her warm flesh, Sarah looked into the lighted window. A young man stood within a smallish room, perhaps the guest bedroom. He was a bit shorter than she had imagined, with curly red-brown hair, and a face that seemed ever so slightly delicate, yet rather subtly handsome—Sarah couldn't quite put her finger on what caused the effect. The boy's blue eyes were guileless and cheery, his bushy eyebrows expressive. The chin upon which his goatee grew was rather pointed, and the neck beneath elegantly slim. His shoulders were not bulky, but they were wide and well-proportioned and attractive.

He wore a retro-seventies red silk shirt that flowed shining and smooth across long muscles. The untucked shirttails revealed a hint of a beautifully taut young belly, while the baggy jean shorts suggested narrow hips so different from a woman's slinky roundness and yet somehow distinctly exciting. Sarah licked her lips faintly as the man almost seemed to nod, smiling, in their direction...then slowly began to strip himself before them.

"Why don't you use the binoculars?" Nikki murmured, sucking gently at Sarah's blood-warmed earlobe. Leaving one hand to squeeze and pluck back and forth at Sarah's bosom, she snaked her other down Sarah's fluttering belly and opened her khaki shorts with clumsy, endearing haste.

Nikki's high little breasts pressed softly into Sarah's back as the brunette reached through Sarah's tangled gold curls and began to toy idly between the wet nakedness of her thickened pussy lips. It was so comfortable, so reassuring.

Her eyes wide, Sarah raised the binoculars, and the picture within the house—which was only a few yards in front of them anyway—seemed to jump right up into her flushed face, more than filling her gaze. Her breath caught in her throat as she stared at the sleek-muscled young man who slowly unbuttoned his bright shirt and then with an inflaming casualness shrugged it off his wide masculine shoulders, down his rounded biceps, and onto the polished wood floor. His chest was not too hairy, and his male nipples were small and flat and reddish, intriguingly different from a woman's. He was not bulky and grotesque like some vain, strutting body-builder, and his more restrained naturalness was all the more thrilling for its very realness.

Steven gyrated his hips almost shyly, still self-consciously, as he unbuckled his belt and then unsnapped and unzipped his denim shorts. Pursing his lips hesitantly, he wriggled the garment over his flat hips and down firm athletic young legs that were covered with curling brown-gold hairs. Standing barefoot in his white boxers, he kicked the shorts away across the slippery hardwood.

Sarah gazed entranced at the front of his loose underwear, her green eyes unblinking. As he moved sinuously she sensed a faint springiness within the thin cotton. Despite the awkwardness of the strange situation, Sarah wondered in awe, was this becoming as exciting for him as it was for the girls? Yes, she saw, flattered, it was... She watched in silence as the pressure in the boxer shorts grew more evident, the unseen flesh beneath the fabric pushing ever outward, ever higher.

Nikki could see it, too, though without the binoculars she could not ogle him as blatantly as Sarah. Smiling into her neck, the impish Nikki prodded her watering twat. "Nice, huh?" she observed. "Enjoy, darling—enjoy." She pushed her middle finger into Sarah's gaping hole right up to the last

knuckle, then slowly withdrew it to smear the generous evidence of Sarah's arousal all about the pouting exterior of her vulva.

Sarah could not help gasping at the treatment. "V-v-very nice," she returned softly, trying to steady the trembling hands that held the field glasses. Nikki penetrated her deeply again, and again. "Would—would you like to use these, too, baby?"

"Thanks, sweetie, no," Nikki smiled into her neck. "I can see fine. Besides," she said, shuddering in her own need, "I want both hands on you. I just really need to feel you now. I've been waiting all day..."

Sarah moaned as Nikki worked her over, drawing lazy circles around the tremulous morsel of her erect clitoris, squeezing at one thick nipple and then another. And she smiled drowsily at the sight of Steven now finally pulling down his flouncy boxers.

Suddenly his penis was there before her unbelieving eyes, shockingly naked. About the size...well, Sarah didn't really know. It was still only half-erect, she supposed, springy and yet not as fat and turgid and high as it soon would become. The head was mushroom-shaped and dark, somehow enticing and vulnerable at the same time as it swelled before a slightly thinner shaft that was still soft enough to contain a few wrinkles. Even as she watched, his loose-skinned balls slowly drew up tighter, rising expectantly toward the curly triangle of his lower belly.

Sarah sighed appreciatively as his hand slid with coy hesitance across a flat masculine hipbone and down toward his genitals. Steven's tapering artistic fingers glided lightly down bare flesh half filled with his pounding blood, then gingerly wrapped about the shaft of his cock. He smiled sheepishly, and gave himself a comfortable squeeze—and to Sarah's wicked delight, the meat within his hand swelled and stiffened further, rising. Gradually he took to stroking his fist up and down the rod of manly flesh, rolling the loose skin piled up behind what she believed must have been the circumcision scar back and

forth across the reddened rim of his sensitive corona. It looked like it felt good.

Breathing deep, Sarah dropped her right hand from the binoculars and reached it hurriedly behind her. Stretching, she squirmed her arm under Nikki's and reached back under the girl's skirt to find the poor thing's untouched crotch hopelessly wet. Sarah pushed impatiently past panties slick with lubrication and burrowed in moist sable tangles until she stuck her fingertips right into the squelching pink of her dear Nikki's open cunt. Thrilling, Sarah pinched the very center of the girl's desires between a gentle finger and thumb, squeezing the tender purple meat of a swollen little clitoris from the shy folds in which it had nestled, and when the tremulous nodule protruded like a fingertip, she began to touch it softly.

Nikki shivered pleasantly against her back, groaning as she prodded Sarah ever more urgently. Panting in the dim romantic night where crickets chirped and fireflies blinked yellow-green and cool, they watched Steven as he stroked himself behind the uncurtained glass. The man pumped his rigid, out-thrust organ idly while he walked the few steps to the night table and reached for some photographs lying there. Sarah smiled, for in the eyepiece that trembled with her hand she recognized her own familiar form in the glossy prints.

The boy gave a brief, somehow courteous nod to the girls who sat writhing in the oblong of light just beyond the window, and then he lay down naked across his bed. Angling the pictures in his left hand a little more carefully so that Sarah could see them as well, he began masturbating in earnest. Steven's breathing came faster as he gazed upon the portraits, his eyes scanning feverishly across the cheesecake shot of Sarah posed in the doorway of the bedroom, across the photo wherein she squeezed her own naked jugs up from the cups of her brassiere so that she could twist and suck at the aching pink-brown thimbles of her great crinkled nipples.

His hand moved ever more urgently as he blinked at the picture of Sarah sitting open-legged in the big easy chair, smirking as she dug her shameless fingers into the ripped

crotch of her black nylons to spread the velvety labia of her gaping pussy invitingly. Biting his lip, the boy stared mesmerized at the portrait of the flush-faced Nikki as she wallowed selflessly in Sarah's glistening cunt, thrumming the blonde's naked clitoris contentedly with her wild, talented tongue. Sweating, he jerked himself helplessly, faster, harder.

Whimpering on the brink of orgasm, Nikki placed her sticky fingertips all about the tender point of bliss that was Sarah's clitoris and polished the panting blonde devotedly. Sarah felt the fire pulse liquidly up from the open pink chalice of her fragrant cunt, through every agonized nerve ending in her fluttering body. Her nipples were hot and tight and hard as Nikki plucked frantically at them. Reeling happily, she pushed her delirious fingers ever more urgently within Nikki's wondrously furry pussy, feeling the girl begin to spasm gratefully about her. Heavy-lidded eyes unblinking, they stared entranced at the spectacle on the other side of the window.

As the girls watched, the veins in Steven's tortured manhood pulsed visibly. The darkened, throbbing meat in his rhythmic fist twitched, and as the rod stiffened in comfortable convulsion, the tiny slit at the tip of the organ's purpled head began to dilate spasmodically. Crying out in their joy, climaxing together, Sarah and Nikki smiled in serene bliss as Steven stared longingly at the dirty photographs and the boy's agonized balls contracted helplessly.

Sarah had not known quite what to expect. Certainly she had never seen anything like this before—well, not in real life, anyway, she amended mentally. In all her dirty prowling along the gritty back alleys of internet pornography, she had observed countless ejaculations, and their intensities had covered every point upon a bell curve of the intimately perverse. Sometimes in amateur films she had witnessed semen just oozing or dribbling out, while most of the time it seemed to glop out in jets of various strengths, and now and then some lucky man just gasped and reeled and absolutely soaked his partner with a dozen jolts of cum. It all depended, she supposed, on how long it had been since the poor thing

had come, and perhaps on how much time he had spent getting aroused as well. Really, though, the oh-so physical phenomenon of the male orgasm was still something of a mystery to the comparatively sheltered girl.

Now, however, the wide-eyed blonde gasped in delight. The boy erupted, beautifully, and it thrilled her that every dirty squirt was a flattering testament to her undeniable physical charms. Gout after gout of the pearly globules of his sperm squirted straight up in an explosive fountain of messy masculine desire. God, how primitive it was, how liquid and unrestrained, so unlike the less demonstrative tremors of the female climax. Belatedly she tried to count the sweet spasms—six or eight, at least, probably ten or more, each clenching contraction making the happy boy wince in his joy. Every goopy spurt in turn seemed to hang there for a moment, gluey-gray and frothy and gleaming. Then those spatters fell slowly back to cover his belly—absolutely *cover* it, she thrilled!—with heavy strings of goo. If he could have, she realized in quiet awe, he would have pumped that sticky load of cum right into the bottom of her soft pink vagina.

His surrender was exquisite and complete, and at last, breathless, he collapsed back against the sweaty pillows, happily spent. He gazed drowsily at the photographs for a moment, then let his hand fall to the night table. The young man's flesh shone with a sheen of sweat and, even more noticeably, with the wetness of the great dollops of splooge which thickly spattered his abdomen and his chest. There was so much sperm, Sarah saw wonderingly...and it was all for her. Why, the very thought of her had emptied the poor boy. What a feeling of power it gave her!

Shuddering, Sarah turned around and Frenched Nikki passionately for a long, endless moment. She gripped the wench's pleasant little breasts hungrily, squeezing her nipples with fingertips slicked but a moment before in Nikki's smelly pussy. The moisture darkened the girl's blouse, and Sarah smiled at the wet finger marks she left on her girlfriend's lightly clothed tits.

Then, while the usually resolute Nikki suddenly hesitated in uncertainty, Sarah stood and led her lover into the house, where Steven lay motionless in his bed, his breath gradually slowing by degrees, his naked flesh still coated with the copious spatters of his semen. As he blinked up at them, shy and grateful and sleepy, Sarah bent her tousled blonde head and gently scraped her hands along the trembling skin of the boy's forbidden belly and chest, scooping up the cooling dollops of his cum into one naughty, sticky handful. His flaccid penis was the size of her thumb, stirring faintly like some restless little animal as she maneuvered her hands impassively across his abdomen.

As the boy watched, wide-eyed, and as Nikki stood silent at her side, Sarah stared fascinated at the palm which cradled the stringy coils of his semen, as curious as if she held some deadly explosive. Each dangerous drop of this fluid, she knew, could have fertilized a million incautious girls, and here he had just jerked it out over the mere sight of her photographs. Thrilling that the mere thought of her unattainable feminine flesh had drained this proud young man so, Sarah massaged the slippery seminal fluids into her pretty hands like a lotion, slowly, purposefully.

“Thank you,” Sarah whispered with grave courtesy. Placing the cool wet palms of her red-nailed hands upon Steven's ever so slightly stubbled cheeks, Sarah leaned lower. Her stiff-nippled full breasts swayed in their moist T-shirt so temptingly close above him as she kissed the boy chastely upon his flushed forehead. At the electric contact his poor wilted little penis suddenly puffed up, swelling from a thumb-sized tube of creased skin to a full, red pillar of taut meat with just a few quickening beats of his pounding heart. While the girls stared quietly, he reached down in helpless arousal to jerk himself off again.

Unblinking before the beautiful sight, Sarah stood and began to fondle her breasts through her shirt. Her nipples were big and swollen and sensitive again, and she found herself raising the thin cotton to her neck and scooping her heavy

mounds half out of her brassiere cups so that she might toy with the great pink-brown puckers more directly. It felt good—and it was such a terrible joy to be watched. She tugged on her nipples assertively, pulling them long, twisting them deliciously. The man would suck them if he could, she knew, but right now all he could do was to writhe helplessly before her. Steven's eyes were wide and worshipful, his face red, his phallus dark with desire.

Distantly she felt her khaki shorts being unfastened again and slid down her hips, felt Nikki's fingertips gliding lightly over her bare haunches. The night air was cool on her lower belly, on her naked thighs. Sarah smiled benignly down at the poor man who gazed dreamily up at her as he pleased himself before the two girls. He licked his lips as Nikki bared that moist blonde pussy, and he breathed deep of her heady scent. Oh, that was where he longed to squirt himself, she knew, but such simply could not be. He would have to settle for the sight and smell of her, while he touched only himself. She moved her feet farther apart to separate her warm thighs, and she watched the way his eyes widened.

Silently she urged him on, watching his hand moving faster and faster upon his poor aching flesh. Then her breath caught in her throat as her dear Nikki knelt before her and buried her flushed, exultant face in the tender folds of Sarah's agitated womanhood. She groaned as Nikki slobbered so hungrily within her. Sweet fire pulsed liquidly at the core of her being.

Steven watched Nikki's desperate feasting, watched Sarah's quivering reaction. Swaying, Sarah fought to keep her eyes open, too. She would not miss an instant.

On the morning of Sarah's birthday the girl woke to find herself gasping in excruciating joy. She lay confused for a moment, her hips bucking of their own accord as she tried

unsuccessfully to separate the wicked Sapphic orgy of which she had been dreaming from whatever reality now was being stuffed into her open cunt. For a long, delicious moment nothing made any sense.

She had dreamed that a houseful of the most beautiful sorority girls on campus had invited her to their respectable ivied dwelling on some pretext or another. The desirable wenches had smiled and chatted and flirted with her so that somehow they convinced her to perform a slow striptease for them. It was only in fun, they assured her, only a joke—there was nothing sexual about it at all, really. In the real world, of course, it would make no sense whatsoever, and yet in Sarah's shameless dream world the situation suddenly seemed so plausible, so normal, that she could not deny the seemingly innocent request.

As she stepped up on the stage before them, Sarah's nipples had burned at their appreciative eyes sweeping her gleaming flesh, and her thighs had grown betrayingly moist. Perhaps it really was only a harmless little game, but...well, she did seem to notice that some of the watchers' eyes gazed upon her less with amusement than with a secret simmering interest. God, how naughty that was! The thought that some of these supposedly proper young women actually desiring her nude body was powerfully arousing for her and it was a dirty thrill to see how much she could excite them as well. She swayed her body as she slowly began to unbutton her blouse. How pretty her watchers were, and how eager they grew! Sarah smiled to herself at the dirty power she wielded.

The sorority sisters observed closely as she touched herself for them, teasingly, trying to make them respond. Sarah caressed her shoulders and the curves of her hips, feigning shyness as she slowly cast her garments aside and pranced about in only her panties and her bra. She rolled her hips purposefully, she turned her back and peeked slyly at them over a naked shoulder, she let a swath of gold fall across her face and then smiled out teasingly from behind the glowing strands. She squeezed her big jugs so that her nipples stood up

full and dark behind the thin lace. She watched their hungry eyes, feeling pretty and powerful and wanted.

Then, at long last, Sarah slithered out of her teasing undergarments and gyrated silently before them, soft and gleaming and white. She cupped her full breasts as if to hide them, and the coy action—which inflamed far more than it covered—made her audience shift restlessly in their seats. Grinding her hips, Sarah fondled her bosom gently, making the creamy flesh ripple, making the nipples press fat and thick into her palms. She rubbed her thighs together and felt the pleasant oozing drip of her shameless lubrication. Some of those girls licked their lips, she saw.

Sarah's pulse thudded heavily in her crotch as she tiptoed up to the very edge of the stage and sat down with her heels drawn up and her knees spread wide. Her labia, hairy and smelly and swollen, squelched as they came stickily apart before the others' wondering eyes. Though many in the audience watched her with pupils already dilated with lust, she liked to think that some of the hesitant straight girls out there were eyeing her uncertainly, with growing disquiet, as they tried to tell themselves that seeing another woman's naked body gyrating teasingly before them was not in any way exciting, not in the very least... But, oh, she would make those naughty good-girls desire her! Before she was through, she vowed silently, those hesitant things would beg for the taste of her pussy.

Pouting prettily, Sarah began to toy with her nipples. She stroked them, she gathered them between shameless thumbs and fingers, and she squeezed them. Shivering in her own need, longing wordlessly for red-nailed fingertips to dig wide her cunt and for uninhibited tongues to slather about her throbbing clit, she treated herself ever more roughly. She pinched and pulled and twisted the thickened pink-brown buds, for herself and for the others. On and on she stretched her sensitive erectile tissue, really making herself feel it. Her poor untouched clitoris throbbed with mindless desire.

Still fondling her heavy breasts with one hand, Sarah reached her other slowly down her sweating belly. Staring into the lustful young eyes unblinking before her, she took to stroking the skin of her inner thighs. She teased herself, shivering with hungry desire. Once or twice she slipped a fingertip into the very top of her cunt, finding it overflowing with juices. Scarcely able to restrain herself, she held up the glistening digit for all to see and slowly rubbed the smelly fluids between fingertip and thumb. She stared down at the pretty girls as they watched her.

What Sarah really wanted to do was just reach right in and masturbate in their shocked faces. Her whole body rang with the terrible desire. She wanted to peel back her wet labia and put her bunched fingertips all about the poor neglected morsel of her clitoris and simply frig herself off wildly before her wide-eyed audience. She was so aroused that she could have done it half a dozen times. Her hand trembled as it glided across her thigh. The only thing better, she knew, would be to provoke these pretty young things into satisfying her themselves. Sarah smiled dirtily at the thought.

On and on Sarah teased herself before them. Sometimes she stroked her trembling thighs. Sometimes she scratched her nails through her damp blonde pubic bush. Sometimes she slicked her dainty fingertip in the smelly garden of her pussy and then dragged the glistening fingertip across a fearsomely thickened nipple. More than once, then, she pushed a heavy mound up to her flushed face and licked herself off. She pouted, she posed, she smacked her lips dirtily. And through it all she stared back into their eyes, challengingly...pleadingly.

Eventually it seemed that her seductresses had taken pity upon the poor girl. They swarmed onto the stage and carried her upstairs to a wide room lit with the rosy golden glow of innumerable candles. There they lashed her with silken cords to a huge crimson-sheeted bed where she writhed in a pleasurable agony of frustration. Moaning as they stared at her with incurious eyes, she struggled against her bonds, unable to touch her own pale curves and swells as they made her desire

to do. No longer could she care about the excitement of the others—now she could think only of herself. Her neglected flesh twitched, untouched, and if it had not been for her bonds, she would have just reached down and rubbed herself into a shrieking delirium, no matter how many eyes were upon her. How desperately she needed her orgasm!

She watched helplessly then while every sultry sorority sister stripped her own sleek young body naked and slid kittenishly into bed. Spread eagled in her bonds, Sarah quivered amid a living collage of nude feminine flesh. The terrible wenches teased her mercilessly without truly pleasuring her palpitating body. If she could have hooked one of those pretty cunts with a restless finger or perhaps caught one of those fresh young nipples between her hungry teeth, she might have been able to force one of those sweet sorority sluts to relent and pleasure her as she so desperately needed. Yet though jiggling nude breasts and fragrant hairy pussies slithered all about her, she could not quite capture even one.

Then, somehow, Nikki entered. She wore only a pair of gleaming black latex pants and beautiful spiked heels, while her torso and arms gleamed white and bare. Her kissable red lips were pursed and her slim arms were crossed beneath her bouncy little breasts. She stared at the terrible, beautiful scene for a long moment, her glossy black tresses swaying about an ivory throat.

Sarah gazed up at her helplessly. “Help me, Nikki,” she pleaded. “Please, baby, *please!*”

Smirking, the lean brunette merely cocked an eyebrow at her defenseless lover. Staring challengingly into Sarah’s eyes, she did no more than take her hands from opposite biceps and cup her own springy breasts absently.

“Please,” Sarah begged, writhing, “please! Oh, Nikki, baby, help me!”

Idly Nikki touched her own nipples. They were tight and dark, and temptingly long. She ran a fingertip lightly over each one.

“Oh, Nikki, honey,” moaned Sarah, “I’ll do anything! Please, please just let me come.” The other girls stared down at her, ringed silently about the bed, naked and taunting.

Nikki pursed her naughty red lips and played with her lengthened teats before Sarah’s feverish gaze. She caught the base of each puckered areola between graceful fingers and thumbs and tugged hard. Despite her facade of control, her dark eyes grew dreamy.

“Please, Nikki,” Sarah whimpered, “I’ll do anything you want, anything! Just please, *please* make me come, sweetie. Please, *please*...”

Nikki tortured her own pretty nipples, relentlessly. She squeezed them, pinched them, and pulled them. Her face contorted with the dirty joy.

“Nikki,” breathed Sarah, red-faced, “Nikki! Oh, Nikki—please, baby, please...”

Breathing raggedly, the beautiful Nikki stood majestic on her spike heels, her latex-covered thighs squeezed tight together between her shapely young hips. Feverishly she masturbated like that, her sensitive nipples stretched to fantastic lengths.

It was beautiful. Sarah watched helplessly as her dear love began to shiver and gasp—

And at the very moment of her lovely climax, as the raven-maned girl’s ruby lips parted and her voice moaned and sighed from behind her gleaming white teeth, somehow her slender right hand released its grip upon her left breast, and the arm flashed quickly behind her long shapely hip, and when it came back, her little white fist was clenched around the plaited handle of a great bullwhip. Nikki’s once-drowsy eyes snapped wide open, and even as she swayed there, thighs grinding together, she began to whip the bound blonde with unrestrained savagery.

“Take that, you whore!” laughed the dark-haired girl maniacally. “Take *that!*” Even as she rode out the throes of her own beautiful orgasm, hips churning while the red-nailed fingers of her left hand plucked rapidly back and forth at the

pointed tips of her own springy bosoms, again and again rose and fell the tremendous length of swooping steer hide clutched in her punishing right fist. Leather flailed and snapped and whined, each explosive crack marking the cleaving of tortured air as the vicious tip of the whip redoubled upon itself and broke the sound barrier. Even the sound would have paralyzed the strongest heart.

Yet poor Sarah was assailed not merely with the sound of that cruel instrument but with its full-on hell-fire caress. Over and over the venomous tip of the bullwhip tore into her pulled-open flesh—her fluttering belly, the heaving mounds of her breasts, her swelling hips, her tender inner thighs. Each merciless stroke burned, it cut, and it slashed. Sobbing in her unendurable agony, Sarah tried to plead somehow, tried to beg for mercy, but that weakness simply inflamed her dark-eyed mistress all the more, and as Nikki laughed breathlessly, that lovely white forearm laid on the whip with an almost unbelievable ferocity.

God, the pain! And the humiliation of being treated like this, no longer even a human being but merely a piece of meat upon which to take out one's terrible frustrations! And to make it worse, all those sorority girls simply looked on, silent and wide-eyed. Why, that was almost the worst, being exposed before all of those calm, leering eyes that knew her every dirty secret. Sarah's agonized body was wet all over—wet with tears, wet with the perspiration of her terror, wet with the vaginal lubrication that oozed glistening and smelly and slippery, wet with the blood of a hundred gashes that pierced her pale flesh, deep and irreparably wounding.

She could not bear it; she knew grimly, could not live through this unutterable brutality. All the other girls watched and laughed and murmured, but poor abused Sarah could only wail unheeded in her terror and her pain. Cringing, she raised her tear-streaked face to goggle piteously down at her savaged white flesh—and all at once her eyes went wide. Her brain reeled. For every mark of that torturing whip, every gash that split her poor flesh wide...why each one had turned somehow into a vagina, puffy-lipped and aroused, gaping and glistening pink within and fringed at the edges with the wispiest growth

of virginal blonde down. Her confused body was absolutely covered with cunts, crisscrossed with beckoning slits, with nary an inch of her that was not completely and perversely sexualized.

And as she blinked down open-mouthed, each extra set of genitals throbbed, and from the upper junction every single one grew an engorged purple clitoris, giant as thumbs and standing upright like bare little penises. Wonderingly she rolled her eyes up to the punishing Nikki, who had stayed her hand and who now merely smiled down calm and serene. Wordlessly the girl nodded, and at her queenly consent, then, the wicked sluts who ringed her about turned their full attention to their pretty blonde toy, covering every square inch of Sarah's delighted flesh with wanton lips and tongues—

In reality, she realized slowly, roused from her languid dream, her sweet Nikki had awakened before her, and had begun sucking her musky blonde cunt... How dear of the dirty angel! Writhing, Sarah reached up mindlessly to tug at the swollen pink-brown fistfuls of her own nipples, feeling the extra sensation run quivering along every overloaded neural pathway to combine with the unasked-for bliss that already filled her soul to the brim. Indulgently she tortured herself.

Her excited pussy glistening with her shameless lubrication, Sarah gasped in ecstasy as she felt Nikki's beautiful tongue slithering insistently through every sopping fold of her womanhood. Gripping Sarah's hips devotedly, the dark-eyed girl probed, she licked, she sucked—on and on and on, until Sarah's all-consuming orgasm coursed heady and syrupy and strong through her hungry flesh, and finally the reeling blonde could take no more.

“Oh, *Nikki!*” she moaned, fulfilled. “Thank you, baby, thank you!”

“You're welcome, darling,” Nikki murmured, climbing up so that she lay face to face with Sarah. The girl leaned forward and opened her smelly lips, and Sarah could not help Frenching her gratefully, tasting the salty tang of her own cunt

in her lover's talented mouth. "Happy birthday, birthday girl," Nikki smiled.

"Thanks, honey." Sarah reached into the heavy dark mass of Nikki's hair and tousled it gently. "I knew you wouldn't forget."

"Why, of course not!" Nikki exclaimed. "Goodness, I would never forget my roommate's birthday." She looked owlshly thoughtful, and then continued, "Nor would I forget that I had planned to get her comfortably fucked this evening."

"Nikki!" gasped Sarah, wide-eyed. "But—"

"But nothing, beautiful butt," insisted Nikki impishly. "Oh, I'm not going to let some impressionable—and fertile— young stud like Steven anywhere near that slick pink blonde heaven of yours. But I figured I knew where I could find an agreeable older gentleman, an amiable rogue who might safely service you. I arranged it all last week," she shrugged, "so there's no need for your coy protests." She added as an afterthought, "I must admit, however, that such coquetry does make me a little wet between my innocent young thighs. So continue if you must."

"Nikki," said Sarah, blushing, "that's so sweet of you... but we just couldn't. Watching Steven was fun, baby, but this—why, you don't have to do this. Besides, it would be dangerous..."

"Do you remember how I told you I took that poetry class at the community college my freshman year?" wondered Nikki.

"I guess so," Sarah replied unwillingly, pursing her lips at her lover's sly misdirection. "Why?"

"Remember I talked about the professor, Norm Peck? He was good, certainly knew his stuff and knew how to reach students." Nikki shrugged with her pretty eyebrows and continued, "He was a wonderfully polite old lecher, too."

"Nikki," exclaimed Sarah, concerned, "you never told me that!"

“Oh, there was nothing unprofessional about Mr. Peck,” added Nikki hastily. “Not really, anyway. Like I said, he was a great professor—and, you know, I think he was Phillip Rodney’s prof back when Dr. Rodney was going to school. Mr. Peck must be pushing sixty. He’s tall and thin, with a shock of white hair on top, very distinguished. He’s debonair in a sort of world-weary way. He never did anything untoward, Sarah, but...well, I could tell by his eyes that he was a real connoisseur of cunt.” She smiled. “We talked a lot after class, because he was very interesting and knew a lot about literature and history. I think he liked the chance to unwind, too. I used to sit on this old brocaded blue couch in his office... He was very careful, but, honey, I could tell that if I’d asked him, he would have fucked me silly. Those knowing old eyes...” She shook her head fondly.

“You mean he never tried...?” frowned Sarah.

“Oh, no, sweetie,” confirmed Nikki, “never. But last week I called him. He remembered me, of course, and we arranged to meet at the coffee shop across the street from the college.”

“But, Nikki,” protested Sarah, vaguely expectant despite herself, “no matter how nice he is, it still wouldn’t be, you know...safe.”

“He’s close to sixty,” smiled Nikki, “and he’s been married four or five times. He’s got one kid, a couple years older than we are, and after that he had a vasectomy.”

“How in the world does something like that come up in conversation?” wondered Sarah, her eyes narrowing.

“I don’t know,” laughed Nikki, “it just did. And I asked again last week just to make sure.”

“Still,” insisted Sarah gravely, “what about diseases? He doesn’t sound like the kind I’d trust about stuff like that.”

“We can trust him,” Nikki assured her. “He talks the talk, but he just doesn’t walk the walk anymore, not in the age of AIDS and political correctness. Oh, to hear him tell it, back in the sixties and early seventies he took what was offered. But

not for years now. He's an avuncular fellow, Sarah, but most of the little coeds probably don't realize how cute he is in a distinguished sort of way...or how talented his experience must make him. He may look, but he doesn't get the chance to touch." She reached for Sarah's hand. "Again, darling, I asked him last week. For such a dirty old man, he's been uncomfortably clean for years. He swears it."

"Nikki," Sarah said slowly, uncertain of exactly how she should react, "I can hardly believe you went to see him." She was fiercely, guiltily aroused and yet mortified with embarrassment all at once. She felt somehow that she should not want to experience a man, not when she had her sweet lover...but she just could not help herself. Well, it was her nature, she supposed, to try both sides, to revel in some dirty heterosexual dalliances even though her more fulfilling relationship was the beautiful symmetry of a lesbian union. "I mean, you told him that *I* wanted—" She bit her lip, unable to say it.

"You're welcome," Nikki smiled slyly, winking with infuriating understanding at her discomposure. "You'll have to wait until this evening for your birthday present. But right now," she sighed, rolling away onto her back, "you may thank me more fully, in advance."

Dark eyes dreamy, shining sable waves flowing across the pale pillowcase, Nikki drew up her knees, elevating her moist young pussy. Unashamedly, she reached both hands down into her luxuriant black muff to spread her split pink wide, and Sarah suddenly caught a strong whiff of the excited odor of her savory flesh. As Sarah sat up, she could see the girl's engorged little clitoris protruding from its protective folds like a pearl in a salty clam. Sarah's mouth began to water helplessly.

"Thank you," Sarah breathed...and she threw herself, flush-faced and slobbering, into the comforting wet velvet of Nikki's beautiful cunt.

Chapter Twelve

That afternoon they waited for Professor Peck to arrive. Sarah sat nervously on the couch, while Nikki rested her head reassuringly on the blonde's shoulder. They chatted as well as the anxious Sarah was able. Eventually, though, conversation faltered. They sat in silence for several long moments—but then suddenly Sarah realized that the older girl had drawn back and was looking directly at her.

Sarah swallowed uncomfortably. “M-M-Mistress?” she gulped in trepidation.

The other, however, merely flashed a benign smile and reached out to pat Sarah's hand gently.

Sarah licked her lips. “Wh-what is it...N-Nikki?” she asked, still a little uncertain.

But apparently she had guessed right, for the dark-haired beauty showed no anger but instead merely contemplated the tip of her toe for a long moment, her lips pursed. “I believe,” Nikki said at last, calmly and with a quiet determination, “that I'm going to tell my family soon.”

Sarah must have looked puzzled. “About what?”

At this Nikki stopped, leaned forward as if in disbelief, and looked her straight in the face. “About us, you dumb blonde,” she chuckled with faint amusement. “My God, what else?”

Poor Sarah could only stare open-mouthed. Oh, she knew how she herself felt, of course, and yet despite the hopes she had not even dared let herself name, she never really quite knew about Nikki. Sometimes, after all the dark-eyed angel could be simply the most open-hearted and devoted lover the younger girl could ever imagine. To fall in love with this smooth, shapely, utterly feminine creature would be so, so easy.

At other times, though...well, sometimes that imperious, enigmatic wench simply *used* the poor blonde, with no more compunction than if the pliant buxom girl had been an inanimate plastic dildo. Sarah had never quite been able to shake the cloying feeling that someday, just maybe, she might find herself equally disposable... Sometimes, very secretly, she brooded about it bitterly, or sobbed herself silently to sleep. At times she told herself that she should break free of the older girl's thrall somehow—but of course she could not, as her mistress had demonstrated with such smirking nonchalance on the drive home from the cornfield, when she showed Sarah the cell phone picture that, if necessary, could serve as the most intimate and inescapable blackmail, for ever and ever and ever.

And besides...well, despite her embarrassment and her shame, even in the midst of such degradation Sarah could not help becoming helplessly, guiltily aroused. She did not *want* to escape. God, to lie there exposed and open, completely at the inventive girl's non-existent mercy! Her wrists cuffed useless and helpless, the poor sensitive pink-brown peaks of her full breasts clamped tight and then stretched to the burning limit of their agonized endurance, every dilated pink inch of her innermost womanhood offered up for sacrifice on the altar of this savagely demanding goddess— Ah, the wicked joy, the contentment of posing there nude and ready beneath those serenely simmering dark eyes and knowing that everything was all right and that every desire, no matter how shocking or unspeakable, was allowable, even laudable, in the service of her stern mistress. How that sable-haired devil could pique and satiate her every gluttonous sense!

Yet still, uncertainty had gnawed at Sarah for months on end, since the very beginning. Nikki was her roommate, her friend, her lover...her gloriously shining mistress. Sarah was teased and pleased, used and abused, thrilled and fulfilled, more than she had ever imagined possible. But what was she, exactly, to this commanding, crooked-lipped siren? she had always wondered. Yet now...

Scarcely believing she had understood correctly, Sarah for a moment just gazed back wide-eyed at the brunette who

seemed so open and guileless beside her. Finally, shyly, she whispered, “Y-you mean...?”

Again those beautiful dark eyes goggled at her incredulously. “I love you, Sarah,” the girl breathed solemnly. “I mean, gosh, you know, don’t you, that—”

At this, though, Sarah, whimpering, simply threw her arms around the other girl and hugged her tight. “Oh, Nikki!” she murmured almost incoherently into those fragrant raven waves. “*Nikki!*” Desperately she kissed at the soft silken skin of her lover’s neck, and the fuzzy lobe of her blazing ear. “God, honey, I’ve just—” She struggled to catch her breath. “I love you so much, and I—I didn’t know, and—it just...”

“It’s okay,” whispered Nikki, caressing the back of her neck beneath the masses of glowing gold, “it’s okay...” At length she drew back and kissed Sarah on the tip of her nose. “I’m sorry, honey,” she said a little sheepishly. The corners of her eyes were faintly moist. “I didn’t mean to—” She shrugged those expressive smoky eyebrows and shook her head in a touching gesture of helplessness. “I guess it takes awhile before you can really say it, finally.” She blinked, then let out her breath slowly. “But when you do...” Again she shook her head in slow wonderment, making glossy sable bounce and sway.

Very tenderly, then, the pair kissed, with their lips chastely closed. Sarah’s heart hammered joyously beneath her heavy bosoms. It felt suddenly light, a miraculous thing of no weight or care, something softly winged and ready to soar. How free she felt now, how contented and clear-eyed and certain, as if seeing the world anew for the very first time! She rubbed her nose tenderly upon Nikki’s warm cheek, then leaned back to smile at the older girl, dreamy and affectionate.

Nikki beamed back. She drummed her fingers on Sarah’s knee for a moment. “I don’t want to have to hide who I am. We’ve been together quite a while now, Sarah, and it’s the real thing. I *know* it is. I don’t want to sneak around, and pretend, and lie. I just want to be happy.”

“I think you’re right, baby,” Sarah agreed at length, taking her hand. “I know I love you, and that’s all that matters.

I—I guess it is about time to tell our families.”

“How’ll yours take it?” wondered Nikki, staring off at the ceiling.

“Well...okay, I suppose,” replied Sarah, “even though it must be a little odd for them. I mean, when you have kids, you probably just naturally expect they’ll turn out like you did. Maybe it’s disappointing at first to find out that your daughter isn’t going to do that whole traditional marriage situation like you thought... But that’s just the way it goes, huh?” She let out her breath. “My parents’ll be supportive. Oh, they’ll be surprised, all right—but they’d never try to stand in my way. That wouldn’t be like them. No matter what, they’ll take it okay.” She patted Nikki’s hand. “Your parents seem pretty understanding and open, Nikki. They’ll be okay, too, won’t they?”

“Yeah,” said Nikki, “I guess so. Maybe I just wanted to hear you say it, too. But you’re right. They are too open-minded to be jerks about it.” She gave a long sigh. “I’m going to tell them before they come to visit in the fall, Sarah,” she said mischievously, “and then we can replace those bunk beds with a big cozy queen-size and not have to worry about keeping the bedroom door shut all the time.”

“That’s my girl,” said Sarah with a smile, “always practical. Well, I had gotten kind of used to that tiny bottom bunk, but it would be nice to have something big enough where I could roll over and not be out on my ass.”

“Precisely,” grinned the other.

“When they come, though,” Sarah frowned as she looked toward the bedroom, “we’d have to shut the door anyway. Those pictures you hung...”

“Oh, Sarah,” laughed Nikki, “lighten up. Don’t knock yourself out. Did you ever think we could just take the personal Polaroid porn down for a day?”

“Well, no, I hadn’t thought of that,” admitted Sarah sheepishly, “but that does make sense, doesn’t it? About tonight, though...” She hesitated, biting her lip demurely. “Do

you—do you think we should leave the pictures up when Professor Peck comes?”

“Of course, Sarah,” said Nikki lightly. “Why, you wouldn’t want him to get the wrong impression of us, would you?”

Sarah’s nipples burned as hot as her face at the thought of the naughtiness into which her dear Nikki was leading her. How could she go through with it? one side of her mind wondered coyly. Yet how could she not? answered the other side with a shameless curiosity. If her darling wanted her to be a slut just for this night, wanted her to writhe indulgently beneath the animalistic thrusts of one of those beautiful male beasts...so be it. Certainly Sarah was no stranger to wicked self-indulgence.

“No,” she murmured at last, “I guess you’re right.” Sarah thought for a moment. “Nikki, how long do you think it’ll take us to save up for a new bed?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Nikki said, surprised. “Maybe the rest of the summer. Why?”

“Because I think we should go to that Native American jewelry shop in the mall tomorrow,” Sarah maintained quietly, “so we can get a pair of nice sterling rings.”

Nikki was silent for a moment. Then with blinking eyes that shone huge and dark and adoring, she whispered, “Of course, darling. That would be wonderful.” She gave Sarah a tender kiss.

Suddenly the doorbell rang. They looked at each other, eyes wide.

“How do I look?” asked Sarah quickly as they stood up together. At Nikki’s request, Sarah had dressed as she had for that Polaroid session weeks ago. She wore her white silk blouse with a string of faux pearls, her short flouncy red skirt and matching red leather stilettos, and her black push-up bra and a pair of black nylons—new ones without any runs.

“Wonderful, Sarah,” smiled Nikki. “As always. And me?” She raised her elbows, rolled her hands theatrically up and outward from the wrists.

“Smooth and slinky,” said Sarah. “As always.” The brunette wore the glossy white thigh-length dress she had worn to the gay bar the night that they met Denise and her girlfriend, the one that hugged her hips and left her rounded shoulders bare. The garment was cut low down her elegant back, while in the front the space between the shoulder straps left a generous view of her jiggling little breasts. She was very desirable, Sarah realized for the nth time that day. Professor Peck indeed must have been a real gentleman to be able to resist the flirty thing.

As Sarah stood there uncertainly, Nikki opened the door.

The man who stood there in the hallway was tall and lanky, clothed in faded jeans and a light blue cotton shirt casually open at the throat, a dark suit jacket added as an afterthought. His hair was shiny white—not salt and pepper, not gray, not silver, but beautiful white—and boyishly tousled. Those eyes...yes, she saw, those indeed were the eyes of a polite old lecher. The blue orbs lit up as they smiled at Nikki, crow’s feet crinkling up merrily. His nose was narrow and straight, his grin crooked and charming. One arm was loaded down with roses, while the other held a paper shopping bag.

“Why, professor!” exclaimed Nikki playfully as she helped him with the flowers. “For me?”

“Yes, one for you, Nikki,” he growled matter-of-factly as he relinquished one bunch. “And one,” he said sweetly, addressing Sarah with a slight bow, “for the birthday girl.”

“Thank you,” murmured Sarah, blushing. She took the dozen roses in one hand and held out her other uncertainly.

Peck set down the paper bag and shook hands gently, his grip soft and somehow reverent. “It’s nice to meet you—Sarah,” he said.

“I’m glad to meet you, Dr. Peck.” Sarah smiled with no little awkwardness.

How do you behave, she wondered wildly, toward a man whom your lover has invited over so that he may fuck you? Should you let yourself grow friendly immediately, and perhaps make sly allusions to the strange situation? Or should you pretend that this evening is just like any other, coyly trying not to notice with what quiet covetousness the stranger looked upon you?

Yet how could you forget that by the end of the night he would expect you stripped naked, bared to his lustful gaze, your body shamelessly open to whatever was his whim to do to you? What must he think of a girl who wanted to be mounted by some debonair stranger she has never met before while her dark-eyed roommate watched? Every move she made, she suspected, was studied secretly and then fitted into the experienced old rake's calculus of feminine behavior, the equation which began with chatting and with dinner and which would surely end with a taut scrotum-full of pulsing cum being pumped into the receptive depths of an indulgent girl's grasping young pussy...

She shivered, then continued automatically, "Nikki's told me so much about you." As soon as she said it, though, she bit her lip, realizing how inappropriate the stale cliché was, especially now.

"Well!" the older man laughed. "Don't let that prejudice you." Still holding her hand in his weathered digits, running his thumb across the smooth pale skin of her wrist, he added mildly, "And in any event, for address, it's never 'doctor'. When it was time for the dissertation, I realized I was a teacher, not a researcher."

"Ah, the self-effacing Mr. Peck!" said Nikki with a pretty toss of her raven mane. Her gaze was sultry and taunting.

"Not a bit," Peck replied imperturbably, finally releasing Sarah and stepping toward the kitchen with the bag. "Regardless of what you impressionable young ladies may have heard at State," he called over his shoulder, "being a teacher is by far the nobler and more skilled calling." He set

down the sack and turned around. He smiled slowly, broadly, regarding the pair with quiet interest. "Please call me Norm."

"As you wish...Norman," Nikki purred wickedly.

"Is our Nikki always such a problem child?" Norm asked Sarah as he made himself at home and began fiddling with the stove.

"Not often...Norm," Sarah said lightly. "No more than three quarters of the time, I'd say." Despite her instinctive inhibition—or was it relentless social conditioning? she wondered idly—she could not help warming to the man.

"You should have seen her in my poetry class," Norm chided amiably as he checked through the cupboards. "Such a terrible little wise-ass! Too subtle for most students to catch, of course. And after hours she was even worse, coming to my office so that she could sit in the couch and cross those pretty knees of hers as we talked..." He sighed—and then he looked directly at Sarah, his eyes quietly insinuating. "Of course," he said softly, "you know what I mean."

Sarah looked from Norm's gentle leer, to Nikki's heavy-lidded eyes that egged her onward, and then back to the man. "Oh, yes," she found herself murmuring huskily, "I certainly do."

Humming faintly, Norm drew luscious red steaks from the shopping bag and plopped them with a thwack onto the gleaming broiler he had found in the lower cupboard. "If you can scare up some vegetables or fruits, my dears," he called, "I will sizzle you up some Delmonicos the likes of which you've never had." He slid the broiler into the oven with a thrumming clang and shut the door.

As Norm selected plates and dishes, checked utensils, sharpened knives, the girls came into the kitchen to find rolls and margarine, lettuce and dressings, fresh fruit. It was crowded with the three of them in the small kitchen, and more than once she found herself comfortably hip to hip with the whistling professor, or felt his hand casual upon her silk-clad shoulder as he leaned across her to reach for something else.

Once she was surprised to feel a hand caressing the soft curves of her bottom, and Sarah turned around slowly, so slowly, trying to determine just what kind of a look she should give the rogue—a wide-eyed gaze with pretty lower lip demurely bitten, a gracious nod whose permissiveness spoke volumes, a sultry stare from under curling lashes?

Yet when she turned it was only Nikki who smirked back at her, sly fingers splayed familiarly across the short flouncy fabric that scarcely covered Sarah's rump. The girl winked at Sarah with mock solemnity.

Dinner was delicious, and more relaxing than Sarah would have imagined it could be. A comfortable sybarite, a casual connoisseur of femininity, Norm was also an urbane gentleman. After asking about Nikki and Sarah, and listening with interest, he allowed himself to be drawn out as well. He was the son of first-generation German immigrants, growing up with upright parents whose work ethic was nearly as strong as their love. His father was a baker but also, in those days of vacuum tubes and crystal sets, a ceaseless and inventive tinkerer. Norm himself had been a waiter, a cabby, a railroad brakeman, a deputy in some podunk—"He handed me a thirty-eight and said, 'Hell, Norm, you can handle this, can't ya? Awright, then, you're a cop now.'" Now, in addition to teaching English at the community college, he was a banjo player in a bluegrass band. He had done a little bit of everything, it seemed.

The charming rogue regaled them with tall tales of his many occupations, and they chatted until the tapers guttered low in their burnished brass holders. After the last bite of after-dinner ice cream was done and conversation gradually wound down, they found themselves slouching contentedly in the rosy romantic glow of the candlelight. Norm steepled his long tapering fingers comfortably across his belly, regarding them with easy self-possession. Sarah examined her nails idly, gave a faint smile. Her pulse beat uncertainly beneath her heavy young breasts, and she looked toward Nikki.

The dark-eyed girl stretched and pushed her chair back. “Let’s give these dishes a quick rinse,” she suggested, “before we get too lazy to do it. Then why don’t we all freshen up, and we can give our illustrious guest the grand tour of the apartment?”

“Very nice,” agreed Sarah mildly, flushing. He had seen the living room and the kitchen, and in a moment he would see the bathroom. There was only one room left...

After they had cleaned up, they walked their entertaining friend around the apartment again, pointing out an interesting knickknack or two on the shelves, noting the view from the balcony. Norm commented appropriately, nodding as the situation required, and from the balcony he showed them where his dusty little red pickup was sitting at the curb below. Finally, of course, they led him toward the bedroom. At Nikki’s silent nod, they each took the man softly by a hand. Sarah’s shook faintly, but Norm looked over at her with a gentle smile and gave her a reassuring squeeze.

“You’ll see the motif of the artwork in here is a little different from that of the posters in the rest of the apartment,” Nikki observed nonchalantly. “More representative of the real us, I’d say.”

While Sarah stood at Norm’s side, her hand in his, the man put on his reading spectacles and examined the framed portraits closely. Flushing fiercely, her nipples pushed up crinkled and thick through the thin silk of her gleaming blouse, Sarah watched his face as his appreciative blue eyes scanned politely across the four enlarged photos. He nodded approvingly at the cheesecake shot of Sarah posed in the bedroom doorway, then raised his eyebrows faintly at the next picture, wherein the blonde sat in the big easy chair with her tits dug out of her black push-up bra, one great pink-brown nipple stretched to enormous lengths between her shameless thumb and forefinger while the other glistened beneath the caresses of her snake-like tongue... He pursed his lips at the third photograph, the one with Sarah perched spread-eagled in the chair with her hands dug right into the opened pink velvet

of her sopping blonde cunt. And at the fourth portrait, the one which showed Nikki's pretty face wallowing contentedly in petal-soft labia held daintily open with graceful red-nailed fingertips, Norm glanced questioningly over at the sly-eyed brunette.

"Very becoming," he said finally, letting out his breath. "You girls are highly photogenic."

Nikki patted the lower bed, and the professor sat, a girl on either side of him. "Thank you, Norman," Nikki murmured. Placing one slender hand tentatively upon his knee, she leaned into his ear and continued, "I thought you would like our gallery." She reached around swiftly behind his back and prodded Sarah's hip meaningfully.

"Yes, Norm," Sarah added. At Nikki's urging, she placed one hand on his thigh and let her other come to rest on the back of his neck. Toying with his hair, she said, "I'm so glad you were able to visit us tonight." She bit her lip, then continued, "I've been looking forward to it so much."

"That's very sweet of you," he breathed raggedly. Uncertainly, Norm placed a hand on each girl's knee. At their silent consent, he moved his palms slowly back, sliding both the hem of Nikki's pale dress and the loose flounciness of Sarah's red skirt higher up those sleek young thighs. Wildly flattered, Sarah sensed the man's growing excitement, and she could not help giving his earlobe a little kiss.

Norm turned to meet her face-on, and, groaning, she took his tongue in her mouth gratefully, squirming as he stimulated her with long-practiced skill. Soon both of his hands were on her breasts, squeezing, caressing, and then he unbuttoned her blouse hastily to find her mounds pushed up almost right in his flushed face by the teasing little garment of black lace. Shuddering, he dug his hands into the brassiere's half-cups and worked her jiggling flesh free. Sarah's nipples were tremendously swollen, and as Nikki smiled drowsily at her over Norm's shoulder, the man bent to suck at the crinkled treats. His ravenous attentions ran straight down her fluttery belly to the loosening lips that pulsed beneath her moist

nylons. Back arching, she drew his face to her bosom and held him there. He felt so good.

At Nikki's gentle urging, she found herself being rolled back in the little bed until she was lying with Norm on top of her and her girlfriend alongside the man. Head lolling back contentedly, her blonde mane spilling beautifully all about them, Sarah smiled as she watched Nikki slide her slinky dress quickly up over her head, leaving her kittenish body bare. While Norm growled happily into Sarah's breasts, into her mouth, into her flushed neck and ears, Nikki ran her hands all along the man's back and hips. Trembling, the girl unbuttoned her professor's shirt as Sarah lay beneath him, flushed and flattered and ready.

Wriggling her hips, Sarah reached mindlessly down and tried to work off her pantyhose, and she sighed appreciatively as Nikki bent to help her. How dear of the girl! Inflamed by the man's simple passion, Sarah stared up through slitted eyes as he panted over her. She knew she should do something to help him, knew she should give him the kind of foreplay that she herself enjoyed...but he was simply too fun to watch. He had not enjoyed a wench this young and smooth and firm, Sarah suspected, for twenty years at least, and it was wildly exciting just to revel in his helpless arousal. Beneath his jeans pulsed a thickened rigidity that pressed into Sarah's hot labia.

Besides, she realized, right now he needed no more foreplay than this. Right now it was enough to find a pretty girl and to push her receptive body back across the bed and suck her turgid bare nipples contentedly. That was all it took to make his lecherous old cock stand up stiff and ready. The knowledge made her feel so dirtily powerful! She winked lazily at Nikki as the girl nipped her wicked lips at the man's blood-warmed ears, as she flicked her nails wantonly across the hairy circles of the erect little nipples crowning his flat male chest. He shuddered happily atop Sarah's belly, his face suffused with heady joy.

“Fuck her, Norman,” whispered Nikki in his ear, working in awkward haste at his belt. “Go ahead and fuck her. Just sink right in and pump that snug, plump-lipped little pussy like you need.”

Norm moaned as he sucked at Sarah’s big boobs. Gripping them in both sweating hands, he raised himself up and looked down into the girl’s heavy-lidded eyes. Sarah stared back, feeling the tightness of his trousers pressed expectantly against her moist crotch.

“Go on, professor,” Nikki teased him, working his nipples over mercilessly. “I know you want to make it last. I know you want to do it right.” She caught her breath, then continued, “Well, don’t worry, Norman. This is what she needs right now, not candy and kisses and flowers and foreplay—just a good fucking.”

Uncertain, Norm looked from one girl to the other. Sarah knew, thrilling, that he wanted to kiss her and stroke her and whisper in her ear and do all the things he thought she wanted—but he also needed simply to take her, desperately, brutishly. It was wonderful to have fired his passions so!

“Just give it to her,” Nikki urged again. “I’ll take care of her heart; you just worry about that hungry blonde pussy. It’s juicy and it’s tight, and it feels good inside.” She smiled dirtily and cooed, “You know I know.” Nikki reached her pretty hands down and with red-nailed fingers pulled open the sopping lips of Sarah’s cunt invitingly. “Why don’t you have a slice, too?”

The man gazed for a long moment into the musky paradise of sticky pink which the naughty Nikki held so beckoningly open between Sarah’s shamelessly wide thighs. He looked uncertainly into Sarah’s glowing face, and she beamed up at him, grateful both for his excitement and for his hesitant gallantry. She was wickedly aroused at the way her dear lover offered her up like some choice concubine at some decadent slave auction, and she was thrilled by the man’s response, by the way his helpless gaze kept returning to her desirable flesh. Though she apparently had the passive role in

the drama, she was the center of all attention. Pampered like a queen, it was she who fired their lusts—and, ready to be used like a whore; it was she who could fulfill them. It made her feel perversely powerful.

“Go ahead and use her, Norm,” Nikki repeated breathlessly. Shuddering in her own need, she gasped, “And after that I’ll play with her like you’ve never seen, and if you still feel like it, you can get back into the action—take us both if you need to.”

He looked at her suddenly, his eyes wide. “You, too, Nikki...?”

“You always wondered what it would be like to open up my dense black bush and squirt me full of your dirty cum, didn’t you, Professor?” She smiled challengingly, indulgently back at him. “That’s fine, Norman—tonight I feel ready for anything. Only first give my baby what she needs. Fuck her, Norman.”

Norm looked down at Sarah pleadingly, and Sarah found herself reaching up to cradle the man’s shoulders. “Go ahead, Norm,” she whispered smilingly. “Just take me. Fuck me until I can’t stand it, and then lie back and watch as I suck Nikki’s hairy pussy until she screams...”

Groaning, Norm gave a grateful smile. Nikki finally opened his pants all the way, and his rigid organ sprang out at Sarah’s snatch, his bulbous cockhead nuzzling her soaked blonde curls. The crinkled hair of his lower belly was shockingly white, somehow strangely distinguished. It was exciting to know that she could arouse an experienced old lecher so.

“Thank you, Sarah,” he sighed. “Thank you.” Eyes rolling back in his head, he leaned happily forward and pushed himself to the hilt in Sarah’s snug youthful vagina.

He was long and slim and smooth, so much different from either Nikki’s fingers or the great double-headed dildo with which her lover previously had penetrated her. His shaft was wondrously alive, firm and yet ever so slightly flexible at

the same time. As Sarah writhed comfortably beneath his passionate thrusts, she felt his veiny flesh slide beneath the exposed button of her swollen clitoris and right down between her slick pink walls to the very depths of her soul. She was filled with his urgent lusts, grunting along with him as the hairy sac of his full balls banged against her round white buttocks.

She would not have thought she could come so quickly, but the sweet dirtiness of the situation, Norm's wild arousal, Nikki's indulgent help—they all combined to set her whorish cunt aflame. The hot spasms of her sudden climax flared up from the pit of her receptive womanhood and rippled warm and comfortable between her shaking hips, filling her entire body with contentment. Neurons fired rapidly at the searing base of her brain, and her bloodstream was awash with the glowing chemicals of happiness. Nikki stretched over Norm's sweating back to French her wildly, sloppily, and as Sarah groaned there, wet and open and filled, she felt the man's orgasm pulse within her.

The thickened rod of flesh straining between her plump labia twitched reassuringly. She felt it spasm like some meaty pump, and she knew, exulting, that spurt after spurt of the seedless product of his heavy balls was erupting from the tangled vesicles within his scrotum, up through the dilated passageway at the center of his blood-filled penis, and out of the stuttering tip of the agonized purple head buried deep within her. The man clung to her, flushed and tired and grateful, as he emptied himself inside her pretty pussy. She sensed his wetness within her, and she smiled dreamily.

Soon he was spent, and she lay there comfortably as he kissed her tenderly about the neck and shoulders. His forehead was hot upon her creamy flesh. "My dear," he murmured with a smile, "you are so wonderfully responsive." He sighed as he raised himself on his elbows and gazed into her drowsy green eyes. "I certainly envy that undeserving Nikki."

"Then move out of the way, you greedy male pig," chuckled Nikki, "so I can fuck my little blonde wifey." She

gave him a whack on the bottom, and he rolled carefully upon his side, balancing at the very edge of the narrow bed. Nikki took his place atop Sarah's half-clothed young body, and she looked at him mischievously from the corner of one dark eye. "Go ahead and watch, Norman," she suggested quietly, "and maybe your tedious masculinity will perk up again and feel like joining us."

"A man my age makes no guarantees," he said wryly, making room for the slinky brunette, "but at the very least, we shall see."

They performed for him then, wildly conscious of the man's eyes upon them. They kissed and petted and fondled each other. They wriggled prettily. They winked back at him as he stared mesmerized.

Norm leaned closer and stroked the girls lovingly; his palms slow and appreciative as they moved from shoulder to back to haunch and back again. He petted Sarah like a great blonde kitten, caressing the fuzzy nape of her neck, stroking down the small of her arching back, measuring the full swell of her wide hips. Flattered at the way he still relished the feel of her, she smiled as now and then he squeezed her buttock or caressed a heavy breast. More than once his blunt fingertips strayed toward the slick tangles of her lower belly, and she found herself opening her thighs to let him rub her there, idly. It was naughtily gratifying that still he simply could not keep his hands from her flesh.

It was fun to watch him touch her dark-haired lover, too. They all knew that the slut for tonight was Sarah, but Nikki's whispered promises had brought Norm's infatuation for the sable-haired beauty back as strong as ever. Sarah had never known Nikki to guarantee something she would not deliver... but she was still far from certain that the girl really would let any man into the juicy split peach of that soft furry pussy of hers again after all these years. Well, even if the devious wench at last did not consent to the same kind of treatment she had procured for Sarah, at least it was somehow perversely thrilling to see her coy flesh groped by the hungry man.

When Norm's questing hand chanced to tug at one of those exquisite plum-like nipples of hers, for example, the girl squealed just as prettily as if Sarah had done it—which the teasing thing obviously believed. Winking at the man, more than once Sarah had snaked her hand down Nikki's flat belly and, secretly stopping short, had allowed him to complete the motion. She smiled to herself as, unbeknownst, Nikki writhed to the prodding of unwelcome masculine fingers in her sticky cunt. It was a naughty joy to see her treated so, almost violated in a way. Wickedly thrilled, she savored the feel of that forbidden word in her mind, knowing that it was she who helped that for her once-stern mistress—she!

Soon, however, Nikki thrust a pair of fingers into Sarah's sweaty, cum-filled hole and stroked her so urgently that the blonde could not help reversing herself and burying her face in Nikki's gorgeous black-furred twat. Ah, the joy of dropping contentedly in, gurgling and snorting! Mm, the sight, the smell, the *taste!* And it was so wondrously dirty, too, to know that the amiable old lecher who had just gratified himself with her was watching it all. Happily she wallowed in the fragrant garden of delight.

In fact, though...well, what Sarah actually craved right now was a soul-stirring sixty-nine, yet while she perched her open pussy temptingly above Nikki's face, the other girl would not deign to place her regal mouth in that beautifully sloppy mess. Sarah sighed and smacked her lips exhibitionistically as the salty fluids drizzled from her sopping vulva down Nikki's slim digits and shapely forearm. She longed desperately for the sweet perversion of her lover's slow-rolling tongue upon the needy bundle of nerves that was her sperm-slicked clitoris, but that was an indignity which the imperious girl apparently would not allow. Trying to hide her secret disappointment, the blonde contented herself as best she could with the masterful work of the dark-haired girl's talented fingertips. From the corner of her eye Sarah saw Norm watching, entranced. His hands moved absently across their beckoning nudity.

Yet still Sarah kept pressing herself down toward Nikki's flushed face. Frowning, the girl avoided the spattered chalice of her lover's used cunt, but Sarah's tongue thrumming with silent pleading within her was the best inducement to relent. She made the girl shake with such bliss that finally the brunette could refuse no more. With a heavy sigh she spread Sarah's labia wide again, and her elegant fingers reached inside to wipe out as many slippery drizzles of Norm's cum as she could.

"Oh, all right," she grumbled, "you kinky blonde, you." She regarded her former professor wryly. "Get an eyeful, Norman. An old pervert like you probably enjoys such things."

The man gave a silent, genteel nod, yet even as she sucked her dear love's wildly hairy cunt, Sarah could not help notice that his tired organ stirred uneasily to his rapid pulse. It was flattering.

Eying the man distractedly, Sarah pressed her crotch down onto Nikki's face again, triumphantly. A stray thought, however, chanced to bubble up from the depths of the shivering blonde's wicked brain. The sloe-eyed devil had acquiesced, yes—but later, would she in calmer reflection consider Sarah's hungrily inventive insistence to have been overly willful, even demanding? Mm, perhaps, the younger girl chuckled inwardly, but if so, then she simply would pay the price tomorrow—at high interest, if necessary! Sultry green eyes bright with the thought, she imagined with what shockingly thorough intimacy her stern mistress might punish her tomorrow if the headstrong thing saw fit—the limb-stretching bondage, the blazing spanking, the agonizing nipple-clamping, the merciless dildo-fucking...

It was with indulgence, though, that the girl now let Sarah's salty cunt fill her mouth, and she began to lap through the wet flesh. Sarah groaned at the feel of Nikki's tongue within her. The dark-eyed wench was an expert cunnilinguist, yet even more inflaming this time was the thought that the girl would suck her cunt even after some swollen purple cockhead had penetrated it and pumped it and fucked it full of sperm. Nikki simply could not deny her, could not help but eat her, no matter how dirty it was. When the poor girl swirled her

helpless tongue through hairy pink lips slicked with smelly lubrication and with stringy drizzles of semen, it seemed to Sarah the ultimate in devotion, and the ultimate in naughtiness. Through the obscuring strands of gold which fell across her heavy-lidded eyes, Sarah found Norm staring transfixed.

Face flushed with arousal, Sarah jerked her head at the wide-eyed Norm and urged the man back alongside of her. Opening Nikki's thighs wider, Sarah angled her neck so that they both could wallow in Nikki's glossy raven curls. "This is her payoff," she murmured to him conspiratorially, and he grinned fiercely in response.

They pleased the girl mercilessly, their tongues touching as they licked her together. Sarah watched approvingly as Norm ate the tempting brunette with gusto, moaning, possessing her savory flesh as for so long he had been unable to do. How often had the poor professor thought of this? Sarah wondered. How long had he lusted after his unattainable young student? Now, at last, he was free to act out his forbidden desires, and he did not hesitate.

"She hasn't had a man in years," Sarah whispered wickedly in his reddened ear. "Show her what she's been missing with only poor little me to eat her pussy all this time." Norm groaned with hungry lust. Smilingly benignly, Sarah moved her head and let the man take over completely.

He knew just what to do. Smacking his lips, his face slick with the glistening juices of her shameless cunt, he slathered his tongue through the aromatic garden of Nikki tangy twat, wet black hairs curling up his nose. Moaning, gripping the girl's buttocks with both hands and spreading her plump labia wide with his thumbs, he sucked the girl's clitoris mercilessly. The purpled little pearl of pleasures writhed under his hungry tongue, making Nikki quake helplessly beneath them.

Smiling wickedly, Sarah finally sat up and rocked her own pussy deeper around Nikki's mouth. The blonde angled her head to peer over her shoulder, and she thrilled at the sudden widening of her lover's eyes, the only portion of the brunette's face that was visible. Yes, the slinky thing had just

realized that it was not Sarah eating her so ravenously but her professor! The girl was shocked, but she could not deny her own helpless passions, could not resist the foreign yet skillful touch of this man. Sarah, smirking, merely settled her open cunt more comfortably—more demandingly—about Nikki’s devoted tongue and squeezed her own nipples more assertively.

Perched upon her dear lover’s worshipful face, Sarah divided her attention between the deliriously tongued cunt on display before her and the long-lashed eyelids so contentedly closed behind her. Peck’s attentions were adept and wondrous to watch, while the rapture upon Nikki’s flushed and helpless face was the only thing that could be more wondrous still. On and on and on the wicked Nikki writhed beneath her, until with Norm’s final prolonged and triumphant sucking at her wildly agitated clitoris the poor thing could not help howling with delight, her voice muffled in Sarah’s hairy folds. It was beautiful—and it was wondrously perverse to know that Sarah had made Nikki take her orgasm from this man. What a delicious turning of the tables!

As the night wore on, they toyed with one another endlessly. Sometimes one young woman played with herself while the others watched, sometimes they writhed together to put on a show for the wide-eyed man—finally they lay side by side, knees drawn up, labia musky and wet and parted, and begged for Norm to fuck them both. Excited so fiercely that even his tired old flesh could perform again, Norm gripped the outer hip of each beautiful wench and penetrated slowly one, then the other. As he pushed his swollen cockhead into the pouting entrance of one fragrant young vagina after the other, the girls lay happily together, fondling one another’s stiff-nippled breasts, Frenching each other helplessly.

Eventually, sensing that the poor man could hold out no longer—yet still craving their own orgasms as well—they reached shamelessly down to masturbate while he sawed back and forth within their receptive bodies. The sight itself was enough to send him over the brink, for in just a few more

strokes his agonized balls again began to spray their pulsing fluids. Crying out in his bliss, he twitched a heavy spurt of thick jism between Sarah's velvety labia, then withdrew, sputtering pearls of seminal fluid, and joyously pumped the rest of his load in the welcoming pink chalice of Nikki's forbidden young cunt.

He fell across her narrow little body, red-faced and panting, grasping at her jiggling little breasts, kissing her lips and her neck and her ears, whimpering gratefully into the flowing sable tresses fanned out so beautifully about her smooth bare shoulders. His hips jerked spasmodically, shaking Nikki's pale flesh beneath him. It was beautiful. And through it all Nikki cried out at her own culmination, masturbating feverishly with one hand while with the other she clung helplessly to him, stroking his muscular shoulder. Her face glowed with wild abandon.

It was good to watch him—and yet equally arousing was the gracious indulgence with which she received his desperate intrusions. Nikki was not really interested in men anymore, Sarah knew, not like she herself was. But she liked Norm enough—and she loved Sarah enough—that for her blonde birthday girl she now would do anything. If at the beginning of the encounter, Sarah had been Nikki's willing slut, now Nikki was Sarah's slave, willing to perform whatever dirty intimacies were the blonde's whim. Sarah smiled at the way Norm pleased the slinky thing and made her respond.

For Sarah, the lissome little wench would bare her vulnerable nakedness to this friendly male brute and beckon him onward. She would open up her most secret places to take his mindless red meat to the very center of body, and let him spurt his urgent cum there, messily. It was wickedly arousing, and wildly flattering to Sarah as well. Sarah's heart swelled with love as the girl blinked sleepily up at her from amid the waves of her tousled sable mane which fanned out across the rumpled pillow and pale smooth shoulders. Nikki was drowsy with pleasure, a little shamefaced and yet exquisitely fulfilled. Just a day before, perhaps, the girl would not have thought she

would allow her young body to be pleased so, but when presented with these most forbidden acts she simply could not deny herself the unasked-for satiation.

Yes, Sarah realized beneficently, soon it would be her turn to lick the gluey-gray strings of semen from a well-fucked pussy. She owed the sweet thing no less. Gently she moved Norm aside and lowered herself, flush-faced and trembling, into the spattered mess of her dearest love's beautiful raven-curved cunt...

After another well-deserved climax all around, they grew tired, and it became too late for Norm to drive all the way back home. That night the girls invited the professor to sleep in the top bunk, while they curled up together naked in the lower bed. The man above them began to snore, and soon Nikki whispered goodnight and gave her a tender kiss. "Hope you had a good birthday, darling," she murmured sleepily.

"You know I did, baby," Sarah whispered. She lay cradled in Nikki's pale smooth nakedness, happily. In the morning Norm would gallantly fix them breakfast, she suspected, and afterward he would leave with a gracious bow. Later she and Nikki would shower together, and dress, and then—then they would go to the jewelry shop to buy a pair of rings. Smiling in the quiet darkness, Sarah fell contentedly asleep.

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