## *Allison & Sarah*

by  
  
Allison  
  
  
  
  


Hiya there! My name is Allison and I'm a 23 year old female who lives in the Portland area. I'm here to share some erotic secrets of mine -- I have been romantically and sexually involved with another female for the past three years. And life couldn't be any better!  
  
After my high school graduation in Texas, I decided to attend college all the way up here in Oregon. It was a tough decision to leave my family behind in Texas, but I liked the college here and what it had to offer academically. My major was Marketing.  
  
The first two years in Oregon were pretty uneventful for me in terms of romance. I dated a few guys, but none of them really seemed to peak my interest. I was bored. It got to the point where I was devoting most of my time to school studies and my job. I worked in a little gift shop during those days. Life had become pretty dull.  
  
Then I met Sarah.  
  
I had a romantic "fling" with a girlfriend back in high school, but never really gave much thought to pursuing another relationship with a female until Sarah came along. I do not know what it was that attracted me to her -- when I saw her for the first time, I could not help but to think how beautiful and exquisite she was. Sarah, age 18 and a freshman, looked like she was right out of a fashion magazine. Long blonde hair, a million dollar face and smile, and the type of shapely, taut body that had all the guys on campus lusting after her.  
  
And some of the girls too -- like myself.  
  
I first saw Sarah during the morning of the first day of my Junior year. I was in a hurry so I couldn't stop to introduce myself, though I wanted to -- she was beautiful. But I saw her again, that same day, and then introduced myself. I tried to come across as a fellow female student just trying to make new friends on campus. Sarah, extremely receptive with a sweet personality, seemed eager to make new friends too. We hit it off great, quickly becoming the best of friends.  
  
I wanted us to be "breast" friends, though.  
  
Perhaps the reason why I was so attracted to Sarah was simply because of intuition. I could never really pinpoint the exact reason why I was so drawn to her -- but my woman's intuition told me that she was the type of female who would not object to a roll in the hay with another female. As Sarah and I got to know each other more and more, I actually began to believe that my intuition/assumption was accurate.  
  
When alone together, Sarah would "flirt" with me -- she liked to run her hands across my back and shoulders. She would often offer a soothing massage and was more than willing to brush and blow-dry my own long blonde hair after a shower or bath. One of her specialties was running her fingers through my hair, teasing and soothing my scalp. She definitely liked to use suggestive, yet subtle touches.  
  
Though I was 20 at this time, and she was 18 and in different classes, the two of us managed to spend a lot of time together during the regular college day. We often ate lunch and had study breaks together. Anyone would recognize us as two giggling college girls who were best friends. I doubt anyone would think one (or as it turned out, both) of us had lustful intentions.  
  
I had become so enthralled with Sarah that after a month, she was over to my dorm room for a visit every single night. Nothing had happened -- yet. We were really flirting with one another, always laughing and having a good time together. I found myself turning down date requests from guys because I had aspirations of being in a romantic relationship with Sarah. I also noticed that she was not dating anyone either -- despite a multitude of requests from guys.  
  
That made me think.  
  
Was she *really* interested in me? Was she holding out on guys, wanting a relationship with me instead?  
  
I would lay awake at night and fantasize about Sarah. I imagined holding her in my arms and making soft, sweet love to her. I sensed what it would be like to feel her thick, pouty lips pressing against mine for a kiss. I shuddered at the heat of our bodies, entwined tightly together, as we climaxed in rapture simultaneously.  
  
One evening, I fell asleep and had a dream that seemed extremely real. I dreamed that Sarah came into my dorm room in the middle of the night and almost begged me to make love to her. I did, of course, and that seemed very real as well. We fell asleep after several hours of passion in each others' arms, content and satisfied.  
  
Then the alarm clock went off.  
  
The dream was so real that when I woke up, I actually looked for Sarah next to me in bed. After a few seconds, I realized it had all been a dream. In frustration, I pounded both fists against the bed.  
  
I went to get dressed and noticed my knickers were soaked. They weren't wet -- they were soaked. It was at this time I realized that something must be done about this. I had to make a move on Sarah or go insane with hiding my secret passions from her. If it turned out that she wasn't interested in me, at least I would know I had tried. No one will get anywhere in life if they do not try, you know.  
  
That same day, I asked Sarah if she would come over to my dorm immediately after cheerleading practice ended -- "I have something real important to discuss with you." She tried to get it out of me right then and there, but I held back, telling her it would have to wait until later. Sarah would usually go to her own dorm room after cheerleading practice, shower and change, then come over to my room. I wanted her to come to my room right after her practice ended. She said okay, but added that it "had better be important."  
  
I assured her, it was.

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Down deep, I was fearful of being rejected. But I did my best not to dwell on that possibility. I concentrated more on what it would be like to wrap my arms around that beautiful, luscious body of hers. I imagined the possibilities of holding and kissing her, and making love to her. Without a doubt, those thoughts were most pleasant.  
  
I had never done anything like this before -- try and woo a woman. Back in high school, my girlfriend had seduced me over the course of two months. I really did not know if I had gone about things with Sarah the right way. Before, I had been the seduced. Now, I thought of myself as the seducer. Had I done everything correctly?  I even called my old girlfriend in Texas and spoke to her about it, hoping for some advice and pointers. She wasn't much help.  
  
I wasn't really too worried about the possibility of word getting out that I was bisexual, or a lesbian, if Sarah should become offended and then tell everybody about me. While I prefer to keep my love life and sexual preferences out of the "gossip rounds", it was worth taking that chance -- I wanted Sarah, and I wanted her bad. That was the bottom line.  The possible reward was much greater than the risk.

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Fresh from cheerleading practice, Sarah showed up at my door on time. I almost had an orgasm right there -- she was dressed in a pair of black spandex pants and a matching skintight sleeveless top. Every subtle curve of her body was outlined in the tight fabric. Her long blonde hair was a bit messy -- you could easily tell that she had just come from a strenuous practice session. Sarah got right to the point. "Allison, now what's so important?"  
  
I walked over toward my bed and then looked back at her. I was very nervous now, but determined to go through with this. I had to.  
  
"Sarah, we've been friends now for a month. I don't really know how to say this, so please bear with me--"  
  
"Sure, anything," she interjected.  
  
I took a deep breath. "Sarah, from the first time I saw you, I've been very attracted to you." I felt a huge lump in my throat -- and my entire body was trembling. But I had to continue. "I don't know if you've ever given any thought to being with a girl, but I just have to find out. I've been driving myself crazy with this."  
  
I waited for her reaction.  
  
At first, Sarah appeared stunned. My heart broke. I was a total fool for assuming that she had an interest in me as well. A complete and total fool. That is what I told myself. The stunned expression on her face made me want to curl up and hit my head in anger.  
  
I needed to say something, to break the silence. "I... oh God, Sarah, I'm sorry for--"  
  
"You're sexually attracted to me?" she suddenly asked, chiming in before I could finish my own sentence.  
  
I stammered in reply. "Umm, yeah.  I... I am." She still looked stunned. As a result, I hung my head in shame. I really did think of Sarah as a friend. I wasn't only after her to get her into the sack. Those may have been my initial intentions, but we had really become good friends. But now, I thought, our friendship was ruined.  
  
"I'm attracted to you also."  
  
With an eyeful of tears, my head shot up and I looked at her, now stunned myself. Did she say what I think she just said? Now, I was trembling and shaking even more than before. "Could you repeat that?"  
  
Sarah smiled and stepped forward. "I'm attracted to you also."  
  
My face was flooded with tears -- tears of joy! Sarah immediately rushed toward me, and then threw her arms around me in an embrace.  
  
"I was hoping you'd make the first move," Sarah said, holding me close. "I'm glad you did." I didn't respond, a mixture of relief, excitement and shock running through me. So after a long silence, Sarah decided to add, "I've been bisexual for two years. I've only had one girlfriend. But she moved to New York last year."  
  
"I've been bisexual for five years," I told her, still trembling. "I only had one girlfriend too. But it was more of a fling with her, instead of a relationship."  
  
"Now both of us have a new girlfriend," Sarah proclaimed, sliding her hands down to my bottom and squeezing it firmly.  
  
I almost collapsed in her arms, right there, at that moment. But a shot of strength went through my legs, giving me the power to stay standing. I drew my head away from her shoulder and cupped her face with my hands -- then descended upon her mouth with my own. Sarah's lips were already slightly open, inviting me inside her mouth, when I first touched them with my own. I was bug-eyed and staring at her, but her eyes were closed as our kiss began. In fact, there seemed to be a relaxed, peaceful expression on her face. I'm sure my expression at that time was somewhat unique, and strange.  
  
When Sarah gave my shorts-covered bottom another hard squeeze, I slipped my tongue into her mouth. That caused her eyes to open, and then I saw a happy expression form on her lovely face -- followed by a giggle. She again squeezed my backside and found my tongue with her own, causing them to slip and slide together in lust. Sarah and I were standing at the foot of my bed, our bodies close and in a strong embrace, kissing each other deeply with our tongues. It must have been quite a sight to behold.  
  
My anxiety seemed to lessen as the kiss became deeper. I was now assured that Sarah wanted me just as much as I wanted her. My only complaint was, why couldn't this encounter had happened sooner?!  
  
Our tongues slid and slivered together in her mouth for quite some time. Sarah eventually pushed my tongue into my own mouth, shifting the mutual licking action. I encircled my arms around her upper back and squeezed tightly. It only made the kiss stronger. Soon, we were going from mouth to mouth with our tongues. It was *sooooo* erotic.  
  
I then slipped a hand down to Sarah's spandex-clad bottom and gave it a sharp pinch. In response, she broke the kiss and immediately squealed in surprise. She then looked at me with a smile on her face, her hands frantically massaging my own bottom.  
  
I needed to say something to her. "Sarah, honey, I don't want to force you into anything. Are you sure about this? I mean, I just told you of my feelings a minute or two ago. Are you positive you want to go through with this, *tonight*?"  
  
Sarah patted my bottom with her hands. "I've never been more sure about anything." She paused, still smiling. "I have been fantasizing about this moment ever since I first met you, Allison."  
  
I sighed at that statement, a deep sigh, and then pulled her down to the bed with me. Both of us seated on the edge, I again embraced her, and kissed her deeply. I wanted to taste every single inch of her sweet mouth with my tongue. And I did, sliding it all around in mad, frantic circles. Sarah responded vigorously, sliding both of her hands underneath the waistband of my shorts. Her fingers traced and prodded against my bottom, separated only from her touch by a thin pair of knickers.  
  
She pulled away from the kiss and looked at me. "Allison, when was your last time with a girl?"  
  
Gasping, I replied, "Much too long ago." And then, I latched onto her mouth once more, this time kissing her with too much force for her to break it off again.  
  
I was eventually distracted in the kiss, however, when Sarah began grinding her round, firm breasts against mine. The tense and erotic friction sent a shockwave of pleasure coursing throughout my entire body! Her breasts have been large since I first met her -- mine are on the average side. But the feel of hers rubbing against mine was almost too much to take. My girlfriend back in Texas used to do this to me, and it would always turn me on like nothing else.  
  
This time, I broke the kiss and reached between us. My right hand found one of her breasts and squeezed it tightly through the skintight cotton top she wore. I could also tell that she wasn't wearing a bra.  
  
I reached down to her sides and gathered the stretched cotton in my hands, then quickly pulled it up and over her shoulders. Her bare breasts, large and firm, rolled out into view.  I looked up at her face for an instant -- she was smiling at me, nodding her head. Sarah then fell back on the bed, and I responded by leaning over and attaching my mouth to one of her breasts. I sucked and slurped at her thick aureole, like a hungry baby with a favorite bottle.  
  
"I can't believe this," Sarah said, in a stunned tone. "I just can't believe this is happening."  
  
"Why?" I asked, in between nibbles.  
  
"I had high hopes you were interested in me, but thought I was seeing things in my own mind," she confessed. "I thought it would always be a dream to be with you -- not a reality."  
  
"I'm *more* than interested, Sarah. I'm *obsessed* with you."  
  
"And I'm obsessed with you too," she giggled, as I continued sucking on the puffy brown aureole atop her right breast.  
  
"I hope you have more in mind than a *fling*," Sarah added. "Is that the term you used to describe your last girlfriend?"  
  
"Yes," I said, still sucking her aureole. "And yes on the other thing too -- I'm much more interested in you than a simple fling."  
  
"Hmmm, good," she moaned in a delightful tone.  
  
I stopped the attack upon her breast and moved down slightly, now kissing and licking her midriff and drumboard-tight belly. I then moved my hands to her hips and slowly began sliding the skintight spandex pants she wore down. Lower and lower they went, until I could snap them down to her ankles. There, I busily worked on untying her sneakers and taking them off first. Then came her socks, followed by the stretchy spandex pants.  
  
"Stand up," Sarah requested.  
  
I did, just in front of her. And then, she sat up and began undoing the buttons upon my blouse. While Sarah did this, I had the opportunity to survey her luscious body in near nude form -- all she had on now was a sexy white G-string. Firm and tone in all the right places -- shapely and voluptuous in all the right places too.  
  
My body shivered as Sarah slipped the blouse from my shoulders. No one had undressed me during a sexual act like this before -- and it was hot! It was especially hot that a woman was doing it to me!  
  
She reached for my shorts and tugged them down. I stepped out of them while Sarah slid my socks off. Then I reached behind my back and unhooked my bra. Sarah finished the deed, reaching up and taking it away from my body, leaving me completely nude before her.  
  
She smiled and reached forward, her fingers pinching and squeezing my sensitive breasts. I sighed in total passion, my head tilting back and eyes closed tight. I bathed and swam around in the lustful pleasures her fingers created until Sarah spoke up.  
  
"Allison, I want to eat you."  
  
My head shot up and I looked at her. "What?"  
  
"You heard me," she said, scooting back on the mattress and laying down upon it. "Come on, I want your pussy. Right here, I want you to sit on my face."  
  
"Sit on your face?" I asked, clueless. Actually, I was quite ignorant at this time. Though I had several sexual experiences, none of them were quite as unique as what Sarah had obviously come to know.  
  
"Yes baby, sit on my face," she repeated. "Place your knees on either side of my face, and then lower your pussy to my mouth."  
  
"Oh!" I giggled, embarrassed, getting into her requested position.  
  
When her tongue first touched my pussy, I jumped -- a powerful shockwave of pure and unrelenting passion shot straight through me! I had to grab onto the headboard in front of me to keep from losing my balance and falling over! Sarah's hands tightly gripped my bottom and then she began an expert tongue lapping of my vagina. I was bug-eyed above her, holding onto the headboard with all of my strength, pleasure too powerful to put into words coursing through me. No one had ever eaten me so good! I thought my last boyfriend was good, but his tongue didn't even come close in comparison to Sarah's!  
  
I couldn't help but to moan and pant in lust above her, my insides full of passion and chaos. Her tongue felt like it was a motor -- it simply would not stop licking and lapping away at my pussy. This was a million times better than any oral sex I had ever received!  
  
I was straining, trying to hold my orgasm inside of me. I wanted this to last longer! I also figured that Sarah wanted to continue eating me longer. My moans had turned into screams now, and I was rocking back and forth, her expert mouth and tongue working me over like nothing ever before them had.  
  
"Don't hold it back," she mumbled against me. "Let yourself go."  
  
I screamed at the top of my lungs as I obeyed her, simply letting myself go. And what ensued was the fiercest orgasm of my entire life. My body shook and trembled in delight, my knees tight around her face, as my passion erupted like a river dam bursting. Talk about powerful sensations! Nothing had ever felt so divine!  
  
A series of screams and high pitched squeals came from deep within me until the orgasm finally started to let up.  
  
I remember moaning and raising to my knees, my eyes closed. I leaned forward and placed my face against the top of the headboard, and let out a lustful sigh. Not only had that been the best tongue lapping ever done on me up to that point, but it had been the most wonderful sexual act ever performed on me -- period.  
  
I was still sighing and trembling in the aftermath when Sarah spoke up.  
  
"Allison, how about returning the favor?"  
  
I turned around and noticed that Sarah had scooted out from under me. In fact, she was laying at the opposite end of the bed, her legs spread wide -- without the G-string on any longer. That had been the last remaining piece of clothing between us, but she must have took it off while I was enjoying the aftermath of orgasm.  
  
I glanced downward, noticing that her pubic hairs were blonde and appeared to be very thin and short. I could easily see the wet folds of her pussy, and it looked most enticing.  
  
However, a sudden fear came over me. I had not been with a female in over three years. What happens if Sarah thought I wasn't any good with my tongue? Although I had an on again/off again relationship with my girlfriend in Texas for two years, I certainly didn't have a lot of practice when it came to eating pussy. I wanted to give Sarah pleasure just as she had given me -- I definitely did not want her to be disappointed with my result.  
  
I spoke in a scared tone, "I... I don't know if I'll be any good for you. It's been such a long time since I was with another girl." Honesty is the best policy.  
  
"Just do what comes naturally," Sarah said. "I'm positive it will be more than good for me! Just stick your face down there, and get to work with your tongue. Just like I did to you."  
  
What irony. I was the one who initiated this whole encounter, wanting to get sexually involved with another woman. Yet, Sarah was the one who was telling me how to make love to her. It would only seem logical that the seducer is knowing and confident in her ability.  
  
On my knees, I bent over completely until my face was between her thighs. I placed both hands upon her hips and then gently extended my tongue to her pussy. Sarah moaned in passion and immediately wrapped her lithe, sleek legs around my head. I glanced up at her, realizing I must have done something right.  
  
I continued along the same track, now gently swiping my tongue over her clit. She wasn't wet -- she was soaked! Her juice tasted sweet, like a fine nectar. I decided it was time to sample more.  
  
I spread her pussy lips with my fingers and drove my tongue inside her. Sarah moaned, obviously enjoying my work. My tongue moved in slow and timed circles, as I hoped to give her the type of pleasure she had just given me. I figured, though, that would be impossible. What she had done to me with her tongue was simply magnificent.  
  
I tried to repay the favor, though, by focusing all of my effort and attention on her honey pot. But I just remember thinking, it was so great to be intimate with a female again. I missed being with a woman more than I even thought I did.  
  
I pulled out slightly, but returned by placing kisses all along the entire exposed area between her thighs. Soon, each wet kiss was followed by a hard suction on the same spot. And after each and every hard suction, Sarah screamed in lust and delight.  
  
I was bringing her pleasure. The knowledge made me feel good!  
  
I dove between her soaked folds again, wanting to bring an orgasm for her, just as she had brought for me. I licked and slurped and lapped, pushing my tongue as far into her as possible. She was really moaning now, a hot blaze of fire and passion, her hips churning and bucking wildly beneath me.  
  
With my mouth and tongue still working, I pushed a single finger into her. Her response was monumental. She roared in lust and then her orgasm began -- my finger had been the final piece to the puzzle.  
  
Her legs were closed very tightly around my head, not allowing my face to leave her pussy, as she screamed and cried out her passion. I just kept lapping away, tasting and swallowing the sweet nectar that poured out from deep within her. Sarah kept screaming, mostly my name and words of passion. She also said some words and phrases that I simply couldn't understand. Then I realized, I must have really driven her insane with pleasure.  
  
It was a very long time coming before her orgasm subsided. But when it did, she loosened the grip of her legs around my head and then let out a content and very satisfied sigh. I gave her honey pot a few more licks before raising up and taking a seat on the bed.  
  
"Come here, Allison," Sarah pleaded, her arms outstretched.  
  
I lunged forward directly into her embrace. She hugged me tightly and gently kissed my shoulder, her hands rubbing hard against my back.  
  
"Ooooh I loved that," she moaned. "You definitely know how to eat pussy, baby. See? I told you."  
  
I pulled away, far enough so we could look into each others' eyes. I smiled before saying, "I'm glad you liked it. I certainly liked it. Both being eaten by you, and then eating you myself. In fact, I enjoyed everything that just happened between us."  
  
Sarah pulled me down so I was laying beside her on the bed. She cupped my face and then kissed me on the lips. "I enjoyed it too. And I think I'm going to enjoy you from now on." She smiled and gave me another kiss. "Thank you, baby. Thank you for telling me of your feelings. This night would not have been possible without it."  
  
"Thank you for being bi," I reciprocated, before giving her a very long and fevered kiss on the mouth.  
  
This night was *far* from over.

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Shortly after that lustful night, Sarah and I became roommates in my dorm.  The second bed in that room was never used.

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That wonderful first evening happened three years ago.  
  
Today, Sarah and I are still together -- and very much in love. We're a couple. Both of us are very faithful to each other -- the idea of dating or being with anyone else is foreign around here.  
  
I have since graduated from college, but Sarah still attends classes as a Senior. A year ago, we moved away from that tiny dorm room to a nice, spacious apartment just outside of Portland. I always wanted to "settle down" with the right person in life. But little did I know that the right person would be another woman.  
  
Currently, I am 23, Sarah is 21. I have a marketing job at an electronics company and Sarah works as a dance instructor for small children. No one knows that we are bisexual and in love with each other -- everyone thinks we are two best friends living together to share expenses. We *are* living together to share expenses, but not as best friends -- Sarah and I are "breast" friends.  
  
Originally, I planned to move back to Texas after graduating from college. But now, I am very content to spend the rest of my life here in Oregon -- just as long as Sarah is with me.

The End