**Baby Edna**

by ?

**Chapter 1**

Ever since I can remember I was a very strange child. When I was in preschool, almost every other kid would take advantage of me; either by emptying my lunch box, bullying me out of my seat or even just pushing me around whenever they could. It was almost as if they could sense my weakness and exploit it at will. At home at nights, I would suffer of chronic night horrors, which would drive my parents insane, since I will always end up wedged between both of them, as I just couldn't stand up to my excruciating fear of darkness. I was also extra clingy to my parents, even for a girl; I will follow and go with them everywhere, almost like a handicapped child. I guess deep inside of me, even at such early age, I understood and acknowledged the fragility of my character.

To my demise, this wasn't just a stage in my early years; I had to endure this karma all through elementary school. I felt very frustrated and knew that I had to do something if I wanted to be a NORMAL girl. I had many talks with my parents and we just couldn't pinpoint the source of the problem and much less find the answer. Helpless and clueless, my only hope was professional help.

I was taken to a psychologist that specialized on kids with character problems and deficits, usually the case being "low self esteem and limited socialization", explained Dr. Padilla; but then again that was only part of the case, or at least a small part of it. I was a beautiful girl, or at least my teachers thought so, they always complimented me on my grayish-blue eyes and the "cute freckles" on my cheeks, which by the way I hated; I always thought they stood out too much due to my very pale skin. My situation was very odd, for some reason I understood that I was pretty and yet somehow didn't feel that way; I guess when you are confused you are confused.

After several sessions, endless number of questions and mental tests, Dr. Padilla finally revealed his diagnosis to my parents, "Edna's situation is very peculiar, she has no mental or medical traumas, Mr and Mrs. Lespaire your daughter is naturally low in self esteem and she is extremely weak". He went on to explain that I wasn't physically weak, for I was a healthy kid; my weakness was of character. He explained that there was no treatment or therapy for my condition, and that only time would tell if I was going to get over this hump.

Little did I know that my helpless condition was going to play a major role in my very near future.

When I reached eight grade, at 14 years old, I was still fighting my internal battles, living the same situation but I had accepted it. I found that in grade school my schoolmates were nicer to me (maturity I guess); I even managed to make some friends. Little by little I was able to mask my condition to a point where it was hardly noticeable. This was a great achievement for me; eventhough I knew that my condition was still there, I was able to hide it from everyone, I felt there was a light at the end of the tunnel. As time progressed, things got better and better. I started really mingling with kids at school, and I started to participate in social activities, things were looking much better. I had two best friends Lisa and Megan, they really helped me to be more independent from my parents, as I would hang out with them almost everyday. Of course my parents allowed and were happy with it because they understood that it was an important step for me. Lisa and Megan will take me to the movies, we would go rollerskating, we will even have little slumber parties. I felt I was starting to become a NORMAL girl, and that was gratifying.

However there was still something, something I couldn't quite grasp, it was an almost ominous and unexpicable perception of things to come, a strange feeling, it was exciting and troubling, different; something so strong and powerful that would purge me and take over my being; something I wouldn't be able to hide. Let me explain.

Living in Texas, one has to adjust to the blistering heat. Being natives of Texas, my best friends Lisa and Megan knew that the best strategy to fight heat was to sport very lite clothing or very little clothing, thus allowing the skin pores to breathe freely. As a result the attire of mostly every girl in my highschool would consist of a very lite standard t-shirt, white tennis shoes whith no socks, and micro jeans shorts or micro cotton shorts; jeans shorts being the favorite, since it gave a more casual appearance.

Even I had no other choice but to wear lite clothing to fight the heat. Of course being insecure as I was, I would wear shorts that reached to my knees; 'I can't afford to have people see my pale thighs with freckles', I thought.

Lisa and Megan had little inhibitions, they would flaunt what they had; so needless to say they both sported the micro-mini shorts; and they had the bodies to do it. Lisa and Megan were very active teenagers, in and out of school. They played for the highschool's volleyball team; and so they had an athletic build, with flat abdomens and thick calves and thighs accompanied by a pair of very round and prominent set of ass cheeks, that always seemed to bounce up and down as if they had a mind of their own, specially when they would jump to serve or to do a kill.

Lisa and Megan naturally wore the same team uniform, yet Lisa's ass cheeks always seemed to be spilling out of the bottom of her shorts; sometimes I wondered if she was totally oblivious to it.

I always did wonder why girl's in Texas had such plump asses. Who knows, maybe the food. Megan and Lisa both had the All American blonde hair-blue eyes look, yet they were really down to Earth.

At 14 they still had some developing to do, and so their breasts department wasn't that spectacular; they were still small, yet very perky; maybe because of the volleyball; but then again who really cares, when you have such amazing legs and asses.

Sometimes I even felt a little jealousy, because I wished I had an equally athletic body and even more important, I wish I had their tan.

Girls in Texas or at least in my town had gorgeous tans; Lisa and Megan were no different; their skins looked silky and unblemished all year round, and thier tan was a perfect gold, which would make the microscopic blond hairs in their calves and thighs stand out and contrast with their skin beautifully. Ohhh, I felt so proud of being their friend.

During my many months of outings ang hanging out with my two best friends is when I started to realize that something was taking over me.

I had an untamable and uncontrollable urge to stare at other girls. At an age in which most girls were in search for the boys' attention, I was inexplicably hounded by a need to be in female company, so I could satisfy my desire to stare at their anatomy.

Being no stranger to confusion, these abnormal urges came to me as no surprise, 'here we go again!!......i am such a weirdo!!', I thought.

The funny thing is that as opposed to every other misdiagnose that I had experienced in the past, my current condition was very simple to figure out; I was a LESBIAN.

My already fragile internal condition together with this new found discovery was mind blowing. It simply took over me, I coldn't control it, I was too weak a person, I had always been. It made all my insecurities resurface, it dominated me, almost like if I was posessed by an evil spirit, the spirit of LESBIANISM.

At the age of 14 every girl knows what sex is. I had never really paid much attention to it, with the exception of conversations Lisa and Megan had about it, and I had no other choice but to listen and fake my participation.

So of course I knew what a penis was, and I also knew what tits, pussy, and ass were. But for some reason the words PUSSY and ASS interested me much more than any other sexual words.

My lesbian condition was peculiar in its own way. It created a fantasy world that immersed me; it sent me into an universe that was ruled by women and their bodies.

All I could think about was gilrs. I spent hours just staring at them. I would sit in the gym pretending to cheer for the volleyball team, when in reality I was only trying to quench my thirsty sickness. Yes I was sick; only a sick 14 year old girl will sit and spend hours staring at other girls in micro-shorts playing volleyball; what made it even worse was the realization that I wasn't just staring at them, I was staring at their thighs, their bouncy asses, and their sweaty genitals. Yes I had spent so much time doing this, that I noticed a lot of the girls in the team would forfeit their underwear and just wear shorts (I am guessing the humidity), making their perspiration puddle at the crotch of their shorts. I will find myself craning my neck and getting in subtle but uncomfortable positions to get better peeks of butt cheeks trying to spill out, or sometimes just wishing one of the girls would face away from me so I could scan her body comfortably.

I was living almost in a trance. At home I would hardly eat, and I will sport a blank look all day. At nights in bed I would be restless, my mind reeling through an array of images; images of each and every female body I saw during the day. I was definitely going krazy. My night horrors returned, but in a different way, they would be followed by nightmares; in my nightmares I will be stranded in a desolate land, void of women. I was in the verge of insanity.

What could I do? I did not want to get my parents involved, specially after the ordeal they went through during my earlier years, I didn't want to bring any more grief to them.

What a big dilemma.....

**Chapter 2 (The Dream)**

I was slowly falling to an abyss and I couldn't do anything about it. Why not boys? At least, that would have made me normal. But then again I had never been normal, I was as far from normal as one can get. I had to find the root of the problem; I was a girl, so I thought, maybe if I study my body and examine myself closely, I would understand my obsession with the female anatomy.

That night, alone in my bedroom I decided to take a closer look at my self. I took off my pijama and went to my bathroom naked except for my knickers which I kept on. I had a pretty good size mirror which allowed me to see myself up to my knees.

My body was very feminine looking, a little on the pale side, but very feminine. I stared at my body for at least thirty minutes, twisting, spinning and turning. "What could it be?", I thought. I examined my breasts closely, they had an average size of girls my age. My nipples were a very light pink almost pale looking. They were about the size of a silver dollar in diameter. One thing that I had noticed about my nipples was that they would grow about a full inch, and would get rock hard as pebbles whenever I was in school, specially when I was in the gym watching the girls playing volleyball (my latest hobby). I couldn't figure out why.

Then it all started coming back to me. There was something else that happened to me as I watched the girl's volleyball team, a funny and somehow different sensation; it was in my lower regions; a warmth deep in my belly and a glowing in my vagina...almost like an itch, a very weird sensation.

As I lost track of my thoughts while observing myself in the mirror, the images that I had recorder earlier, started reeling in, almost like a slide show....... Megan stretching and doing the split before practice; Lisa's plump ass bouncing as she ran warm up laps... The sink made a gurgling noise and I snapped back to reality; as I refocused on the mirror again, I noticed my nipples, they were standing erect at full attention, protruding almost an inch, they looked a bit darker, and when I touched them, they were hard as a rock.

As I continued the examination, I noticed that the itching in my crotch was also very present, I felt as if my vagina was glowing; so I rolled my knickers all the way to my ankles and left them there. I stood up and approached the mirror, trying to accomodate for a better look. This was the first time I had taken interest in my private parts and how they looked. From my standing point it was hard to really examine my crotch area, so I stepped out of my knickers, went back to my room and dragged a chair into the bathroom, and placed it directly in front of the mirror. I sat down and pulled myself the closest that I could to the mirror, being careful not to get the nearsighted effect obstructing my vision.

I spread my legs and brought my hand to my vagina placing two fingers on each side of it, attempting to spread my genitals open for a better look. The first thing I noticed was the heat emanating from my crotch area, it was glowing; I thought if I got any closer to the mirror, I would've fogged it. My vagina was very slick, I thought maybe from sweat, but I wasn't sweating; plus this slickness was thicker than sweat and somewhat sticky. After a couple of minutes fumbling to spread my lips, I decided to scood to the edge of the chair and place my left foot on the wall next to the mirror. As a result my legs were splayed wide open and I had free access to my vagina. As I pryed my lips open, there was a squelching sound, and I noticed strings of the sticky liguid stretching and then running down my thighs; I also caught a strong whiff that emerged from my vagina, which made me salivate instantly; there was a musky warmth to the smell, very raw in its nature, almost primitive; and it had a very powerful reaction on me; it made me dizzy and fluttery. It created a hunger, a strange hunger in my depths, almost as if I had to feed. But feed on what?? I would have to find the answer later.

As I kept examinig my vagina, I also noticed my clitoris. I knew it was my clitoris because of descriptions I had heard of it in school. This was the first time that I was actually seeing mine; I noticed it had the same reaction as my nipples; it was standing alive and it was peaking out of a sheath of skin at the top of my vagina. It looked like a little pearl shinning on a very wet clam. My entire vagina had an angry-pink look to it, like if it was burning from the inside. Lost in my own little world examining myself, I decided to feel my clitoris. As soon as I touched it, I couldn't help but to moan out loud. I felt an electric charge course through my entire body.

I didn't understand at the time, nor did I know anything about masturbation, but I kept rubbing my clit as it continued to shock my body. Doing this was slowly calming the glowing and itching in my vagina.

I spent the next fifteen minutes, in front of the mirror playing with myself. The only sound in the bathroom was the squishy noise of my fingers in my hole. Hipnotized by my own reflection, fogged by the musky aroma that surrounded me, and the rythmic sound of my pussy while masturbating, I slowly drifted into unconsciousness, and I had my first orgasm. I must have been unconscious for about an hour. At least that is how I felt when I woke up. As I slowly recovered, I noticed how exhausted I felt; there was calm and peace throughout my body, and an unmistakeable feeling of serenity. Gradually recovering the clarity of my vision, I also noticed that my nipples were back to normal, and my clitoris was hiding under its sheath. Slowly I brought my foot down from the wall and stood up; my knees were somewhat weak, but I managed to make my way into my bedroom.

I had just had my first orgasm, and it was a humbling and extraordinary experience; it felt almost like if I was rewarding my body after a long day of hard work, hard work staring and lusting after all those gorgeous sweaty thighs, asses, and pussies.

Laying in bed, almost fully recovered from my first orgasm, I noticed there was still something in me; that feeling of hunger that never seemed to go away, that desire to feed....unexplicable and uncertain..Would I ever find out what was my body pleading for? Craming and trying to solve the pieces to the greatest puzzle, once again the images started pouring in....All those girl!! Ohhh goodness, so many of them!! All those shapely bodies, those feminine hips, sliky long legs...those buttcheeks and crotches...'I wonder how they smell!!'... Would they have that same primitive musk that I experienced earlier as I masturbated???...."Oh my God Edna, you are sick!! Stop having those thoughts!!!!" I noticed that I had been salivating, and my clitoris again was rock hard as well as my nipples. That warm feeling of hunger was now burning in the depths of my stomach. It was an unbearable and helpless feeling; I knew it wouldn't let me sleep; so slowly I removed my knickers and brought my hand to my wet vagina and started masturbating until I passed out and fell asleep.

That night I had a very strange and mysterious dream... I was sitting on the benches in my highschool gym, but it was empty. I felt very sad and confused in my dream; I had a feeling of desperation and uncertainty, despair; I was agonizing emotionally; tears ran down my cheeks, and I started sobbing and then crying, crying uncontrollably. I felt like I was loosing my breath and I started hyperventilating; it was a horrible feeling, I felt like I was dying slowly, and I couldn't do anything about it. Then somebody gently patted my right shoulder, and all of a sudden I regained my breathe and strenght and looked up. Through the blur and haze of tears I managed to make out a female silhouette. Who was this mysterious figure?? She had long blonde hair that reached to her shoulders; it had an almost cherubic nature to it. Her lines flowed beautifully and naturally; there was a calmness about her that made me feel at ease, eventhough she was a stranger to me.

As my vision slowly cleared and I could see her better, I immediately recognized something familiar; she was wearing the uniform for the girl's volleyball team. Her white T-shirt had the number 3 imprinted in red, and it was cut short just bellow her ribcage, exposing her perfectly tanned and smooth stomach. I could see some perspiration glistening in her exposed skin. As I directed my vision to her shorts, I noticed how drenched they appeared to be, specially in the area where her thighs met with her crotch. The legs of her micro-shorts seemed to be straining against her well rounded and sculpted thighs, and their crotch was wedged between her vaginal lips. This produced an almost transluscent outline of her genitals. I noticed that her lips appeared very puffy and swollen almost as if they were pouting; at the very top where the lips came together, there was the outline of her clit trying to peak through, it seemed very erect and very alive. It seemed to pulse at its own will. As I slowly swallowed things in, my vision became clearer. By know I could see every nook and cranny of this mysterious girl's body. Her calves were fantastic and extremely shapely, and her thighs were so well rounded that they seemed to come together even before they met at her crotch. Her body was perspiring as if she had just finished some extrenuating physical activity. As I looked at her face again in an attempt to uncover my mysterious girl, I noticed it was still blurry to me. Everything else seemed so clear except for her face. I started having that feeling af desperation once again, and I was getting extremely anxious......

"Who are y..........????, she placed the palm of her hand to my lips before I could finish the question... I noticed how warm and moist they felt on my lips.... "shhhhhhhhh sweetie....that is not important..." she whispered. Her voice seemed musical and very subtle; Was she communicating telepatically? I fely her moist fingers caressing my cheeks in a very loving and almost motherly way, they felt very soft and comforting. "Baby...you don't have to hurt anymore.....I am here to make it all go away... I will set you free...." As she whispered this to me, I felt an undescribeable joy; it was almost as if she turned a switch on, and every beautiful emotion I had ever known came to surface; I felt a happiness that filled my entire soul. I started crying uncontrollably once again, but this time I was crying of joy and happiness. "Shhhhh...baby don't cry...I promise you won't have to suffer anymore....." Her angelic voice was very suiting and comforting.

Her fingers caressing my face felt wonderful. I didn't want her to stop. I closed my eyes and tried to absorb the moment.

I felt some movement and as I opened my eyes, I noticed she was repositioning herself directly in front of me. Her movements were very slow and poetic; I thought she was gliding. She seemed to move in slow motion.

As she stood directly in front of me, I noticed how close her crotch was to my face. The shorts outlined her vagina deliciously. It was so wet that I could see droplets of sweat over the shorts on her crotch.

As I stared in a trance, I felt her fingers move from my face to my hair; they started massaging my scalp rythmically... I was being hipnotized, but somehow I was willingly accepting it.

It felt so good to have her caress me like this that I just surrendered to her. I heard myself whisper "Please guide me...I am so confused...show me the way...." Very slowly she started to inch her waist even closer to my face, as she got close enough, she started to raise her right thigh above my right shoulder. I felt a warmth starting to surround me....towering over me, she placed her right foot on the bench that was directly above the one that I was sitting on. Everything was moving so slow and I just couldn't react. Her crotch was now directy over my face; there was an incredible heat emanating from it, almost like a furnace...her thigh was now making contact with my left cheek, it was slick with sweat and ver warm.

The warmth that encompassed me was very comforting, almost inviting; it made me feel protected. I needed to be protected; I needed compassion and understanding; I needed to feel loved and taken care of....somehow I was feeling that way now; it was amazing.

Once again I felt her fingers on my scalp, but this time they were on the back of my head...there was a pressure, a very subtle pressure; she was pushing my head forward; almost like a mother trying to comfort a child...she was pushing my head into her damp crotch..

"What are you d....Uhhhhhhh...." I moaned lightly, as my nose first made contact with her crotch....I was in a haze..."mmmmhmmmmm"... It was an undiscribeable feeling; her vagina felt so hot through the shorts. I couldn't explain, but it felt delicious. It just felt right.

She continued to push and wedge my nose deeper into her lips, until my lips made full contact with her crotch and my face was completely smothered. It felt beautiful; there was a feeling of fulfillment in my heart; I was overjoyed, what an awesome feeling... I felt that I had finally found my niche; I had found were I belonged..I felt very secure and at ease, it was a pleasant and gratifying feeling. I was overjoyed and overflowing with emotions; I started crying again, but my sobbing was muffled by her crotch on my face.

As she kept my face tightly pressed to her I could hear her musical whispering in the background..."shhhhh....don't cry anymore baby... just CHERISH THE MOMENT"....

"CHERISH THE MOMENT..."...."CHERISH THE MOMENT"......"CHERISH the mohhh"

And thats when I woke up. As I looked at the clock on my nightstand, I noticed it was 4:37AM...I had been sleeping for a good while. I was flushed and my body was drenched with cold sweat.

"What a dream!!!" I thought....

I stood to head towards the bathroom, and as I gave my first step my knees gave in, and I fell to the floor; luckily my carpet was very lush and well cushioned, so I didn't harm myself. I got up again and carefully made my way to the sink where I could sustain myself. I looked at myself in the mirror; my eyes were dilated and my forhead still had some perspiration residues. What did this dream mean? It was so strange, yet so vivid and real, so powerful; there had to be a meaning to it....I felt like it was trying to tell me something.... Deep inside of me I felt that it held the key to everything, even my happiness....but how....What did I have to do? As I felt strong enough to stand without support, I washed my face thoroughly with cold water.

I needed to be awake, I needed to analyze things....

"Think Edna.....think...what to do...what to do....."

I felt lost and helpless, I had to find out what this dream could possibly mean. I knew I couldn't describe such dream to my parents...much less tell them that I thought somehow this dream was the key to my happiness; they themselves would've put the strain-jacket on me and sent me off to the mad house....

Who could I trust to help me analyze my dream; wihtout judging me, without making me feel weird and uncomfortable....

My choices were narrowed down to Megan and Lisa. I figured they were my only hope; they were young and they were my best friends.

I knew that they wouldn't flip out, or at least I thought so. 'What if they did?...I will be so embarassed!!'.... As I analyzed the situation thoroughly, I thought it would be a better idea to share this with just one of the two....not because I didn't trust either one, but because I felt it would produce better results to confide with an individual as opposed to a crowd. That way I could really get into details without being extra embarassed.

Lisa and Megan were the coolest and cutest friends in the world....They loved to play and joke around, and they had an incredible sense of humor....yet out of the two Megan always seemed to be the one that understood that there was a time to be serious; this was something that I truly admired. She always came across as the more mature of the two.

I felt that if anybody, she would be the one that would take me seriously and help me analyze my situation.

"So Megan it is!!!"....

I felt excited about the prospects of discussing my condition with one of my best friends...I felt something good would come out of it....

As I went back to my bedroom...I looked at the clock and it said 5:30AM..

"Oh goodness, I have to wake up in two and a half hours...."

I tucked myself in and went to bed, ecstatic about what the day held for me later.

**Chapter 3 (The Understanding)**

I managed to sleep an hour and a half before my alarm went off; It went off so loud, that I jumped out of my bed sheets and my heart was beating like a drum.... "Damn it..... stupid alarm!!!..." I shakily extended my arm and pressed the snooze button to shut it off. The clock read 7:00AM. Somehow I had managed to profoundly fall asleep in such a short period of time.

As I sat on the edge of my bed trying to compose myself, I took several deep breaths and slowly started to settle in. These alarms could kill you. I started arranging my thoughts one by one, and I felt my heart rate returning to normal.

After a couple of minutes relaxing, I was fully awake, feeling very groggy and my head heavy....my body slowly becoming slumber.

I regained total presence of mind and started analyzing things.

Today wasn't like every other normal day.....today was a very special day; it would mark a pivotal point in my life, a dramatic change; a new understanding of things; an irreversible perception....I would be viewed upon differently yet again; somehow this time I knew it had to happen; no more lies, and no more hiding. There was that feeling of something big to come, something bigger than me, something much bigger than anything I had lived before...I was on the brink of starting a new life, a new promise, a new way of being; so much to look forward too.....and it was all going to happen Today.

I managed to take a shower and get dressed in time to join my parents for breakfast. They noticed how ecstatic and clumsy I was, but they didn't have a chance to question me as I had to make a staggering retreat to be on my way to school.

Living only five blocks from St. Mary's Highschool, it was only a ten minute walk for me. As I made my way down the sidewalk, I noticed how hot and humid it felt; it was going to be a blistering day; yet it was gorgeous, the sun was blinding and the sky was a sea of blue with no clouds on sight. The streets had almost no traffic, with the exception of the yellow school buses heading towards the school. On the opposite sidewalk there were other kids making their way to school; it would be a routinary day for them; that wasn't the case for me.

I coludn't help but notice, that my pace was erratic and a little quicker than normal; the palms of my hands and feet were ice cold. It was my nerves. The closer I got to school the more nervous I felt. I couldn't control it; my heart started beating a little harder, and the butterflies returned to my stomach. I became oblivious to my surroundings; my brain wasn't processing, my legs were just guiding me. As my eyes registered the road ahead, the beige walls and brown roof started to come into view. Through the pounding of the heart beats in my ears, I could hear the tower bell ringing. Classes would start soon, I needed to pick up my pace.

As I reached the building, I found myself standing in front of the huge brown gates. I felt smaller than ever; I felt like I had shrunk, and my knees felt very weak; by now my entire body felt cold, and I had a swarm of butterflies in the pits of my stomach; there was a huge knot in my throat and it felt like I had cotton in my mouth... I was a nerve wreck at this point; I couldn't get myself to take another step; I started gasping and my respiration came in short breaths, I thought I was going to faint.

Then I heard a thumping sound of fingers snapping in my ear, and a voice... "Edna come on, we need to run to class we are late girl!!......" and I found myself running down the hallway as Megan grabbed my arm and was dragging me towards our History class.

As we stumbled into the classroom and took our assigned seats at the very back of the room, we were struggling to catch our breath.

Luckily Mrs. Ray was also running a couple of minutes late, so we manged to beat her to class

Sitting to my left, I could hear Megan trying to formulate some words..."W...Whhh....What the hell were you doing standing out there!!!'..

I couldn't think very well and much less speak, as I was trying to get the oxygen to flow through my brain. All I could do was to look at her with glairy eyes to acknowledge her words. She had a puzzled look in her face..."You looked krazy out there...";

I nodded my head a little bit trying to answer to her bewilderment. "You Weirdo!!!...what was it with the blank stare??"....

I couldn't make words yet, instead the inquisitively puzzled look in her face seemed very comical at the moment, and I couldn't help but to start giggling....

"What are you laughing about??"... Megan's expression was so clueless, and the more I looked at it, the funnier it became. I just busted out laughing.

My laugh was so contagious that she couldn't help but to start giggling herself; and as her giggles became louder, we were playing a comical symphony in the back of the class that had everbody staring at us.

We were starting to have too much fun when we heard the classroom door open, then we knew that our fun time was over, as Mrs. Ray was a very strict teacher, and required the student's utmost attention.

When the class started, I felt more at ease; the laughter therapy had definitely helped my nerves; I could think clearly.

As I listened to Mrs. Ray's words, my concentration slowly started shifting from History to my best friend.

Megan was such a great friend; she always seemed oblivious to my defects and flaws, and she never tried to exploit my weak character. It could've been so easy for her to just put me down and trample all over me, instead she always used her wit and ingenuity to make me feel at her same level, when I understood we were not.

As I was having these thoughts, I found myself staring at her while she was doing her bookwork, unaware of my fixed look.

Not only was Megan a great friend, but she was a gorgeous friend. I was scanning her from head to toe; her blonde hair was so shiny and lustrous, perfectly straight; and her cheeks seemed to have a permanent blush on them, noticeable even through her golden tone; her skin always had that rich satiny look to it.

Slowly scanning her, my eyes then focused on her legs; having her right foot on the edge of the chair, which was her frequent habit, made her thigh appear extra mighty and voluptuous. With abundant sunlight filling the classroom, I could clearly see the very tiny blonde hairs on her thigh; they were gleaming beautifully. Her thighs looked so enticing that they appeared to have a smell and taste to them; they almost looked edible.

When Megan abruptly shifted in her seat, I quickly snapped out of my trance and realized that I had been drooling, literally; my throat was dry and my mouth watery...and then there was that feeling, again that feeling of hunger that I couldn't explain. I had to find out what was happening; I needed to find an explanation to all of this; I couldn't continue living in this cluless fantasy world that engulfed me; I had to be courageous for the first time in my life. I tore a peace of paper from my notebook and nervously made a note... The note read..."I need to talk to you after school, I need your help its extremely important".....I folded the note and tossed it on top of Megan's book; she flinched and then turned to me with a quizzical look. I pointed to the paper signaling for her to read it.

I felt that this was the beginning to my mission, to the biggest mission in my life. As Megan read it, I knew there was no turning back; this was it, I had to go through with it. My nerves started creeping up on me; I hated to feel like this, so fragile and susceptible to my emotions; but then again I had always felt like that, this situation was no different. Everything moved in slow motion; this was big, a huge step; the biggest step. I had no choice but to take it and be ready for it.

On the flip side I wasn't sure if Megan was ready for this. 'What if it is just too much for her...what if I totally freak her out and she sees me with different eyes....even worse, what if she doesn't want to be my friend anymore...' I appreciated her company too much to not have her as my friend; it was a risk that I had to take and maybe live with its repercussions for a very long time. Megan looked at me with an expression of approval and then whispered..."Of course....what is it about?"....

"I will explain later, meet me at the bottom of the stairs after school..." I whispered back.

Megan nodded energetically and gave me a thumb's up.

The rest of my classes I spent them rehearsing in my mind the best way to reveal my story to Megan. I came up with everyline I could think of, some were pretty acceptable and some were just plain over the top; yet none of them fully convinced me...everywhere from...'Megan I think I am a dyke'...or... 'Megan over the course of the past months'...to even....'Megan I have this thing for ass and pussy'... It was driving me insane; how could I possibly put this into words; I couldn't even explain it to myself; how could I explain it to Megan.

I decided to leave things to destiny and just let it happen. I guess I would have to improvise.

The last five minutes of my Social Studies class moved like hours; this was my last class and thus I was very anxious; my palms were sweating and my heart was thumping.

As soon as the bell rang, I nervously gathered my books and made my way to the bottom of the stairs at the front entrance of the school. I felt very agitated and uneasy, the nerves were killing me.

When I reached the stairs, I noticed Megan that wasn't there; I was agonizing..."Damn it Megan...where the hell are you.."; then I remembered that her last class was P.E., she needed time to shower and change.

I needed to calm myself down; I couldn't let her see me in such critical condition.

I sat down on the stairs to wait, my feet moving uncontrollably; my gaze constantly moving to my watch.

Then out of the corner of my eye I saw someone hastily appraoching me; it was Megan, she was still in her P.E uniform. The class had just ended and so she had to storm to our meeting. "God Megan, you're a mess...why didn't you take a shower and changed"...She was soaked and breathless, I pictured she was sprinting to where I was.. "Dohh...don't worry about me, I know you wanted to talk to me, what is it??" Her voice out of breath.

Those simple words proved her friendship and solidarity; her kindness and support really touched me; I felt like I was truly important to her; it gave me a new confidence to go through with it. As I looked straight into her blue eyes, I knew that this was the right thing to do; she was there for me.

I told her that we needed to go somewhere private, as I didn't want to risk anybody listening to our conversation.

After going through several choices, Megan came up with a good idea; "Come on lets sneek into the Biology Lab, it'll be empty, there we can talk"...

Students were not allowed into the Biology Lab after class due to the fragile equipment it contained; yet its doors were never locked, and so a lot of students would sneek in to take naps on the examination beds that were at the back of the room. This was the perfect place.

As Megan grabbed my hand and started up the wood stairs, I followed close behind. The staircase up to the lab was very steep and narrow, so it only allowed for one person at a time per step.

Trailing directly behind Megan, I found myself face to face with her plump buttocks.

I noticed how her blue shorts came just short of the bottom of her ass cheeks; they appeared to be a very tight fit, making her twin cheeks look very juicy and powerful, almost as if they were ready to burst out of their confinement. Each cheek appeared to move independently from the other, and they had a deliciously firm jiggle to them.

Her thighs looked godly from this angle; the looked very firm and well rounded; it was a sight to behold.

I noticed the skin where her thighs met her ass cheeks was not as tanned as the rest of her legs, this area made a pale strip directly under each butt cheek, as it had been deprived of sunlight; a testament of how incredibly juicy her buttocks was.

With each step she took, her slick thighs rubbed passed each other, I could almost hear the wet smacking sound of their flesh rubbing together. It looked so amazing it gave me goose bumps.

From such a close distance I was also treated to quick flashes of her inner thighs, which voluptuously flowed and met right before her crotch area; this spot where they met had a gradual but darker hue to it, almost overly tanned or burnt, yet very smooth; somehow it appeared very aromatic to me.

Then I had an impulse; a very naughty and perverted impulse.

In a bold manner I brought my face to within inches of her ass cheeks, my nose almost making contact with her flesh; I could feel the warmth of her skin from this distance, I was in a conscious trance, as I was very aware of my actions.

Without thinking I took a silent but very deep sniff; her aroma shocked my entire nervous system; it was very raw, almost wild in nature; it was succulent in a forbidden way; a powerful mixture of sweat and spices, an aphrodisiac recipe. I was pure femenine musk at its sweetest.

I needed to control myself, but I couldn't.

I kept taking in her heavenly scent; I couldn't stop myself from secretly sniffing her behind; I was high on her aroma, it had me salivating, and I couldn't stop trembling; my eyes were getting glassy; I had become a junkie.

Deep inside of me there was an internal battle; I felt disgusted with myself, but yet I was loving it; I felt depraved and dirty, but I was too weak to stop my actions. I wanted to tell myself that this was very wrong, that it needed to stop, and yet I would find myself thinking.."Ghhhod Megan....your ass smells so good...."

As we reached the top of the stairs, I had to force myself away from Megan's fleshy buttocks; I was following it closely like a bee after the sweetest honey.

Oblivious to my inner demons, Megan turned to me and noticed my flushed appearance..."Megan you look sick....you okay??"....

I managed to play it off and assured her that everything was good. But it wasn't; I had just committed a filthy act, I had sniffed another girl's sweaty behind, and I had loved it, I found it addictive; I knew that if I had the chance to do it again, I wouldn't be able to hold back, and this really scared me.

How could I control myself being as weak a person as I was; specially when I had this hunger growing in me like a beast ready to take over. My impulses would no longer be impulses, they would turn into action.

I could foresee into the future; I would be totally controlled and manipulated by these depraved impulses. I wouldn't be able to control my urge to get high; to drug myself with funky female musk; I would be delirious around school tracing girl's behinds, trying to get a whiff of ambrosia.

I knew my thoughts were irrational, but they were a reality.

Somehow I knew that these wicked impulses were part of a bigger picture; they were a small piece to the puzzle, and now more than ever it was important to start putting it together.

As we walked into the Biology lab, it felt cool from the air conditioner. We went straight to the back of the class and Megan immediately sat sprawled in one of the examination beds; I rolled a small chair directly in front of her.

In this position, Megan was sitting taller than me, and so I had to look up at her. I felt like I was in a court room, and Megan was the judge sitting above me. As I was getting ready to spill my guts, Megan fumbled around uuncomfortably, until she decided to scood to the end of the bed with her legs hanging off the edge.

As I observed her trying to find a comfortable position to listen to me, it felt kind of awkward; being here in front of her, ready to reveal my condition, this had to be the most important point in my life.

Suddenly Megan broke the silence...."Edna you've had me thinking and worried the whole day....what's up??....does it have anything to do with me??....did I do someting??"....

The moment of truth had come, I couldn't help my nerves. My voice sounded very coarse as I spoke with a huge knot in my throat.. "Megan...I...I d..don't know...hhhffffff.C.... whats happened to me...I....I...I...this is harder than I thought...."

Megan's face showed utmost concern, she was agonizing with me, without even knowing the problem..."What is it sweetie????....you are scaring me....have faith in me....come on tell me!!"...

It was coming; my brain processed the words, my tongue would deliver the chaos....

"Megan...I am not who you think I am....at least not anymore...I am different now...I am so repulsed and upset...."

Megan's face was contorted with confusion, she had a puzzled and desperate look..."Edna I am confused..."

"Megan I am a LESBIAN...." I had tried to whisper the words, yet they were loud and clear; this was the moment I had lived for; I was balancing between happiness and despair; there was no turning back, it was a one way trail, and I had no choice but to walk it.

Megan was intently staring at me, her face had no expression, blankly studying me. I tried to appear as calm as I could, yet I was slowly dying on the inside; I needed to know what she was thinking...yet I understood it wouldn't be so complicated, she would either accept me or turn away from me.

At this moment Megan was not only my best friend, but she represented my family, society, the entire world; she represented the mighty eyes of judgement upon me, my future, my survival, my acceptance. Her reaction was vital to me; I was hanging on a thread.

I could only lower my gaze to the ground and wait with the coldest uncertainty.

Then I heard her stuttering nervously..."Wh...Hhhhh...When...how did you find out???....what happened??..."

I decided to tell her everything; there would be no more lies; I had gotten too far to hold back now. I poured my heart out to her. My voice was very emotional.

I told her about my crazed obsession with the female body, and my lascivious hobby at the gym.

Her blank look had acquired an expression of interest; she was paying close attention, her face almost analitical. This was a great sign; I was given the chance to testify, to accredit my insanity; It was becoming easier.

I told her that I masturbated thinking about other girls, particular that night when I discovered how sweet it was to rub my genitals fantasizing about soft voluptuous female curves.

She was motionless, deeply enthralled by my revelations; she was absorbing my every word.

I was flowing; I described every spicy detail; I just couldn't have any loose ends. I felt that it was only fair for her to get the whole story, specially after I had annointed her my personal drama listener; I knew this was a heavy burden for her also.

I revealed my dream to her, and told her how real it felt; how mesmerizing and strange it was. I explained to her that I thought this dream was trying to tell me something, but I couldn't figure what; somehow it held the key to this new feeling, this new identity that had taken over me.

Megan remained silent, trying to absorb everything I told her.

"Megan I'm sorry it had to be you....I just needed to tell someone..you are the only person I trust.....please I need your help..."

I desperately needed support, I needed answers; maybe Megan would see something I didn't, maybe she could help me understand my condition.

"I am speechless....Edna I don't even know what to say....how could I possibly help you....I mean....do you even look at me in that way??.."

I wasn't expecting that question, it hit me like a slap in the face; my tongue was tied; I couldn't lie to her..."I d...dhhh..don't knowwwww..." I whispered almost whiningly.

"Yes you doooo!!!!!!!!....Oh my God Edna!!!!!" Her tone was very lighthearted; she couldn't help but laugh at such an awkward discovery; she was blushing and giggling..."Wowww...I gotta be smoking hot...!!" she had shifted into her joke mode. I couldn't resist but to laugh myself, as it was almost impossible for me to hide the truth from Megan.

The mood had changed; we were back to our old selves; we were now joking and giggling, at the expense of my LESBIAN condition.

"Megan can I confess something without you freaking out???...."

Through chuckle and giggles, she managed to make a serious minute, her facial expression turning worried..."sure girl what is it?"...

I had to tell her everything ..."Well its kinda weird....actually very weird...but anyways....as we were climbing the stairs something strange happened...I had the craziest impulse to smell your butt.....and then I d...dhh..don't know...I just couldn't stop myself from doing it.....and I loved it....Megan this really scares me!!.."

Megan's face remained very serious, I feared for a moment that I had gone too far; maybe finally I had managed to freak her out.

Her eyes were locked with mine, I couldn't read her feelings.."Eeeewwwwwwww grosssss....I haven't even showered!!!"...her tone lighthearted once again.

"Megannnnnn!!!...I am serious!!....quit playing!!!!..besides thats my whole point....I know it is gross...but....awwww Megannnnn....I don't knowwww....I j..jhhh.just couldn't help it...I was attracted to it somehow....I know how it sounds.....but nothing seems to make sense lately..."

I could only gasp in desperation as I tried to explain my bizarre actions; I felt helpless and disgusted at my words, yet there was so much truth to their irrationality.

Megan's nose was crinkled, and her puzzled expression displayed confusion in an almost hillarious manner.

"Megan could you stop staring at me like that!!!....it makes me feel like a weirdo..."; eventhough everything in me classified me as a weirdo, it somehow still made me uncomfortable.

Megan had a cartoonish look of disbelief on her face. "Well hellooo Edna...you were sniffing my ass...you have to admit that is a little bit weird..don't you think??...besides I am all smelly and funky fresh..."

We both couldn't help but to bust out laughing at her funny remark. Megan had such a special gift to humour a bad moment and totally change the mood.

I loved this side of her so much; her unconditional friendship was such a valuable gem.

"Awwww Megan I am so scared...I don't know what to do...I feel like a freak.." My emotion surfaced and I became very sentimental; I was both happy and desolate, I knew that I had made the right decission by telling Megan, and eventhough she had taken it lightly, somehow I felt sorry that she had to see me in such a different light.

"shhhh...shhhh...come here Edna...we are friends regardless...plus nobody else knows about it right?..." I just nodded.

"Come here sweetie..." Megan offered a hug spilling her affection to me.

She pushed herself further to the edge of the bed and opened her arms invitingly, her legs splayed open in front of me making space for our hug; her thighs were bulging out of the bed and her crotch was now visible.

Slowly approaching our embrace, I noticed the wet markings of perspiration directly over her crotch area. Her forward movement had pressed her shorts tightly against her vagina, showing a distinctive and clear outline. Her lips looked very puffy, giving her vagina a pouty and elevated appearance, almost like half a peach stuffed under her shorts.

I started to salivate, and my heart started to beat faster; it was happening again; I felt anxious and erratic, out of control.

As I rolled my chair directly in front of Megan's opened arms and legs, I was fighting a battle, a contest of will against urge; I needed to ignore her gorgeous crotch, so close to me now, so perfect and maybe fragrant.

My hands started shaking and my body began to spasm; I knew I had lost...My weakness was my curse.

As Megan ushered me in, I felt as if time had stopped; everything moved in slow motion.

Ever so gently I leaned forward and placed my hands on her curvy hips, my face moving slowly but surely towards her crotch, almost mechanically; her bodily heat was blurring my senses, I couldn't think at this point, all I could see was her outlined genitals.

As my nose slowly made contact with the prespiring crotch, I felt Megan's thighs tense.

I reflexively sniffed in her scent.

I lost all my strenght, my body surrendered; it was heavenly; a powerful musk, very warm and very spicy, deliciously raw and primitive.

It had an overpowering effect on me; I felt like a fortress collapsing, I was drowning in musky pleasure.

Then I heard Megan's voice, it was a nervous whisper..."Aaaaaa Edna???...what are you doing???.."

I couldn't get myself to react; I was drugged up in her warmth, my thoughts were mixed up and I wasn't processing well. I was snorting and babbling on her crotch.

"Hmmmmmmm...Iiiiihhhh...sorrhhyyyyy...I can't help it...hmmmm....Megan this stuff is so good...please allow mehhhh....I beg youuuhhh...wowwhhh..."

I was beside myself. At this point I didn't care what Megan thought of me; I was in my own world, my face on her muff was all that mattered now.

Instinctively I pushed my nose deeper in between her lips; the heat and the smell in her hole were wonderful.

As I shoved further, Megan gave out a high pitch squeal.."uuyyyyyy...Ednaaa!!!..."....But I just couldn't stop, not now, this was too good.

Megan's body slowly started to relax; her fingers tentatively caressing my hair; then almost acceptingly she spread her thighs wider and placed her left foot on the edge of the lab bed, giving me full access to her crotch area. "Its okay sweetie...I understand...take your time..." She was whispering; her voice very subtle, understanding my need and the gravity of the situation; her demeanor very mature and consoling.

I could have spent an eternity in this position. It was such a beautiful feeling, being between her warm thighs; it felt very accomodating.

Megan's gentle caresses and her motherly support were helping me relax and control my emotions better.

I was nuzzling her crotch in a loving and caring manner, when I felt her hand carefully pushing my head away from her center.

Looking up from in between her thighs, I could see a look of worry and consolation on her face..."Edna we need to talk sweetie...I am a little worried...did you see yourself just now??..."

I felt embarassed that Megan had to see me in such a vulnerable and needy state; I felt inferior and degraded; It was hard to look at my friend in the eyes.

"I am so sorry Megan...I hate it that you had to see me like this...I am so embarassed..."

My shame was so much that I couldn't help the tears welling up.

Megan immediately came to my consolation..."Edna....its okay...I just had no idea it meant so much to you....plus you don't have to be embarassed...its me.."

Her supportive words reminded me of how great a person she was; I was so glad that she was my friend.

"Really Megan...do you mean that??..." I managed to speak through the knot in my throat.

Her face light up with a warm inviting smile.."Of course I mean it Edna..I am always here for you..."

Then with a naughty grin on her face she did the cutest and most delicious impersonation that my eyes had ever seen; spreading her thighs she brought her right hand to her crotch, placing her middle and index finger on each side of her vaginal lips, she started animating them over her shorts by opening and closing them, utilizing a cartoonlike voice..."weeeee Ednaaa...hey there buddaayyy!! you are always welcome to come play with me...muahhh...muahhhh..."

Her silly impersonation had me blushing profusely, and I couldn't help it; I also couldn't help the itching sensation that I was feeling on my clitoris as I watched her manipulate her lips over her shorts.

I pictured myself having x-ray vision and piercing through the thin piece of clothing to see her in all her heavenly glory..'it must be gorgeous'...impure thoughts flooding my brain....'it must be so pink...Megan give me a glimpse...just a little one...please...I'll do anything you want...'

Megan abruptly shut her thighs and snapped me out of my illicit thoughts.

Her face was so bright with laughter, and I knew all her actions were with the best of intentions.

"Megan you are such a prankster...but I still love you..."

"I love you too Edna..." Megan spoke in a fond manner as she bounced out of the bed.

Staring out the window, we noticed how late it had become.

"What do you say we continue this conversation at my house tomorrow after volleyball practice...that way we can take our time okay?...'

"That sounds great Megan...thank you so much...I don't know what I would do without you..." Megan's acceptance of my condition was such a huge step in a life of grief and confusion. "Oh nonesense Edna...come on now...we are buddies...don't worry about it...besides I think its kinda cool to have a lesbian friend..its kind of rebellious.." Megan's comments elevated my ego and made me feel better about the whole situation..'maybe it is not so bad being a lesbian'...

With that we ended our meeting and headed home.

That night I couldn's sleep due to sheer excitement; I had a feeling of hope, of acceptance, it was a new beginning. This was the first time that I had truly expressed myself; I felt free and liberated; she had made it so easy for me and I was thankful.

Megan was becoming so much more that a friend to me. She had exceeded every expectation I had by miles. I was beginning to see her in a whole new light. She was everything a friend should be; she was so good and understanding, accepting and always willing to help; her personality and sense of humor were like no other, and to top everything she was simply gorgeous. My heart got fluttery as I pictured her deep blue eyes, her cute permanent blush, and her pretty dimpled smile, such superior genetics; and then there was her ass, oh my God that plump gorgeous ass; if only I could get a whiff of it again. My body shivered with lust as my thoughts went back to our encounter earlier; smelling her delicious funk and nuzzling between her thighs was such a wonderful experience.

I rolled over on my stomach and burried my face on the pillow pretending it was Megan's crotch...'If only I could feel its heat against my face again, I would loose myself in its heavenly smell...'

My hand automatically slid into my knickers and I started rubbing the entire length of my vagina with the palm of my hand...'Megan...you mean so much to me...I want you to always be my friend...I need you.... I love you...I love youuu....aaahhhhhh....' My entire body shook as I had a thunderous orgasm.

After I fully recovered from my climax, I realized that there was something else happening parallel to my entire situation, once again something that was inevitable and undeniable....'I am in love with Megan...oh God noooo...please not that...'

I could not afford to have feelings for my best friend; not only was it unhealthy, but it would complicate things...'Edna you can't let her know under any circumstances...' Deep inside of me, I knew I was too weak a person to deny my love for her, yet I had a strong presence of mind to understand its consequences, as I valued her friendship more that anything else in the world. I finally went to sleep with the conviction of keeping my feelings for Megan as secret as my weakness would allow it.

The next day in school I was much more relaxed; I was able to concentrate on my classes, eventhough my mind kept bringing up images of Megan.

I was very excited that we were going to continue our conversation after volleyball practice. Then I had a naughty thought...'maybe she will even let me get in between her legs...that would definitely make my day...'

I didn't want to get ahead of myself, I knew that I had to control my impulses if I didn't want to totally freak out Megan.

During my last class, I could already feel butterflies in my stomach, as I knew that I would be seeing Megan very soon...'Edna...please control yourself around her....don't let her know how you feel...'

When the bell rang, I quickly picked up my books and paced myself towards the school gym; I didn't want to be late.

As I entered the gym, I realized that volleyball practice wasn't over. There was a game in process and the entire girl's volleyball team was in the court, except for Megan. I looked all around the gym, but she wasn't anywhere on sight.

As I looked up at the bleachers, I realized that they were empty, and so I decided to sit for a while and engage in my favorite hobby while I waited for Megan.

My other best friend Lsa was there and she waved at me when she saw me. I observed Lisa as she moved around the court; there was something so sexy and attractive about the way she swayed her hips when she walked, her juicy ass ready to free itself from her shorts, the bottom of her cheeks indecently peaking out; she had such a fantastic ass.

As I lusted after my other best friend, a hand came from behind and obstructed my view.."Who is it???...Megan is that you???..."

"Noooo...I am your worst nightmare" I could clearly make out Megan's voice in disguise.

"Megan you are so silly.."

"Edna you are no fun...you were suppose to go with it"

"yeah right.."

Still covering my eyes Megan lowered her voice and spoke in an almost secretive manner..."Hey I have a surprise for you...."

"What is it now Megan??..."

"Do you want it yes or no??" Megan whispered in a playful manner

"I don't know...what is it?..."

"Just answer sweetie...yes or no..." Megan whispered again

"Ok yes..." She got the best of my curiosity.

Then I felt something directly under my nose, it was very warm and somewhat moist; I immediately recognized it as a finger; it had a very peculiar smell; it was female spice, it was very strong; it made my heart beat a little faster and my taste buds moistened; my skin began to warm up.

"Do you like it?...." Megan whispered in a nervous tone as she sat next to me, taking her finger away from my nose.

I desperately grabbed her hand again and tugged it under my nose, trying to get as much of her smell as I could.

"OOuuchhhh..!!" Megan complained as I pretty much dragged her by her finger so I could savor her scent.

"OOhhh Megan...where did you have this finger...it smells really nice..."

"In a very special place...I thought you would like it" Megan couldn't stop blushing and her voice quivering.

We were attentively staring at each other in mutual understanding; our friendship was so beautiful, it was at another level; she understood my needs and was willing to help in any way she could, I could see the compassion in her eyes. When did I get so lucky to have a friend like her. I was tempted to confess my love for her, my feelings, the passion that was building inside of me.

Then the thunderous clapping of the volleyball team snapped us out of our moment, signifying that volleyball practice was over.

Megan quickly straightened up and took her hand back..."We better leave before they see us here...lets go to my house....I need to relax a bit...I am so tired..."

As we walked towards Megan's house, I felt so at ease being in her company; she made me feel so safe and secure; holding hands down the sidewalk made me feel that nothing could go wrong, while she was with me, I had nothing to worry about.

When we reached to Megan's house, none of her parents were at home, so we comfortably made our way to her room and locked the door behind us.

Megan immediately jumped in the bed and stretched on her back stuffing a handful amount of pillows under her head. I stood standing in the middle of the room until Megan padded the bed in front of her motioning me to sit..."Make yourself at home sweetie...mi casa es su casa..."

Megan had a very tired look, as she kept yawning and stretching her joints..."Edna sweetie...would you mind if I take a half hour nap before I shower...I am so exhausted....then I am all yours..."

I could never deny my best friend of rest, specially after everything she had done for me, besides I would do anything she asked me too; I loved her so much.

As she made space for me to stretch at the bottom of her bed, she raised both her knees snd spread her thighs a little, treating me to that gorgeous view that I couldn't resist. As she spread her thighs I caught a faint whiff of her sweat soaked shorts. I started to fantasize about once again putting my face in there and taking her heavenly smell. I was a little anxious as she had already triggered my senses with her surprise earlier at the gym. I knew that I wouldn't be able to remain calm having her next to me displaying her attributes, so I decided to throw caution to the wind.

"Aaa Megan...can I...do you mind....errrr...is it possible.." My voice trailing off as I couldn't get myself to speak my mind.

"What is it sweetie??....tell me..." Megan's voice was very mellow and caring.

I could only swallow, as I was so ashamed to ask.

Then as if reading my mind, Megan slowly spread her rounded thighs widely and pushed her crotch slighlt upward, almost inviting me in..."Is it this what you want sweetie??...." her voice very tender and somewhat seductive.

All I could do was swallow deeply and nod my head. Megan gently slapped her tanned thigh close to her crotch area..."Come on Edna sweetie...you can take a nap here if you want..."

Without thinking it twice, I made my way in between her thighs and nuzzled my face against her crotch; I couldn't help sniffing out loud, it had been too long since the last time I had smelled this musk. I nuzzled the crotch of her shorts, producing a small giggle from Megan...."hehehe...that tickles Edna...hehehe..."

I laid my cheeck on her firm and warm thigh, keeping my nose in contact with her pouty fragrant crotch; it felt perfect.

As I relaxed happily snuggled in between her legs, I slowly started to fall asleep, as I was also exhausted from my own lack of sleep; the cozy warmth of her bodily heat was awesome, and I couldn't help but to embrace it and pass out.

I must have been asleep for at least an hour. As my eyes slowly opened, I could see sunlight filtering through the blinds.

Slowly I raised my face off of Megan's thigh, a string of drool stretched from the side of my mouth leaving a wet marking on her skin.

As I carefully looked over, I realized that her eyes were closed and she was sound asleep. I did not want to disturb her sleep so I decided to remain in the same position.

As I looked down at her her crotch, I noticed the perfect split down the middle of her slit; her shorts had ridden up and were wedged between her pussy lips; I noticed how thick and pouty the looked, as I was thoroughly examining the sight; it was beautiful, they looked very enticing, I couldn't resist and once more I brought my nose down and sniffed her pussy. If I would have done it a million times, a million times I would've reacted the same way; my heart accelarated and my mouth watered; the hunger in my stomach burning...'God Megan this is awesome..'

Almost instinctively and without thinking I gave her crotch a loving peck; it felt very soft and warm on my lips; I loved the feeling, so I tentatively gave it another peck; my heart was pounding in my chest and the hunger in my stomach was more present than ever before.

Then through the fog of thoughts in my head, I decided to risk everything; I had to do it, this was probably my only chance, I needed to see Megan's pussy; it was almost necessary for me to go on living; I had to feast my eyes with her most private part.

I did not want to take advantage of my best friend while she slept, specially after she had been so good to me, yet I knew that this was more important, maybe I was being selfish, but I needed it so bad, that I could care less about the repercussions.

Carefully I brought my finger to the edge of her shorts at her crotch; it was quite a task and I had to maneuver carefully since the shorts were almost glued to her. As my finger made contact with her warm skin, I noticed it had a silky and somewhat rubbery texture, making it difficult to slide my finger along; it must have been the result of the dried humidity on her skin.

Managing to hook my finger into the shorts, I knew I was about to uncover a beautiful treasure, maybe the most beautiful of them all; my hand was shaking nervously, and my mouth was dry.

Very slowly I pulled the damp clothing to the side, revealing her vagina.

I gave a out a loud sigh, as my body jerked reflexively; I became dizzy, and my breath became short and labored. I thought I would faint as my eyes took in the most beautiful sight known to my pitiful existence.

It was breathtaking; I could only whisper to myself..."Ghhoooodnessss...its..its...more beautiful than I thought it would be.....so gorgeous..."

Her pussy was simply amazing; the outer lips were thick and puffy, and were the same color of the skin adjacent to it, almost peach in hue; they appeared a bit oily and very smooth. They gave the impression of pouting lips begging for attention.

The sight was just too much for me to handle; my heart was beating very hard and at an alarming pace; my eyes felt glairy, and my whole body was trembling. As I closed in for a better look, I felt the excess drool puddled up at the base of my mouth, a drop managing to trickle out as I swallowed the rest.

I was being driven by my instincts; my senses no longer working.

Shakily I separated her pussy lips, to show her hot pink interior. Her inner lips were almost nonexistent; they looked very fragile and they had an amazing pink luster to them. Her clitoral hood was beautiflly dormant at the top of her slit, partially burried between her very puffy lips, encasing her clit.

I also caught a stronger whiff of her musk, but this time straight from its source; I noticed it was a bit more acrid, as I was able to discern the faint smell of urine mixed with her dried sweat; it was a bouquet of teenage hot All American blonde pussy.

I was nearly insane, face to face with the prettiest and most forbidden carnal jewel; I knew I wasn't in control of the situation, as I was only inches away from it, my eyes hipnotized by the sight.

Without thinking I brought my lips down on Megan's pussy and gave it a tender peck. It felt very warm and very soft..."hmmmm....nhhhiceeee..."

Tentatively I gave it another kiss, this time a bit firmer...."hmmm...wowwwhhh..."

Then I gave it third kiss, even firmer than the second and lasting longer; there was a faint smacking sound when the kiss ended.

Then the unthinkable; I slowly extended my salivating tongue and made contact with the inside of her right outer lip. At that moment I knew that my life would change, and definitely my diet together with it....'Nutrition??...Food?? Who cares about food when you have something like this out there.' My taste buds detected the saline flavour of her sweat and the raw spice of her vaginal fluid.

My whispers became louder as I couldn't control myself..."Ohhh Megannn....this is great.." muuuaachhhssss(kiss)..."Don't ever keep this from me....its so hot.." muuuaaachhhssss(kiss)...."I love it so much.."muaaaacchhhsssss(kiss);

As my intensity grew, I completely lost any reserve left and I began to french kiss Megan's pussy deeply and passionaltely, while moaning at the same time; I was innocently raping my best friend.

Then I heard Megan's groggy voice..."Edna what are y....."

"Shhhhhhhh...Megan don't worry....go back to sleep sweetie...."mmmmmmuuaaachhhsss(kiss with tongue)

My insanity making me whisper irrational thoughts.

"Edna I don't think you should...ughhhhh...this ain't right....ughhhhh....ohhh fuck.....ughhh"

Megan's hip started thrusting involuntarily as my mouth french kissed per pussy; I could feel it rapidly warming up and her tangy taste started to overpower the saltiness of her sweat; her fluid started to thicken and was now flowing into my mouth, instinctively and inexperienced, I swallowed it, feeling its peculiar warmth as it made its way down my throath, it felt so forbidden to take in her vaginal fluids like this and yet somehow it added to my passion.

Then I saw the cutest and sexiest thing; her clit was peaking out of its hood, very defiant and erect. As it caught my eye, I slowly detached myself from Megan's swollen vagina, thick strings of saliva mixed with cum stretching from both set of lips, the little nodule had me in awe.

I heard megan's voice, very shaky and coarse..."Whhh...what is it?...something wrong?..."

I couldn't answer, so instead I did what felt natural at the moment and brought my hungry lips down to her clit and sucked on it using my tongue to milk its taste..."hhhhmmmmmhhhmmmmmmmm...." I could only moan as I experimented and relished in its slippery texture.

As I sucked voraciously, Megan's thrusts became faster and their rythm was erratic, I didn't understand what was happening, but I didn't care as I was only focused on my personal bliss.

Then I heard Megan scream out of the top of her lungs...."AAAAiiiiiiiiiiiggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!"

With a loud wet sucking sound I released her clit as I thought I had caused her pain somehow..."Megan...Megan...what is it...are you ok???"

I quickly crawled up the bed to look at her face; her expression was tired and extremely flushed, almost like if she had just finished running a marathon.

She slowly turned to look at me, her eyes dreamy and watery; her voice unstable and lacking refinement..."do you have any idea what you just did...."

"Oh nooo Megan...did I hurt you...I am so so sory...I am so stupid....I promise I didn't mean too..." I was so upset with myself for being so weak and impulsive.

Then she interrupted me..."shhh shhhh...Megan listen...shut up....listen..I think I just had an orgasm..."

I blushed profusely at her comment, realizing what it meant.

"Ohhh...did you?" I could only ask, as I didn't know what to say.

Megan could only nod, her demeanor very exhausted.

As I stared at her in her flushed condition, I suddenly felt guilty, I felt that I had forced my lascivious will on her for my own personal pleasure.

"Megan I am so sorry....I feel that I have betrayed you and taken advantage of you.....I should have never done it..."

"Edna I kinda feel the same way...I feel like I took advantage of you by encouraging you on..."

Her words were very surprising to me..."Nooooo Megan..don't ever say that...besides I was enjoying it a lot..." my voice trailing off as I realized the implications of my last words.

"Then you shouldn't feel like you took advantage of me because I was enjoying it too...." Her last words came with a deep swallow.

We couldn't help but to stare at each other in silence. There was so much tenderness and understanding in our eyes; we were communicating silently; deep in our hearts we knew that our frienship would change forever, we didn't need to say anything; our gaze sealing the new found covenant.

Our relationship would soar to new heights. This was the beginning of a beautiful promise; a future filled with love and mutual satisfaction. We didn't need to delegate roles, as we both perfectly understood our parts in this new found episode of our lives; she would be the receiver and I would be the giver.

That evening I left Megan's house with a different aura about me. My heart was overflowing with joy; I was starting a new life, one that was very promising and accepting; there was so much to look forward to.

I jumped and skipped all the way to my house in sheer happiness and excitement. As I entered, I saw that my mother was in the kitchen preparing dinner; I ran to hug and kiss her, still celebrating my luck..."muaahhhh...I love you mom.."

My mom had a surprised look in her face..."Edna what is all the excitement about darling??..."

"Nothing mom!!!...I just did very well today...that's all!!"

As I spoke to my mom she was examining closely..."Edna what did you eat today....your breath is...I don't know....fishy...were you eating fish??..."

I grinned to myself..."Yes mom...the sweetest fish I have ever tasted...the sweetest one..."

**Chapter 4 (Coming to Terms)**

That night it was impossible to contain all of my excitement; there was a permanent smile carved on my face. I was in love, and it was such a beautiful feeling, different to anything that I had experienced before; it was amazing and truly promising.

There was so much to look forward to, and every joyful thought that I formulated in my mind had Megan's picture stamped on it.

She was becoming the highlight of my life, and I only wanted to have eyes for her. I wanted to be captivated by her dimpled smile, lose myself in her divine beauty, and melt under her penetrating gaze; I wanted to have my face buried between her juicy ass cheeks, where I could find a safe haven, filling my lungs with her most private smells; I wanted to be used by her to please her in any way possible; I just wanted to be the best that I could be for her.

Alone in my room, I recalled everything that had happened in the past couple of days; my life had changed so much, in such a short period of time; my luck was changing for the better, and after so much turmoil and sadness during my earlier years, I had finally started to come alive, to see the light.

I had to admit that it was pretty ironic that my hope and happiness came in the shape of a girl and with the smell of pussy; life can definitely play tricks, and it played a delicious trick on me.

The anxiety was keeping me up all night; I was rolling from side to side under my bed sheets; all of my newly acquired feelings had me ecstatic, and emotionally aroused; there was joy, freedom, acceptance, happiness, and most important there was love. I had fallen very hard for Megan, and I could only think about being with her again.

As I slowly replayed every second of our beautiful encounter, I noticed that I still had that oily and slightly sticky sensation in my throat; it immediately elicited a faint smile on my face, accompanied by a pounding heart beat, as I remembered taking in Megan's vaginal fluid; my taste buds could still savour its tart spiciness, and I could still feel its warmth flowing down my throat.

It had been such a forbidden and wonderful experience; putting my mouth on my best friend's vagina, affectionately kissing it; feeling it warm up under my lips, until it was drooling with her pheromone-filled secretions; I knew that my life had changed for good, and I would forever crave its addicting taste.

Megan had been such a great friend to me, she had helped me so much with my insecurities and moments of weakness; she extended her hand to me when I desperately needed it, and in the most dire and hopeless of moments, she willingly spread her thighs for me, providing comfort and reassurance, and allowing me to quench my thirst and desire for her irresistible charms. I knew that my weakness would magnify my ever burning desire for female essence, and I could only hope that Megan would be there for me, supporting me in my weakest moments, corresponding my love for her, and allowing me full access to her treasure, to my newly discovered fountain of life.

Somewhere in the midst of hopes and wishes, my hand had found its way into my knickers, and I was gently playing with my aroused clit; my mind was filled with images of Megan's hot vagina; her clit, tumescent and pulsating; her oleaginous and palpitant swollen lips, lasciviously demanding my mouth's full attention. I knew it wouldn't be long before my weakness enslaved my every desire and conviction, taking me directly to Megan, on my knees, shamelessly begging for a chance to please her.

After masturbating myself to a gratifying climax, I surrendered to my exhaustion and fell asleep.

The next morning, I was up bright and early; there was a glow about me that was noticeable miles away. On my way to school, I was smiling and giggling to myself, thinking of the many fun and beautiful moments that I had spent with Megan. I had butterflies in my stomach, and my pace was a bit accelerated, as I knew that I would be seeing her in the third period.

My first two classes were a blur to me, and it was especially difficult to concentrate on my second class, as my heart rate started to increase, and my nerves started to resurface. But this time it was different; I was nervous because I didn't know how I would react to seeing her, and I was scared that I would say something stupid; our encounter had been marvelous, and I didn't want to ruin our new relationship, and much less turn her off with a ludicrous or desperate comment.

When the bell rang, I grabbed my book bag, and slowly walked to my third class; I was both excited and nervous, but somewhere in the midst of emotions, I had a strong conviction that my love for her was greater than anything that could come in the way.

As I entered the classroom, my gaze immediately focused on the back of the room; and there she was, deliciously gorgeous, scribbling on a piece of paper. Prudently, I took my seat directly next to her; seeing that she was still distracted with her scribbling, I took the chance to admire her once again.

'God why do you have to be so gorgeous'...I had fallen into my usual trance, driven by her beauty.

Suddenly she stopped her scribbling, and raised her gaze, looking directly into my eyes and into my soul. Her eyes were so penetrating that my heart pounded in my chest.

"Heyyyy there!!"...she whispered enthusiastically, being careful not to attract anyone's attention.

My lips were locked as I looked into her blue eyes. There was a peculiar smile on her face, a bit nervous and yet very sensual. I was being hypnotized.

Then, coming to my senses, I realized that I had been staring in a stupefied manner, creating an uncomfortable silence. Smiling back at her, I nervously whispered..."Heyyyy....."

There was a strong and palpable tension as we kept eye contact.

We were communicating visually; I knew that she understood how much she meant to me, as I could see it in her eyes, and yet I wanted her to know it; I wanted her to know that I craved and desired her, that I worshipped everything about her.

We were snapped out of our magical moment when the teacher made an announcement to the class. I couldn't help but to blush as I realized that we had been staring at each other for several minutes; I noticed that she was blushing as well; she had realized that we were having an awkward moment.

Throughout the course of the class, I found myself staring at her constantly, and many times I would meet her gaze, as she was staring back at me; this would elicit a slight blush from both of us; we were secretly and innocently flirting, and it was happening naturally.

On one occasion, Megan caught me looking at her legs, and even though I knew that I had been caught, I tried to play it off as if I wasn't lusting after her. With a faint smile on her face, she slightly shifted, and raising her right foot, she placed it on the edge of the chair, revealing more of her exposed thigh; this action triggered my voracious hunger for her, and I found myself covered in goose bumps, and with a very familiar burning in my depths.

Megan acted as if nothing had happened, and she innocently faced forward with a tawdry grin on her face. These games could drive me insane; I found myself wanting to sniff her hot muff; she ignored the inherent danger in her innocent mockery; my weakness was very unpredictable, I would have been capable of dropping to my knees and forcing my face between her hot thighs, just to get a morning smell.

As her delicious display weakened my convictions, I decided to take action; I desperately scribbled a small note for Megan, it was barely understandable as my writing was somewhat shaky; the note read..."Megan your legs are so pretty..."....I had to let her know that I greatly appreciated her enticing display.

I tossed the note to Megan, and she immediately opened it, and read it; she looked at me with the same anxious and incredibly sensual smile, and then she whispered....."thank you....".....Her tone was slightly insidious. Then, she nervously bit her lower lip, and proceeded to write something on a piece of paper; she folded it and cautiously tossed it on my desk.

I immediately picked it up, and read it; there was a question written on it..."Do you wanna get together later...maybe catch a movie or something?..."

My whole body trembled as I analyzed the question; I slowly processed the implications of her note, and my mind was immediately invaded with lewd and lustful thoughts involving my best friend...'would she allow me to peek at her pussy?...Maybe she would let me play with it...or even suck on it a little bit'....'god I really hope so...' I knew that I was having depraved thoughts about Megan, at the expense of her generous offer, but it was impossible not to, especially when the possibility of getting between her legs was present.

"Of course Megan...when do you want to go?..." my tone was very enthusiastic, as I was very excited with the idea of being alone with her.

Megan immediately signaled for me to keep my voice low, as I wasn't aware of my high pitch..."shhhhh...keep it low...they could hear you......we can go right after warm up...I'll ask the coach to let me go early......deal??..."

I loved the enthusiasm in her tone, I felt so lucky to have her make time for us to hang out.

"Deal!!!!!"..... I immediately realized that once again, my tone had been higher than necessary..."Oops...sorryyyy!!!..."...I could only apologize in embarrassment.

We both couldn't help but to giggle at the insanity of my excitement.

After my last class was done, I stormed to the gym, hoping that Megan's volleyball coach would let her leave earlier than we had planned.

When I arrived at the gym, I noticed that they were already running their usual drills; all of the girls in the team were engrossed in different aspects of their practice; some were doing their stretching exercises, others were practicing their serves; Lisa and Megan were jogging around the court together. It always made me happy to see my two beautiful best friends together in the same place; it reminded me of how lucky I was to have them in my life.

I took a seat on one of the benches, and vigorously waved my hand at them, trying to catch their attention. As they rounded the corner facing the benches, Lisa immediately spotted me and waved back enthusiastically; Megan followed right behind, and they made their way towards me. "Hey what's up Edna....just got out of class??..." Lisa spoke to me as she gave me a friendly and sweaty hug. I found myself hugging her back, absorbing a bit of her perspiration with my clothing. "Yeah...trying to see if I catch an early movie with Megan...wanna join us?.."

I couldn't help but to give out a hypocritical smile as I quickly glanced at Megan, who was standing next to Lisa with an impish grin on her face.

"What is so funny????....." Lisa inquired with a disoriented look on her face.

As I looked at Megan again, we both giggled simultaneously, as we were aware of Lisa's ignorance to our new affiliation.

"Ooohhhh...come on!!!....that's not fair...don't leave me out....what's going on???....." As Lisa whined and pouted, she straddled my leg and started choking me in a playful manner.

The crotch of her shorts and her slick thighs were making direct contact with my bare leg. Her crotch felt very hot on my skin, as she innocently slid back and forth with her choking motion. The increase in activity somehow agitated her teenage bodily hormones, causing her feminine scent to impregnate the air surrounding both of us. My nostrils immediately perceived the scent of her perspiring underarms; it was a bit crude and very hormonal, yet my senses found it very enticing and stimulating. I also detected another scent; it was faint and subtle, but very live and present in the air that I was breathing; it made my blood boil and my nerves twitch; it was the heady scent of a hot and sweaty vagina. My hands started trembling, and my breathing became a bit labored; I knew that I had to do something soon, or I would've lost control of my senses. "Lisaaa....stop!!!...hehehehehe.....there's nothing to know...we are just being silly" I managed to answer to Lisa, despite of the playful assaults, and the constant rocking of my neck.

"Ohhh...whateverrrrrr!!!!....and look... I still suck on my thumb" Lisa stood up and made a silly face while sucking on her thumb, trying to make a point that she was not fooled by my vague answer.

"And anyways...I am not going to be able to go...the coach would hate if I missed another practice....so see yaaaa!!!"....and with that Lisa flicked her tongue at both of us, and took off running to continue practicing. Lisa was such a cool girl, she never seemed to take anything seriously, and even though she could be immature and a bit childish at times, I felt very fortunate to have her choose me as one of her close friends.

As I watched her running towards the court, I couldn't help but to focus on her mighty ass, which looked very firm and powerful...'wow that's such a nice ass'...'I wonder...'

My thought was suddenly interrupted by Megan's voice..."Hey...I already got permission from the coach...are you ready?"

As soon as I heard Megan's voice, I immediately shook off any libidinous thought that I was having about Lisa. It was just impossible for my eyes to ignore such a delectable display of goodies.

"Yes..yes...yes...yessss!!!....Of course....let's do it..."

I managed to tear my gaze off of Lisa's buttocks long enough to cheerfully respond to Megan.

"Cool then....let's get to walking..." Lisa replied perkily.

As we were making our way down the sidewalk, I knew that it was going to be another humid Texan day; the breeze was blowing warm, and the sun was blistering.

Even though the movie theater was only six blocks from the school, the suffocating heat made it feel like fifteen miles. We made very small talk during the walk, as we consciously tried to salvage our energy, which was quickly melting under the sulfurous sun. We were starting to sweat, and I knew that we would smell by the time we made it to the movie theater. As I occasionally glanced at Megan, I noticed that her skin was glistening; her forehead was damp with heavy perspiration, and her cheeks were a bit flushed from the heat; as I focused lower, I could see that her powerful calves and thighs were coated with sweat as well; the sun gave her legs a deliciously lustrous appearance, and her tanned skin seemed to be sizzling with the excruciating heat. As I studied her anatomy, I had a sudden flashback; I remembered waking up between her warm thighs and hesitantly tasting its texture; I remembered its peculiar saltiness, the taste of her dried sweat, so special and so palatable.

It didn't take long for my desire to kick into gear, as I had already been triggered earlier by Lisa's immature act.

My stomach slowly started to ignite once again, begging for food, pleading for relief; it was asking for female spice.

I knew that someway or another I would have to get in between Megan's legs, even if it was only to get a whiff of her pussy, but it was necessary; I was feeling very needy, and I was willing to shamelessly beg for it, if that is what it took.

When we finally reached the movie theater, we were relieved to feel the air conditioner cooling down our flesh. The Texan sun can be really vicious at times.

Once we walked through the second set of glass doors, we noticed that there were only a handful of kids scattered throughout the theater, most of them just hanging out, or trying to figure out what movie to watch.

"So do you have anything in mind??..." Megan asked, trying to figure out what would be a pretentious excuse to validate our trip to the movies.

Of course, I wasn't really paying attention to any of the "NOW PLAYING" posters; my mind was reeling images of Megan's ass, as I tried to imagine how good it would smell after our strenuous walk.

"AAhhmmmm...n..not...really..I was kind of hoping that you would decide for both of us..."

I felt that it was the appropriate thing to say, as I would have done anything that she asked me to do anyways.

"Are you sure.....I want no complaining later..." Megan specified, winking her eye at me, while pointing at one of the posters which displayed some kind of cheesy creature.

"What is that??" I inquired, a bit surprised at her awkward choice.

"Iiiii don't knowwww...I guess its some kind of horror movie....they can be funny at times....besides we have to watch something right??...Megan replied as she shrugged her shoulders in a clueless manner.

We both giggled at her remark, as we involuntarily confirmed the true nature of our little trip. It was refreshing to know that Megan was thinking along the same lines that I was; it gave me a strong sense of hope for things to come.

The usher pointed towards the end of the hallway, letting us know that our auditorium was the very last one on the right hand side.

I was feeling somewhat giddy as I walked down the hallway with Megan; I was doing a conscious effort to concentrate on my surroundings, but it was particularly difficult, as my mind kept formulating strategies to smoothly attain my goal. I was trying to relax, but my heart steadily accelerated with each step closer to the auditorium; and every time that I carefully glanced at Megan, my desperation seemed to heighten a bit more. The delicious and almost lewd wiggling of her ass was slowly adding to my recklessness, as I just couldn't keep my eyes off of it.

"So where should we sit??..."

Megan snapped me out of my lustful reveries with her question.

"Aaammmm...I don't know... I guess anywhere you want..."

Regaining my composure, I realized that we were already a couple of steps into the auditorium. It was quite a large room, dark and cozy in appearance, and very chilly.

It was empty for the most part, with the exception of an elderly couple in the very front row, and a group of five kids sitting together four rows to the left, and behind the elderly couple.

We took our seats almost in the exact middle of the auditorium, as it appeared to be a logical decision. Of course, I took the seat adjacent to Megan, as I would have had it no other way.

We made some nervous conversation, nonchalantly trying to set a perfectly ordinary mood; yet such an endeavor proved a daunting task, as it was nearly impossible to ignore the tension that was present.

As my intentions became clear, I was deliberately and unconsciously staring into Megan's blue eyes, letting her now that I adored her, and that I would do anything she asked me to.

Megan's demeanor was a bit shy and nervous, as she was not used to my surprisingly aggressive gaze. I felt a bit embarrassed of my actions, and yet my resolve to communicate my need and desire was very strong.

"Ednaaaaa...stop it!!!!..." Megan snapped at me in a lighthearted manner; playfully tickling me, attempting to breakdown my gaze.

I immediately blushed, as I realized that I was making her uncomfortable.

"Megan I am so sorry...its just that...that... you are so incredibly beautiful...I can't help it..." My voice was whiny, as I desperately complimented Megan.

It was Megan's turn to blush, as she nervously bit her lower lip, and stared into my eyes with a fragile look.

Her eyes were filled with compassion and understanding, almost as if she could feel the penury in my heart, and yet there was the slightest trace of defiance, the unmistakable presence of vanity, inescapable to even the noblest of humans.

"Thank youuuu...Edna you are so sweet..."

Her voice was barely audible, and it had a shaky and rasp sound to it, which sent shivers up my spine; I loved the fact that she had so openly accepted my compliment.

Our moment was interrupted by the gradual dimming of the lights, signaling that the movie was about to begin.

"I really hope this movie is good Edna....otherwise I'll never trust your choices again..."

Megan whispered her sarcastic comment, playfully blaming her questionable choice on me.

I immediately gasped, as I caught her shameless joke.

"Hhhhhhh...shut uuuupp...you are such a lying bitch!!..." I pounced on her and started tickling her firm abdomen.

"Hehehehehehehe....stop Edna....stooop.....okayyyyy....you win!!..."

As soon as I let her go, she giggled and joked once again..."You and your retarded choices!!...."

I immediately pounced on her once again, tickling her relentlessly.

"Ok..ok..ok..ok..okayyyyyy...hehehehehe....hehehehehehe....stop..stooop...I promise I am done..."

Our little game had not gone unnoticed to the other guests, as the elderly couple looked back at us, and simultaneously signaled for us to keep it down.

We immediately suspended our riot, as we could tell that the couple was genuinely irritated.

"Fiiine!!...you're lucky that the movie is about to start...and I don't wanna piss those people off!!!..." I whispered to Megan as I gave her one last playful elbow to the ribcage.

"Ooouuch...yeah because we won't want to upset the QUARTER CENTURY CLUB!!!!.."

Megan emphasized in the last part of her statement, by increasing her tone, comically showing her displeasure with the elderly couple's earlier action.

Her humorous display of anger had me going, and it was impossible for me to suppress my laughter. I literally had to cover my mouth with both hands to avoid creating a scene in the auditorium.

Together we had a symphony of snickers and chuckles that surely was not sitting well with the few present guests.

Megan was the coolest of friends; how could I not worship this gorgeous friend of mine; how could I ever live without her company, breathe without her charm. She was the light of my eyes, and my every thought.

We made a conscious effort to respect the privacy of the other guests by trying to concentrate on the screen ahead of us; yet having Megan so close, made such an attempt nearly impossible for me, as I could only think of ways to make some kind of physical contact with her.

Our long journey under the sun had taken its toll on us, causing our hormones to impregnate our flesh with that faint but unmistakably rancid odor of female bodily sweat, and Megan's delicate scent was driving me nuts; this delectable treat was only adding to my voracious appetite.

I was already feeling extremely aroused from all of the tickling and playing that we had been doing earlier....'God I am so ready to put my tongue in there'.... That thought suddenly hit me, catching me off guard, and its boldness even surprised me...'Jeez Edna...don't get ahead of yourself'... My lustful instincts were slowly starting to blur my mental clarity.

The room was extremely chilly, and being in summer attire was not helping the situation.

Megan was holding for dear life to her team jacket, as she was trying to fight off the cold as well.

Glancing over, Megan realized that I must have been freezing, as I was not sporting any type of insulating garment.

Being attentive and considerate, she offered to share her jacket as a blanket for both of us. "Sweetie come here!!...we can both get under the jacket...you must be dying.."

I quickly pulled up, and discarded the wooden arm that separated us, and cuddled up tightly against Megan. Her bodily warmth was delicious, and I couldn't help but to moan inwardly as I pressed against her.

"wewwww...that will work..." Megan whispered with a satisfied tone.

"Yessss...its great..." I whispered back.

Megan's warmth was comforting and very enticing.

Having my arms wrapped around her waist felt heavenly, and I couldn't help but to squeeze her tightly as I happily embraced her.

I could tell that Megan was enjoying my proximity as well, as she was gladly accepting my assertive cuddling; her acceptance always seemed to elevate my ego and fortitude.

Her receptive demeanor filled me with courage, and I used the chilliness of the room as a tawdry excuse to slowly rub her arms.

"This will help you warm up..." I whispered cheaply, hoping that Megan wouldn't mind.

Megan gave me a cute little nod, confirming that she was perfectly okay with my ministrations..."HmmmHmmmm..."

I could already feel my heart beating a little faster, and the goose bumps were slowly creeping up on me; but I needed more, much more, so I kept playing along with my instincts, defying my weakness, and empowering it to guide me along.

I slowly moved the lower portion of my body towards Megan, seeking the warmth of her bare thigh. My determination was driven by my desire to worship my gorgeous best friend.

As my left outer thigh made contact with her right outer thigh, my entire body went aflame; I could feel my stomach start to tighten a bit, and my nerves suddenly becoming electric. It was a presage of things to come.

I was already light headed, as unconsciously, Megan's bodily musk was doing wonders for me. I had taken the liberty of resting my head against her right shoulder, and having my face so close to her made her scent even more penetrating. I found her natural aroma exquisite and arousing, and it sent shivers up my spine, as I suddenly imagined myself between her thighs smelling my most coveted treasure.

Enveloped in a haze of lust and desire, I held on to Megan's body for all I was worth. I was so entranced and stupefied by our bodily contact, that I was unconsciously sniffing her neck, trying to get as much from her feminine smell as possible. Megan must have been okay with it, as she did not protest to the feeling of my nose slowly rubbing and breathing on her.

Then out of nowhere...."Are your legs cold??..." My whisper was barely audible, and yet somewhat shocking, as it was a pure reflex of my increasingly blinding lust.

My weakness had shifted my lustful instinct into overdrive, and I was positively losing control of my sanity.

My right hand, which had been rubbing Megan's arm, was now deliberately caressing it; my actions were happening before my thoughts.

"A little bit..." Megan's reply was nervous and a bit disoriented; by her tone, it was perfectly clear that she felt shy about openly accepting my invitation to feel her thigh.

Of course, given the green light, there was no stopping me; I immediately lifted her well rounded thigh, and placed it on top of my left thigh, slightly spreading her legs in the process, and eliciting a faint gasp from her.

Her mighty thigh had a delicious weight and warmth to it, and it felt great as it sunk into my own bare thigh.

"I'll warm it up for you sweetie...okay???..."

Once again, cheap and pretentious whispers, a product of my haze and highly aroused state of being.

"Oookayyy..." Megan replied with a nervous, childish pout, using her best infantile voice; it was obvious that she was trying to lighten up the mood, which was quickly becoming tense; yet, her cute tone only managed to fuel my ever growing hunger for her.

I used my right hand to rub the upper part of her thigh; her skin felt very warm, and it had that familiar satiny texture to it. I could feel a layer of goose bumps on its surface, a testament maybe of the tune that my fingers were playing on her.

All of these granted privileges were inching me nearer and nearer to my limits, and my body was displaying the results of my extreme lecherousness; my nipples were extremely aroused, almost to a painful extent, and my clit was glowing and very alive.

On its own accord, my hand moved to caress her warm inner thigh; my fingers were shaky and unstable, but very determined to reach their prize. As I slowly approached her crotch area, I started to salivate a little, and my breath became labored. I could feel the scalding heat from her vagina very close to my digits. My fingers were now exclusively caressing the spot where her thigh met her crotch. The heat emanating from this area was incredible.

My ragged breathing was discernibly audible, as it was nearly impossible to contain my emotions.

"Mhhheee...Mhheegaann....can I pleeeaaase touch it..."

My voice was broken and airy, out of breath, yet my supplication was loud and crisp.

"Y..Yee..yesss...I guess so..." Her reply came as a whisper, very nervous and disoriented once again.

I tenderly placed the palm of my hand on her crotch, absorbing its heat and tenderness. It felt very swollen, and somewhat sodden.

I started playfully scratching it with the tip of my fingers, relishing its forbidden warmth.

Megan's body gave out a few reflexive jerks, as my fingers lightly stroked her covered genitals.

"hmm..hmm.hm....that tickles a little bit..."

"Sohhryyy..." I could only apologize as the blood in my head limited my words.

"Oh...tha...that's okay..." Megan's voice was very infantile once again.

"Ca...can..can I play with it inside your shorts?..."

My supplication was very crisp once again, as I was ready to feel my treasure; there was no holding back now.

"S..shhh..sure.." Megan's response was a mere whisper, yet very anxious.

I slid my fingers under the front side of her shorts, bringing my hand in direct contact with her hot pussy.

I couldn't help but to moan as I felt its slippery and gelatinous texture; it felt amazing as I cupped it in my hand. I started rubbing it with my palm, and Megan's sniffles became louder.

In a blind impulse, I hooked my middle finger and pushed it in her hole.

"hmmiiimmmmm...." Megan's stifled groan told me that I had explored sensitive territory.

Ahhh..niiice...its so hot in there..." My insanity had me whispering incoherent thoughts. Then, I started exploring her insides, moving my finger form side to side, loving her tightness, absorbing her heat. On an impulse, I started fingering her, feeling her up.

As I rhythmically thrusted my middle finger in and out of her hole, Megan ever so lightly accompanied my tune with her hips. It felt great to have Megan respond to my caresses.

I must have been fingering her for at least three minutes, before I stopped my digital invasion.

Without even thinking, I exited her shorts and brought my now very sticky middle finger directly under my nose; her pussy was all over it, very pungent, and undeniable, liquefying my taste buds, and mystifying my eyes; elevating my blood temperature, and making my body didder with desire.

Relishing the moment, I didn't realize that I had been avidly sucking on my middle finger, unconsciously trying to taste Megan; I was no longer in control of my impulses.

Then, almost in a trance, I started shuffling out of my seat, trying to squeeze my body in between my row and the adjacent front row; I was trying to kneel in between Megan's thighs.

"Edna..what are you doing.." Megan was puzzled as I gently, but desperately tugged on her calf, signaling for her to momentarily raise her leg to accommodate my kneeling position directly in front of her.

"I..I...jjuu...jhu..just want to smell it..." My response was inadequately coarse, but very honest.

Kneeling in the confined space, I was immediately enveloped by the delicious warmth coming from Megan's thighs and crotch.

Driven by my need and overpowered by my weakness, I did not wait for permission or invitation, as I immediately pushed my face forward in the dark, hoping to make contact with Megan's crotch.

As my head moved forward, my nose followed the trail of her raw vaginal scent, leading me directly to her center.

As soon as my nose made contact with her hot dewy crotch, I inhaled loudly and desperately; I had lost all modesty and reserve; I was openly displaying my necessity to sniff on her pussy; it had been too long since I had filled my lungs with her fragrance.

Aaaawwwhhhhhh.....GhhhAawwwwd.....this is so good..." My insanity was voicing the honesty in my thoughts. I loved being between her legs.

Trying to increase the contact between my nose and Megan's covered vagina, I found myself having to painfully stretch my neck, as Megan was sitting perfectly upright on her seat. I immediately tapped on her lower thighs, signaling for her to slide forward, so I could have better access to her crotch area.

Megan wiggled her hips as she slid forward, comfortably spreading her thighs in the process. As her fragrant crotch became accessible for my inspection, I immediately jostled my nose between her covered pussy lips. Her aroma was deliciously strong and heavy; it was the smell of an exercised vagina, one that has sweated under enclosed humidity after a long strenuous walk; there was also the pheromone filled scent of a sexually awakened teenage pussy; it had an incredibly intoxicating effect on me, almost narcotic; my heart accelerated to an erratic pace, and my mouth was salivating at an alarming rate, causing small trickles of saliva to escape the side of my mouth.

Such a reaction did not go unnoticed by Megan, as she anxiously, but very tenderly warned me to keep my sniffles low.

"Shhh...shhh..Edna sweetie...be careful..they..hmmmiimmmm..mii...might hear you"

Her whisper was very caring, and ever so lightly interrupted by a faint giggle, which was elicited by my nose making contact with her clitoris.

I was like an animal in heat, fervently sniffing my potential mate's sexual organ; I was babbling, and close to foaming in the mouth, as Megan's scent was driving me over the top.

Then, I had an incredibly urgency to satiate my hunger; the burning in my stomach was almost unbearable; I felt like a bitch in heat ready to fuck, I was ready to put my tongue in Megan's pussy.

I started to fully tongue her right inner thigh; my strokes were very wet and very ardent. My desperation for her flesh showed in the excessive drool that I was leaving on her skin.

Licking all the way to her crotch, I attempted to uncover her hot vagina by moving her shorts to the side.

The crotch of her shorts was so tight against her muff, that it was very difficult to manipulate around the very slick crotch area.

"Ednaaahh...we might get caught..I don't think you should do that..."

Megan nervously expressed her worries, but her tone was rather unconvincing, a testament of her growing arousal.

Not listening to any of her words, I desperately started licking on the warm crotch of her shorts, as I couldn't get my shaky fingers to properly uncover her charms. I needed to quench my thirst somehow.

Then, with a lucky effort, I managed to flip the front side of her shorts over her right pussy lip. I immediately attacked it with vengeance and desperation; I sucked it into my drooling mouth, as my tongue simultaneously wrestled with it. It was calid and very swollen; its thickness felt great as I fiddled with it in my mouth. "Hmmm...hmmmm...hhhmmmnice.." I loved its soft and meaty feeling.

Her vaginal lip was saturated with her oily secretions, and my taste buds were sizzling with her flavor. The saltiness of her long dried sweat was very prominent, confirming that her vagina had perspired a lot; I found this treat very flavorful.

I was managing to ease some of the burning in my stomach, as I anxiously fed on Megan's thick pussy lip.

Megan's thighs would sporadically give out small delicious jerks, accompanied by delicate mewing grunts, complimenting the effectiveness of my ministrations.

Her reactions were only adding to my desire to feed on her.

Then, I found myself wanting more, much more; I desired her spice; her essence; I was craving her pussy milk, as I remembered how warm and satisfying it had felt on my throat; I was ready for a good dose of female essence.

Driven by the insanity of my need, I brought my hands up to Megan's hips, and started tugging on her shorts; I was trying to get rid of the barrier that stood between me and my treasure.

When Megan realized the nature of my action, she immediately took hold of my wrists, as she protested against my defying intentions.

"Ednaaahhh...nhhoooohhh...we can get in a lot of trouble..."

Megan's tone was worried and disoriented, as I had caught her off guard.

At this point, being denied of Megan's charms would've been soul chattering; I wasn't ready to accept such a saddening defeat, and I was ready to beg to attain my goal.

"Awwww...Mhheegaaan...pleeaaase..pleeaase...I promise that nobody will see us.....I really need it..." My assurances were vague and unsubstantiated, as my words were a mere product of my desperation.

"Ednaaa...those people are too close...they could easily catch us..."

Megan's tone was still anxious and worried, but it was less convictive; I knew that her nobility was big, and I was determined on exploiting it until I got what I needed.

"Awww...Mheegannn...come on.. pleeaaase......Alright!!...what if we go to the last row!!"

My last plead was very animated, and I was surprised at my aggressiveness, and quick thinking.

Megan became silent, debating the possibilities.

Then her answer came barely audible, a mere whisper, very nervous and insecure.

"Okayhhhh..."

I immediately got up and grabbed her arm; I was quickly dragging her to the back of the theater before she had any remorseful thoughts.

Rushing Megan to the back of the room, my heart was pounding with incredible excitement; every step that I took represented the culmination of a lustful frenzy; the fulfillment of a reckless desire.

Stumbling through the row of seats in the very back of the theater, we managed to lodge in the most isolated and darkest corner of the room.

With Megan taking the last seat against the wall, our chances of getting caught were minimized, and that was promising.

The setting was perfect, and the stage was set for a very private and intense session.

Managing to catch my breathe, I hastily took my position on the floor, in front of Megan's seat, and once again, it was a very tight fit due to the lack of spacing between the many rows in the large theater.

Megan immediately spread her legs to allow my body in front of her. The heat from her thighs enveloped me once again, making me feel safe and at home.

There was just enough light filtering from the projector directly above, to help determine our surroundings, and from my strategic position, I could make out Megan's swollen crotch; it was beautifully framed by her mighty thighs; it was a breathtaking sight.

My respiration was particularly loud and erratic, showing my anxiety and burning desire. The achievement of my lecherous expectations was closer than ever.

Being on my knees, and looking in between Megan's legs had a powerful effect on me; it made my insides roar with hunger, and now I was ready to feed; I was ready to nourish on Megan's hot vagina.

I brought my hands to the elastic band of her shorts, and started pulling them off. Megan's nervous hands tried to stop me once again, but I reassured her with a couple of tender kisses on her right knee, that everything would be okay.

Such a consoling approach was the product of a resolute mind in pursuit of a vital resource.

As I pulled her shorts down to her knees, I was slapped in the face with the pungent scent of her bare pussy; it was almost like opening a can of air freshener, but with cunt scent; it was raw and wild in nature, and it felt very warm as it hit my nostrils.

In a desperate attempt, I used both hands to support her bound legs above my head, so that I could move forward to access her crotch. As I urgently tried to make contact with her, my tongue was met with delicious mouthfuls of hot under thighs and delicious ass cheeks.

Her skin had an amazing taste, and it felt great to have my face wedged under her thighs and bulging butt cheeks.

As I managed to raise her legs enough to get to her very center, I thought I would faint as I took in the beauty of her vagina; the lips were obscenely engorged, and extremely slick, yet they were tightly shut together, giving them the appearance of a gooey peach; it was plain gorgeous.

I immediately brought my tongue to her muff and started lapping with flat, voracious strokes. As my tongue absorbed her pussy fluid, my taste buds were registering its delicious taste; it had a tart flavor, slightly acidic and saline in nature; it was sensual and exquisite; the essence of a gorgeous blonde teenage beauty.

My moans were audible as my lapping became more aggressive.

"Nnnnggghhhhh....nnggghhhh...nnggghhh....nggnnniiiceee.."

Megan's grunts were subtle and sporadic...."Ughhh..hmmm...hhh.." ...I found them very sensual and enticing. Her satisfaction was always my main goal, and it was what I lived for. Having Megan moan from my ministrations was music to my ears.

My tongue sizzled every time it made contact with Megan's crotch. I was truly enjoying her taste.

Then, as my tongue became used to the slick meaty texture of her outer lips, I was suddenly engrossed by a powerful desire to orally penetrate her hot hole; I had a strong desire to explore her hot tunnel.

I tried to squeeze my tongue in between her lips, and after several failed attempts, I realized that Megan's closed thighs, were keeping her pussy lips sealed, denying me access to her hole.

With very tired arms, I slowly brought Megan's shapely legs down to my side. Then in an almost mechanical fashion, I started pulling her shorts down from her mid thighs, bringing them down to her knees. The confined space forced me to bring her legs up once again to completely discard her shorts; it was such a beautiful sight to see Megan's ass and pussy to my disposal, it was like a big flesh dessert. As soon as I had the warm blue garment in my power, I couldn't help but to rub it on my face, as I covetously smelled it. I instinctively brought the very warm and saturated crotch of the shorts to my nose; the musky smell of cunt was blended with the earthy aroma of sweat; there was also a faint acrid touch of pee to it; it was a very delectable and sexual smell. As I continued sniffing lower on her shorts, I came across the delicious scent of her ass; it was slightly dank and musky in nature, yet it was such a sensually forbidden scent, that I became hooked immediately. I unconsciously flicked my tongue over the area on her shorts that had her anal scent, but I wasn't able to register any particular taste. It would soon become my mission to find out what her ass tasted like, but first I had to quench my maddening desire to service Megan orally.

After discarding the shorts to the side, I grabbed Megan's thighs and tugged on them, trying to bring her forward. Megan immediately complied and slid forward, opening herself to me. Our actions were now driven by a mutual covenant, which we both understood.

Megan had been silent, just soaking in every movement that happened around the theater, and even though she unconsciously complied with my every demand, she was more engrossed with her paranoia of getting caught.

But that was about to change. I was about to demand her full and utmost attention; I was about to give her virgin cunt the tongue fucking of a lifetime.

Megan's vagina looked scrumptious under the dim light; her pussy lips were swollen with blood, and covered with slick juices; they looked like pouting lips ready for a good passionate kiss.

I gently brought my lips forward and gave her pussy lips a very warm and tender peck. This immediately brought Megan's attention back in between her legs. Almost automatically, and in a very subtle manner, she spread her legs a bit wider, eliciting a faint squelching sound from her wet pussy, signaling that her lips opened a bit more.

I immediately started raining small, but very affectionate kisses directly in the middle of her slightly opened vagina.

This in turn elicited small giggles from Megan..."hmmm...hehehe...I like that.."

"Muuaahh (peck)..I like...muaahhh(peck)...dhhhoing it...muaaahh(peck)..."

I liked the fact that we were communicating while I played with her pussy; it was a great sign that were more and more accepting our roles as lovers.

"Hhhmmmm...smells really good Megan..I love it.." I was slowly becoming comfortable with speaking the products of my lust inflamed mind.

Ghhawwd...muaaachhss(kiss)...it tastes so...muaaachhsss(kiss)...so ghhhoood.."

Megan had now slid as far down the seat as her knees would allow her, giving me the best access to her pussy that she could. I knew that she was trying to help me feed on her better, and her attentiveness really touched my heart.

"Sweetie...why don't you put your feet on top of the seats in front.." I was encouraging her to open her treasure up to the fullest.

"Okayy.." Megan used that infantile voice that I was starting to adore, and immediately raised her legs above my two shoulders, and placed her feet on the headrests of the seats behind me.

The result was an obscene display of her genital area, which I thought was worthy of veneration. With her plump buttocks hanging off the chair, and her legs spread a little more than ninety degrees, I couldn't help but to gaze and drool. Her vaginal lips were fully separated, showing the shinny and clammy tunnel inside; her inner lips were very smooth, and were glistening with her secretions; her clitoral hood was engorged, and openly poking out of her puffy lips, and at the very top it, her clitoris was standing proud and erect. I felt privileged to be in the presence of such beauty.

Without thinking, and driven by mere passion, I brought my lips to her vulva, and gave it a loud and hungry suck. In one suctioning motion, I was able to sponge up a healthy amount of her warm cream; its calidity and tanginess were excellent, and I was starving for much more.

Megan's body tensed when I sucked on her pussy again, and she gave out a small squeal when I pulled away; my lips slightly stretching her pussy lips in the process.

Then, recovering from the pleasurable sensation of Megan's flavor in my mouth, I dove in to explore once again.

I started tonguing her entire vulva from top to bottom, using broad tongue strokes, and my mouth was stretched more than usual, as I was trying to encompass her entire cunt with each tongue stroke. The texture of her vaginal lips felt heavenly on the flat of my tongue, and I couldn't help but to voice my pleasure with moans.

"Nnngghhh..nnggghh...nnnghhhhh..hmmmmm.....nngghhh..."

I engaged in this voracious lapping until my stretched jaw was aching; forcing me to pull away for a short rest.

I could hear Megan's labored breathing from above, and I knew that she was feeling the effects of my oral ministrations. I was really grateful to be given the chance of being between her legs, and I knew that I would make the best of it.

After a short recovery, I brought my mouth to Megan's pussy, and gave it a few tender kisses, which elicited wet smacking sounds. Then very tentatively, I tried pushing my tongue through her lips, and into her hole. Megan gave out a very sensual mewing grunt, as she felt my tongue penetrating her vagina.

As my tongue slowly made its way into the tunnel, it was encompassed by Megan's hot, and slick vaginal walls, which were putting a slight pressure around the diameter of my tongue.

The heat inside her hole was magnificent, and the gelatinous texture of her tunnel felt very comforting and pleasurable on my tongue...'Wow..I really like this..'

Then in an impulse, I wiggled my tongue inside her pussy. This made Megan moan and giggle at the same time.

"Hmmiiimmmm..hehehe...that felt weird.."

Her complaint suddenly put me in the mood to tease her a little, and I playfully started wiggling my tongue rapidly inside her vagina. This in turn elicited some more giggling from Megan, encouraging me to continue my playful explorations. Then I realized that the more I wiggled my tongue, the creamier her cunt hole became. Megan's secretions were now becoming thicker and spicier, and the amount was more quantitative. A small stream of her vaginal juices trickled to the back of my tongue, forcing me to swallow it down. This time my ingestion of her fluid was not due to inexperience, but an act of pure willingness. I loved its warm feeling in my throat; it represented the intimacy of our encounter.

Megan's giggles had soon turned to grunts, as my tongue continued its fervid wiggling inside her pussy. I was no longer trying to tease Megan, as I was energetically exploring and scouring her vaginal hole. My tongue flicks inside her pussy were making wet squishy sounds, which were clearly audible in the dangerously silent moments. We were both in our little world of pleasure, engrossed in our steamy session.

Enjoying it's explorations for a good while, my tongue became exhausted from the prolonged wiggling, and I slowly pulled out of her; there was a profound suctioning effect as my tongue slowly retracted, producing a sharp sucking sound. "Hmmaahhhhhh..." Megan gave out a subtle grunt, voicing the sensation that she felt as my tongue exited her vagina.

Resting my tongue, I didn't leave Megan unattended, as I kept her pussy warm, with a series of loving pecks.

Then, I felt Megan's hands caressing my scalp; she would occasionally raise her hips trying to meet one of my warm kisses. I loved the way her hands touched me; they were tenderly encouraging me to continue pleasing her.

"Aaahhhhh..I really like that sweetie..."

Megan expressed the pleasure she was getting from my firm, but affectionate kisses on her vagina. Her voice displayed a slowly growing confidence and sensuality, which made my blood boil with desire, as I greatly liked the idea of being used by her to please her.

"Mmmaaachss (kiss)...hmmmm..I love doing it baby..hhmmmuaachss..."

Having Megan express her appreciation of my oral ministrations was great; it raised my libido to new heights, and inflamed with desire, I started French kissing her hot vagina with passionate hunger. I would suck her creamy swollen lips into my mouth, and individually make out with each of them, savoring their warmth and smoothness on my tongue.

My voracity and lustful insanity had me drooling in earnest as I made out with Megan's pussy lips; strands of saliva were falling from my mouth and onto my lap, as I avidly fed on Megan. With my eyes tightly closed in passion, I was floating in a self created universe, which revolved exclusively around the sensation of my mouth on Megan's muff.

"Hmmmmuaaa...ghaawwwd Megan..your pussy is great...hmmm"

Vocalizing our spontaneous thoughts was becoming a common trend in our hot session.

"Ahhmmmmmm...E..Ed..Ednahhhh..puhh...puhh...put your tongue inside..."

Megan expressed her desire by applying a bit of pressure on the back of my head.

I absolutely loved her newly acquired assertiveness.

Immediately I drove my hungry tongue into her pussy, and started penetrating her with a back and forth motion.

"Aaawwwww....yesss.....that is nice...Nggghhhhh...awwe..awesome...."

Megan's groans were quite loud, almost complaints, revealing the ferocity of my tongue thrusts. Luckily they were muffled by the action happening on the screen.

Megan's hips were rhythmically accompanying my tongue thrusts, as she held on to my head.

"Aighhhhh...Awww shhhhhh...hmmm...ghhooodness..."

Megan had now lost all inhibitions, and she was freely enjoying my mouth.

"Ohhhh..fuck...hehehehe...that is so hot...Nghhhhhhh"

I loved Megan's new confidence, as it helped both of us to relax, and better enjoy the sex.

She was now using my mouth in earnest, bobbing my head back and forth with her hands, accommodating my mouth for better contact.

At this point, I was beside myself; my greatest hopes and wishes were becoming a reality; Megan was happily enjoying my affection for her, and she was willingly accepting it. I guess it was just a matter of time before Megan realized that I was here for her; that my mission was to please her, and to make her happy.

As Megan's passion increased, warm squirts of her pussy milk would hit the back of my tongue, and my throat. Her heightened arousal had thickened her vaginal fluid, giving it a warm buttery texture. It felt exquisite as it streamed down my throat, almost like an exotic, but denser, and well aged wine.

"Nnghhh..nghhhh..nnghhhh..ngghhh....whheewww....nghh.."

We had an unsynchronized tune of moans, and wet sounds in the back of the theater, that were only kept at bay by the loud sound effects of the movie.

Then, as Megan momentarily released my head to rest her tired arms, I gently pulled out of her overheated and saturated vagina.

"Hmiiimmmmm..." Once again, my retracting motion elicited a sharp squeal from Megan.

After our energetic coupling, I realized that we had started sweating. Megan's thighs were glistening with perspiration, and the area where her inner thighs met with her plump ass cheeks was specially soaked with her sweat.

In an impulse, I brought my tongue to the crease, and scooped up the moisture, immediately swallowing the saline solution. I was in an exploratory quest, driven by my desire to service Megan's body.

But my resting, and subtle exploration of her sweat didn't last long.

I felt Megan's hands again, gently caressing my scalp; I was being trained in an innocent and very subtle manner; Megan was telling me that she wanted more oral attention, and I was dying to please her.

As my head slowly moved forward, I focused on her pulsing clitoral hood. It looked almost edible as it stood outside of the puffy lips, at the very top of her slit. I stretched my drooling tongue and gave it a couple of firm playful licks.

"Aaaaayyyyghhhh...." Megan moaned as I played around the sensitive zone.

I got in the mood of teasing her again, as I started flicking my tongue from side to side, and I made sure I looked up at her with a smile, letting her know that I was playing with her.

"Nnnnggghh..nggyou like that?...nngghhh"

Megan responded with a cute chuckle, while still caressing my scalp.

"Hehehe..you're so silly Edna...I love it..." she used her infantile voice.

All of a sudden I was inflamed with passion, and I started sucking on her clitoral hood.

"Hmmmm...hmmmm...hmmmm...this tastes so good..."

Catching Megan by surprise, she couldn't help but to curse and moan, displaying the sensations that my powerful sucking was having on her.

"Ohhh shit...fff...fuck....thats good.."

I loved it when Megan expressed her feelings so openly.

Settling back to regroup, I sucked the entire hood with my lips, stretching it as I slowly pulled back.

Then, as I refocused on my task, I noticed that her clit was now fully peaking out of its sheath; it was standing proudly and might erect; shining beautifully; it looked like a precious jewel, and I felt lucky to be able to wear it with my mouth.

Enchanted with the erect little organ, I brought my tongue to the top of Megan's slit, and started playing with it. I started circling it with my tongue, experimenting a little, and just feeling its wonderful texture. It was very tender and slick; and I could feel it pulsating on the flat of my tongue. It felt very naughty to play and fiddle around with Megan's sensitive clitoris.

Megan's body was having small spasms as I inexpertly licked and teased the small nodule; her spasms were almost like electric shocks, which caused her body to tense very rapidly.

"Hmeeehhmm..heee...ha..ha..having fun down the..thereeee..."

Megan could not control her reactions as my exploring tongue toyed with her sensitive nodule.

I could only look up and smile as my tongue was busy having its own fun.

"Eddd...Ednaaa...tha..thaaa..thats awesome..."

Megan's encouragements always boosted up my ego; they were medicine to my soul.

She was now slowly thrusting her hips, enjoying my tongue on her clit; and every now and then, she would close her eyes and take a deep breathe, trying to relax and release the tension.

I was in my own heaven between Megan's hot thighs, and I could not believe my luck; I was orally satisfying her, and quenching my thirst for her; I felt that there was nothing greater in life.

Then, I felt Megan's fingertips on my head; she was ready for more.

"Edna sweetie...s...su..suck on it.."

As I registered her sensual and melodic tone, I couldn't help but moan, as I brought my lips down to her clit for a good sucking.

Hmmmmmmmmm...hmmmmmmm....(wet sucking sounds)..."

Megan's eyes immediately rolled to the back of her head as she felt my intensity and voracity.

I was now on full flight, bobbing my head up and down as I gave Megan head. Megan was assisting the motion with her hands tightly gripping the sides of my head. Her hips were now thrusting energetically, as her hands guided my mouth for more pleasurable results.

As my hunger became frenetic, I stretched my jaw as far as it would go, and sucked her entire cunt into my mouth; I was milking it with deranged lust; my eyes closed, and my tongue animatedly exploring her hole.

Then, in the midst of the passion, I could hear Megan moaning and babbling; it was difficult to make out her words.

"Aiiiiggghhh...oh gawwd...ohh gawwd...hmmm...ohh shit...its coming...Edd..Ednaaa...aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiyyyyyyyyy"

Megan had to cover her mouth to stifle her loud shrieking squeal, as her body tensed violently with her climax; she gave out one last upward thrust with her hips, and then, releasing the tension on her vaginal muscles, she squirted her warm juices on the back of my throat; with a couple of forced grunts ("ughhh...ugghhhh"), she unloaded all of the feminine cream that she had produced during our hot session.

Her spurts felt deliciously warm as they sporadically hit my tongue and throat.

I was ecstatic to have Megan come in my mouth in such a lewd manner, almost using me as a receptacle of her passion and pleasure.

Looking up into her eyes, I made sure she witnesses my swallowing motion as I took her warm cream down my throat.

I wanted her to know that I worshipped and loved her more than anything.

As her climax gradually came to an end, her vaginal walls eased the tension on my tongue, allowing me to tenderly pull away; strands of saliva mixed with her cum stretched from between my lips and her pussy lips as I moved back. This offensive display was a crude testament of our incredible encounter.

"Uuugh..thats disgusting...hehehehe...."

Megan joked around, pretending displeasure as I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand.

"Shut up Megan...hehehehe..hehehe..."

We couldn't help but to start giggling as our moods reflected the satisfaction that we both felt after the lovemaking.

"Hey Edna...you think anybody heard?"...her voice was a bit worried as she remembered the other guests in the theater.

"I don't know...maybe we should leave just in case...I totally forgot about them.." And it was the truth, I was just coming back to Earth from heaven; I had been oblivious to everything surrounded me.

"I second that budyyy..."

After voicing her comical remark, Megan brought her legs down and reached out for her shorts. I immediately stood up, and realized that my knees were soar from the prolonged kneeling...'Next time I will need cushioning..' Incredibly I was already thinking about the next time...'Edna slow down there...' It was remarkable that my mind was already formulating future plans, and yet it was exciting to think that there would be a next time.

As Megan quickly got into her shorts, she grabbed me by the hand, and we quickly, but cautiously left the theater.

There was still daylight outside as we walked down the sidewalk. We were silent for the most part, just enjoying the warm Texas breeze, which was subtly caressing our hair, and our skin.

Occasionally, glancing at Megan, I could see a look of serenity and satisfaction on her face; it felt great to know that I was worthy and capable of satisfying my gorgeous best friend. Its amazing how happiness has a unique face for each individual; mine was to satisfy Megan.

As we reached the crossroads where we needed to go in different directions of the street, we looked into each others eyes and smiled with each other; we understood that we had sealed a pact that was very special, very unique, and it would bring us even closer as friends.

"Okay..so I guess this is it..." Megan said with a shy smile

"I am going to miss you tonight..." I responded clumsily with the demeanor of someone who is head over heels in love.

"I'll miss you too..." Megan added, biting her lower lip.

Then we said our final good byes, and started towards our houses.

As I glance back for one last look at my queen, I couldn't help but to focus on her lovely wiggling ass; I felt a small tingle of lust, which I quickly ignored as Megan turned the corner.

As soon as I got home, I took a hot shower, and then I crashed on my bed for a quick nap. My quick nap turned into a deep sleep, which knocked me out for a couple of hours. When I woke up, the sunlight was replaced by the dim moon light, and as I looked at my alarm clock, it read 8:17PM; I had slept for three hours.

My body felt well rested and energetic. I was also feeling a bit anxious, as I had the entire house to myself with nothing to do. I wasn't hungry and I wasn't in the mood of watching television, so decided to settle back down on my bed to reminisce on life.

Life at this time was Megan.

I was flooded with thoughts of her infectious smile, her beautiful blue eyes, her lustrous blonde hair; I held on tightly to my pillow as I imagined being with her; having her next to me; reciting my feelings to her; telling her that she meant the world to me. I was suspiring with love.

Closing my eyes, and in the middle of my reveries, I suddenly had a replay of Megan's round ass wiggling as she turned the corner after our earlier farewell.

I felt that lustful tingle once again, and I brought the soft pillow to my face. Imagining that it was Megan's ass, I nuzzled the pillow, taking deep breaths; wishing that my face was in between Megan's ass cheeks...'Gawwd Megan..I already want you..'

Then, as my hand made its way into my knickers, I realized that my pussy was already warm and wet with arousal; I started rubbing my erect clit to release the tension that was building up.

As I continued to fantasize about Megan, my memory brought the smell of her ass back to me; I remembered the warm anal smell that I had sniffed on Megan's shorts; the dank, and yet feminine scent that I had discovered earlier. It made my mouth water, and I couldn't help but to groan inwardly as I imagined its taste.

My anxiety was increasing rapidly. My clitoral stimulation was to no avail, as my concentration was exclusively focused on a lustful desire to explore Megan anally.

My relenting desire was uncontrollable, and undeniable. It would dig into the deepest recesses of my weakness, and exploit my emotions at will.

Weakened by my incredible desire to be with Megan, I decided to take a chance, a risk; an action that in my mind was not safe in any regular day, but that today seemed almost logical. I decided to surprise Megan by showing up outside of her window.

Almost unconsciously, I threw on a pair of sweat pants, and an old t-shirt; and I started my journey towards Megan's house.

On my way to Megan's, I was oblivious to any kind of dangers lurking in the dark streets; my mind had only one thought, and I was a girl on a mission.

My heart was pounding in my chest as I turned the corner towards Megan's house. `Oh Gawwd Megan...please don't deny me..' My thoughts were a bit irrational as my emotions and expectations increased. I was trying to imagine the texture of Megan's warm butt cheeks on my tongue; I could picture their silkiness on my lips; I could see the microscopic blonde hairs adorning them; and I could almost taste the lighter spots that she had right under each tanned butt cheek; I was determined to satiate my exploratory desires.

As I closed in on Megan's house, I could see that the light in her room was on; this was a great sign.

I cautiously tiptoed up to her window, and lightly knocked on it. Megan's silhouette on the bed told me that she was engrossed watching her television. Being careful not to disturb any of the adjacent rooms, I knocked on her window once again, but a bit harder.

Megan's silhouette immediately focused on the window as she hesitantly got up to check out the noise. Carefully, she raised one of the blinds to see who was outside her window. Realizing that it was me, she immediately opened her eyes wide with surprise as her jaw almost hit the ground.

Excitedly, she lifted her window up, and, shuffling a bit to squeeze through, she managed to climb down to where I was.

I thought I would die as my eyes soaked in the view directly in front of me.

Megan was wearing her sleeping shorts, which were plain white, and extra skimpy. They were cut high on her hips, and the crotch was well wedged between her pussy lips.

Taking in the miraculous sight, my breathing became labored, and I was slowly becoming dizzy.

As soon as Megan traced my gaze back to her shorts, she blushed and apologized.

"Ooops..didn't even realize I had this on..."

She then went on to look around; making sure that nobody would see her in such a revealing garment.

"So..do you like it??.." Megan playfully spun around revealing every angle of her angelic body. Her shorts didn't do a great job of containing her plump ass; her cheeks were spilling out, almost obscenely, producing a firm jiggle as Megan spun around.

"I think..i..it..its beautiful..." My voice came out windy and broken.

I needed to calm down and breathe deeply; my eyes were ablaze from the lack of oxygen, and all the blood in my head had me close to fainting. It was incredible what carnal desire could do to me. I was ready to pounce on Megan to have her right outside her window. `Edna...calm down...please...'

Megan's voice suddenly interrupted my internal battles.."Edna sweetie are you okay.." Her tone was genuinely concerned.

"I..I..I...guess I am okay........I just missed you much so ever since this evening.."

My eyes were pleading as I whined to Megan.

She immediately started blushing, and confessed that she had missed me as well.

"I knda missed you too.."

Then, almost mechanically, and simultaneously, we came together in a very warm and affectionate hug.

I felt great to have Megan in my arms again; her body felt delicious as it cuddled against mine in our embrace. I could feel her small perky breasts pressing against mine, and I could feel her nipples playing an enchanting tune on my breasts.

Then in an inexplicable and depraved impulse, I brought my hands down to her ass, and firmly squeezed her butt cheeks.

Megan immediately pulled away; she was profusely blushing at the forwardness of my action.

"Ednaaaaaaaaa....we are outside!!...."

Her tone was lighthearted, yet very surprised.

"Awwwwww...Megan...I am sorryyyy...I've been thinking about it all night.."

My voice was whiny, and it displayed my neediness.

"Y..Yo..You've been thinking about my ass all night??..."

Megan asked with an extremely puzzled look on her face; trying to understand the nature of my complaints.

I couldn't help but to bust out laughing as I took in her comical expression.

"Well that is a bit counterproductive...don't you think??.."

Megan quickly caught on with a joke, and soon joined my giggles.

As our laughs became more infectious, we managed to alert the dog next door, and as we heard the barks, we knew it was time to retreat.

We immediately stopped our fun, and agreed to go inside Megan's room.

As Megan turned around to climb back into her room, I was once again treated to the breathtaking sight of her round buttocks. Raising her left thigh to place her knee on the window frame, Megan was having a bit of difficulty stabilizing her body on one foot. Instead of helping her, I was deliriously lusting after her ass, which was now rippling and jiggling deliciously as her muscles stretched and contracted with her maneuvering actions. `Oh goodness...that looks so good...I want to put my mouth there..'

Having Megan display her goods to me like this was a sweet torture; I was salivating like a starved animal.

As Megan managed to place both of her knees on the window frame, she was exquisitely bending over, trying to compress her body to better fit through the narrow window.

Hypnotized by the blatant display of her ass pushing out, I walked up directly behind her, and came face to face with the object of my desire.

Her ass looked incredibly gorgeous under the moonlight; so round, so feminine, so perfect; I was mesmerized at how luscious and juicy it looked with Megan bending over; I was ready to worship this master piece.

Without thinking, I brought my hands to the elastic waist band on Megan's shorts, and started peeling them off.

"Ednaaaaaa....nooooooo....what are you doing?" Megan's cries were genuinely worried, yet from my strategic position, it was impossible for Megan to turn around and stop the inevitable.

Exploring her glorious buttocks, I immediately brought my shaky and overexcited hands to her cheeks, spreading them to reveal her anus.

I gasped in awe, as I took in the magnificent sight...'Bhhheautifullll...' Her butt hole was surrounded by the prettiest dark tan halo, which contrasted beautifully with the peach skin surrounding it; it appeared very fragrant and flavorful, and it seemed to almost glow under the moonlight.

Deliriously, I brought my nose directly to her asshole, and took a very deep and searching sniff; my eyes closed in passion, as I took in her indecent and forbidden smell.

"Awww Gawwd Megan..hmmmmm..hmmm..it smells great.."

Her anal perfume was wonderful; it was deliciously musky and wild, but very feminine in a primitive way, if you will; its raw nature had an animalistic effect on me, and I couldn't stop myself from smelling it. I thought the scent of her ass was heavenly.

Then, in a very hungry impulse, I stretched my tongue and licked around the tan halo surrounding the hole. Its ambrosial bitterness was exquisite and nerve wrecking. I was ready to eat Megan's ass to my heart's contempt.

Everything happened so fast; and as Megan felt the wet sensation of my tongue in between her ass cheeks, she immediately tried to pull away from it; this caused her to stumble forward, and fall to the ground, as her moves were constrained by her shorts around her mid thighs.

"Ouchhh...ouchh...awwwwch...." Megan cried in pain.

Attempting to use her legs to cushion the fall, she bounced on her left knee, and landed fully on her ass.

Realizing the severity of her fall, I climbed up the window in a heartbeat, and went to the rescue of my beloved friend.

I immediately started apologizing, as I sat next to her on the ground, watching her rub her butt cheeks.

"Oh Megan..please forgive me..I am so sorry...so so sorry...I didn't mean that.." As I looked at her face, I could tell that was genuinely in pain.

I felt a knot on my throat, as I was sure that I had caused her to hurt herself badly. I would never forgive myself for this.

"Megan...please tell me...are you okay??... I am so sorry..."

My concern was almost bringing tears to my eyes, when I heard her playful infantile voice... "Now you're going to have to kishhh it"

As luck would have it, not only was Megan alright, but she was openly offering herself to me.

Her playful remark managed to set me on fire, as a powerful wave of lust swept my entire body.

I immediately pounced on her, and started kissing as much of her thighs as I could; being on her side, it made it difficult for me to access her entirely; so I squeezed my hand in between her thighs, which were now, one on top of the other, and motioned for her to get on her knees. "Hehehe...hehe.." Megan giggled, as she enjoyed my aggressive desperation.

She immediately complied, and gave me full access to her partially uncovered buttocks.

Under the warm yellow light of the room, her ass had a totally new perspective. I could see every nook and cranny of her majestic behind. Still inflamed from the accident, her ass cheeks were blotched with red spots, testifying to the fact that it had been a hard fall. I immediately brought my lips down to her left cheek, and gave it a couple of tender and caring kisses; I gave the same treatment to the left cheek, making sure that I was covering all of my ground. Then, as I was busy showering her warm cheeks with kisses, I saw the cutest and most unusual sight; her asshole open and closed in a winking motion.

Pleasantly surprised by the cute display, and enchanted with lust, I brought my nose down to her asshole and sniffed it again.

"Hmmmmmm...hmmmmm....Mhhhhegannn..your asshole smells great sweetiehhhh..."

My opinion was truthful and honest, despite its vulgar nature.

"Hehehehe...you are disgusting...hehehehe..." Megan was being her normal playful self, and I loved the fact that she felt so at ease with me exploring her most private part.

Then, refusing to cope with the hunger any longer, I brought my lips directly on top of Megan's butt hole, and started French kissing it.

I was very hungry, and it showed in the voracity of my attack. It felt extremely right to have my mouth on Megan's asshole.

The taste of her flesh was amazing, and the bitter sweet taste of the skin surrounding her asshole was delectable. Her anal smell was also very present; keeping me high and intoxicated as I ate her out; providing a raw atmosphere that kept my lustful drive in full power.

"Dhhhoo.do you like it...hmmmm..hmmm..." The irrational perfectionist in me asked Megan.

"It...it..aghhhh...its ky...kyn...kinda weird...but I...ughhhhhh...like it.." My anal ministrations were having their effect on Megan.

I really got into making out with Megan's anus, and my lips were doing quite a bit of sucking as I feverishly kissed her puckered hole. The warmth of her skin on my lips was just incredible.

Then, as I decided to explore more daringly, I pushed the tip of my tongue into her anus. This produced a loud squeal from Megan, followed by giggles, as she expressed the sensations she was feelings.

"ayyyy...hehehehehe...that tickles a lot.."

Engrossed on my explorations, I ignored Megan's complaints, and continued to search around with my tongue. Her anus was incredibly hot, and it felt a bit sticky and rubbery on my tongue, yet I loved it texture. I decided to push my tongue a bit deeper, eliciting a small groan from Megan, as she tightened her warm sphincter around my tongue.

"Unghhhhhh...." Megan's groan was guttural.

I attempted to release the pressure by impaling my tongue deeper inside her anus; and this in turn produced a louder groan from Megan.

"Awwwhhnggggggg... shhhit..."

I was oblivious to any of Megan's feelings and sensations, as I was fully engrossed with the task in front of me. Unconsciously, I was trying to get her to loosen her rectum, for a better and more satisfying penetration.

Almost mechanically, I started pushing my tongue in and out of her anus; hoping that she would loosen her grip. I was unconsciously giving her asshole a fervent tongue fucking, which had Megan moaning in earnest.

"Ahhh...ahhh...ahhh..ahhh...ahhh...ahhh...fuck...ahhh...yess..ahhh..."

Megan lost any reserve left, and was now rhythmically pushing back, fucking my tongue energetically.

As the heat of passion took over, Megan gradually loosened her grip on my tongue, providing me with a more comfortable access to her still very tight rectum.

We were both besides ourselves; moaning and grunting; liberating our sexuality and sensuality; sweating in the now very heated room; expressing our love and affection in very unique and different ways; we were two great friends coming to terms.

"Gawwd Ednaaa...you do that real good...ahhh...ahhhh..ahhhhh...ahhh..ahhh"

"nghhh...nggghhh..nghhh..nghhh...nghhh...nghhhh..." My incoherent groans were muffled, as my tongue was captive to Megan's asshole.

After a prolonged tonguing, my lingual thrusts created a vacuum inside Megan's anus, which elicited sharp quif like sounds, adding to our symphony of forbidden tunes.

As Megan's passion sky rocketed, she detached herself from my tongue, and quickly spun around, spreading her legs lewdly, showing me how wet her vagina was. Then, looking directly into my eyes, and with an almost defying gaze, she pushed her hip upwards; signaling for me to go get it.

"You want some?...." Her voice was rasp and sensual.

"AAAAwwwwwwwhhhh...yesss..." I moaned loudly as I fell on my stomach with my face in between Megan's legs.

This time there was no playing or experimenting, I was ready to fuck.

As my mouth made contact with her saturated vagina, I started sucking hard and passionately. Megan immediately made it clear that she was ready to come, as she placed her hands on the back of my head, while she freely rode my mouth.

My lips made out with her slick vagina, as my tongue avidly scoured her gelatinous walls. Megan's clit was erect, and poking my upper lip as I nourished on her genitals. Her hot vulva was very live and pulsating. It felt great in my mouth.

As we heatedly coupled, we stared each other in the eye; there was no shame any more, or even shyness; we had lost all inhibitions and constraints; we understood our agreement, our covenant; we were just two teenagers taking care of their needs; we were good friends accepting their roles in a new blossoming relationship.

Megan was given me a healthy dose of pussy milk, which was unrestrainedly trickling down my throat. The warm sensation of her cream in my throat was quickly becoming a highlight in our sexual encounters.

After a couple of minutes of frantic sucking and licking, Megan was ready climax.

"Ahh..ahhh..ahhhh...shiiit...Edna...Edn..ahhh..ahhh..I think it...its coming.."

I could feel her body tensing from the approaching climax.

"Awwwww...ayyyyy...ayyyy...ffffuuuuckkkkk......ayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy"

Megan exploded in my mouth, discharging her thick vaginal juices, just letting herself run inside my mouth. It was great to have my gorgeous friend release the product of our passion inside of me. I joyfully swallowed her offerings, showing my acceptance of her intimate gift to me.

Megan fell to the side drenched in sweat and limp as a rag doll. I immediately laid my head on her slick thigh, as I was spent as well, with and aching jaw and swollen lips. I was in heaven.

Next to Megan, I could only think of how in love I was, and how beautiful life had turned out to be. I would have never imagined that there was so much happiness out in the world, so much joy; I felt incredibly lucky and blessed. How my life had changed was beyond my wildest dreams. I would forever remember these moments of happiness, even if my life was to face more turmoil. I felt like I had a purpose in this unforgiving world.

The next couple of days in school were awesome. I was living in a little world of happiness, in which Megan was the only other habitant. I would spend every minute that I could with her; meeting her after each of her classes; seeking her to have lunch with her; and cheering for her at the volleyball games and practices. I was helplessly in love, and everything was beautiful and promising.

And then it happened. There it was again. That creepy and ominous feeling; the omen; the presaging of ill-fortune. Maybe I inherited the gift from one of my parents, or maybe I was just born with it. But I could feel it quickly approaching; it was something big, something powerful; something that threatened to demolish my castle of happiness; something that defiantly menaced to separate me from my love Megan.

Lisa had been observing our behavior around school; studying our every move; keeping track of our quick sexual trips to the restrooms; watching our happy after class reunions. Maybe it was jealousy or perhaps just plain curiosity, but she set herself on a quest to find out the harsh truth.

It was obvious that she had not discovered my relationship with Megan, as she constantly and insistently questioned me about our little trips without her. Knowing Lisa well, she would have blatantly mentioned it to my face, as it was her nature to be immature, but direct. Instead her questions would deviate along the paths of drug consumption. Lisa suspected that maybe we were smoking pot or doing something along those lines. This was quite a relief to me, as I would have rather have Lisa thinking that we were doing drugs, as opposed to her finding out that I was in Love with Megan. Yet, I kept her in the dark by denying any suspicions of any kind that she had.

Then, one day as the three of us were hanging out in the gym, after class, it happened.

Lisa expressed her anger and jealousy with tears; she had been feeling left out, and it was not fair. After she had been one of our best friends, she couldn't understand what had happened. Why were we ignoring her, or at least paying less attention to her. Why was she not invited to our spontaneous outings; our little trips to the movies; why were we so distant.

Lisa could be very immature at times, but she was very sweet as well. As opposed to Megan, Lisa was more conscious of her beauty, and she more inclined to using her charms to get what she wanted. She also had a great sense of humor, almost like Megan, but a bit darker at times. Lisa was great gorgeous girl.

She had been a great friend to us, and to see her cry with such feeling, left Megan and I without a choice. We had to tell the truth, there was no other way; we had to reveal everything.

"Lisa...we are sorry...we had no idea you felt that way..." Megan apologized for both of us.

"Lisa...it is...its....well its weird...and its embarrassing....I don't know how to tell you..." I felt a bit nervous about being judged by Lisa.

"What is it Ednaaaaaa.....please tell meeeee..." Lisa's voice was whiny as she implored for an answer.

Then she looked at Megan, with puppy dog eyes, begging for the truth.

"Megaaannnnnnnn!!!"

Somehow Megan understood that it was most appropriate for me to reveal the truth, and she could only lower her gaze, feeling moved by Lisa's pleading.

"L..Lii..Lisa...I am a LESBIAN...." I could hardly hold her gaze as I revealed the truth.

We became silent for a couple of minute, as we waited for Lisa to come off of her shock.

"Are...y...you...serious??" Lisa asked extremely puzzled, as she dried the last tears from her attentive eyes. Her tone was very childish, as she couldn't fully grasp the concept.

"You...mean you like other girls and stuff?...." Lisa asked with an enthusiastic tone, as her face showed the faintest grin. Her mood rapidly changed with the nature of the news.

Somehow Lisa found my revelation very entertaining, and she was soon asking away.

"So did you and Megan like...you know...." Her tone displayed a naughty curiosity. Megan and I could only blush at Lisa's forwardness, but then again we were not surprised, as we had always known her to be like that. We gave her the facts of our relationship; we explained to her that Megan was straight, but that she liked to receive as much as liked to give. It was made clear in our recounting that I was a pleaser.

Lisa was very engrossed in our story; attentively listening, and every now and then saying some sarcastic or smart ass remark. We were all being ourselves, as we giggled and joked around; it felt great to have Lisa openly accept me. Maybe it was her immaturity, or maybe she did not know the complexity of the matter, but in any case it felt great to have her on my side.

"I can't believe you all do those things...that's nasty....hehehehe..." Lisa's nose was crinkled as she joked around about the nastiness of our acts.

"Lisaaaaa...stooop...its not nasty....plus I like it..." I stuck out my tongue at Lisa, as I was getting in a very playful mood.

"Heheheheh...heheheheheh..." Megan could only giggle at our funny remarks.

"Uuuuuuugh..thats disgusting..." Lisa kept joking around, as she kept her nose crinkled.

Then, for the craziest reason, I came up with a very naught idea; feeling challenged to disprove Lisa, I decided to give her a quick display.

Looking at Megan, I gave her a mischievous smile and asker her..."wanna show Lisa??..."

Megan returned the naughty smile, agreeing and accepting the challenge.

Carefully looking around to make sure that we were alone, Megan spread her thighs, giving my hand enough access to reach her crotch; as my fingers touched her covered vagina, I made sure I rubbed it as I looked at Lisa. Lisa was profusely blushing, with her hands covering her mouth; she could not believe our audacity. Megan could not help but to blush a bit as she saw Lisa's reaction. Then, feeling a little bolder, I hooked my middle finger inside Megan's shorts and quickly fingered her in front of Lisa. Megan gave out a small grunt as I did this. Lisa was soaking everything in; she was truly perplexed. Then, to eliminate any remaining doubt, I brought the wet sticky finger directly under my nose and sniffed it; then, looking into Megan's eyes, I sucked on it.

"Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuggg.....hehehehehehehehehe...hehehe...Oh my God Ednaaa...you are nuts..hehehe..." Lisa went almost ballistic as she witnessed my closing act.

"See...I told you...!" I stuck out my tongue at her once more; just to stay in the playful mood.

Lisa was definitely having fun with our little games, and I am sure she had gotten more than her tears had bargained for, and even though she had taken the entire situation lightheartedly, her eyes were showing signs of an internal battle. I knew it couldn't be easy to just ignore such a big change happening around her, especially involving her two best friends, who she trusted and appreciated. Yet, I was very confident that she would come around, and let things be like they used to.

Then it slowly started to happen. Destiny was not to be denied.

In the next couple of days, Lisa was showing particular interest in me. She would hang out with me more than usual; she would ask me questions related to my encounters with Megan, hot and very sexual questions; she would want to know how many times Megan came in my mouth; if I enjoyed having her climax in my mouth. At first I thought it was just her being immature and silly as always, but then I realized that there was genuine concern in her questions; there was a growing interest; she was becoming curious to know how it felt to be pleased by a hot mouth. The danger was imminent; it was lurking; looking for signs of weakness; I knew that if I slipped, I could loose Megan forever. Yet when I found myself answering Lisa's questions, I could feel my blood warming up; I could feel my clitoris twitch and my nipples harden. Having a gorgeous All America Blonde teenager like Lisa asking me these questions was extremely tempting.

The few classes that we had together, I could feel Lisa staring at me, studying me; and every time that I caught her staring, she would hold her gaze, defiantly sending a message. One time, the three of us had a class together, and despite Megan's presence, Lisa was still relentless; her flirts, very subtle, but nerve wrecking to me. On one occasion, as I caught her staring at me, she slowly spread her thighs, and pushed her swollen crotch forward, while still staring me in the eyes. I could not stop my gaze from moving back and forth between her delicious looking crotch and her gorgeous blue eyes.

I was slowly falling prisoner to a vicious fate, which threatened to ruin my life once again. I needed to be strong; I needed to avoid temptations; I loved Megan, and I didn't want to loose her; yet I could feel my weakness, slowly and surely taking over......What a dilemma

Please let me know if you want to read Chapter 5 (the betrayal)...thanks for reading..