Best Friends

by (Actual Author Unknown)

\*\*\*

 Susan and Heather had been best friends

since the first day of high school. Four years later

they crammed for finals as they had always done,

late night study sessions that found one or the other

sharing the same bed as it became too late to head

home. A water main break at the school had given

them an unexpected day off and both were more

than happy to sleep in as everyone else in Heather's

family left for their respective schools and jobs.

 Heather woke up first. She lightly rubbed

her eyes as she watched her friend sleep. Susan's

nightshirt had crept above her waist and as she lay

still, Heather fixed her eyes on the cotton print

knickers that Susan was wearing. They seemed to be

a little tight and she could clearly make out the

outline of her friends crotch. She wasn't sure why

she was getting a strange feeling looking at another

girl. It was the same feeling she got just before she

played with herself.

 As she looked at Susan, she placed a hand in

her own knickers and started to massage her little

bud. This had always brought her pleasure but this

would be the first time she had done it when she

wasn't alone. As she circled her clit with her finger,

she admired her friends body. Susan was very cute;

short red hair, bright green eyes. Heather wondered

if Susan ever played with herself like she was doing

now. They had talked about lots of intimate things,

but never that.

 Soon an overwhelming urge came upon Heather

to touch her friend on that special spot. Even though

she didn't know how Susan would react, she felt

compelled to take the chance. Pretending to be asleep

so she could claim it wasn't intentional, Heather

allowed her hand to come to rest on the mattress next

to Susan's crotch. After it had been there a minute

without any adverse consequences, she allowed it to

brush against her cotton knickers. Little by little

she became braver, sure that Susan wouldn't wake up

screaming or worse.

 Susan had lay awake, one eyes barely opened,

concealed by her hair. She watched as Heather with

her hand in her knickers had played with herself. She

was relieved to know that she wasn't the only girl

that did that, maybe it wasn't so bad after all. She

found herself wishing Heather had actually lowered

her pajamas before doing it so that she could've had

a better view of what she was doing.

 When Heather had suddenly stopped

masturbating, Susan was afraid that maybe she had

sensed that she was awake and Susan had closed her

eyes tightly. But when she felt Heather's hand make

contact between her legs, she knew that hadn't been

the case. A little shiver of excitement trickled

through Susan's body as that first touch was felt.

That was the first time anyone had ever touched her

there. She wasn't expecting it from another girl, but

right now that really didn't matter. She was excited

from watching Heather and that overcame any sense

of wrong doing. Besides, she could just lay there

and pretend to be asleep and see what happened.

 Heather's touch was very light and casual in

the beginning. But as time went on and Susan didn't

awaken and protest, her touch got more aggressive

and deliberate. She had already caused a wet spot

to appear on Susan's knickers and now she was so

excited that she didn't care if Susan now woke up.

Bravely, with one hand she lifted up the waistband

of Susan's knickers and held them up while she slid

the other hand beneath them. She brushed her hand

over the soft, tiny patch of sprouting pubic hair and

found her friends moist hole with one finger. After

slightly inserting it, she commenced a circular

motion around the girl's clit with her thumb.

 Susan was sure she couldn't pretend to be

asleep much longer. The tingles of electricity that

she had felt now turned to bolts of electricity as

Heather's finger toyed at the entrance to her cunt.

Slowly, instinctively, she began to rotate her hips in

a circular motion in response to Heather's continuing

massage of her clit. Sensing that her pretending to

be asleep now served no purpose except to diminish

her enjoyment of this new experience, Susan opened

her eyes, smiled at Heather and said softly,

"Umm...that really feels good."

 "I'm glad you like it. I wasn't sure you

would. I don't know why I started doing it, but I

just wanted to."

 Susan responded by pulling her knickers off

and spreading her legs apart to give Heather more

freedom between her legs and a sort of unspoken

permission to proceed. Heather buried a finger in

Susan's cunt-lips and started pumping in and out.

 Susan, discarding her charade of being a

passive participant, reached inside Heather's pajama

bottoms. Heather wasn't wearing knickers. She

found the moist slit with her finger and commenced

giving Heather the same type of pleasure that she'd

been receiving.

 "The only thing that would make this better

is if we had a boy here with us," said Susan.

 "Like really." Heather replied. "Except the

boys I know would blab all over school. Or you

could wind up like Mary Johnson...pregnant!"

 "Yeah...you ever done it with a boy?"

Susan asked.

 "No. Almost did but my mom came home

early and messed everything up. Have you?

 "No, but there are times when I really want

to. I just want to know what it feels like...I mean

you're making me feel better than anything I've ever

done so far." replied Susan.

 Suddenly Heather stopped. "You wait right

here. Don't move," She ordered as she jumped up

from the bed, went to the dresser and reached way

behind a drawer. Carrying something white and

folded into the bathroom, she told Susan she'd be

right back.

 Five minutes seemed like an eternity for

Susan until the bathroom door opened and Susan

received the second biggest surprise of the morning.

 Heather had slicked back her already short

brown hair, parted it on the side and had it combed

in a boy's style. She was wearing a t shirt and a pair

of boy's jockey shorts. Her big brown eyes gave

here the look of a young boy that could've been her

twin. Sensing the question on her friend's face,

Heather explained. " These used to be my brothers.

I rescued them before Mom threw them out.

Sometimes I sleep in them , it turns me on."

 "Wow!" Susan exclaimed as she looked at

her friend in amazement. If she hadn't known better,

she would swear she was looking at a young boy in

his underwear. She felt her cunt really start to itch

as she admired her friend's ingenuity.

 "And thats not all." Heather said as she

pulled her jockey shorts down in the front and

revealed about five inches of a double-headed dildo

protruding from her cunt lips, the other half buried

deeply in her hole. "I never thought I'd get to use

both sides of this at once, but if you're as hot as I

am, we both need to do it now!"

 As she walked over to the bed, holding the

thing to keep it from shooting out between her legs,

Susan reached out to touch it and examine the

device. It was made of a soft, and slightly rigid

vinyl. The head was just like the drawings she had

seen in her sex-ed book, and she could imagine that

it was probably pretty close to the real thing in size

and shape.

 "Where did you ever get that?" Susan asked.

 "That you'll never believe?" Heather said.

"Do you remember when my Aunt Amanda passed

away last summer and I had to go clean out her

apartment. Well, I found this in her stuff, buried in

the back of her closest."

 A mental image of Heather's Aunt passed

though Susan's mind. Amanda had been 52 with the

body of a much younger woman. To Susan's

surprise, the image she formed was naked with the

dildo hanging as it now hung from Heather.

 "I guess if we can't have a boy, this is the

next best thing." Heather said, bringing Susan's

attention fully back to her.

 Susan was a little apprehensive about

allowing the thing up her cunt. She had put things

up there before, but she had always been in control.

But her fear subsided as her friend reassured her,

"It's okay. You'll feel great when its inside you."

 With that, Heather removed the dildo from

inside her and turned it around, placing the head that

had been in her cunt, now slippery wet, over the

opening to her friends hole. The lubricant on the

head of the plastic dick caused it to pop in with a

minimum of resistance. Susan lay on her back with

her legs spread obscenely, her knees resting against

the bidding little mounds on her chest as Heather

worked the cock in and out of her to get he adjusted

to it. When she felt that it was properly in and not

going to be painful for Susan, she positioned herself

between Susan's spread legs. Once again she pulled

down the front of the jockey shorts she was wearing

and expertly inserted the other half of the dildo in

her own cunt.

 Slightly she pumped her hips, allowing the

dick to sink first into her hole and then Susan's.

Susan was still spread with her hands behind her

knees, holding herself open, afraid to resist in the

least. Soon both girls were pumping their hips in

opposite rhythms until the cock was completely

swallowed between their two cunts. Their pussies

were rubbing together as Heather humped Susan,

continuing the role of the boy. Susan, now engulfed

in lustful abandon, wrapped her legs tightly around

Heather, digging her heels into her friends pumping

ass.

 "Fuck me!" Susan cried to her "boy/girl"

lover,"Bury that cock of yours in me all the way!"

 As Heather pumped and her cunt tightened,

Susan moaned. Heather pushed the slippery dildo

all the way into Susan's cunt. As Susan pumped

back, Heather could feel the thing thrust against the

back of her own hole. The girls had the dick so

deeply buried into them selves that their clits were

rubbing together and it didn't take long until both

girls shuddered into estacy, juices flowing from

their cunts and down the crack of Susan's ass.

 The girls collapsed in exhaustion, the

slippery toy now glistening as it lay cast aside on the

bed. They kissed each other passionately, feeling the

kind of devotion that only one young girl can feel

for another, having traded their youthful innocence

for passion.

THE END