**Fun With Friends**

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Time crawled on and my virginity stayed intact. I had a few fumbles with a guy or two after a couple of dates but I still struggled to let them go any further than getting their hands up my skirt. Of course, even though I returned the favour, it always resulted in them not calling and actively avoiding any contact I tried to make.

I was at my best friend Sam's flat one Saturday night with our mutual friend Kirsten; we were having a catch up over pizza and wine. Once we had got onto our third bottle of white, the sex talk started.

"I'm not kidding, he was that big that I couldn't walk properly the next day," Kirsten said then laughed. She stood up and walked bow legged across the room to demonstrate how hard she had been fucked the weekend before. We all laughed and she sat back down.

"Come on, don't be making Mollie jealous," Sam said with a look in my direction.

"Still no action, Moll?" Kirsten asked, taking another drink.

"Nope, I'm thinking of becoming a nun though," I joked. There's nothing more I want than to be fucked so hard I can't stand up but I just can't seem to get there. Things are all good until it gets to undressing then I generally freak out and make an excuse or run away.

I've no idea why, I've got a decent body and I'm not shy but I just can't take that step. I thought it was just a phase, some nervous glitch when things got physical with my first serious boyfriend but after he left due to my frigidity I never seemed to be able put myself out there again. After three years though it was more than just a phase, it was getting beyond ridiculous.

"I can set you up if you want, though I'm not sure the size of him would be good for a first time," Kirsten mused, I guessed she was thinking of the guy she had just been telling us about.

"It's not lack of willing men that's the issue, it's my reluctance to let them use anything more than their fingers," I told them both.

"And tongues, surely?" Sam said with a wink. I didn't get what she was saying and my face obviously gave me away. "Come on, Mollie," her eyes were wide, her eyebrows raised in surprise.

"You've never let anyone go down on you?" Kirsten asked me.

"They're lucky if I take my panties off, never mind let them get their head down there," I said with an awkward laugh.

"Seriously, Mollie, if you don't get laid by the end of the month I'll eat you out myself," Sam said. Me and Kirsten laughed but Sam's smile had a hint of seriousness to it.

Our conversation continued, moving on to men we thought were hot and then a rapid fire question and answer session on famous men that I would let fuck me if I had the chance.

After five bottles of wine between us we were all worse for wear. Since I had drove Kirsten over and I was in no state to drive we decided to crash at Sam's rather than pay for a taxi.

Sam gave us blankets and pillows so we could sleep on the sofas in her front room. Kirsten was snoring before Sam was even back with our temporary bedding so I threw a blanket over her then dropped the pillows onto my makeshift bed for the night.

I stripped down to my plain black cotton bra and panties, wobbling on one foot trying to pull off my skinny jeans and giggling too loud about it because of all the wine. I got comfortable under the blanket and the sounds of Kirsten's snores drifted me off to sleep.

I woke up a few hours later, disorientated and desperate for a glass of water. I untangled myself from the blanket and got to my feet. I swayed a little but stayed upright, the effect of the wine still messing with my head and balance.

I walked slowly and carefully to the kitchen, making sure I was quiet as possible so I didn't wake the girls. I got a bottle of water from the fridge and drank almost half of it. I could feel my hangover starting so I raided Sam's cupboard for headache pills. I couldn't even find a first aid kit so I decided to try the bathroom.

On my way to the bathroom I passed by Sam's bedroom. Her door was wide open and I looked in as I walked by, I've no idea why but I'm glad I did. Sam was asleep, laying naked, legs spread wide on her bed, her duvet on the floor.

I stopped and, maybe it was because of the wine, I took a good look at Sam. She has bigger breasts than me, though since she was laying down they looked the same size as mine when I'm standing up.

My eyes strayed to her clean shaven pussy and my stomach twisted in a pleasurable way. I couldn't stop staring at her and I could feel my nipples getting hard in my bra. Without really thinking about it I tiptoed into Sam's room to get a closer look.

The sight of Sam and the illicit nature of my unplanned voyeurism got my juices flowing. I could feel my pussy tightening and I made a conscious effort to breathe quieter.

I was thinking about the conversation we had hours before, about being fucked until you were sore and eating pussy. Mostly due to the wine, and admittedly my own curiosity, I knelt at the end of Sam's bed and moved my face close to her exposed labia.

She smelt amazing, almost sweet but kind of musky as well, it made my mouth water. I had to taste her, to see if she tasted as good as she smelt. I pulled in an unsteady breath then pushed the very tip of my tongue against her.

I heard Sam's breathing stop and her hips pulled back so I was no longer touching her. I froze but flicked my eyes up. Sam was looking down at me, her sleepy eyes confused and unsure.

"Did you just lick my pussy?" Sam whispered. I thought about denying it but what other explanation could I give for being caught with my face between her legs?

"Sorry," I breathed, I dropped my gaze because I couldn't look her in the face but the sight of her naked body made my pussy burn.

"Do it again," her whispered words shocked me but it was all the invitation I needed. I pushed my entire face into her, burying myself in her sweet flesh. I had absolutely no idea what I was doing so I just licked wildly.

It seemed to work for Sam, she started moaning and pushing herself against me. She did taste as good as she smelt and it made me even more eager to have her in my mouth.

I sucked and slurped and licked every bit of her with no real rhythm or skill while she ground herself into my face and panted. She was moving all over the bed so I held onto her hips because it was getting difficult to keep my mouth in the right place.

"Don't stop... don't stop," she repeated over and over in a hushed tone. I didn't know exactly what it was that she didn't want me to stop doing so I carried on manically eating her, pushing my face deeper.

Sam squealed and the sound jolted me but she pushed my head back toward her pussy and I felt a jet of hot cum hit my face. I wanted more so I carried on licking, mopping up all of her juices with my tongue but she wrapped her fingers in my hair and pulled me away.

She yanked my hair so my head snapped back and I had to look at her. "You better get your panties off," she whispered and it sent shivers down my spine. Sam let go of my hair and I got to my feet.

My black panties were damp from my own excitement and I felt soiled and sordid as I peeled them off with Sam's bright eyes on me. I dropped them to the floor and hoped Sam couldn't see me blush in the darkened room.

"I'm so glad you shave," Sam said quietly as she stood up. Her words made me blush even more and I shifted my weight from one foot to the other as she looked me up and down. "Get on the bed, I said I would but now I owe you too."

I was trembling as laid on Sam's bed, my bare ass resting on the warm, wet patch left behind from her climax. It was erotic enough on its own but knowing that I was the one that had made her cum, that I had created the moist sheet, made my breathing pick up.

Sam took my former position, on her knees at the end of the bed, and pushed my thighs apart. She planted one soft kiss on my smooth, swollen lips then pulled them apart with her fingertips.

I braced myself for the feel of her tongue but it was nothing like what I imagined. It was wet and hot as it gently caressed my stiff clit. My eyes rolled back in my head and I let out a shuddering groan.

Sam held my labia open with her thumb and forefinger so she could use her other hand to run a finger around the entrance of my wet hole. She giggled softly then licked my clit again, slowly but with some pressure.

"Think you can handle me sucking it?" she asked from between my thighs.

"No," I answered honestly in a shaky voice but it didn't stop her. Sam took my clit between her lips and sucked gently. The feeling was mind blowing and I squealed louder than she had when she soaked the sheets.

She released me but kept teasing my pussy with one finger and my hips bucked towards her. I was desperate to feel her tongue again and I was about to ask her to eat me when she pushed her finger inside me and rested her tongue on my clit.

Sam was completely still for three seconds, it felt more like three minutes, then her finger and tongue were moving in sync. She finger-fucked my tight hole roughly while her tongue assaulted my sensitive clit.

The sensation was too much, I didn't want her to stop but I knew I was going to cum all over her. I wanted her to feel how much she had turned me on and how good she was so I reached down and grabbed a fistful of her blonde hair.

I didn't distract her at all and she moaned against my pussy; it tipped me over the edge, I ground my pussy into her face as I peaked, screaming as I drenched her face.

I let go of Sam's hair and she looked up at me with a grin on her face. I was struggling to breathe as my orgasm, the best I've had, rippled through my body. Sam pulled her finger out and I watched her suck it clean.

"If I had a dick then I'd fuck you as well," Sam said with a smile.

"And I'd watch that too, you dirty bitches," Kirsten's voice surprised us both. My head span to the doorway and I saw Kirsten stood there with her hand down the front of her jeans.