It's a Girl Thing

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Carla was reckoned to be the sexiest girl in the school. Maybe not the

prettiest, but you don't have to be pretty to be sexy. She was pretty

enough, but her strong point, on which everyone agreed, was that she was

very, very sexy. Not that anyone had any stories about things she had done

- she had no "reputation" as such, except as a girl who liked to look good.

She had dark hair in a bob, with a cute flick by each cheek. She wore her

skirts very short, to show off her long legs, but no one could ever

remember catching a glimpse of her knickers. I say "skirts", but in fact

she had at some time cottoned on to the fact that one item of our optional

school uniform was still the dark blue "gym slip" - a skirt with a bib

front, and two cross-over shoulder straps. She had bought a couple of

these at the school outfitter's shop, shortened the skirt to mini length,

and turned up one day looking as sexy as hell! She turned so many heads

that she was responsible for a score of ricked necks! She affected a sort

of 60s retro-chic to go with the "gymmie"; her blouses had spear-point

collars, and she fastened her tie right up to the neck. Her cuffs were

always fastened. She topped off the dolly-bird look with a red PVC mack,

the hem of which was exactly the same length as her skirt. Bobbed hair,

red mack, long, pale legs, black shoes - she looked fantastic!

She also affected the bored expression of someone who knows she is

totally cool, and doesn't have to bother trying. Many people thought her

unapproachable or unfriendly, but it was just part of the act. She was

civil, even friendly, if you could get a word out of her.

She knew me to say hello to. I'm Lauren, by the way. At the time of

this story I was a year younger than Carla (it's funny to say it like that,

but I guess I still am!). I admired her, and copied her gym-slip look.

But I had long, brown hair and a high forehead, and I was skinny too, so

the whole thing just made me look much younger than I was.

OK, for what it's worth, I guess I had a bit of a crush on her. If I

hadn't, none of what I am about to describe would have happened. Or would

it? I don't know. Perhaps I was generally naïve enough for it to have

happened anyway.

I was walking home from school one day. There was someone I wanted to

avoid, so I was skulking in a tangle of tall bushes by the footpath,

keeping very quiet until they were well past my hiding-place. When they

had gone, I was just about to venture out, when I thought I heard

something. It sounded like contented little sighs - someone breathing

quiet, regular little "mmmmh" sounds. Was I imagining it? No, there it

was again, I could definitely hear it. I crept as silently as I could

through the bushes until I could see, between some leaves, that a little

space had been made in the deepest part of the thicket, like a den or

hideaway. There was someone there, and I moved to get a better view.

I saw that it was Carla. She had put her PVC coat down on the bare

earth, and was sitting on it. But what was she doing? She had her legs

apart, stretched out wide. Her skirt was hitched up round her waist, and

she had her right hand down the front of her knickers! She was moving her

hand, and giving these little sighs that I heard. Her eyes were closed,

and her lips were parted slightly. She was obviously doing something to

her vagina - the rude girl! I had never seen anything like this before!

I was so surprised that I gasped, and moved too suddenly, making more

noise than I had intended. Carla opened her eyes.

"Who's there? Who the hell's that?"

"It's only me - Lauren - I didn't mean to startle you!"

"Oh, it's you. Come in here, but keep your voice down!"

She had stopped moving her hand, but had not taken it out of her

knickers, and when I joined her in the den, she gently started to move it

again. Her eyes were heavy-lidded, as if she was half asleep.

"What are you doing?" I asked in a whisper.

"Rubbing myself," she replied.

"Why?" I asked, puzzled.

"Because it's so nice!" she said. "It's a girl thing. Haven't you ever

done it?"

"No," I said, truthfully. "Is it really nice. It seems a bit of a

strange thing to do - rude."

"Well come here and I'll show you. Here, sit on part of my coat. Now,

stretch your legs out. A bit wider. That's it."

I must admit, I felt a bit of a thrill when I opened my legs like that.

The thrill turned into a little shock, when Carla reached her left hand

over, hitched my skirt up around my waist, so that my knickers were

completely exposed, and slipped her hand down the front of them! This was

the first time that anyone else had ever touched me there, right on my

vagina. She began to rub her hand gently up and down, the whole length of

my down-there lips. It did feel so rude, and I was getting butterflies in

my stomach. She was right, it was nice, even if this was all there was to

it.

But of course there was more to it. Gradually, as she rubbed me, she

increased the pressure of her middle finger, until it was forcing my lips

gently apart. I could feel that finger slide gently between them. It

moved easily, because I found that I was becoming wet down there. Her

finger probed a little deeper with each movement, and I found myself

feeling more and more excited, ruder and ruder.

"You've got to do it to me too," said Carla. She had taken her own hand

out of her knickers, but was still sitting with her legs apart. I reached

across with my right hand, and slipped it down the front of her knickers.

This was absolutely the rudest thing I had ever done in my life! I copied

what she was doing to me. Her vagina was already wet, and my finger

slipped easily between her lips.

Gradually, Carla concentrated her fingering on my actual opening, and I

tried to match her movements - a little clumsily - until I found her

opening too. Then gently she pushed her finger inside me, little by little

with each stroke, until it was as deep as she could push it. (I should

explain that although I was a complete virgin, I had already popped, due to

exertions in gym class, so I wasn't intact.) I could hardly breath - this

felt so good, so rude, so sexy. This was sex! This wasn't just being a

bit rude, this was sex! I was having sex!

I had been so concentrated on what Carla was doing to me, that I forgot

to reciprocate. She whispered, "Go on, Lauren. Go on. Do it to me too!"

So I pushed my middle finger deep into her, and she gave a satisfied

"ohhhh!" For a while we sat there, moving our fingers deep into each other,

and back out again. Now we were both making those contented little sighs

and murmurs.

It began to occur to me that one reason why this felt so good, was the

person with whom I was doing it. I really liked Carla, I was really keen

on her. As I said before, I had a crush on her. So I was pleased when she

snuggled as close as she could to me. She turned her face towards me. To

me, as I felt so rude and sexy, she looked so beautiful; certainly being

turned on did lend something more to her face - those heavy-lidded eyes,

those full lips parted.

She said, "I'm glad it's you here with me. I'm glad it's you I'm doing

this with."

"Mmmm. Me too."

She leant over and planted a little kiss on my lips. I was a bit

surprised, but it was nice to be kissed, particularly by her, and

particularly while my vagina was being so nicely fingered!

She kissed me again, and held her lips against mine. She kept kissing

me like that, pulling away, and kissing me again.

"No, do it like they do on TV," she said, and approached me again with

her lips parted. I opened my mouth a little, and she started to give me a

proper snog. Oh it was so good. Her lips were soft and sweet, and her

kiss was just right - tender, gentle, sexy.

Suddenly I realised she was doing something a little different to my

vagina, and I tried again to match her movements. Gradually she withdrew

her finger from deep inside me, and began to stroke upwards towards the

topmost part of my down-there lips. Then with the tip of her finger she

found my little secret place - so secret I hardly had realised it was there

myself until now, and began to rub gently at it. I felt little sparks of

intense pleasure, as she rubbed around it, and made surprised little "ooh!"

noises.

Carla broke off kissing me to say, "There. That's your lovely little

clit!" Then she went back to kissing me.

I searched for hers with my probing finger, and I knew when I had found

it, because she gave a little wriggle of pleasure, and a short gasp from

her briefly interrupted our kissing. Please understand that I was very

naïve and very inexperienced at the time of this adventure. I had never

masturbated myself - I don't think I even knew the word - and here I was

being done by the girl I idolised, and was doing it back to her. I can

tell you, my head was spinning!

I didn't know what to expect. I had never had an orgasm in my life, so

I was completely unprepared for the build-up of emotion and sensation. It

felt as if, simultaneously, someone had emptied a packet of sherbet right

on my vagina, tickled me, hurt me somewhere undefined, and knocked me over

(I know, I was already sitting down, you don't have to tell me!). Bells

rang in my head, and I must have screamed or something because Carla's free

hand clamped over my mouth!

Of course I entirely lost the plot of what I was supposed to be doing

inside Carla's knickers. When I came to my senses, my hand was still

between her legs, but it was hard against the ground, propping me up,

stopping me from falling into her lap.

Whispering "Ssshh!" in my ear, Carla took her hand from my mouth.

"Now then," she said. "Didn't I tell you it was nice?" I could only nod

my head, dumbly. I still hadn't quite got over what had happened, and I

was sitting there wondering whether this counted as losing my virginity.

Carla looked at me for a while, as I sat there like a startled kitten, and

then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, if you want something doing, do it yourself, I suppose!"

The next moment I realised what she meant. Obviously she hadn't come.

She popped her hand back in her own knickers, and jiggled it around for a

couple of minutes - I guess I should have offered, but I was still in

startled kitten mode - and then shut her eyes and gasped as she came. She

sighed, and opened her eyes again.

"OK girlie," she said. "Come one. Let's get out of here."

She stood up, and I did too, although rather shakily. She dusted my

down, dislodged the few leaves that had caught in my hair, smoothed her own

clothes down, and shook her red coat. Slinging it over her shoulders

loosely, like a cape, she stepped carefully through the thicket, with me in

tow. Coming to the edge, she stuck out her pretty bob, and looked this way

and that. I just loved the way her hair flicked when she did that. No one

was coming, so she stepped onto the path, and motioned me to follower her.

We walked homeward together. We didn't say much - just trivial talk,

had we got any homework, were we going to watch such-and-such on the telly,

and so on. I desperately wanted to tell her I loved her, but I didn't

dare.

At the end of my street, we said goodbye.

"See you tomorrow at school, girlie!" she said, and walked off with a

light, springy step, swinging her school bag.

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The next day, I turned up at school with my coat draped over my

shoulders like a cape. I thought I looked cool, but then my coat wasn't a

stylish little 60s-retro PVC number!

Carla was in a corner of the yard, talking to a couple of her mates.

She spotted me and said something to them. They turned their heads to look

at me, and then started talking again. I blushed with embarrassment. But

Carla detached herself from them and walked over to me. I felt as proud as

a princess as she came up to me.

"You look like Batman!" she said, which rather crushed me. I didn't

know what to say in reply. I felt like making a catty remark, but this was

the girl I loved, the sexiest girl in the school, the girl who had given me

my first sexual experience the day before. I wanted her to like me, not

loathe and bully me. I know now that when someone is in love, this is the

sort of agony they can go through, on a minute-by-minute basis - I've been

through it a score of times since! Sheepishly I took my coat off and slung

it over one arm.

But on this occasion, Carla brought the sun out again. She smiled at

me, and said, "Meet me at the gate at going-home time, girlie!" Then she

strolled back to her mates.

I don't know how I managed to get through that school day. It dragged

by. Whatever I was doing, I kept thinking about Carla. I went to the

toilet with nerves about ten times! As the final bell of the day rang, I

sprinted for the gate, in case she had got out early, or had forgotten

about our rendezvous. As it turned out, I had to hang around for about

fifteen minutes, as other pupils walked past. Some of them gave me odd

looks, and I began to wonder whether some sort of story had gone round

school about me - "Lauren's got a silly crush on Carla!" I pretended to be

part of the gatepost!

Then I saw her coming along, talking to the same couple of mates she had

been with at the beginning of the day. Oh no, she was either going to walk

home with them, or she was going to ignore me! But no, as she almost drew

level with me, she said, "See ya later!" to the other girls, and walked

over to me. She had a cheeky smile on her face, and was chewing gum. She

tucked her arm through mine, and we set off down the road. Again we talked

a little about trivia - got any homework, what do you think about

so-and-so's new record.

Suddenly she said, "Missed me, girlie?"

"Yes."

"Missed you too. Couldn't wait for going home time."

I was in princess mode again! I was going to suggest going into the

bushes again - we were nearly up to them - but it wasn't as warm today, and

it looked as though it might rain. Anyhow, I was still painfully shy. But

I took my courage in both hands, and said, "Do you want to come back to my

house? No one will be home for at least a couple of hours."

"Yeah, OK. I'll have to phone my mum and let her know where I am,

though."

We quickened our step and, both smiling at the prospect of some time on

our own, made off for my house. When we got there, I showed her into the

lounge. She didn't even let me get my coat off, before she caught hold of

me round the waist and pulled me towards her.

"Come here, you!"

We stood there in the middle of the room, arms round each other,

kissing. I was in bliss. My ears were tingling, my heart was thumping,

butterflies were doing a tango in my tummy, and I felt like bursting into

tears! Those sweet lips on mine - tasting of mint from her gum! That

sweet breath in my nostrils, mingling with the pheromone blast from her

hair. Her fingers were running up and down my spine, and every time they

passed over a sensitive spot, it made me jump; but that only had the effect

of pressing my lower abdomen closer to hers! My own fingers were caressing

the back of her neck, and I could sense she liked that. In fact she

momentarily broke off kissing me.

"Tickles! Nice!"

We came up for air, and she heaved a happy sigh. "Well, that was worth

waiting all day for!" We threw our coats onto a chair, and headed for the

settee, where we sat down and put our arms round each other. We kissed

again. In fact we kissed and kissed and kissed. And then we kissed some

more. It was lovely, but I began to get restless - you know - down there,

and I started to wriggle and fidget a little.

"I suppose you're waiting for me to wank you again!" said Carla. I had

never even heard the word before, but I guessed she meant doing that "girl

thing" to my vagina again! I didn't know what to say, so I just said

nothing. It seemed that whenever I was with Carla, I swung between

princess and startled kitten modes! Anyhow, she was always full of

surprises, and she sprung one now by suddenly thrusting a hand right up my

"gymmie" and under my blouse, and starting to play gently with my nipples.

This was a new thing to me - another new thing - and I remembered her

instruction of the day before to do to her whatever she did to me. So I

put my hand up her "gymmie", only I got it horribly wrong, came up outside

her blouse, and my hand emerged half-caught in one of her shoulder straps.

She laughed, and I blushed scarlet, as I tried to extricate my hand.

"Try again, Lauren babe!" she said. This was one of the few times I had

heard her call me by my name, rather than just "girlie". Anyhow, I did get

my hand in the right place, and found her nipples. After that we went

quiet and peaceful for a while, just lips against lips, fingers against

nipples. Carla's eyes began to half-close, which I quickly recognised as a

sign of her feeling sexy.

"Mmmm - Lauren!" she murmured, as if savouring the sound - or taste - of

my name on her tongue.

"Oh, Carla!" I longed to say three words to her - I love you - but still

I didn't dare. But her caressing and tweaking of my buds was beginning to

get to me, and I felt so utterly - what is the right word - given over,

surrendered, ready.

"Do you know what 'plate' means?" she asked suddenly. My mind went in

silly circles. What? Silver plate? Staffordshire plate? Batter's plate

in baseball? What was she going on about? What did this have to do with

love or sex?

She detached herself from me.

"Take your knickers off," she ordered, but in fact she just reached up

my skirt and pulled them down herself. Then she pulled her own down and

got back on the settee; but she confused me by leaning away from me - what

was she doing? I soon found out. She pushed my legs apart, so that my

vagina was exposed to the air, then bobbed her head down, and started to do

to my secret place, with her tongue, what she had done the day before with

her finger!

Rude! Dirty! Startled kitten mode again!

But it was fantastic!

After a few licks, she stopped and looked round. "There. That's plate.

I'm plating you. You plate me!" She bobbed her head down again, and that

lovely licking started once more. If I had stopped to think about it,

perhaps I wouldn't have done it; but I didn't stop to think about it! She

had already parted her legs for me, and so I just leant in closer and

closer.......

By now you are all used to descriptions of close-up first sights of a

lover's vagina - you must be if you read all these stories! I looked at

Carla's - it was beautiful. You must be used to descriptions of catching

the first scent of a lover's vagina. I caught Carla's - it was beautiful.

You must be used to descriptions of the first taste of a lover's vagina,

and how her secret place felt against the tongue. I tasted and touched

Carla's - it was beautiful!

You must also be used to descriptions of how two girls licking each

other slowly bring each other to orgasm. These descriptions are ten a

penny, and they are all true and realistic - even the fantastic ones are

realistic! Do I need to spell it out how it was when Carla and I licked

each other like this for the first time?

I have absolutely no idea how long we went on for - it could have been

ten seconds, or half an hour. I only know that as the sensation in me

built up again to that sherbet-on-the-vagina, tickle, hurt, knock-out

moment, the fact that we were doing it to each other with our tongues made

me call myself names inside my head.

Rude! Rude Lauren! Dirty girl! Dirty, dirty, dirty!

And as this name-calling built up, so my emotions overcame me, and a

duet started in my head.....

Lovely Carla! Beautiful Carla! Love you! Love you! Love you!

Rude! Rude Lauren! Dirty girl! Dirty, dirty dirty!

Rude..... love....... Beautiful ....... Dirty....... Carla.......

Ohhh!

Sherbet time was coming! This time I did not want to let Carla down, so

I hung on to her like grim death! I fastened my arms around her bottom,

and pressed my mouth against her vagina, licking as hard and fast as I

could. She was licking me hard too! Sherbet time! Sherbet time! Oh

lovely, wonderful, sherbet time - as we stiffened and bucked in each

other's arms, and then collapsed.

Silence for a while. Then........

"Lauren, I can't breathe! Let go!"

We each carefully moved an arm here, a leg there, and became gradually

detached. I turned round, and looked at Carla. Her bob was tousled, her

cheeks were flushed, her mouth was moist (from me!). She looked so utterly

beautiful!

"That was a success, I think," I said brightly.

"That. Was. Fucking. Brilliant!" A rude word in her mouth gave me a

bit of a shock, but I grinned and cuddled her.

Well, let's cut a long story short. We got back into our knickers,

tidied ourselves up, and then sat and cuddled for a while. We organised

another date. Let's cut the story shorter - we went steady. It wasn't a

public thing, although I suppose her mates knew about it, or guessed.

Sometimes I was "allowed" to hang around with them - a cool in-crowd at our

school - so that they would not get the impression that Carla was cutting

them. Carla and I made love two maybe three times a week, if circumstances

allowed. Sometimes we used the "den" in the bushes, sometimes either her

house or mine was free, sometimes we found an after-dark place where we

could cuddle, kiss, and caress each other.

Eventually...........

Eventually she left school, and I left town. My parents decided, almost

on the spur of the moment, to move to Australia! I hardly had an

opportunity to tell Carla, let alone to say goodbye to her. I now realise

that I never, ever, ever said what I wanted to say to her.

I love you.

In my new environment, in a new culture, other girls were fascinated by

my accent and by my tales of life in the UK. I soon learned to tell which

ones were fascinated by me as a person. And so I got a few good dates, and

learned to be comfortable about sex. I even fell in love - I have a steady

girlfriend now, and she's a good lover, she gives me a good "sherbet time"!

And I guess I love her, in a cool and easy way. I have said those three

words to her a few times, and she has said them back.

But you all know this: there is something really special about one's

first lover. There will never, ever be anyone like that again. Other

people will mean something special in their own way, and one day someone

will even make you complete. But lover number one stays in the heart, like

a single plant that has taken root, and the root goes too deep to dig up

without killing you.

So I hope that - somehow - Carla might be reading this. Carla, there's

something I always wanted to tell you, so I'm telling you now. For always.

I love you.