**Kristy**

by[**BobbieKayeCutie**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4887237&page=submissions)©

**Kristy Kissed a Girl - And She Liked It**  
  
his is my second story inspired by my lovely sister Kristy. The story is fiction, but knowing Kristy, her introduction to girl-girl sex might have happened just like this!  
  
\*\*\*  
  
It didn't take Kristy Spencer long to settle into the routine of sorority life. She adored her fellow Sisters of Epsilon Nu Gamma Sorority, and they liked her as much. The sorority stressed academic achievement, and the Sisters were quick to help any one of their number who might be struggling in a given subject. Kristy had completed her freshman year with a grade point average of two-point-nine, but after joining ENG, halfway through her sophomore year she was up to three-point-one.  
  
But so much hard work didn't mean the Sisters were deprived of their share of fun, too. Individually or in groups, the Sisters had something going on virtually every Friday and Saturday night, and it rarely included studying.  
  
Kristy never had any trouble attracting guys to begin with, but as a Sister of ENG, she had a date nearly every Friday, and a party to go to on most Saturdays. Regardless of her almost unlimited opportunities, though, she was extremely selective as to whom she slept with. It wasn't that she had reservations about having sex, not at all. It was just that her standards were high, and only those guys she deemed worthy were allowed the pleasure of her body.  
  
And a gorgeous body it was. Kristy had struggled with her weight for much of her life, fighting to keep off that extra ten to fifteen pounds. But a careful diet and endless workouts were paying off, and she had a perfect hourglass figure topped by large yet firm breasts. She had thick, straight black hair past her shoulders, a dazzling smile, high cheekbones and sparkling brown eyes. Even among her ENG Sisters, she was quite possibly the most beautiful of them all.  
  
So when Sister Melinda, the sorority vice president, noticed that Kristy wasn't preparing to go out one Friday evening late in the winter, she was naturally curious.  
  
"Are you feeling all right, Kristy?" she asked, concern in her voice.  
  
"Oh, hi, Sister Melinda." Simply out of habit, most of the newer members of the sorority addressed the more senior girls as 'Sister.' "Yeah, I'm fine. My date, you know Scott? He called off this afternoon. Said his grandfather died."  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."  
  
"Yeah," Kristy replied bitterly. "Scott called off a date with Christina last fall, with the same excuse."  
  
"That's so sad, losing both grandfathers so close together."  
  
"You think? He had a THIRD grandfather who died last year, when he had a date with Sister Beth."  
  
"Ah, I see," said Sister Melinda, nodding. "I think I'll ask Erica to mention that in our next newsletter. Scott... what's his last name?"  
  
"Turner."  
  
"Thanks. Erica will get the word out, and I don't think Scott Turner will be dating any more ENG Sisters."  
  
"You don't have to do that, Sister Melinda."  
  
"Well, if you object..."  
  
Kristy considered the idea for a moment. "No, I don't object. Blackball the creep."  
  
"Consider it done. So, you're just going to stay in tonight?"  
  
"I think so. No better offers. I thought I'd give my vibrator a workout."  
  
Another thing Kristy loved about her sorority was the candid discussions she was able to have about sex. She was experienced with men, but still had lots of questions, and no one in the sorority ever hesitated to offer frank, open explanations. She'd completely gotten past embarrassment talking about masturbation, too. She'd been pleasuring herself since her early teens, but had always felt a sense of shame. She now understood that masturbation was completely natural, and that most young women her age did it too.  
  
She'd even become accustomed to her occasional forays into exhibitionism, which were a mainstay of ENG traditions. Ever since the night she'd officially pledged the sorority, when she met the pizza delivery person in the nude, she'd learned to love flashing.  
  
That night last fall, her bottom still sore from the initiation paddling she'd endured, Kristy had accepted several twenties from Darla, the sorority president, who had asked that she pay for the pizzas when they arrived. When the bell rang, Kristy started for the door, pausing when Darla asked whether she'd forgotten anything.  
  
Kristy knew what Darla expected her to do. So she stripped naked and, scared yet incredibly excited, she struggled to push her embarrassment aside. She opened the door wide, expecting to see a nerdy young pizza boy with pimples and glasses standing there. She was surprised to find a girl instead, holding several pizza boxes. She was about Kristy's age, with long, straight brown hair, a slender, almost boyish figure, and a pretty face with perhaps just a bit too much makeup. She didn't seem surprised to have the door opened by a naked woman, and was unabashedly taking in every inch of Kristy's nude form.  
  
Kristy passed the money over, collected the pizzas, and brought them inside, allowing the delivery girl a view of her backside that rivaled the frontal view she'd enjoyed moments earlier. Before the red-faced Kristy could close the door, the girl flashed her a brilliant smile.  
  
"Lookin' really, really good there, babe," she said, blowing the naked girl an air kiss and giving her a little wink.  
  
Kristy reflexively thanked her, then closed the door and turned to face the rest of the girls, who promptly gave her a round of applause.  
  
"So, it looks like Ashli likes you," grinned Melinda.  
  
"What? You mean..."  
  
"Ashli's a junior," said Darla, "working to pay for school. It looks like she has the hots for you."  
  
"You mean, she's a... she's a lesbian?"  
  
"She's actually quite bisexual, Kristy," Melinda explained, biting into a slice of pepperoni. "Does that bother you?"  
  
"No, it's just that..." Kristy popped an icy beer and took a long swallow. "I've never had another girl flirting with me."  
  
"Well, you're playing in the big leagues now," Melinda smiled. "Everybody's grown up, and most of us are open-minded."  
  
"I'm open-minded," Kristy replied a bit defensively. "I'm just not... bisexual."  
  
Melinda had glanced over at Darla, who gave her a knowing smile.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
"You're going to go broke buying batteries for that vibrator!" Melinda laughed. "You know what? My boyfriend Phil is out of town, and I don't really have anything to do tonight. Wanna order a pizza and watch some DVDs?"  
  
Kristy's face lit up. "I'd love it!" she beamed.  
  
"Great. Tell you what, grab some DVDs from downstairs, and I'll order the pizza. My treat."  
  
Kristy picked several titles from the sorority's DVD collection, and grabbed a six-pack of beer from the fridge. Melinda suggested they watch the movies in her room, one of only two private bedrooms in the sprawling, three story sorority house, the other belonging to Darla.  
  
The pizza soon arrived, and Melinda teased Kristy by suggesting if it was Ashli making the delivery, that Kristy flirt with her just a little.  
  
Kristy hesitated. "What if she thinks I'm hitting on her?"  
  
"What if she does?"  
  
"Well, you know, I'm not into girls at all. I wouldn't want to lead her on or anything."  
  
"Dare you!"  
  
Kristy smiled. She was a sucker for a good dare, and Melinda knew it. Still, it was completely against her nature to flirt with another woman. "Okay, I'll try," she offered.  
  
When the bell rang, Kristy automatically stripped, then ran naked to open the door. It was indeed Ashli standing there, holding the pizza.  
  
"Hi Kristy," she beamed, flashing a smile. "Lookin' hot as usual!"  
  
"Hi Ashli," Kristy responded with a nervous grin. She could feel her face heating up as she said "You're lookin' pretty good yourself."  
  
Ashli's smile grew brighter. "So, Kristy, you... uh... you wanna hang out some time?"  
  
Kristy had been afraid of that. But she wanted to be polite, so she said "Um... sure, we'll... um... we'll make plans."  
  
Giving the naked girl a long look and an approving smile, Ashli blew her a kiss, then departed.  
  
Kristy put her clothes back on, and brought the pizza upstairs to Melinda's room. "Sister Melinda, that was kinda cruel, don't you think?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Well, I did kinda lead Ashli on. There's no way I'd be interested in her, not the way she thinks."  
  
"Don't worry about it, Kristy. We all flirt with Ashli from time to time."  
  
"But nobody's ever gone out with her, right?"  
  
Melinda didn't respond, she just grabbed a DVD and popped it in the machine. They thoroughly enjoyed the film, a Sandra Bullock romantic comedy, as they munched pizza and sipped cold beer. When it was over, Melinda offered to mix up a pitcher of margaritas to enjoy during the next film. She also put some popcorn in the microwave, and they were soon watching the next movie, a film called "Wild Things." It wasn't one of those that Kristy had chosen, but was from Melinda's own collection.  
  
Sipping a margarita, Kristy was soon engrossed in the rapidly developing, and fairly convoluted, plot. When it got to the scene where Kevin Bacon instructed Denise Richards and Neve Campbell to kiss each other, her eyes were glued to the screen. Melinda didn't miss her reaction.  
  
When the film was over, Melinda asked Kristy how she liked it.  
  
"It was great," she smiled, finishing off the last of the popcorn. "I sure didn't expect it to end like that, though."  
  
"You were paying pretty close attention when the girls were making out," Melinda pointed out. "With the guy, and then later alone in the pool. It was pretty hot, didn't you think?"  
  
"Um... well... yeah, it actually was."  
  
"Two beautiful women making out like that," sighed Melinda. "Tell you the truth, it kinda gets my motor running."  
  
Kristy's eyes opened wide as she stared at her beautiful blond companion. "You mean, watching girls kissing turns you on?"  
  
"Sure, especially such sexy women as those two."  
  
"But, you've got a boyfriend, Sister Melinda. You like men, right?"  
  
"I adore men," Melinda replied. "But..."  
  
Kristy just stared, not sure what to say. Several moments of uncomfortable silence passed before she asked "Do you mean that you..." She didn't know quite how to ask the question.  
  
Melinda smiled again. "Let's just say that I'm... flexible."  
  
Kristy sat in stunned silence, trying to sort out her thoughts. Finally, she bluntly asked "Have you had sex with other women?"  
  
"Does that shock you, Kristy?"  
  
"Well, yeah, a little." A long pause. "So, what's it like? I mean, being with another woman... like that?"  
  
"I didn't know you were so curious," Melinda teased, and Kristy's face turned red. "Haven't you ever kissed another woman, Kristy?"  
  
"No, never."  
  
"And you've never thought about it?"  
  
"Not really."  
  
"Are you thinking about it now?"  
  
Kristy stared at the floor. "Um..."  
  
"Do you think another woman could turn you on?" Melinda coaxed.  
  
Another pause. "I've never thought about it before."  
  
"Are you a little curious?"  
  
"Don't tell anybody?"  
  
"Not a word."  
  
"Maybe just a little."  
  
"Are you willing to try an experiment?"  
  
Kristy glanced nervously at the older girl. "What... what kind of experiment?"  
  
"Look at me, Kristy. Really look at me."  
  
Kristy took a good look at her friend. Melinda's lithe form, dressed in pink silk pajama tops, was the envy of many women. Her long legs were crossed beneath her, a glimpse of pink panties showing. She had thick blond curls that fell around her shoulders, and piercing blue eyes. She's truly beautiful, thought Kristy.  
  
"Do you think I'm attractive?"  
  
"Oh, Sister Melinda, you're totally gorgeous."  
  
"An experiment. Will you let me touch you, anywhere and any way I want to, for two minutes?"  
  
Kristy took a deep breath. She was definitely enjoying the effects of the margaritas. She was also feeling a bit less inhibited, and more than a little curious. She silently gave Melinda a nod.  
  
Melinda had Kristy position herself at the foot of the bed, hands on her lap, feet on the floor. She asked Kristy to close her eyes, then bent down and lightly brushed her cheek with her lips. Melinda sat down beside the other girl then, kissing her lightly on the neck.  
  
Kristy let out an involuntary moan when she felt Melinda's tongue tickling her ear. Time seemed to stand still as Melinda drew her mouth close to Kristy's, lips pressing against lips. Any resistance quickly melted away when she felt Melinda's tongue snaking its way into her mouth.  
  
Kristy, tipsy and lost in a fantasy world, eagerly returned the kiss. She wasn't thinking about whom she was kissing, she was simply lost in the pleasure of the moment.  
  
That moment ended abruptly as Melinda pulled away. Kristy opened her eyes, which were now filled with desire, with passion. She gazed longingly at the older girl, but said nothing, made no move.  
  
"So, what did you think, Kristy?" Melinda asked.  
  
Kristy had to catch her breath. "It wasn't what... it was..." She tried to find the words. "I didn't expect..."  
  
"Would you like some more?" Kristy nodded eagerly. "Do you trust me?"  
  
"Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute," Kristy quoted from the sorority bylaws.  
  
"Will you do exactly as I say?"  
  
"Yes, Sister Melinda."  
  
"I'd like you to get undressed, Kristy."  
  
Without hesitation, Kristy pulled the T-shirt over her head, revealing large breasts sitting high and proud on her chest, nipples fully erect. Her sweatpants came off next, followed by her white cotton panties. She stood fully nude before her friend, neither ashamed nor embarrassed, anxiously awaiting further instructions.  
  
Melinda lay on the bed, and motioned for Kristy to join her. Melinda put her hand behind Kristy's neck, pulling her close, and they began to kiss. Still dressed in her pajama tops and panties, Melinda started to explore her companion's body. She began by caressing the smooth skin of Kristy's back, then moved to her bottom, inches away from her secret treasure, which by then was soaking wet.  
  
They kissed deeply, passionately, while the older girl caressed Kristy's round breasts, lightly pinching erect nipples, enjoying the little moans her actions were eliciting. She noticed that Kristy's legs were slowly parting, instinctively affording easy access to her pleasure zone. Melinda brought her fingers lightly down to Kristy's vagina, stroking very gently, bringing her companion to the edge of ecstasy, but skillfully holding back from allowing her to climax.  
  
Melinda abruptly stood up then, leaving Kristy panting and wanting more. Kristy gazed expectantly at the older girl, who made no further moves.  
  
"Stand up please, Kristy," said Melinda, watching as Kristy obeyed. "You've had a lot to drink tonight, and I know you're feeling it. We're not going to do anything you'll regret in the morning."  
  
"Sister Melinda, I... I want to... I want you to..."  
  
"We can continue this tomorrow evening... if you still want to. For now, I want you to get dressed and go back to your room now."  
  
"But Sister Melinda..."  
  
"Tomorrow night, if you still want to, we'll pick up where we left off."  
  
Kristy stood dejected, wondering whether she'd done anything wrong. Under Melinda's watchful eye, she pulled her panties, sweats, and T-shirt on, then started for the door.  
  
"Sister Melinda?" she said, pausing. "Can I kiss you goodnight?"  
  
Melinda smiled, taking Kristy in both arms, meeting her waiting lips and tongue. Kristy eagerly explored the other girl's mouth, completely lost in the moment. Melinda knew she had to end the kiss, for her own sake. She needed to maintain control over herself, and she wanted Kristy's mind clear before they went any further. After a couple of minutes, she gently pushed the younger girl away.  
  
"If you still want to do this tomorrow night, we will. But no alcohol. I want your head clear, so that you won't be making any impaired decisions."  
  
Longing in her eyes, Kristy turned to leave.  
  
"One more thing."  
  
"What's that, Sister Melinda?"  
  
"If you really, really want to continue tomorrow night, I strongly suggest you don't masturbate tonight. You'll be twice as horny, and enjoy yourself that much more."  
  
It was extremely difficult not touching herself as Kristy lay alone in her own bed, but she followed the advice she'd been given, and sleep eventually found her. Dreams of beautiful Melinda filled her head.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Kristy dragged herself downstairs to the kitchen at about eleven the next morning, nursing a slight hangover and desperate for some coffee. The house was bustling, typical for that time on a Saturday morning. Several of the Sisters were engaged in regular Saturday cleaning duties, vacuuming the floors, dusting, washing windows, the usual chores that rotated from Sister to Sister each week. Others were doing homework, laundry, or cooking, while on the television a tennis match held the interest of a couple of the girls.  
  
Melinda, running the vacuum cleaner back and forth across the living room carpet, glanced nonchalantly at Kristy, offering no acknowledgement of what they'd shared the night before. She still had on the same pink silk pajama tops she'd worn the previous night, and every time she bent over, Kristy couldn't help but notice her white satin panties.  
  
Kristy realized she was looking at the older girl in a new light. Never before had she felt so drawn, so compelled to admire Melinda's long legs, her alabaster skin, her full lips that just last night had been pressed so intimately against her own.  
  
Kristy felt no regrets over what they'd done the night before, other than being denied the climax she so desperately craved. But she knew Melinda was right, that if she wanted to continue the experiment, as she thought of it, she needed to be fully aroused. Despite the headache, she was already off to a good start.  
  
"You finally awake, Sleepyhead?"  
  
Kristy looked up to see Stella standing expectantly before her. She'd forgotten that they'd made plans to spend some time in the language laboratory that day to work on their conversational Spanish for a class they shared. She wasn't feeling her best yet, waiting for the Tylenol to kick in, but she couldn't let Stella down.  
  
Stella was about the sweetest girl she'd ever known, the kind of person who would do anything for you. She was lots of fun to be around, pretty much the life of any party she attended. Everybody adored Stella, who was the epitome of self-confidence.  
  
That self-confidence might have surprised some people, though. Just to look at her, Stella probably fell somewhere between plain and homely. She was neither tall nor short, she had shoulder length medium brown hair, and her body was very average. Her face lacked the features that generally defined beauty, such as high cheekbones, arching eyebrows, and full lips. Physically, she was entirely unremarkable.  
  
But there was something about her, a kind of indescribable charisma that everyone just loved. Men and women alike were drawn to Stella, and she never lacked for a date. She could have been held up as an example of what self-confidence could do for any woman.  
  
The girls spent a couple of hours in the lab practicing their Spanish, then headed, not coincidentally, for Taco Bell for a late lunch. They tried to speak Spanish during lunch, but still lacked the vocabulary to say much.  
  
Stella excitedly told Kristy, in English, about her plans for that evening. She was going to a frat party with Ted Powers, star quarterback for the school football team. He was a junior, and rumor had it that he'd likely be a first round pick when the NFL held its draft next year.  
  
And Stella had a date with him!  
  
Kristy smiled, shaking her head. "You get the cutest guys," she said, a little enviously.  
  
Stella looked down, blushing. As she usually did, she tried to redirect the conversation away from herself. "How'd it go with Scott last night? He's pretty cute, too."

Kristy felt her face getting hot. She was suddenly embarrassed about last night, and about what she had planned later with Melinda. She certainly didn't want to tell Stella she had a date with the sorority vice president, or that she planned on kissing her, and hopefully more.  
  
"I'm done with Scott," she said after taking a deep breath. He called off with a really lame excuse last night."  
  
"His grandfather die again?"  
  
"You heard?"  
  
"He cancelled a date with me a couple months back, because his grandfather died."  
  
"He needs to come up with a new excuse, at least when ditching Epsilon girls."  
  
"It's worse than that," Stella said. "Our first date? I found out later he had a date that night with Christina. He cancelled her to be with me, and told her the same thing."  
  
"Melinda told me he did it to Beth last year, too."  
  
"He probably has so many grandfathers," Stella giggled, "because he doesn't know for sure who his father is!" Telling that sort of joke was completely out of characters for her.  
  
"Stella!" Kristy started to admonish her friend, but broke down laughing instead, and Stella joined her.  
  
"So Kristy, what are you doing tonight?" Stella asked, nibbling half an inch off a bean burrito.  
  
Kristy was suddenly serious again. She knew she was blushing. "No plans, probably just stay home and study. Maybe watch a DVD."  
  
"You want to come along with us?"  
  
"That's sweet, Stella, but I don't want to get in your way. You and Ted have a great time tonight. I'll be fine."  
  
"I have one question, Kristy."  
  
Kristy swallowed nervously. "What... what's that?"  
  
"How can you possibly eat that taco with two packages of fire sauce on it?"  
  
\*\*\*  
  
The house was empty by seven o'clock that night, save for Kristy, who was watching "Wheel of Fortune" in the living room. Melinda had gone out that afternoon, and Kristy wondered whether she'd forgotten about their plans. Sisters Marie and Rita were the last to leave, offering Kristy the chance to go out clubbing with them. Kristy politely declined, promising that she'd love to join them another time. Dejected, she watched Vanna White touching letters on the electronic board, her mind elsewhere.  
  
Kristy jumped when the kitchen door opened, and she turned to see Melinda poking her head through the door. "Is the coast clear?" Melinda had come in the back way, apparently trying to keep secret their little rendezvous.  
  
Kristy's eyes opened wide. She'd about given up hope, but Melinda was here; she hadn't forgotten, or changed her mind. She immediately felt her juices begin to flow. "I was afraid you'd forgotten about... tonight."  
  
"Not a chance," smiled Melinda. "I've been looking forward to this all day."  
  
"So why the cloak-and-dagger stuff? Sneaking in the back door?"  
  
"I didn't want to embarrass you, that's all. I know this is new to you, and I figured you'd want to keep it hush-hush, at least for now."  
  
"It is new," Kristy admitted. "Twenty-four hours ago, I'd never have believed what I was planning to do tonight."  
  
"Shall we head upstairs?"  
  
"Please."  
  
\*\*\*  
  
As Melinda closed her bedroom door, Kristy was suddenly apprehensive again. All day this had seemed like a fantasy, but the reality was now upon her. She wasn't about to back out, though. She had to try this, at least once, just to find out.  
  
Melinda moved close to the younger girl, wrapping her arms around her, pulling her close. Kristy was ready as Melinda brought her full red lips close to hers, and eagerly allowed her tongue to enter her mouth. Eyes closed, Kristy explored the dark recesses of this woman's mouth, enjoying her own body's responses.  
  
Melinda's hands moved from behind Kristy's back, gently caressing her full, round breasts. She lifted the bottom of Kristy's top and deftly pulled it over her head. Kristy's bra came next, releasing her breasts, exposing her erect nipples.  
  
Melinda moved them to the bed then, helping Kristy remove her sweatpants and panties. With Kristy now fully nude, the pair lay on Melinda's bed kissing deeply, while Melinda's hand resumed its exploration of the younger girl's body.  
  
"Wait," said Kristy, and the room became still. "I'd like to undress you, too."  
  
They stood, and Melinda smiled as Kristy slowly unbuttoned her blouse, pushing it back over her shoulders. Her bra came next, revealing the alabaster of Melinda's medium sized breasts. Kristy was pleased to see that Melinda's nipples were as erect as her own. It was important to her that Melinda was enjoying this as much as she was.  
  
Jeans and panties were next, and Kristy paused to gaze at the other girl's naked form. She'd seen Melinda nude many times; Epsilon Sisters were not shy about their bodies, and they all enjoyed showing off from time to time, even to strangers. But Kristy was seeing her in an entirely new light, and truly appreciated Melinda's sheer beauty.  
  
They both lay on the bed again and resumed kissing deeply, only now Kristy's hands were eagerly exploring Melinda's body as well. So much was new. Kristy had never touched another woman's breasts, yet she was eager to do so, rubbing and manipulating rock hard nipples in exactly the way she knew felt best.  
  
Kristy could feel an orgasm building, despite the fact that her vagina remained untouched. When Melinda did bring her hand down, deftly touching Kristy's swollen clitoris, she sensed that the younger woman was close. Not wanting to deny her the most exquisite pleasure she could give her, Melinda broke the kiss and brought her face down, lightly bringing her experienced tongue into direct contact with Kristy's primary pleasure spot.  
  
The climax hit within seconds, sending Kristy spiraling into new heights of ecstasy. Powerful contractions wracked her body, ultimately leaving her feeling weak as a kitten. A smile on her face, Kristy closed her eyes. Melinda started to stand up, but Kristy grabbed her by the hand.  
  
"It's your turn," she said seductively.  
  
"Don't worry, Kristy," Melinda replied. "Tonight was for you."  
  
"But I want to, Sister Melinda," Kristy pleaded. "I want to give you pleasure. I want to make you cum, like you just did me."  
  
Shaking her head, Melinda replied "No, you just rest now."  
  
"But Melinda," Kristy said softly, eschewing the usual title of 'Sister,' "I want this. I need it. I need to experience the other side, or all of this means nothing."  
  
Melinda paused, gazing into Kristy's sincere brown eyes. She lay down beside her friend, and the kissing resumed. It was only moments later that Kristy began to work her way down Melinda's body, kissing her breasts, her stomach, all the way down until she came to her parted legs, her secret treasure, glistening with moisture, lips invitingly open.  
  
Suddenly unsure of herself, Kristy let her instincts kick in. Using lips and tongue, she explored Melinda's vagina, purposely avoiding contact with her love button. Knowing exactly what felt best, the ideal rhythm, she soon went to work on the older girl's clitoris. She was taking in the taste, the scent, and loving every second of it. Melinda's hips were soon bucking in perfect time with Kristy's oral ministrations.  
  
When the orgasm hit, Melinda let out a series of little moans. Kristy continued until a pair of closing legs forced her up. Melinda grabbed Kristy then and kissed her deeply, tasting her own womanly essence on Kristy's tongue. Exhausted, both girls quietly collapsed on the bed. Melinda tugged the comforter over them and, arms and legs entwined, they were soon deeply asleep.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
The sun was up before either woman stirred the following morning. Kristy greeted the older girl with a kiss, evoking a sleepy smile.  
  
"So, are you sorry?" Melinda asked quietly.  
  
Kristy gazed into Melinda's eyes, kissed her lips again, and said "Not at all."  
  
"You're really special, you know that?" Kristy just smiled, and Melinda continued. "I have to tell you something, and I hope it doesn't shock you."  
  
"What, that you like girls?" Kristy giggled.  
  
Melinda was serious, though. "Not just me, Kristy. With the exception of the five new pledges, you and the others..."  
  
"Stella, Courtney, Jenni Lee and Lynn."  
  
"That's right. The rest of us? We're all experienced with men and women alike."  
  
Kristy's eyes opened in surprise. "All of you?"  
  
"Why do you think Ashli, the pizza girl, always arranges to make deliveries here?"  
  
"I never thought about it. Has she... I mean, have any of the Sisters... you know... with Ashli?"  
  
"Sure, several of us have... myself included."  
  
"Wow."  
  
"She's a lot of fun, and she's pretty adventurous in bed, too. I've heard of some of the Sisters sleeping with Ashli and a guy, or three girls together. Rumor has it she likes to be tied up, too."  
  
"Now that surprises me."  
  
"I need to tell you something else, Kristy."  
  
"What's that?"  
  
Melinda was looking at her feet. "I won."  
  
"You won what?"  
  
"I won you."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"It's an Epsilon tradition that an older girl seduces one of the younger ones. It's usually decided by a flip of the coin, or random assignment. But with you..."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Everybody wanted a chance with you. Everybody wanted to be the one to pop your bisexual cherry, so to speak."  
  
Kristy's mouth opened, but not a word came out.  
  
"So we shuffled a deck of cards, and everybody drew." Melinda was actually blushing a little by then. "I got the ace of spades."  
  
"I... I don't know what to say."  
  
"We don't normally reveal any of this so soon. We would have told you later, maybe next year, and then it would have been your turn."  
  
"My turn?"  
  
"To seduce a new member. One of the new girls, next year, or maybe the year after."  
  
Kristy tried to digest this. She wasn't sure she liked being thought of as a prize, although she realized it was actually a compliment. "Well, you succeeded," she said, an unintended hint of bitterness in her voice.  
  
Melinda looked up, tears in her eyes. "I'm sorry, Kristy."  
  
They both sat in silence for a couple of minutes. Then, Kristy started to giggle. Melinda stared at her, and the laughter increased. Soon they were both laughing so hard they could barely sit up straight.  
  
"I didn't mean to react like that," Kristy said apologetically. "You just caught me off guard. Your explanation was about the last thing I expected to hear."  
  
Melinda took a deep breath. "You're not mad?"  
  
Kristy put her arms around the older girl. "No, Sister Melinda. You just gave me the greatest night of sex I've ever had, and you've opened my eyes to a whole new set of opportunities. I'd never even considered that I might be... bisexual, but that's one of the best things about Epsilon, that we open our minds and learn about a world full of possibilities."  
  
Melinda wrapped her arms around the younger girl then, and they shared a hug. Her eyes opened when she felt a tongue tickling her ear. "You wanna do it again?" Kristy whispered.  
  
The end