**My First Time with Another Girl**

By Amy P.

The first time I had sex with another girl? It was the first time I had done anything sexual with anyone at all, not just a girl. I was 18. So was she. We were roommates at soccer camp. It was held at a small college on the other side of the state. Her name was Jessica. I had never met her before the first day of camp.

It happened after we'd been there about a week. One night we were in our dorm room, lying in her bed talking, mostly complaining about the other girls at camp. Those dorm beds are pretty narrow, so we were very close. We kept accidentally brushing up against each other as we were laughing or squirming to get comfortable. We were both wearing shorts and tank-tops, so that meant exposed skin touching exposed skin. Every time that happened a tingle went down my spine and butterflies fluttered in my stomach. I liked that. I liked it a lot. I found myself looking for excuses to brush up against her some more. She seemed to be brushing up against me an awful lot, so I think she was also doing it intentionally at that point.

That went on for what seemed like an eternity. The whole time we continued to talk about everything going on at camp as though nothing was happening. Eventually I rested my hand on her stomach. Her shirt had risen up slightly, so my fingers were on the soft, smooth skin right around her belly button and above her waist band. I still remember how warm her skin felt. I put my hand there very casually like it was no big deal. I kept it perfectly still and continued talking to her. I waited to see if she would react – I was worried that her reaction would be negative – but she didn't react at all. She just kept talking about everything that had been going on at camp.

A few minutes later I got up the guts to start moving my hand. I lightly caressed her stomach with my fingernails, just barely making contacting, mostly in a simple back and forth motion, but with some circles and figure-eights thrown in. Once again I nervously waited for a reaction, expecting her to freak out, but once again she pretended as though nothing was happening. After a couple minutes she mimicked my actions, reaching over to stroke my stomach. I had been pretty aroused already, but her touch brought me to another level. My pussy was practically throbbing it ached so badly. I was so wet I could feel it running down my thighs.

We continued our charade of talking about camp while not acknowledging what was going on, but now we could no longer look each other in the face. I'm not sure if that was just general embarrassment or if we feared that making eye contact would end the charade.

I moved my hand to her inner thigh and began to softly stroke it with my fingertips. She twitched a little when I first made contact – I think it must have tickled – but otherwise didn’t react. I started off just above her knee, and then gradually – very gradually – began moving my hand up her leg, a fraction-of-an-inch by a fraction-of-an-inch, until my fingers started to go under her shorts. It was such a slow process, but the anticipation was more exciting than it was frustrating (over the years I’ve come to the conclusion that anticipation can be the greatest aphrodisiac).

Once my fingertips finally snuck up under the leg of her shorts, we finally stopped talking about camp. She laid her head back and closed her eyes. I kept my eyes open because I like watching the expression on her face. It somehow looked like absolute relaxation and absolute concentration at the same time.

She ever so slightly spread her legs, which reassured me that she was fine with what I was doing. With that encouragement I went for it. I moved my hand entirely under her shorts and began rubbing her pussy on the outside of her panties. They were soaked. I wasn't expecting that. Being inexperienced, it hadn't occurred to me that she would be just as aroused as I was. I could also feel her warmth through her panties. And, God, her pussy was so warm.

The intensity of the anticipation was ratcheted up even further. My heart was beating so hard I thought it would burst from my chest. So finally, after literally a couple hours worth of build up, I slowly slide my fingers under her panties and touched her pussy lips.

I really had no idea what I was doing. I obviously had never given a girl a hand-job before (believe it or not, at that point in my life I had never masturbated). I put no conscious thought into my technique. I was acting solely on instinct. I began by softly caressing her pussy lips with my fingertips. I noticed she was breathing harder – not necessarily faster, just deeper, with more force.

I wasn’t sure if she was going to touch me, so I started to rub my leg on hers to give her a hint. She took it. She slowly rolled towards me and put her hand down my shorts, stroking my pussy lips the way I was stroking hers. That was the first time anyone had every touched my pussy. This may be a cliché, but the best way for me to describe it is to say it felt like electricity. I had always heard that sex felt great, but never in my wildest imagination did I expect it to feel that amazing.

I found her clit and began rubbing it. I as mentioned earlier, I didn’t consciously think about my technique – I relied solely on instinct. I gently rubbed her clit up and down, side to side, in circles. I alternated massaging her clit with putting my finger inside her. She reciprocated almost immediately, delicately rubbing my clit and fingering my hole.

Our faces were so close that they were touching. I felt the softness of her cheek on mine. I smelled her hair. But the thing I remember most vividly is feeling her warm breath on my skin and wanting to taste it. I was overwhelmed with the need to put my mouth on hers. I can honestly say that, all these years later, I have never in my life wanted to kiss someone so badly. (She was only the second person I had ever kissed.)

Before I got up the guts to initiate a kiss, she tilted her head and kissed me. We started off with very soft, sweet kisses, sensually licking and suckling each other’s lips. But soon we were kissing open-mouthed and licking each other’s tongues. We would press our tongues together very firmly, getting as much tongue-to-tongue contact as possible, and then very, very slowly slide them across each other, kind of pulling on each other’s tongues, like we were playing slow motion tug-of-war with our tongues.

Those tongue kisses sent both of us over the edge. Up until that point everything we had done had been soft, slow, tender, delicate, sensual. But now we both lost control. We were in a lust-filled frenzy. We frantically fingered each other and devoured each other’s mouths with wet, sloppy kisses (I'm not sure what was wetter, our faces or our pussies). We grinded our bodies together and desperately pulled at each other with our free hands. It was the most animalistic sex I’ve had in my life.

While we were going at it a thought suddenly occurred to me: I’m having sex. Oh my god! Although I was 18 I was kind of immature and sheltered, so to me sex, just the idea of sex, was still such a huge deal. It blew my mind to think I was actually “doing it”. I kept repeating in my brain, “Right now, this very instant, I’m actually having sex. I’m having sex!” and that thought turned me on more than I can describe. It made the experience even more intense.

When we started both of us had our hair in ponytails, but in the sex frenzy they both came undone. That turned out to be a good thing – I loved feeling her long, extra soft hair cascade across my face. I have a bit of a hair fetish now and I blame it on her.

We had to stop kissing occasionally to catch our breath, but those pauses were brief. One vivid memory I have is of her tilting her head back and letting her tongue hang out of her mouth like a panting dog. I licked it up and down and sucked on it. I loved the taste and texture of her tongue.

Our shorts and underwear we getting in the way of the frantic fingering, so we took them off (no words were spoken – we were both just thinking the same thing). We peeled off our tops, too. We were totally naked. It was hot, so I threw the blanket and sheet on the floor. Even the pillows were knocked off the bed in the frenzy. So there we were, totally unencumbered by clothes or sheets or anything that might get in the way. Two sweaty teenage girls, totally naked, laying side-by-side, hair all tangled together, our breasts sticking together because of the sweat, our hands furiously rubbing each other’s crotches, our wide-open mouths pressed tightly together, licking each other’s tongues. Those were the sights. The sounds were the squeaking of the bed springs from our frenetic squirming, the smacking of our lips, the moans and sighs and gasps slipping out between our kisses, and the wet sound of hands on rubbing sopping wet pussies. Two teenage girls fucking each other.

It was only a matter of minutes until I came. I had never had an orgasm before. Obviously I had heard about them, but I could never really imagine what they were. When I felt it building up I didn't understand what was happening. I was actually a bit frightened. Whatever it was I knew I couldn't stop it, so I rolled with it. And let me tell you, it was explosive. It was one of those orgasms where you make fists with your toes, arch your back, clutch the mattress like you're hanging on for dear life, squeeze your eyes so tight they hurt, and open your mouth to scream but nothing comes out. I came in waves, so it was like a series of full body convulsions lasting a solid minute. Never having had anything like that happen before I was a bit freaked out. I'm not sure if Jessica was freaked out by my spasms because I had trouble focusing on anything while it was going on and for a minute or so afterward.

When I finished cumming I caught my breath I went back to fingering her. I wanted to do for her what she just did for me. It took her a while to cum, maybe another 15 minutes. Afterward I got up without saying a word, went to my bed and quickly fell asleep.

The next day we both acted like nothing happened. Neither of us said a word about it. All day I kept trying to wrap my head around the fact that I actually had sex. Oddly, it never occurred to me to think about the fact that I had homosexual sex. Maybe that’s because I wasn’t really thinking that I had sex with Jessica. I was just thinking that I had sex period.

Also, as I went about my day and interacted with people I had this paranoid feeling that they could read my mind and knew that I had sex the night before. But despite being nervous about it I definitely wanted it to happen again.

That night I crawled into her bed and we began going through the charade again of making chit-chat, then "accidentally" brushing up against each other, etcetera. Thankfully this time that little game lasted only twenty minutes, not a couple of hours, and soon we were pleasuring each other. This time I went down on her – once again it was more of an instinctual urge than conscious thought. It was while I was licking her clit that it finally dawned on me that I was in the process of not just having sex but having gay sex. I thought I’m having homosexual sex. I'm homosexual… or at least bi, and that thought turned me on even more.

We ended up having sex practically every night until camp ended, most nights having sex more than once. Sixty-nine became our "go to" position (I’ll save that for another story).

We didn't keep in touch after we left camp. I have no idea what happened to her. I sometimes wonder if she turned out to be gay or bi or whether she was just experimenting.