**Swimming Lessons**

By Stevesaint

**Part 1 — Melody**

**I** felt so out of place, yet what was I to do?  Mom signed me up for these dumb swimming lessons for girls this summer at our municipal pool, but I *so* didn’t want to be there.  All the girls had prettier bathing suits than me and all the girls had bigger breasts than me; at least there were no boys around to laugh at me in my crappy old one-piece or my near-flat chest.

As we awaited the instructor, I looked at all the girls standing around.  Many had skimpy little bikinis on, and I wondered how their mothers could let them out of the house showing so much.  I was embarrassed to be seen next to them, all the snobby Heathers and Brittanys standing in their tight little circles. I just wanted to turn around and run home.  How could I be in a large group and still feel so alone?

“Hi there…I know you from school, don’t I?”  The girl standing slightly behind me in the turquoise blue bikini startled me a bit with her question.

When I turned, I realized that I did indeed know the girl.  “You’re Melody, right?  What a beautiful name.”  I’ve noticed her around school, and she wasn’t hard to notice, with flaming auburn hair, cute little freckles and an infectious smile

“And you’re…Veronica?” She answered with a not-so-sure inflection to her voice.

“My friends call me Ronnie.”  Huh, what friends? I thought to myself.

“Well Ronnie, if it’s okay I’ll be your friend, seeing we’re both stuck taking these swim lessons all summer.”  She smiled and offered her hand to me.  I shook her hand and returned the smile.

Just then our swim instructor came over and blew a whistle to get everyone’s attention, letting us know the first lesson would begin shortly.  I *was* paying attention all right.  Outside of television and the movies she was the most beautiful woman I’d ever seen.  Long blonde hair and wearing one of those tight orange lifeguard suits straight from the set of “Baywatch,” all I thought of is I wished I looked like that.  Will I *ever* fill out and look like that, I wondered?

“Wow, isn’t she sexy?” Melody leaned over and whispered in my ear.

I was surprised by the look on her face.  I’ve seen boys look at girls with that moony look, but a girl?  I didn’t know how to respond, so I kept quiet.

Melody however wasn’t finished with her ‘observations.’  “I’d kill to have a body like that!”

I glanced over at her and said, “I don’t know…your body looks pretty good to me.”  She looked at me with a strange half-smile on her face, so I stammered, “I mean…er…you have…you have bigger breasts than me…ah…and you…like…look a lot nicer in your bikini…than I look in this old suit.”

She blushed a bit.  “You have a nice looking body, too…how come you don’t get a new bathing suit?”

“My mom would never let me get one like yours,” I answered, not wanting to think about what she said about the instructor’s body—or mine.

“I’ll tell you what, Ronnie-my-new-best-friend.  Why don’t you follow me back to my house after this stupid lesson is over and I’ll let you try on my old suit?”

I weakly protested, but she was determined now.

“Don’t worry, it’s a nice one-piece like the one she has on,” motioning toward our instructor, “so your mom won’t freak out.  You’re a little smaller than me, so I know it’ll fit.”  She went on, “It doesn’t fit me anymore…you’ll like it, it’s cut nice and high at the hips.”  The last accompanied by a slashing gesture from her crotch up to her waist.  “It looks like you’ve got the ass for it,” she added with a smile.

I was speechless, a little amazed at the attention she’s giving me.  I’ve never been good at making friends and fitting in, and here was this pretty girl inviting me to her house and offering me a bathing suit, after we just met.  My thoughts were suddenly disrupted by the instructor’s whistle.  Lessons were beginning.  I was so glad I wasn’t alone, as Melody and I clung together throughout the session; it actually turned out to be fun!

Melody’s house was only a couple of blocks from the pool.  On the way we talked of school, our favorite music, and boys.  I couldn’t believe she didn’t have a boyfriend.

She introduced me to her mom with “I just met her and I like her a lot—can I keep her?” A big smile lit up her freckled face.  Her mom was very nice, offering us colas before we went up to Melody’s room to check out the bathing suit.

After closing the bedroom door, she rummaged around in dresser drawers until she pulled out a white one-piece suit and handed it to me.  “Here, why don’t you try it on…make sure it fits…okay?”  She must have seen a horrified look on my face for she quickly added “Oh, don’t be all embarrassed…I *do* know what girls look like under there.  So take off that old suit and try on this one,” she said, stripping off hers at the same time.

I began to slide out of my suit but stopped and stared at Melody’s naked form.  I was in awe of her body, especially the look of her pubic area, which was completely bald!  When she turned and saw me staring at her, she crossed her arms to cover her breasts somewhat, blushing and smiling at the same time.  It wasn’t her breasts she should be covering, I thought, still gawking at the bald cleft between her legs.  I was overcome by a strange feeling that I couldn’t explain.

“How come you have no hair down there?”  I asked, resuming doffing my bathing suit, still not able to take my eyes off her.

Before she answered, she spotted the obvious reason for my question.  “Oh…you have a lot of hair at your crotch…like, I guess ever since I started growing hair I always felt ugly or something.  Then my mom taught me how to shave and wax it so I could wear my bikini without any hair showing.”

Wax it?  Trying to hide my embarrassment, I held up her old suit and said, “I think my hair will definitely show when I put *this* on,” thinking there wouldn’t be much of anything covered by the slim band of white fabric I was looking at.

While she hastily threw on a pair of gym shorts and a tank top (no underwear!), it was Melody’s turn to stare at the spot between my naked thighs.  She blushed an even deeper red, saying “You know, like, I can show you how to get rid of your hair too.”

Puzzled by her looking at me the same way she had ogled the swim instructor earlier, I nevertheless agreed to let her help me, since I was clueless of how to do it myself.  Just then her mom hollered up that she was going out for a few hours, reminding Melody to lock up if she also went out.

Melody became excited.  “Great! Why don’t we go into the bathroom and I’ll show you how to shave down there and use bikini wax.”  When she saw me reaching for the wrap I wore over my bathing suit, she said, “Don’t be silly…you don’t need to cover up…the only one home is me.”  I was quite embarrassed to be walking around naked in a strange house, but a determined Melody took me by the hand and led me from her bedroom.

She sat me on the toilet seat cover, which thankfully had one of those shag-rug cover thingies on it.  While she gathered up all her creams and potions and the like, I pondered the weirdness of it all.  Sure, I had dark hair and it was kind of bushy down there, but how strange to contemplate a girl I barely knew was going to be messing around my pubic area.  Well, it would be nice to be hairless, thinking all the while about the wonderful sight of Melody’s bald mound.

She had me spread my thighs wide, then immediately went to work.  Now I knew what ‘bikini wax’ was, as she first trimmed then stripped the hair from my crotch and pubic mound.  When I was mostly bare, she finished up with some white cream around my vulva and perineum, which she said will dissolve the rest of the hairs.  All the while she’s administering to me I became acutely aware of and surprised by her arousal.  I smelled the musk of her sex even before I could see the wetness soaking through her jogging shorts.  I knew that musky scent well, having smelled my fingers after masturbating.  I may have been taken aback by her reaction if I wasn’t also experiencing a similar one.  Every time she touched me I felt liquid drizzle down the crack of my butt, wetting the toilet cover.  Neither of us could breathe by the time she finished.

Speaking in gasping breaths, Melody said, “Why don’t you hop in the shower while I put this stuff away.”

I couldn’t get the sight or the scent of her from my mind, so after I adjusted the shower water and stepped under the spray, I called out, “Why don’t you get out of those gym shorts and join me in here.”

When I peeked around the shower curtain, a red-hot, flushed Melody was throwing off her top and shorts, obviously eager to accept my invitation.  After she stepped into the shower, I poured some of the liquid shower soap into my hand and slowly lathered her body, starting at her breasts then moving down to her thighs.  The shower water may be covering up the moisture from her womanhood, but not the aroma.

Breathlessly Melody said, “Let me…”  Taking the soap bottle from my hand she rubbed the lather all over my body, lingering at my now-bald mons.  Am I breathing?

Letting the water rinse the soap from our bodies, we came together and our lips met.  I never kissed a girl before—or a boy for that matter—but I soon realized she had some experience, her tongue probing and parting my lips.  My tiny nipples tingled from the feel of her wet breasts against them.  She shut the water off, pulled aside the shower curtain and wordlessly led me toward her bedroom, both of us dripping wet but not caring.

I couldn’t believe how I felt looking at her.   Her breaths were coming in short gasps, her skin was a bright pink all over, and the musk of her was unmistakable as she slowly fell to the bed and spread her thighs for me.  I wasn’t quite sure what to do first, but I knew what I wanted to do, so I laid down between her legs and caressed her glistening vulva with my lips.  Her womanhood had me spellbound.  I studied my own with a hand mirror once and thought it pretty unremarkable, and I used to sneak peeks of a book called “The Joy Of Sex” my mom and dad used to hide (but not well enough).  That book had a few illustrations that taught me more about sex and my anatomy than anything I’d ever learn in sex-ed class.  Melody’s vulva was so spectacular: her outer lips were puffy and very pronounced; the inner labia a dark red; her clitoral hood truly living up to its name, perfectly shrouding her little pearl.

My tongue flicked between the swollen labia and I drank up the luscious juices.  As my tongue probed and separated the inner lips, I could see her clitoris was swelling and poking out from its sheath, and I could hear her breathing getting more labored.  I may have never done this before, but I sure knew what was next: my tongue slid upward until the tip tweaked her clitoris.  I teased my tongue against her proud and erect clit (what an amazing sight!) a few times then encircled it with my lips and sucked on it slightly.  Her moaning got louder, turning to an “Ah-Ah-AH” that increased in pitch until she made a shrill noise and climaxed.  When I felt the first convulsion, I buried my tongue as deep as it would go.  My reward was a generous shot of her orgasmic juices, lusciously coating my tongue.  The spasms of her vagina seemed to go on forever as I drank up the sweet nectar.

We hugged and kissed a bit before she said, “I needed you so bad…how did you…?” Leaving the remainder of the question hanging.

I mentioned how obvious her desire was to me, and I tried to explain mine—the magnetic draw of her lovely vulva—even though I could hardly believe it myself.  She continued to express surprise at my lack of sexual experience.  “Damn, girl, you sure can lick pussy,” was one of her comments.

I in turn was floored by her admission of how much I turned her on.  “Oooooh, I wanted you from the first time I saw you…so desirable...even in that old bathing suit,” she laughed.  “I was worried you weren’t a lesbian and wouldn’t go for it.”

A lesbian?  Desirable?  I couldn’t quite get my mind around either idea.  “I…I didn’t, like, think I was…one.” I muttered, yet no boy could ever supersede the desire I felt for Melody right then.

She kissed me again, running a hand up my thigh until she reached my pussy.  She reacted to what she felt—my wetness, perhaps, or my heat—by moaning, then pulling me atop her.  Soon we’re both panting as I ground my mound into hers.  For quite a while we laid there, thrusting our pelvises together, trying to sate an inexorable need.

Melody suddenly pushed me off, pivoted on the bed, saying, “It’s your turn, girl…I need to taste you…” Before I could do or say anything, her tongue was licking my pussy and probing for my clitoris.  “Oh…you’re so creamy.” She crooned just before the tip of her tongue flicked against my sensitive pearl.  As if hit by a tidal wave, my body spasmed in wave after wave of pure ecstasy.

Melody moaned what sounded like “Oh my God,” as she plunged her tongue deep into me.  Another wave hit me.  I heard soft gurgling sounds, for I must have coated her mouth with juices—and she was drinking it all in.

“Oh Ronnie…that must have been some orgasm…I’ve never seen a girl’s pussy twitch and spurt like that before,” She panted, my cum juices still dribbling down her chin.

“How…how many…girls have done this with?”  I asked, wondering about her experiences, since this was my first time.

Melody told me about some of the other girls from school she’d been with.  I couldn’t believe that some of the girls she named were lesbians.  But then again, before this afternoon how was I to know I was one too?  While we talked, I couldn’t help but smell the musk of her pussy again.  I needed to be there—to taste her once more.  Looking into her eyes, the wordless message was conveyed and her thighs opened, offering her most beautiful pink flower to me.  That time I stayed away from her clitoris for a while and just savored the smell and taste of her, running my tongue around and between her swollen and wet labia.  She thrust her pelvis outward trying to capture my probing tongue as she moaned “Ahh” over and over again.  Teasingly I approached her magical button, wondrously poking out from under its hood.  I ran the tip of my tongue around and over her clit a few times, each pass accompanied by ever-louder moans of pleasure coming from Melody, until she cried out and convulsed in climax.  I relished the sweet tang of her orgasm on my lips and tongue, wanting more and more…

We laid there for a long time on Melody’s bed, hugging each other under the glow of our post-orgasmic sun, until we were shaken from our reverie by the sound of Melody’s mom downstairs.  We hastily dressed and straightened up before heading down; not saying much, each of us lost in the memory of our loving.

Melody laughed heartily as we left her room.  “We spent so much time at each other’s cunnie you never tried on the bathing suit.”  I chuckled in response and grabbed the white suit from the dresser as we exited.

I sure hoped Melody’s mom didn’t figure out what we’d been up to.

That night before going to bed, I finally tried on the white suit.  It did look good on me, even if my breasts weren’t that big.  Standing before the mirror, I giggled—Melody was right, my ass *did* look pretty good.  While getting ready for bed, I pondered everything that had happened to me today.  I guess I’d never thought much about ‘sexual preference’ before, and I guess I’d entertained the concept of wanting a boyfriend, but until today I had never considered these things in a truly sexual way.  Oh how being with Melody today had changed everything.  In one afternoon I’d become completely content with the idea of loving a girl; if I was a lesbian, then so be it.  Once in bed, I touched myself while imagining it was Melody’s tongue instead of my finger that stroked all the right places.  What a blissful way to fall asleep.

The following day at the pool Melody and I were like old friends.  No one would possibly be able to tell we just met yesterday!  At one point, she whispered in my ear, “You look delicious in *MY* old suit, you know, like, I could eat you right now if we could get away with it.”  We both tittered in barely suppressed laughter, yet I couldn’t help but think of how much I wanted her, too.

A week passed before we could make love again.  In my bedroom and no one home, I fulfilled my needs between Melody’s thighs.  Heaven had to be the scent of her arousal, the taste of her juices, the sound of her release, the sight of her writhing loins.  She reciprocated lovingly, and a most fantastic explosion detonated at the center of me.

With my juices still trickling down her chin, Melody smiled beautifully and said, “Do you know that you squirt?”

“W…what?”

“You squirt when you cum, Ronnie girl…it shoots right out of you like a water pistol.”  She smiled ruefully, and then added, “I wish I came like that.”

I assured her that her climaxes were glorious indeed.  I helped her reach another.

I didn’t think I could live without the taste of her.

**Part II — Judy, Our Instructor**

 As difficult as it was to imagine for me, the summer’s swim lessons with Melody had been the most fantastic hours of my young life.  I was in love!  When I was with Melody all days were sunny and all was possible.  We snuck away every chance we got for some loving.  The taste of her luscious, full-lipped pussy was what I lived for.

One particularly hot day at the pool Melody seemed more mischievous than usual.

“Look at Judy today,” she twittered.  “She’s so hot you can see her nipples sticking right out there, and like, her suit is right up inside her pussy lips…wow…she must have a nice cunnie.”

I looked at her questioningly.  I knew she’d been attracted to our beautiful blond swim instructor, but was today different or was she just kidding?

Melody paid no attention to my stare, as she continued, “Wouldn’t you like to know what she tastes like?  Wouldn’t you like to feel those big breasts of hers?”  She finally turned to me and saw the incredulous look on my face.  “Oh come on…haven’t you looked at her that way?”

I admitted I had.

After wearing the hand-me-down one piece suit I got from Melody a few times, I took some of my saved allowance and bought myself a nice bikini.  It was white with little cherries on it (“because no boy will ever take mine” I joked with Melody when I bought it) and sexy string ties at each hip.  Not too revealing, yet nothing like my old suit.

Later in the lesson, Melody whispered “She doesn’t wear a ring, and I’ve never seen her with a man…do you think she’s a lesbian?”

Judy had been paying more attention to me since I got the new bikini.  I thought I knew the answer to Melody’s question.

“A ring means nothing…and you’re just horny anyway.”  We both laughed.

“How about we give her a test?”

I still wasn’t sure if she was kidding or not.  “What are you talking about?  Like, what kind of test?”

“Why don’t we see if we can turn her on,” Melody answered with a smile.

Still not fully accepting the challenge, I agreed anyway.  As today’s lesson was winding down, we hung to the rear of the other girls and plotted our ‘strategy’ of how we would attempt the seduction.  All during the remainder of the lesson, every time we exited the pool we’d make an effort to rub our wet bodies against Judy’s; brushing a thigh here, a breast there.  I wasn’t sure our games were having their effect, since Judy’s expression was more annoyance than arousal.  Looking as if our attempts had failed, we were both surprised when at the conclusion of our lesson she asked us nervously if we would like to go to her house and swim in her pool.

“It’s almost Olympic-sized,” she said with a twinkle in her eye.  “You’ll love it…er…Maybe we can have a bite…I’ll give you both a ride home afterwards…Do you need to call your Moms?”

While pulling my sweatpants and shirt over my suit, I looked into Melody’s eyes and saw the fire.  Did she see the same fire in mine, matched by the one in my groin?

Calls out of the way, we climbed into Judy’s car and headed across town.  All the way there she practically grilled us for personal information; she obviously knew our intentions and was trying to get her mind around them, assessing the risks—a woman of some authority with two young girls.  All I could think about during the drive was the prospect of sex with someone other than Melody.  What would she taste like?  What would she feel like?  On another plane, I was contemplating sharing Melody with another woman.  How would I react to that?

Judy’s house was beautiful, isolated on a hillside overlooking town.  She explained that it was left to her by a “favorite aunt.”  We got a quick tour before moving out to the patio and pool.

“I’m going in to change out of this suit and into a new one.  Why don’t you girls get out of those old sweats and jump in, okay?”

Melody and I did just that, the pool water nice and cool and crystal clear.  We frolicked around a bit, practicing our swimming techniques learned throughout the summer, then climbed out as Judy returned to poolside, wearing the skimpiest of bikinis.  Made of a thin striped material, the top barely contained her large breasts and the bottoms were nothing more than a triangle covering her pubic area.  Melody must have been staring at her as I was, since Judy smiled broadly and struck a model’s pose for us.

“You girls like my suit?”

What could we say?  We just stared.

“I see you’ve been in the pool…I think I’ll get wet too,” she said, then made a graceful dive into the water.  We continued to stand at poolside, dumbstruck by the look of her.  When she emerged, the sight was amazing.  The fabric of her suit, now soaking wet, had become almost transparent, revealing large areolas and pointed nipples atop her magnificent breasts.

“Okay…stop looking stupid and get back into the pool,” she barked, smiling, recognizing the motivation for our stares.  “We don’t want to waste this beautiful afternoon weather, do we?  I’ll get the grill fired up while you girls get wet…hamburgers okay?”

We agreed hamburgers were fine.  Heck, we’d just about agree to anything she said.  Both of us dove back into the pool.

In the water, Melody whispered in my ear, “Wow…isn’t she the hottest thing you’ve ever seen?”  She didn’t give me a chance to reply.  “She wants us, doesn’t she?  Ooooh…this is going to be the best!”

I thought being with Melody was the best, but just seeing Judy’s wet body climbing out of the pool sure got my juices flowing, literally and figuratively.  We swam a few half-laps before I looked up to see Judy flipping some burgers on the grill, dressed in a silk kimono which I assumed she threw on over her bathing suit.  In a few minutes I would realize I’d assumed wrong.

“C’mon girls…burgers are up,” she called to us.  When she turned I was a bit shocked to see she was naked underneath the kimono and not trying to hide it, letting the garment hang loose and open in front.  I glanced over at Melody to gauge her reaction.   She was ogling Judy’s bald pubic mound; a wonder she wasn’t drooling by the look of her.

With burgers safely ensconced in buns and on plastic plates, we sat at a small patio table and ate.

Finishing up, Judy gazed at me and said, “You know, Ronnie, I consider you my best pupil this summer.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.  Both of you, in fact, have been like models for all the other girls.  They don’t always take it seriously, but you two seem to have really enjoyed the lessons all summer.”  Then she surprised us.  “Looks like you two enjoy each other, too…”

She must have seen the look of shock on our faces, as she added “It’s okay…I had all the same kinds of feelings when I was your age, you know.”

No, we didn’t know, but we suspected.

“I don’t know about you, but I’m going back in the pool.”  She stood, let the kimono fall to the patio and jumped into the pool.

We were too awestruck by her brazen nakedness to move.  I could hear Melody’s heavy breathing, but my eyes were drawn too much to the pool to look her way.  Melody sounded so aroused.  When Judy climbed from the pool, she walked over to a stone bench near us and straddling it, put a hand at her pubic mound and arched her back to accentuate her full breasts.

“Ronnie, did I tell you how much I like your new suit?”  She smiled at me, as she arose from the bench and walked toward me.  “But I bet you always fantasized about going skinny-dipping, haven’t you?”

“Ah…ah…I guess so…”

“Then why don’t you get out of that confining suit and relax in the pool,” she said, taking me by the hand and helping me to my feet.

She gave a quick tug on the ties of my bra string, and it fell to the patio tiles.  Another tug and my bottoms were off; I was standing naked in front of her.  I felt the heat and the wetness at my pussy as I looked over and saw the confused expression on Melody’s face.  Judy, taking me by the hand once again, led me to the pools edge.  There, she moved that hand to my ass and started to caress me there.

Leaning very close, she whispered, “Oh, Ronnie, I want you so bad…I’ve wanted you all summer.”

I was speechless, though every millimeter of my skin felt electrically charged.

She looked back to a stunned but equally hot Melody and said, “What about it?  Are you going to get out of that suit and join us?”  With that, she gave my ass cheek another squeeze and dove into the water.

I was hopelessly dazed, my vision constricted, my breathing labored.  I just stood there, until I realized Melody was beside me, naked as well.

“Oooooooh, Ronnie-girl…she wants you…she wants you…we’re going to do it with her…oh yeah,” She sang to me like it was a holy mantra.  “Damn, I’m so wet just thinking about it…I want to touch her so bad.”  With that, Melody dove into the pool.

Frozen in place, my pussy so wet it was as if I’d peed myself, I vaguely wondered how Melody got from Judy’s desire for me to anticipating a threesome, but I guessed there wasn’t any other way for this afternoon to play out.  We were indeed going to “do it” with our beautiful swim instructor.  How long did time stand still?  I didn’t really know, but eventually I too jumped into the cool water of the pool.  We became a tangle of fevered, wet bodies.  Hands were all over breasts, lips were all over lips, and fingers tweaked engorged clits.  In sexual heat, I wondered if we would even get out of the pool before we all climaxed.

Judy took charge of us and led Melody and I out of the pool and into the house, dripping wet but not caring.  She paraded us to her bedroom where she promptly stretched out on the bedcover and spread her legs for us.  Her shaved pussy was a beautiful sight, glistening wet either from the pool or from within, though I believed it was from both.  In seconds we were again a tangle of wet and hungry flesh.  While Melody played with Judy’s breasts and kissed her, I couldn’t help but be drawn to the golden nectar of her wet pussy.  I ran my tongue the full length of her, before probing for her clitoris.  By now Judy was writhing in heat, her hips bucking up to meet my probing tongue, her breasts heaving to Melody’s caress.  Her orgasm was spectacular; her pussy throbbed and pulsed around my tongue as her cries of climax echoed around the bedroom.

Judy was insatiable.  It became difficult to separate all the sensations as she focused on making love to me—to ME!  She stroked, licked and kissed me to wave after wave of joy.  My brain sort of fogged up as I laid back and enjoyed it all, unaware of Melody and Judy, just the beautiful glow at my core.  What I experienced couldn’t possibly be called a ‘climax’ since my orgasmic contractions seemed to gloriously go on and on and on.  Was the kitten-like crying coming from me?

I wasn’t quite sure how long I’d basked in that glow, but when the brain-fog finally cleared I was lying with Judy, our arms around each other in a post-climactic embrace.   Where was Melody?

It didn’t take long for us to get it on once again:  I sucked greedily at one nipple as I stroked her clit; Judy then swung around and we tongued each other to more wet climaxes.

“I want this day to go on forever,” Judy whispered to me as we lay in each other’s arms once again.  “I want to make love to you over and over...”  We kissed.

I offered myself to her fully, spreading my legs as a blooming flower opens its petals so she could taste my nectar.  I didn’t think I could’ve reach another climax today, but the ministrations of her expert tongue and lips brought me to a higher plateau, the orgasm unbelievably more exquisite than before.

My body was ready to surrender itself to Judy, but what about my heart?  Sated, we moved back toward the patio, Judy to retrieve her kimono and me my bikini.  Wow, it was almost dark outside—I couldn’t believe how long we’d been at it!  We found Melody sitting at the pool’s edge, her suit back on and her feet dangling in the water.  It seemed to me like she’d been crying.  Sensing what happened, Judy gave me a special look before asking if she could give us a ride home.

Melody was silent throughout the trip.  Judy dropped her off first, before taking me home.  I give her the directions, but she stopped two houses down from mine.  We kissed and fondled for several minutes in the front seat of her car.

“I think I’m falling in love with you, Ronnie,” Judy said breathlessly.

By the time she started the car again and dropped me off at my front walk, my mind was a tangle of emotions.  Judy was so beautiful and lusty, and I couldn’t imagine feeling any better than when we made love today, but my bond with Melody was still strong.  Could I love Melody and still have sex with Judy?

What would I do?

**Part III — What’s a Girl to Do?**

With the summer ending along with the swimming course at the local pool, I was about as mixed up as a girl could be.  Our swim instructor Judy had welcomed me into her bed several times over the last few weeks.  Her tongue and fingers would drive me crazy and my orgasms have been wondrous, but Melody my love hasn’t spoken a word to me.  Of course, I only have myself to blame even though she was the one that brought Judy and me together.

I still couldn’t get my mind around the fact a skinny, plain (at least that’s what I saw when I looked in the mirror) girl like me could be the object of lust for a beautiful and voluptuous woman like Judy.  Like I said, our sex has been fantastic; Judy never seemed to get enough of me, I thought, as I remembered that day at her house earlier in the summer when she first proclaimed her desire for me.

During the final swim session of the summer at the pool, Judy caught me apart from the other girls and whispered an invitation.

“How about joining me and some friends at a beach resort next weekend?  I’m sure your mother will let you, Ronnie...she won’t worry since no boys will be around.”  She winked at me.

“What beach resort?”  I asked her.

She explained the location which was several hours away by automobile.  “We have a nice bungalow on the shore...a great spot...private...beautiful beach.”  She surreptitiously touched my ass and added, “To enjoy with a beautiful young lady.”

Me?  “S-s-s-sure, I’ll go.”

“You’ll love it!”  She crooned, before blowing her whistle to gather us for the next lesson.

Later that afternoon, when I asked my mom, she was curious about who would be there.  I explained it would be some of Judy’s woman friends and that I wouldn’t have to buy anything since the other ladies would take care of food, etc.

“This lady, Judy, is quite a bit older than you, isn’t she?  What’s the story of this new friendship of yours?  And what happened to that nice girl Melody who used to come around here?”

“Oh, mom, I think Judy likes how much I’ve taken to her swim lessons and how far I’ve come this summer.”  I gave her a little exaggerated wink.  “I think she just wants to show off her prized pupil to some of her friends.  Besides, it’ll be a blast to swim in ocean water for the first time.”

“Well, Veronica, you be careful swimming in that ocean water...and don’t go out too far, okay?”

“I love you mom.”  I gave her a big hug. I didn’t answer her question about Melody.

“No men around, right?”  She asked.

“Of course not, Ma.  I wouldn’t even think of going if men were there.”  If she only knew!

For the second time today I thought of Melody and what we so briefly shared.  I missed her, but then I thought of Judy’s love, and memories of Melody slipped from my mind.  I was glad my mother didn’t know the truth about me and Judy.  Maybe someday she’d understand.

On the way to the shore, Judy was quieter than usual.  I sensed some tension in the air, but I couldn’t figure out what brought it on.

“Ronnie, I’m sure you’ll like my friends.”

Hadn’t she said this to me a few times already?  Was she nervous about how her friends would accept me being there?  I guess I just assumed her friends were lesbians like her, but maybe they weren’t and she was worried about appearances as so many gay folks must be.

I smiled and answered, “Of course I will.”

She looked like she wanted to say more, but remained silent on the subject.  We talked about the beach house where we were going.  She explained how the bungalow was part of a larger resort community, but was separated from the other houses and had its own secluded section of beach as well as a pool.  Sounding expensive, I asked her who owned it.

“My...er...I guess you’d call her my ‘ex’...and I invested in the place several years ago when real estate prices for oceanfront properties were at least manageable.”

She must have realized my upcoming questions would be about this “ex” for she continued to explain how she had lived with her lover, a woman named Cathy, for a number of years before she left Judy for a younger woman.  Judy explained how they decided to keep the house in both their names and have remained friends, though no longer lovers.

Lovers: was that what Judy thought when she thought of us?  How would Cathy react to me—a girl—I wondered?  Was her old relationship with Cathy the reason for her nervousness?  I guessed these questions would be answered when we got to the beach.

When we arrived, we were met by four striking women.  I was introduced to Cathy, Beth, Anne and Vicki.  Knowing Judy, I had pictured Cathy to be like her, a blonde bombshell, but was surprised that she was an older brunette, more likely to be seen in a library than on the set of *Baywatch* (which was how I always pictured Judy).  Slim figured; she had on a one piece bathing suit that accentuated her small, pointed breasts.  Beth and Anne could have passed for twins.  Both long-haired blondes had on thong bikinis that left nothing to the imagination, with DD-sized breasts, barely constrained by the miniscule tops.  Vicki however, was the most beautiful.  With long dark brown hair and pouting, sensuous lips, she was wearing a white mesh bikini revealing her totally as the goddess that she was.  My pussy got all warm and tingly and I could feel my nipples stiffen as I fought not to stare at her.

What was most amazing—and revealing—was the way all four women were looking at me.  I had no doubt now that they were all lesbians.  This weekend was going to be interesting for sure!

Judy and I settled in to what would be our bedroom.  No surprise that there were only three bedrooms and that the other women were paired up, but who was with whom remained for me to discover.  We changed into our suits and joined the others on the back patio.  All of them kept ogling me in my white bikini with the cherries all over.  Why?  I wasn’t beautiful like they were.  I certainly wasn’t endowed like they were; even Cathy’s small breasts were bigger than mine.  What was it, my young age?  Oh, hell, I would just relax and enjoy the attention.

After grilling some swordfish steaks and mixing up a batch of cocktails (until today I’d never heard of a Cosmopolitan, but it was a really good drink) we lounged around the large patio and chatted.  They wanted to know all about me, how Judy and I met, if I had any other friends (I translated that as “lovers”—their way of confirming if Judy and I were), and other tidbits.  Whoa, I was feeling the effects of the drinks already, I thought, as Cathy explained how she met the younger Vicki, sidestepping the topic of how this obviously broke up her relationship with Judy.  Anne and Beth meanwhile were too busy feeling each other up to converse with the rest of us.  I believed they were on their third or fourth Cosmo.  I declined a third one before Judy asked me if I wanted to take a walk on the beach.  She was obviously agitated about something.  I would have thought she’d be over being irritated seeing Cathy with Vicki, but maybe not.

We walked for a while along the secluded beach, occasionally wading out into the wavelets near the shore.  Judy was quiet as we just held hands and walked.

Breaking our silence, I asked, “Is something wrong?”

“Oh, no...really...I’m okay.  I guess I’m just nervous around the girls, that’s all.”

I had to ask.  “Is it Cathy and Vicki?”

“Actually, no, it isn’t.”  She paused, carefully considering her reply.  “It’s you, my sweetheart.  I knew they’d look at you and want you.  I see it in their eyes.”

“I...I think you’re seeing things,” not quite sure what to say next.  “You’re just protective of me...and us.”

I smiled at her and she placed a hand at the nape of my neck and drew me to her.  Our kiss brought warmth to my whole body.  Our breasts rubbed against each other through the thin fabric of our suit tops.  Her hand still tantalizingly at the back of my head, her fingers in my hair holding us together, we both made small moaning noises of desire.

Between shallow, desperate breaths, she looked around the beach and said, “Let’s go up by those rocks over there [gasp] and oh [gasp] how I need you [gasp].”   She pulled me toward where she pointed.

Our suits were off in no time and we were kissing and fingering each other like madwomen.  My lips sucked on a firm nipple as my finger stroked her sensitive clitoris.  Though I so love her magnificent breasts, it was her luscious shaved pussy I truly adored.

Her breathing was even shallower than before as my lips moved down to that gloriously moist and ready cleft between her thighs.  My tongue probed and licked and tasted her precious juices.  Her moaning became more urgent until suddenly she squirted her love juices all over my buried tongue.  I delighted in the contractions of her vulva.  Her orgasms were always violent, like some insatiably hungry beast that finally got to feed.  Even though my needs were unmet at the moment I still relished the taste of her, so that would satisfy me for now.

“Ronnie, my love, you always know how to send me,” she said with that post-orgasmic glazed look in her eyes I came to know well.

We put on our suits and walked back to the house.  Anne and Beth were nowhere to be found, but Cathy and Vicki looked at us perceptively.  The look of sexual satisfaction must have been written all over our faces.  I was sure that’s what they saw.

Judy mixed up a pitcher of margaritas this time and offered me one.  I was still a little overwhelmed with being treated as an adult.  Except for a couple of sneaked beers last summer, I hadn’t had any liquor until I met Judy.  She appeared nonchalant in offering me alcohol; I guess she felt if I was old enough to be her lover, then I was old enough to drink.

The margarita was a little too tart for me.  I told her it was good but that I preferred the Cosmo I had earlier.  She chuckled, slapped my ass and said, “Cosmos are girly-drinks. You’re too much a woman for those.”

She squeezed one of my ass cheeks, but I noticed that she’d turned to look at Cathy and Vicki.  The ‘girly-drink’ comment must have been aimed at them for some reason.  With the sun going down, Judy walked into the house to change out of her swimsuit.  I leaned on the patio deck railing and watched waves crash upon the shore as the tide moved in.

“Ronnie, why don’t you come sit with us?”  I turned to see it was Vicki who spoke.  “We want to get to know you better...come, sit,” she said, patting the seat of a lounge chair next to her.

It was getting a little chilly in the evening sea breeze so I was a bit uncomfortable still in my bikini, but I reclined next to Vicki nonetheless.  Her beauty was even more breathtaking being this close to her.  We talked for a while; well, maybe it was more like Vicki asked and I answered.  Cathy however was mostly silent, but I could see the look on her face—jealousy?—as Vicki and I conversed.

“Judy’s always talking about you, you know.  You must have made a great impression on her during your swim lessons.”  Vicki leaned toward me, and in a conspiratorial tone whispered, “Where did you first do it?  Car?  Her house?”  Before I could say anything, she said a little louder, “I know, it was at her pool, right?”

I figured no answer was required since I was sure she could see it on my face, but she wasn’t looking at my face, she was staring at my nipples that were prominently poking at the thin fabric of my top in the chill air.  I was about to say something, but Cathy cut me off.

“Oh, Vicki...leave the girl alone,” Cathy said, reaching over to grasp Vicki’s hand.  “Let’s go get that fire going in the fireplace, okay?”

I saw more than I wanted in Vicki’s stare.  My heart fluttered like a vibrating guitar string as I looked at her and she looked at me.  Cathy broke the spell by just about pulling the younger woman from her lounge chair.  They went into the house, leaving me alone to ponder what just happened—and what might happen before the weekend was over.

“What did you all talk about when I went to change?” Judy asked me later as we were getting ready for bed.

“I don’t know.  Like, we talked about how you and I met and things like that.”

She looked at me with a wry smile on her lips.  “And Cathy wanted to know who seduced whom.”

“Er...no, it was Vicki,” I said, my voice trailing off.

Judy’s expression changed, but I couldn’t figure out what difference it made who asked me the question.  We climbed naked between the sheets and held each other tight.  As we began to kiss, we suddenly heard what sounded like an argument in the adjacent room.  The sound traveled well through the thin walls of the bungalow.

Judy whispered “Cathy and Vicki,” as if that was the only explanation necessary.

Very soon the loud voices were replaced by moaning and groaning that too got loud, as both women seemed to be nearing orgasm.  One of them screeched what sounded like “I’m cumming” but I couldn’t be sure which one.

“I guess they kissed and made up,” Judy said.

I fell asleep with my head cuddled within the cleavage between Judy’s breasts.

Morning light filtering through curtains woke me up.  I didn’t disturb Judy as I put on a pair of shorts and a tank top and went in search of coffee.  I knew where everything was so I was prepared to make some, but someone else was already up and a nearly full carafe awaited me in the kitchen.  After pouring my coffee and stirring in some cream and sugar, I decided to take a walk on the beach.  The chill of last evening was still somewhat in the air, but the morning sun was warming me a little, so I didn’t regret wearing only the tank top.  I walked down to the water’s edge and sipped my coffee while the cold ocean wavelets lapped at my bare feet.

“You’re an early bird.”

I was startled by the voice, and turned to see Vicki standing behind me on the beach.  She was wearing a silk robe and had her own mug of coffee.

“I’m not the early bird if you’re the one who made the coffee.” I said, adding, “and it’s good coffee,” holding up my mug to her.

She came closer and stood near me.  I could smell her heady perfume (who puts on scent this early?) but also something else—a musk of sorts.  Whatever it was, it was having an effect on me; my heart was beating faster and something fluttered in the pit of my stomach.  It’s not just the scent of her, for she was so close to me and she was so beautiful...

When she reached over and cupped one of my breasts, I was helpless to stop her.

“Why don’t we head on back up to the house?”  She said, taking me by the hand.

What she said is not what we did.  She led me not to the house, but to the rocky area where Judy and I made love yesterday.  I was not surprised when she dropped the robe from her body and was naked underneath.  I used the word ‘goddess’ before in describing her, but even that word fell short.  This beautiful woman had a most spectacular body, with full, firm breasts that upturned slightly, topped by large areolas.  She must tan without a suit, since her tan is lineless and perfect.  Her narrow waist and flat stomach flared out to fantastic hips and round ass.  Her pubic mound was shaved to only a thin vertical strip of brown hair.  Her pussy lips glistened wetly in the morning sun.

I was putty in her hands.  She helped me out of my shorts and top, spread her robe onto the sand, and pulled me down on top of it—and her.  Lips, tongues and fingers explored and fulfilled.  God, I was so intoxicated with her scent!  Her sweet juices were like honey on my probing tongue.  When I climaxed it was as if I’d been hit by an electric shock.  I convulsed with a guttural roar trapped in my throat, which was perhaps a good thing, since if I had screamed as loud as I could have the whole shoreline would have heard me.  Her orgasm came after mine, so I had a chance to, I guess, ‘study’ it.  Her breathing had become so shallow and halting it was hardly more than a pant, her large breasts heaving not unlike the waves out on the ocean.  She clamped down on my fingers that were within her and copious amounts of love-liquid spewed all over my hand.  I just had to taste it, so once more I buried my tongue in her and was rewarded with more contractions and more jets of her luscious juices.  We lay there in each other’s arms for almost an hour as the rising sun warmed us further amidst discarded clothes and the spilled coffee mugs.

Vicki didn’t want us to be seen walking back up to the house together, so after I dressed and we kissed once more, I walked up alone, carrying my empty mug.

When I reached the patio deck, Judy was standing there scanning over the ocean water with her own cup of morning coffee.  Her expression as I approached spoke volumes so she didn’t have to.  Of course, she knew what I looked like following an intense orgasm, and now it must have been written all over my face.  I went in and got a clean mug and poured a refill before rejoining Judy on the patio.  We planned a few activities for the day but mostly we were going to hang out on the beach.  She didn’t seem angry, even when Vicki strolled up from the beach a few minutes after I did.  Judy appeared resigned somehow, as if she knew it would happen but was powerless to stop it.

The beach was great.  The weather was great.  The water was great, though a little on the cold side.  I even swam out a ways into the surf to proudly show Judy how much I learned from her swimming lessons.  Her reaction was lukewarm at best, and I was disappointed.  After my fruitless demonstration (okay, it wasn’t totally fruitless since I did get to swim in the ocean and I was proud of that) I walked back to the house alone, leaving Judy, Cathy and Vicki lying next to each other on the beach.  Anne and Beth had decided to stay up on the patio and get some sun there, which I thought was silly with a beautiful beach right next to us and all.

I wasn’t expected to come up from the beach so soon, I guess, since I interrupted a blonde tangle of wet flesh.  Beth and Anne had pulled the cushions off all the chaise lounges and spread them on the patio deck, and were now sprawled out in a 69 position with each woman’s tongue buried within the other’s pussy.

Beth heard me first, for she broke the clinch, sat up and said “Ooh, here’s the guest of honor.  Why don’t you get out of that suit and come join us for some fun?”

Damned if Anne didn’t actually lick her lips just then!

“Ah, no, I...I’ll leave you two alone,” I said as I started to walk toward the patio door.

Beth jumped to her feet and caught me by the arm before I went very far.  Before I could protest, she placed a hand at the back of my neck and pulled me toward her parted and waiting lips.  I was frozen, more in amazement than anything else, as her tongue flicked into my mouth.  What’s the old sci-fi line—‘resistance is futile’?  Well, that summed me up: her hand at my neck, her tongue in my mouth, her large melon breasts rubbing against me.  I succumbed.

Beth pulled off my bikini before pulling me down to the makeshift mattress.  The two women had their way with me.  They kissed, stroked, caressed, fingered and tongued me to ecstasy.  In orgasmic heaven, I screamed and cried and thrashed about, my pulsing pussy aflame.  We ended up in a three-person daisy chain, each with a mouth savoring the juices of another’s climax.  Sated, we lay there entwined, unmindfully thankful for the late afternoon shade that crept over our prone bodies, lest we would have been sunburned to a crisp.

We must have slept for quite a while, for the sun had almost set by the time I stirred from our impromptu love nest.  I was startled by Vicki, who was sitting in one of the chairs not raped of its cushion.

“Oh, my, the delicious little bunny slut has been playing around with the other animals,” she cooed.  There was an undercurrent of menace just below the sensual tone of her voice.

“Where is Judy?” I asked, not wanting to be seen by her in this three piece naked array.

“Don’t you worry your little head, darling girl.  She’s still down on the beach.”  She paused before snarling “She’s...ah...rekindling her old friendship with Cath.”

Vicki’s new string bikini was even more revealing of her magnificent body than the one she wore yesterday.  It was almost magnetic the way my eyes were drawn to her.  I extricated myself from the two women who were still asleep and walked up to Vicki’s chair.

“Am I a slut?”  There, the question that wove its way through my mind was asked.  Ever since I discovered my attraction to members of my own sex, and my surrender to the greatest joy a girl can have—orgasm—I’ve been feeding my desires, satisfying my hunger.

“You’re the sexiest little slut that’s ever tasted me,” Vicki answered, looking up then down my naked body, while tantalizingly sliding her fingers over the miniscule triangle of fabric that covered her pubis.

Oh my God, I felt trickles of liquid dribbling down the inside of my thighs, and it wasn’t sweat.

She got up out of the chair, and taking me by a willing hand, led me to her bedroom.  Our kiss was even more electric than yesterday down by the beach.  Her need was certainly eclipsing mine, as she frantically pulled at the strings of her bikini to untie it.  Our lips were still locked together, her suit now on the floor, when she forced me to the bed.

Vicki was a quieter lover than Judy.  I was definitely vocal, as I was finding out, moaning loudly to her touch.  She was both literally and figuratively drinking me in.  Her tongue flitted at my clitoris as her hands explored every tingling inch of my body.  Just as I was about to climax, she pulled me on top of her, spread her legs and in what I could only imagine was a parallel to hetero sex, started humping her mons against mine.  A stray image played through my mind: this must be how a man makes love to a woman, his penis entering her between splayed thighs.  I didn’t know why, but the image turned me on even more.  Our rubbing became more frantic until I flew over the edge, arching my head back and screaming my orgasm to the ceiling.

She groaned “Oh Ronnie...I’m cumming...oh God, yessssss,” as her body shook from her contractions.

I stayed there on top of her for a long time, sucking on one of her glorious nipples like a hungry newborn as we both fell asleep.

I was awakened by very recognizable sounds coming from the next bedroom—Judy’s and mine—the sounds of sexual fulfillment.

“Yes, oh yes!”

“Yeah, make me cum!”

“Ooooooooooh, I’m cummingggggg!”

“Oh, Jude, you’re the best!”

Cathy.

I guessed I’d be sleeping with Vicki tonight, and I guessed Judy and I were over.  I fell back to sleep with my head nestled between Vicki’s softly rising and falling breasts.

The following day, riding in Judy’s car on the way home, I pondered the events and discoveries of the weekend.  It was funny, neither Judy nor I were angry with the other.  We talked, of course.  I still loved and admired her for treating me like an adult, and an equal, even though she was getting back together with Cathy.  She didn’t use the word, but perhaps I was a slut.  How could I explain my rampant needs and my inability to say no to a pretty woman?  During a period of silence, I thought back to her edginess on the ride to the beach.  What I first wrongly attributed to her being nervous about how her friends would accept me must instead have been nervousness over how I’d react to them and their advances.  She must have known.  Was the whole weekend a plan to test me?  If that’s what it was, then I failed.

Dropping me off at my house, Judy wished me a good school year.

“You know,” she said.  “I meant it when I told you that you were my best student.  A few more lessons and you’ll be a great swimmer.”

“Thanks, and you’re the best instructor in the whole world,” I said, then leaning toward her in the driver’s seat, added, “You taught me so, so much, and I’ll always be grateful for that.”  I kissed her on the cheek.

“There’ll always be a place in my heart for you, Veronica dear.”  A small tear formed at the corner of her eye.  “Maybe I’ll see you next summer at the pool.”

Waving goodbye to Judy as she drove away, I thought of Melody.  Would she want me back?  Or was I just a slut who would have to look for other girls to pleasure me?

I mean, what’s a girl to do when she was hungry for pussy?

**Part IV – Ronnie’s Discovery**

Another school year began and I felt so alone, but what’s new?  I guessed what was different now was after allowing my sexuality to bloom this past summer, first with Melody and then with Judy, I knew what it felt like *NOT* to be alone.

Ever since the end of swimming lessons and the beginning of school, I had to rely on self-stimulation to take care of my needs.  I even got up enough courage to visit a sex shop downtown and buy a small vibrator for myself.  When I came, I was either fantasizing about squirting all over Judy’s or Melody’s or Vicki’s tongue instead of the impersonal plastic of my new toy.

Melody was ignoring me big time.  I’d given up any thought of reconciling with her.  Was that time just a scant two months ago, her telling me all about herself the first day we met?  I choked up, a tear trickling from my eye as I remembered those most intimate moments when Melody introduced me to bikini waxes and the splendor of her climaxing pussy.  I saw her hanging out with Lana, an older girl and one she once told me was a lesbian.  She *was* kinda butch, but I guessed that’s what Melody wanted now.   Summer was over and so apparently was our love.  It was all my fault and I had to live with it.  I was, of course, the pussy-lusting ‘slut’ just as Vicki said.

I sat next to a new girl in homeroom.  Her name was Alvina.  We hit it off immediately, so maybe I’d have at least one friend this year.  The added bonus of hanging out with Alvina was that next to her I wasn’t the skinny one anymore.  She was so thin at first I thought she had an eating disorder, but she didn’t seem to mind eating when I was around.  She was cute, with freckles and dimples, but had a nose a little too big for her face.  She always wore her dark brown hair in two braided pig-tails that somehow made her look like the stereotypical tomboy, though she seemed to be all-girl to me.

I had no idea if she was a lesbian, and I didn’t care.  I wasn’t looking for sex now; I just wanted a friend.  One day I told her about how much fun I had taking the swim lessons at the pool during the summer.  I didn’t tell her about Melody, and of course I didn’t talk about my ‘affair’ with my instructor, Judy.

“That sounds like fun,” Alvina said.  “I don’t know how to swim so I wish I knew about the lessons before.”  Her smile was impish and captivating.  “...And we would have had a lot of fun together.”

“Hey, I’ve got an idea.  Why don’t we join the YWCA downtown?  They’ve got a pool.  Maybe I could teach you how to swim.  Wouldn’t that be neat?  The lady that was my instructor said I was a fast learner.”

An image of Judy’s naked breasts played across my memory and suddenly I was wet.  My needs weren’t being met, but what was I to do?  My only lover at the moment was a bullet-shaped piece of plastic.  The following day, Alvina and I talked again about the “Y” and their pool.  When we asked our mothers they said we could join.  Whoopee, I was going to swim some more, and with my new best friend!

I was in Alvina’s room when I had that déjà vu thing.  She was going to strip so she could try on her bathing suit to see if it still fit.  Flashes of that afternoon at Melody’s: I almost stopped breathing when Alvina unfastened her pants and pulled them off, revealing white lace thong panties.  She wasn’t paying attention to me—or my distress—when she raised her t-shirt and pulled it off over her head, exposing small, pointed breasts.  When she started to remove her panties, she did look at me and stopped; the lacy thong at about knee level.  Her expression was a questioning one.  I wondered what *MY*expression was—lust?

“Are you okay, Ronnie?  You look funny.”

Breathing heavily and with a hand at my crotch, what could I say?  “Er... um... yes... yes, I’m okay.”  Another deep breath.  “I guess I’m just a little hot, that’s all.”  Hot indeed!

She reached over and opened a window before removing her panties the rest of the way.  “Maybe it is a little warm in here,” she said, though still looking at me funny.

Oh God, her pussy looked divine!  See, I was a slut—I wanted her!  Except for a tidy, very narrow strip of fine pubic hair centered on her mons, she was as bald as I was now.  One thought of burying my tongue there and I made an involuntary sound.

She looked at me again and asked, “Are you sure you’re okay?  You look sick or something.”

“No...I mean...yes, I’m all right,” I managed to get out between struggling breaths.  I saw the look of discovery cross her face before being replaced with something else—fear?—disgust?

“Oh God, Ronnie...you’re a lesbian!”  She moved quickly to put on her suit and cover up.  “I heard some stuff, but I didn’t believe it.”

“Yes Alvina, I’m a lesbian.   I hope that doesn’t mean we can’t be friends.”

“Well, I don’t know.  Like, you were getting crazy looking at me, and...”  She hesitated a second or two.  “Please don’t think badly of me, but I just don’t know...”

I smiled and said, “Don’t worry, I won’t touch you or anything.  I can’t, like, help how I am, but I don’t ever want to hurt you...and I still wanna be your friend.  Okay?”

She said yes, but not with a whole lot of conviction.  She turned to look at herself in the mirror, and then turned to me to say something, but stopped.  Her expression was one of confusion, finally asking, “Don’t get all crazy again, okay.  How does this look on me?”

“It looks great,” I answered, trying like hell not to look at her tight little ass, nor think of her beautiful pussy, now ‘safely’ ensconced and out of view within her bikini bottoms.

Before she could say anything more, I asked her if she’d mind going to my house so I could try on mine.  I knew how it fit; being the white one with the little cherries all over that I bought only a few months ago and the one I wore to the beach (though it didn’t stay on me for long!) during the weekend with Judy and the girls.  I admitted to myself that it was a ploy to get naked in front of Alvina.  I was willing to give it a shot.  She may be hetero after all, but after seeing her in all her naked glory, I was determined to test the waters of her sexuality.

She put her pants and shirt back on over the bathing suit and we headed over to my house.  In my room, it was my turn to strip.  I removed my clothes slowly but not so slow as to make it look like a striptease.  With my panties off, I sat on the edge of the bed and spread my legs wide while pretending to fumble with my bikini bottoms.  I snuck a peek at Alvina.   Reward!   I caught her staring at my pussy, which made me very wet; the wetness then making her stare more.  Probably more curiosity than lust, but I’d take it just the same.  She had most likely never seen another girl’s hungry, dripping wet pussy before today.  It was a start.

Her curiosity finally got the best of her, for she asked, “How come your, you know, your...crotch looks different...than mine?”

“What do you mean different?  Your pussy looks the same as mine.”

She blushed at my use of the word pussy.  “Well, yeah, but yours is totally bald...and it’s...ah...swollen-looking...and all wet...”

“Okay, promise you won’t freak out on me?”  She nodded her head.  “It’s wet and swollen ‘cause I’m still thinking of you.”  She didn’t freak out, but her blushing face was a deeper red.  “I’m horny, that’s all,” I told her.

She didn’t say anything for a moment, still struggling with her inner turmoil, until saying, “Whew, I never thought...do you, like, think of girls the way I sometimes think of boys?”

“Yeah, I guess so.  Well shit, you saw me in your bedroom.  How do you think you’d react if you were standing there looking at a naked Billy Harrigan?”  Billy was the guy most of the girls swooned over in school.

“Wow!” She looked at me now with more awe than fear.  “You...you think of me like I would think of Billy Harrigan?  You think I’m pretty?  Wow,” she said again.

“Of course, dummy,” I said, smiling.  “I think you’re pretty.  Your skin looks so soft.  Your pussy looks so good I want to bury my tongue in you and never come out.  Damn, you made me wet myself again.”

We both looked at my glistening wet vulva, rivulets of liquid trickling down into the crack of my ass and wetting the bedspread.

She was blushing crimson red again.  “I never thought like that...”

“C’mon, sit here on the bed while I try this on.  Don’t worry, I won’t touch you.”

While I pulled up my bottoms, she sat on the far edge of the bed, but I saw she was still pondering sexual mysteries.  She said, “I know if Billy was standing right here naked, and I could see his...you know...his...”  She couldn’t bring herself to say the word.

“His cock,” I said for her.

She blushed again.  “Yeah.  I think I’d want to reach out and touch it.”  Ah, she’s questioning *my* willpower.

“If you couldn’t touch it, then would you get yourself off instead?”

“Huh?”

“Would you finger yourself to get off?”  Her incomprehension was amazing.  I forged on, saying “You mean you’ve never masturbated before?  You’ve never touched yourself...never cum?”

“Cum?  Uh...er...no, I guess.  No, I would never touch myself.”

I couldn’t believe it!  “Shit, girl, you’ve got the key to the golden palace nestled between your legs, and you don’t use it?”  I shook my head.  “If I were you I’d be playing with myself every time I thought of guys like Billy Harrigan touching me.”  Of course, I couldn’t really relate to that, but I did get the big picture, after all.  I continued, “I mean, there’s hardly a day that goes by that I’m not diddling my clit and getting off.  Damn, I want to do it right *now*.”

The apprehensive look was back when she declared, “I couldn’t do it...and besides...I don’t know how to do it anyway.”

“I guess I could show you.”  When I saw the fear well up in her eyes, I quickly added, “Hey, I’m kidding, I’m kidding, alright?  Don’t worry...I said I wouldn’t touch you.  I’m just flabbergasted you haven’t tried, never mind have an orgasm.”

It was time to leave that subject behind.  I tried on the top and admired myself in the mirror.  The bikini fit me now even better than last summer.  I must be filling out.  If I was some other girl, I’d want to eat me, I thought.  Shit, I was dripping again!  I’ve got to hide my horniness from Alvina or she’d run all the way home in fear for the safety of her beautiful snatch.  I walked with her back to her house where we make a date for going to swim at the ‘Y’ that weekend.  I hadn’t scared her away yet and that was a good sign.

The following Saturday morning we went to the YWCA for the first time and joined so we could use the pool.  We had some company, but the pool really wasn’t very crowded so there was plenty of elbow room.  Alvina winced the first time I touched her in the pool, but she eventually relaxed enough for me to begin some rudimentary swim lessons.  I ended up having a more difficult time dealing with her touch than she did mine.  By the time we are ready to climb out of the pool, my pussy was soaked, and it wasn’t from pool water!

Alone in the locker room, she dawdled a bit, not wanting to get naked in front of me again.  However, I had no such qualms, quickly slipping out of my wet bikini.  She was staring once more.

“Yes, I’m hot.  You’re not seeing things,” I said, spreading my thighs further apart and pointing to my wet and swollen labia and my peeking clitoris.  “I want to be your friend, and I can handle this if you can.”

“Handle it?”

“You know, I’ll handle the fact that I’ll be close to you but can’t have you, and you’ll handle the fact that I am what I am and we can still be friends in spite of it.”

“Ronnie, I want to be your friend.  It’s just...”

“Just what?”  I asked, my voice rising a little.  “Just that you don’t know if you want to hang out with a lesbian?”

“N...N...No...It’s not that.  W...W...What I mean is I feel kinda dumb around you.  You talk about sex and touching yourself and org...orgasms...and all...and I haven’t, like, done any of that.”  Her voice choked up a bit, adding, “Except for a couple of pictures, I’ve never even *seen* anyone else naked until I saw you the other day.”

Pulling on my clothes, I said, “C’mon and get changed.  I wanna be your friend and help change that.”  That fearful look was back.  “I told you, I can handle it if you can.  What I mean is I wanna help you, like, get in touch with your own body.  Get you some ‘visual aids’ to help start things rolling, that’s all.”

She was clueless, but if I wasn’t going to taste her pussy, I’d at least help her discover it for herself.

“We’re gonna walk downtown and go to a store I know about.  I don’t want you to say no...you’re going into the store with me, no questions asked.  I’m gonna buy you a present...a secret present only you and I will know about.  And then we’ll talk, okay?”

She nodded her head and off we went.  When we got to the adult books storefront, she panicked, but I dragged her in after me.  The guy behind the counter could’ve cared less that we were underage and shouldn’t have been in there.  I dragged Alvina to a display of gay magazines, where I chose one that didn’t depict sex acts but just naked, well-hung guys posing.  The shrink wrap prevented me from opening it up, but the cover indicated it’s what I was looking for.  I bought the magazine; a totally embarrassed Alvina hardly able to stand by me at the counter.

Outside on the sidewalk, she grabbed my arm and said, “Why?  Do you know how, like, embarrassed I was in there?”

I said to her, “You know how you said you’ve never seen anyone naked?  Well, this is for you so you can hide it under your mattress, and at night you can look at the men in the pictures and dream you’re being touched by them, and they’re making love to you, and then maybe we can talk about orgasms and stuff like that.”

“I can’t have this in my house.  What if my mother finds it?  She’d kill me.”

“No she won’t.  She probably had a copy of ‘Playgirl’ hidden under her mattress when she was your age, masturbating away every chance she got.  I still can’t believe you’ve never done it.”

She protested some more, but the paper-bagged magazine is in her hand and we were heading to her house.  When we entered through the back door, Alvina’s mom called out to us, “So how was the swimming?”

We walked into the living room and told her mom about how much fun we had and how I thought Alvina would be a great swimmer once she got the hang of it.  Her mom thankfully didn’t ask about the thin paper bag tucked under my arm.  I was holding it since we figured she’d be more apt to ask if Alvina had it.  Good thinking.

As soon as we closed the door to her bedroom, I had the magazine out of the bag and began removing the shrink wrap.  I had no urgency to look at the pictures within, but my curiosity was strong—what do muscled, well-endowed men look like with no clothes on?—and I was so eager to see Alvina’s reaction.  Sitting on the edge of her bed, at first she was afraid to look, buy after some friendly persuasion I got her interested.  She was hooked by the first glossy picture.  The first spread was a young blond muscular dude.  No body hair but definitely something substantial hanging between his legs.  I had to face it, I was impressed by what I saw; Alvina on the other hand was quite a bit more than impressed.  Slowly turning the pages, ogling one male after another, her arousal was palpable.  After an occasional “Oh” and “Ah” escaped her breathless lips, and only half-way through the magazine, I began to detect the lure of her musky scent.  Her pussy must be soaked.  Just thinking about it got mine soaked too.

Haltingly she said, turning from the magazine and looking at me, “I...I can’t look any more...I’m gonna go crazy...I feel so funny...why?”

“Why do you think?  You’re horny and you wish one of these guys was here right now, and you could touch him and he’d touch you, and then you’d do it with him...”

“No!” She interrupted.

“Yes,” I countered.  “What would you do right now if I wasn’t here and you felt like you do?  I bet your pussy is just begging for somebody to touch it.  Why don’t you?”

“No!”  She exclaimed again, but her resolve was quickly eroding away.  “Oh, Ronnie, my...my...p...p...p...”

“C’mon, you can say it—*PUSSY*—say it!”

“My p...p...pussy...feels like it’s on f...f...fire.”

“You’re hot for those guys.  It’s natural.  You gotta just go for it.”  I gave her the sternest look I could muster.  “If I was you, I’d pull my pants off right now and get a couple of fingers into my pussy and get off looking at the guy on page 11.”

“But...but...I...I...can’t.”

“Yes you can.  I’m your friend, right?  You’re gonna trust me, right?  I promise I won’t touch you, but I’m gonna make you do it right now, for your own good.”

In a low voice, I barked at her to take her clothes off.  She hesitated but complied.  When she sat back down on the edge of her bed, I handed her the magazine, open to what I thought was the best picture of the blond guy.

“Look at him.  Look at him good,” I said to her.  “Imagine he’s right here.  Imagine he’s standing right in front of you, naked, and he reaches down to touch you.  Imagine that big cock of his getting hard and rubbing against your thigh.  Imagine those muscled arms holding you tight as he whispers his desire for you.”

My imaginative narration didn’t do anything for me personally, but she was sure taking the imagining to heart.  Her eyes were glued to the photo and I could see her tremble a bit as the ‘pictures’ I was painting played across her mind’s internal video screen.  What *did* do something for me is the sight of her pussy so obviously wet and in need, the musk of her desire filling the bedroom air.

I’d better get control of myself.

I leaned over closer to her and whispered in her ear, “He’s so strong.  He lifts you up in his strong arms and carries you into his bed.  His hand moves tenderly to between your thighs and he touches you.  Your hand goes down there to meet his.”

Damn, was I good or what?!  It was like hypnotism; her hand indeed snaked down to her pussy as she began to absently stroke her fingers within the folds of her wet labia.  She may not have known clinically where her clitoris was, but when she found it she wasn’t letting go.  Gazing at the picture display in the magazine, she rubbed her clit faster and more urgently until she started making small twittering noises.  By that time, I didn’t need to narrate her fantasy; her imagination was narrating her own.  When she started getting louder, I panicked.  What would happen if her mother heard her and came upstairs?  Her moans were becoming a wail when I moved up beside her on the bed and loosely clamped my hand over her mouth.  Her climax was a cascade washing over her.  I was muffling her cries, but I couldn’t stifle the trembling quake that overcame every muscle in her body.   I couldn’t help it: my other hand met hers at the fantastically wet junction of her womanhood.  I helped her to a second orgasm.  Thankfully (or maybe not) she didn’t seem to notice my participation.

She didn’t notice, that is, until I leaned toward her and placed my lips on hers for a kiss.  When she realized what I was doing she squeaked “No” and pulled away.

To deflect from what I did, I asked her, “How did that feel?  That was an orgasm, girl, and I think you had a great one.”

“Ronnie, you tried to kiss me.  You promised...”

“I know, but you climaxed so beautifully I couldn’t help myself.”

“But...but...”

“No buts, Alvina.  I taught you how to get yourself off.  You should be grateful.  I’m heading home, but you look at that magazine again tonight and take care of yourself like you just did, and we’ll talk about today when we see each other in school, okay?”

“No, you take the magazine.  I don’t want to have it around.  My mom will find it and I’ll be in trouble.”  She pleaded, holding the magazine out to me.  “You shouldn’t have touched me, but I understand, and I want to, like, thank you for teaching me things today.”

“You don’t have to thank me, just tell me we’ll still be friends and we can still go to the ‘Y’ and swim.  I want so much for us to be friends, and I promise I won’t make any play for you from now on.  I’ll be good.”

On my way home, I thought about today.  I still had a friend, though one who was nervous about me being a lesbian.  I had a swimming partner, which was always a plus.  I had a magazine under my arm full of pictures of hunky, hung men which did me no good whatsoever.  I almost tossed it in a trash can, but something made me hold on to it.  I figured I’d keep it in case Alvina changed her mind.

Before going to bed, I got my vibrator out of its bureau drawer hiding place and absently moved its tip over my clit, remembering the beauty of Alvina’s wet pussy.  I came quickly and violently, my body going rigid before shaking from head to toe.  In my post-orgasmic bliss, I absentmindedly reached for the gay magazine that was under my school books on the nightstand.  With newfound inquisitiveness I thumbed through the pages.  My attention was on their cocks.  I wondered what all the fuss was about those ugly, vein-filled sausages of flesh.  I tried to picture them stiff and sticking up, but I couldn’t, until I came upon the picture on page 32.  This guy was sitting nonchalantly on what looked like a piece of gym equipment and his eight inches or so were proudly erect.  I wondered...

Without thinking about it, I slid the vibrator deep into my vagina for the first time.  Somehow with an insatiably hungry clitoris I’d never felt the need before now.  Curiosity suddenly turned to pain.  What was happening?  Then I knew I’d just broken my hymen; there was blood on the vibrator’s shell.  Damn, that hurt!

I threw the magazine across the bedroom in disgust.  I remembered the joke shared with Melody about my new bikini with the cherries on it—-how I would never lose mine—-and now I had, thanks to a stupid moment of curiosity.  *I hate you, Melody*, I thought to myself.  *I hate you, Judy*, for seducing and then abandoning me.  *I hate you, Alvina*, for not letting me have you.  I hated everyone then.  After cleaning up the blood that came from my broken cherry, and hiding the magazine and the vibrator, I went to sleep.  My dreams were of being alone in the world, no one to feed me, no one to hold me, no one to love me.

I spent the next few weeks in a fog of anger and loneliness.  Alvina was still going to the YWCA with me to swim.  She still allowed me to teach her, but otherwise was growing more aloof every day.  We didn’t talk as much to each other in school as we used to.  I was quickly losing my only friend.  The shock of my life came when one morning I saw Melody talking to Alvina in the school hallway.  I stopped and stared from a distance as, just before they parted, Alvina’s hand reached out and brushed (lovingly?) against Melody’s bottom.  What was going on here?  While leaving homeroom, I asked Alvina if she’d like to come over my house to work on our homework together.  She blushed and told me how busy she was and couldn’t come, but I knew she was lying.

After dinner, I walked over to Alvina’s house to (confront?) talk to her about our friendship.  Before I got there, however, I saw Alvina leaving and walking the other way down the block.  Where was she going?  My question was answered when just around the corner a car pulled to the curb and Melody got out.  Alvina fell into her arms and they kissed!

I was dazed and confused by what I saw.  The red glow of a lit cigarette shone through the windshield from the driver’s seat.  I recognized the car.  It was Lana’s.  Alvina and Melody climbed into the idling car and they drove off, leaving me alone at the street corner to contemplate the universe.  I was not only alone, but rejected and abandoned, like a piece of chewed gum spat out on the sidewalk.

My vibrator was the only lover I had.  Before going to sleep, I ran my plastic friend over my hungry clit as I thought of Alvina, Melody and Lana entwined in a flush, wet threesome.  My orgasm was so intense I almost screamed, but stifled it with my fist.  I needed so desperately to taste a pussy that I licked my own juices from the vibrator.

The following morning I hatched my plan.  If fear was the oldest human emotion, then lust must be the second oldest and revenge the third.  When I spotted Lana sneaking a cigarette out behind the school building, I approached her and started up a conversation.

“Hi, Lana.  Can I have one of those?”  I asked, pointing to her cigarette.  I didn’t smoke, but I’ve tried it a few times, and I thought I could do so without having an embarrassing coughing fit.

“Sure,” she answered, holding out the pack to me, but said nothing else as she eyed me suspiciously.

I slipped a cigarette from the pack then lit it with her proffered Bic lighter.  Taking a few puffs, I waited a moment before daring to speak for fear I’d cough.  I took my best shot and hoped I’d read the situation correctly.

“You look like you’ve lost your best friend or something, you’ve been walking around all pissed off at the world or whatever...”  I let my voice trail off.

“No...Well, like...yes...I mean, I’m just not too fuckin’ happy, that’s all.”  She looked from the cigarette in my hand to my face and said, “And what’s it to you anyway? ...Besides, I never knew you smoked.”

“Yeah, I smoke sometimes.  Look, Lana, I think you’re the coolest girl in school and I wish we could, like, be friends, that’s all.”

“Friends, huh?”  She said, still eyeing me up and down.

Up close she was a pretty girl, though the slightly greasy, spiked hair and the loose, ratty clothes didn’t do anything for her looks.  For the first time, I tried to imagine the body underneath those clothes.  If it was as hard as her personality, I thought, maybe there was something to shoot for.  Taking another drag, I imagined tight legs wrapped around my head as I buried my tongue in her, and my pussy suddenly juiced up.

Hypnotically she moved closer to me and in a near whisper said, “Yeah, I’ll be your friend.”

Was she teasing me?  She placed a hand at my hip while tossing her cigarette butt to the pavement.  I was overwhelmed with some primitive need as she got closer and closer.  The pheromones or whatever were creating an aura around us; my crotch a torrent.  Her reaction was superb, as if she could smell my musky desire.  She anxiously asked me if I wouldn’t mind going out with her that night.  I knew what ‘going out’ meant—I wondered what her pussy would taste like.  Revenge was now far from my thoughts, replaced by lust.

She would pick me up at my house.  Now all I had to do was come up with a plausible explanation for my mother.

My mom wasn’t thrilled with the idea of a new friend with a car, so I got the full lecture before she let me go out.  You know how those lectures went: boys, booze, reckless driving.  The topics she covered, though, didn’t cover what I had planned.  A honk of the horn and I was out the door.  Amazingly, Lana stepped out of the car as I exited the house and she looked really good.  The baggy butch clothes were replaced by respectable jeans and a sweater, and her hair wasn’t quite as wild as usual.  I was sure my mom approved, looking out the window to get a look at my new friend.  I was in awe of the transformation—and as horny as hell.

Shattering all my preconceived notions of her, Lana was shy and nervous with me.  We spent some time hanging out at the mall before, I guessed, she got up enough courage to make a try for me.

“Ronnie, how about we, like, go to my house and watch TV or something.  My mom isn’t home tonight...”  When I looked at her questioningly, she blushed and said, “My mom’s on a date with some guy...I think she’ll spend the night at his place.  She usually does.”

Sitting on a bench in the mall promenade, I placed a hand on hers.  “You shouldn’t be embarrassed around me, I understand, I really do.”  I gave her hand a squeeze.  “You got any neat DVDs we can watch?”

Her smile was so sweet.  We bought a couple of big salted pretzels and sodas and then drove to her house.  She didn’t live in the nicest part of the city but the tenement apartment was neat and orderly.  She was full of nervous chatter at first and wouldn’t settle down until I took her by the hand to the sofa, sat her down, and kissed her.  Our kiss lasted an eternity, tongues darting and probing; both of us anticipating the probing our tongues would do elsewhere very soon.

When our lips parted, she breathlessly said, “Whoa! Oh, Ronnie...I wasn’t sure...I mean...I didn’t know if...you know...if you’d, like, go for me or not.”  She took a deep breath, then said, “I’ve been wanting you so much...oh, God, Ronnie...” before she devoured me with another kiss, her tongue practically down my throat.

Our hands now were probing too, each of us taking a measure of the other’s body.  Our lips still locked together, I reached around under her sweater and released her bra clasp before exploring the contours of her breasts.  They were much bigger than I ever noticed, round and firm with high nipples.  She certainly never wanted to advertise these beauties for some reason.  While I teased a nipple with my fingers, she was sliding a couple of hers between the folds of my tingling wet labia.  We both moaned.  We silently undressed each other there on the sofa.  Her body was as lean and muscular as I imagined; and I was reminded of the guys in the gay magazine, though her ample chest was most assuredly not a ‘guy’ trait.  As with Judy, and Melody before her, I was amazed once again that the skinny, small breasted, ordinary girl that looked back at me from the mirror could be such an object of desire.  I let Lana take me.

Her lips traveled from mine to my hard little nipples before trailing down my tummy and over my bald pubic mound.  I wouldn’t take long.  She sucked on my inner pussy lips before her tongue greedily explored my clit; and when she flicked it for the third time I groaned and came.

“Aaaaaahhhhh” she moaned, and I knew I must have squirted all over her face.

Her arousal was complete.  She rolled and pulled me atop her in a sixty-nine position and I tasted her for the first time.  Her pussy was quite different than the others I’ve been with.  I began to believe that pussies were like fingerprints—-no two were alike!  She was hairy down there, sorta like I used to be before Melody showed me how to get rid of it.  I didn’t care though, she tasted so sweet.  I ran my tongue along the flesh of her labia, enjoying her wetness before sucking on her clit.  I felt her tremble from my attention as I began trembling from hers.  It seemed like her whole face was buried within the folds of my pussy.  I concentrated on her clit until I felt her body tense and she pulled her face away from me, crying out in ecstasy.

“Mmmmmm...Ummmmm...Arghhhhh...AAAAAAAAAhhhh” she screamed and I felt spasms wrack her body before her thighs clamped around my head.  I kept sucking and she kept cumming.

A detached part of my brain wondered how many orgasms she’d had, but I was too busy savoring my own to think much about it just then.  We were two entwined, quivering bodies bathing in the best feeling this world had to offer.

Still in an embrace but now upright, Lana looked into my eyes and said, “Oh...Ronnie...that was the best!”  She chuckled lightly and added, “Do you know you squirt when you climax?”

Where have I heard that before?

We climbed into the shower and washed each other as long-time lovers would, even though we were together for the first time.  Her body was amazing.  A hardbody all right; not curvaceous like a beach bunny, but lean and sinewy like a sometimes body builder.  Her breasts were gorgeous, and I shared my opinion of them with her.  She was embarrassed by them, she told me, but I couldn’t understand why.  She admitted sheepishly that she’d lusted for me ever since she heard Melody gush about me at the beginning of the school year.

“I thought you and Melody were an item.  What’s up with that?”  I asked.

She thought about it for a few seconds, then said, “Well, I thought we were, but I think she just used me...maybe for my car or somethin’...anyway, she’s been chasing that girl with the braids, trying to ‘turn her’ as she calls it...you know, the one who used to be your friend.”

“Alvina,” I muttered.  “Turn her?”

“Yeah.  I think she’s basically straight, but Mel’s been working on her for some reason...maybe she’s just got the hots for her.  She certainly didn’t have the hots for me.”

I knew what Melody’s motivation was in trying to seduce Alvina.  It was the same motivation that first prompted me to approach Lana—retribution—payback to me for getting into Judy’s bed and leaving hers.

My answer was another kiss.  When our lips separated, I told her, “Lana, I can’t begin...I guess to, like, understand why you’re embarrassed by your body, but I think you’re beautiful and I want to make love to you over and over...”

She blushed deeply.  “Beautiful? ...I’m not beautiful.”

I pulled her up from the sofa by the hand and led her to the bathroom and its large vanity mirror.  Facing her toward the mirror and standing behind her, I said, “Look at what I see.  I see a pretty face and a great body that’s always hiding behind weird makeup and grungy clothes.  I see a girl I’d like to get to know better.  I see someone who’s honest and won’t play games with me.  I see someone who I think I could love.”

She turned around to face me.  A tear fell from the corner of one eye.  She opened her mouth to say something, but instead placed a hand at the nape of my neck and pulled me to her.  Our kiss this time was less urgent and more tender.  She took me by the hand this time and brought me to her bed, where we made love again.  I may only be a young girl, but I couldn’t think of any better place to be on this earth than between the thighs of another woman.  My tongue was a sword, carving a swath through the center of her until she loudly sang her magnificent song of bliss.  I was rewarded with the sweetest taste this side of sugar candy—a woman’s cum.  Fingers and tongues plied their trade as we experienced more orgasmic waves.  As another washed over me, I imagined there was nothing else like these things, these orgasms.  They began as an unquenchable fire at my pussy and radiated outward through every nerve in my body like a blossoming flower opening, to be warmed by the suns rays.

Finally sated, we lay in each other’s arms on Lana’s bed and talked.  She really opened up to me.  I learned many things about her growing up, things that must have been painful for her to talk about.  Without going into any gory details, I told her about me and Melody, about how she “turned” me (Lana laughed at this, and I sorta thought it was funny too).  We kissed some more and talked some more, until Lana reminded me of my mom’s admonishment not to be home too late.

Riding in her car on the way to my house, I asked Lana, “Do you like to swim?”

**Part V — Testing Her Love**

Like a diver coming up for air, I lifted my head from between Lana’s thighs and took a deep breath.

“Ooh...you’re not gonna stop are you?”  Lana asked in that husky voice of hers.

“No, my love, I just had to get a breath.”  And with that, I let my tongue penetrate the folds of her wet pussy once again, before tracing an arc up to her clitoris.

“Yes...God, yes!” She cried.  I knew her orgasm was near.  I licked and sucked on her swollen clit until a spasm overtook her whole body and she screamed.

I loved it when she came!

We lay there together in a wet, naked embrace, enjoying the warm glow of Lana’s orgasmic aftershocks.  I’d get mine later I knew, this time it was about *HER*juices on *MY*tongue.  Her mom had gone out again, so we had plenty of time to luxuriate between the sheets of her bed.  Lana and I had our ‘code’ for when her mother was gone so I could rush over to her apartment and we could have sex.  I’ve yet to meet Lana’s mom.  To hear Lana talk, her mother was the second coming of the Wicked Witch of the West, though I doubted she was really that bad.  Most likely Lana was shielding me, her lesbian girlfriend, from her mom for fear of her reaction.

That afternoon we went to the ‘Y’ and swam in the pool for the first time together.  Unlike when I first took lessons, Lana already was a pretty good swimmer.  We had a great time, but I thought some of the others suspected we were lovers.  I didn’t care.  Seeing Lana in her bikini made me hot all over.  She was a hardbody with fantastic breasts, which she never ‘displayed’ to her full advantage.  The world’s loss was my gain, I thought.  I got to fondle them and had her run their firmness over my achingly wet pussy.  Heaven on Earth!

“I really enjoyed the pool today,” Lana said as she fondled one of my stiff nipples.  “Did you see the way they were looking at us?”

“Not us...*YOU*...that bikini of yours might get you banned from the ‘Y’ ‘cause you’ll give the old men heart attacks!  Did you see that one codger staring at your tits?”  We both laughed.

Lana began kissing my inner thigh just as we heard the apartment door open and close.

“Oh shit, my mom’s home early...quick, get dressed!”  She whispered loudly to me.

We both dressed frantically as her mother called out “Lana, dear...you home?”

“Y...Y...Yes, Mom, I’m in my room with my friend Veronica...we were...um...doing some homework.”

We heard her approach the closed bedroom door as she said, “Homework? ...On a Saturday night?”

When she opened the door we were at least reasonably dressed, though the unmade bed—not to mention the lack of an open schoolbook—should’ve been a dead giveaway to what we were doing.  Her mom appraised us, and I was sure I was blushing considerably, my face feeling very hot.  She skeptically asked “Homework, huh?”

She seemed to study me a bit more than I would’ve expected before Lana nervously introduced me.  Her mom’s name was Lois, and as if she was reading my mind, said, “Yeah, like in Superman...Lois and Lana...I couldn’t resist.”  She chuckled, as Lana cringed from what must’ve been an overused family joke.

Lois wasn’t anything like I pictured her.  She didn’t look like somebody’s mom.  She was tall and slim, with none of the muscular athleticism Lana had, nor a chest to match her daughter’s.  Her brown hair was styled nicely, and her forty-something face was fair and unlined.  I thought she was actually very pretty.

“I don’t remember seeing you around.  How long have you been Lana’s friend?”

“We became friends this school year,” I answered, looking to Lana for help, since I wasn’t sure what she’d been telling her mom about us, if anything.

“Oh, so Veronica, you’re the girl that Lana went to the ‘Y’ with, right?”

“Ah...yes...I learned to swim last summer and now I love it so much, and I’m glad Lana does too.”  I looked again at Lana but saw no distress so I was still ‘safe’ in what I was saying.

Lana chimed in, “you can call her Ronnie, mom.”

“Ronnie...hmmm...that’s kind of a neat turn on Veronica...sounds like a boys name...but you’re not a boy are you.” A smile was on her face but that ‘look’ was back, like she’d been checking me out.  Did she suspect?

Lana jumped in, I guessed, to deflect the conversation away from our friendship.  “How come you’re home so early?  Your date with Jack not all that great?”

“Naw, the asshole...never mind, he’s a jerk and we’ll leave it at that,” she muttered.  “Would you two like some hot cocoa or something?”

“That’s nice, Mrs. F...”

“No, no, call me Lois. None of this “Mrs.” stuff, since there hasn’t been a Mister around here for a long time, right sweetheart?”  She said, turning to her daughter.

“No mom, just us two girls,” Lana answered with less than full enthusiasm.

“It’s okay, er...Lois...but I’ve gotta be going home now.”  With that I turned to Lana.  “You giving me a ride home?”

Lana said so, and we hastily left the apartment.  If her mom was puzzled by the lack of schoolbooks, given our ‘story,’ she didn’t let on.  When we were in the car and going to my house, Lana confessed how terrified she’d been.  “God, she knows!”  Lana cried.  “I saw how she looked at you.  She knows we’re lovers.  She may have suspected I’m...you know...I’m gay...but now she knows for sure. Shit.”

“So what?  She won’t, like, hate you or anything.  Besides, she was bound to find out sooner or later.  C’mon, you weren’t exactly gonna go to the prom with a football player, were you?”  We both laughed.

Before I exited the car, we kissed and felt each other up.  “I’ll make it up to you, love.”  Lana whispered.  “Next time I’ll make you cum twice.”  She looked into my eyes and I realized this was love.  Beyond Melody and Judy this was love.  I told her so, before we had one last, long goodnight kiss.

At school the following Monday morning, Lana dropped a bombshell.  “Guess what...my mother wants to go to the ‘Y’ with us next weekend when we go swimming.  Yeah, do you believe it?  She says they have a nice sauna there we can use that’s only for women.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, she said she was there once before.  Jesus, I never would have guessed.”  Lana looked at me strangely.  “You alright with this...I mean, having my mom tag along?”

“Sure, I guess so.  It just means we can’t fool around.”  I took a quick glance around to make sure nobody was looking before planting a kiss on her cheek.  “We’ll have other chances to fool around,” I whispered while I squeezed her hand.

She whispered back “I love you,” before we went to our respective classes.

I spent the rest of the day dreaming about her.  Yes, my schoolwork suffered immensely.   Well, in retrospect Lana’s mom going to the ‘Y’ with us wasn’t the big bombshell after all.   The real explosion came when Lois pulled up to my house on Saturday without her daughter.

Getting into the car, I asked, “Where’s Lana, Mrs....er...Lois?  Is she okay?”

“Yes, she’s fine.  She had to go to her Aunt Sally’s...my sister...to help her with some chores since she’s been sick.”

“Oh, that’s too bad...about your sister, I mean...”

Lois smiled and said, “I know, too bad about Lana not being here either.”

Her smile broadened as she continued, “I figured what the hell, it’s been ages since I’ve been swimming at the Y and I did promise you.  Lana understands.”

Our drive was mostly silent.  I wasn’t sure what to talk about without opening the door to my relationship with Lana.  I thought Lois would probe me about it, but she didn’t.  It felt funny changing into my bikini in front of her.  Lois put on a nice trim navy blue one-piece suit that looked more modern than I expected.  I had a good time swimming with her.  She was very playful with me; I couldn’t imagine my mother being as playful with, say, Lana, as Lois was with me.

Climbing from the pool, Lois said to me, “How about the sauna, Ronnie?  Have you ever been in one?”

I answered “Yes” and “No” to her questions, and she explained what it was like.  We showered in the ladies’ locker room before entering the women’s sauna.  I was very self-conscious showering with her; she kept looking at me in a weird way.  I couldn’t help myself, though, as I stared at her naked body too.  Her small breasts were pointy and pertly upturned, with amazingly prominent nipples that looked taut and hard as we showered.  Her pubic hair was trimmed to a small strip and her labia were as surprisingly prominent as her nipples.  Wrapped in fresh towels, we entered the sauna and she poured some water onto hot rocks.  I guessed that was how it worked.  We were the only ones there today.  Within minutes the air was hot and steamy.  After a few minutes more, Lois pulled her towel off and moved closer to me on the wooden bench.

“Ah, this feels great,” she murmured.  “Don’t you think so?”

“Oh yes...it does feel great.”

“Why don’t you take off your towel too?”  Not waiting for a reply, she pulled it off me.  “Now isn’t that better?”  She asked, placing a hand on one of me breasts.

I couldn’t say I broke out in a sweat, since I was already sweaty from the sauna, but my pussy sure started ‘sweating’ from her touch.  I was surprised—and a little bit afraid—that Lana’s mom was making a play for me.  I was paralyzed as her hand moved down my tummy to my pussy and she inserted a finger into me.

“I know you and my daughter are lovers,” she whispered to me.  “I saw how you two look at each other.”

I had no answer as her fingers explored me.  “It’s been so long since I’ve been with a woman, and you’re sooooo cute I had to take a chance.”

“N...No...Lois...I don’t...”

With her fingertips tracing circles around and over my clit, she said, “It’s okay sweetheart, Lana won’t have to know...and besides, you feel like you want it, too.

My protests aside, she was right.  My legs involuntarily spread for her as her lips found mine.  Her tongue probed for mine as her fingers continued to probe elsewhere.  The sauna’s heat added to our own.  Our bodies were now entwined on the wooden bench.  I loved the feel of her breasts, hard nipples firmly rubbing against my chest as we kept kissing.  My hand was at her inner thighs, which were tremendously wet, though I wasn’t sure how much was sweat and how much was dripping from her pussy.  Ah, her pussy!  Her very fleshy and prominent labia were even more swollen and distended because of her arousal.  With our lips locked together, each of us was fingering the keyboard of the other’s sex, and we were both about to sing our accompaniment.

I sang first.  My orgasm was incredibly hot, the heat of the small enclosure augmenting my internal heat. I wailed and wailed as her fingertips kept up their soft pressure on my sensitized clit.

“Oh God!” She cried, pulling her hand away from my contracting pussy and holding it up to her face. “Jeez, you*SQUIRTED*!” She put her drenched palm to her mouth and took a lick.  Another shudder passed through me, as first my finger increased its reciprocating rhythm within her pussy, and then my lips pressed into hers, immediately tasting the liquid of my cum-juice on them.  It was her turn to sing.

“Yes...yessss...Ahhhhhhhhhhh, I’m cummmmming,” she moaned, vibrating my lips which were still attempting to stay with hers.  Her pussy convulsed around my finger.  I couldn’t count the number of contractions.  Our hot, sweaty and satisfied bodies were melded together as one.

“Oh, Ronnie, I needed that,” Lois sighed when our lips finally separated.

“Do you know how adorably cute you are?”  She whispered.  “Lana’s a lucky girl to sleep with you.  Do you love her?”

“Y...Yes I do...Please don’t tell her about...about this.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t. She may not think so sometimes, but I love her dearly and I’d never hurt her in a million years.”

I shivered in spite of the heat in the sauna.  “I...I...shouldn’t have...you must think...”

“No hon, I don’t think badly of you for succumbing to my...my needs.  I can tell you’re a lusty young lady...and a beautiful one at that.”

With that, she kissed me again.  Lois assured me once again she wouldn’t tell Lana about today. She suggested we put our suits back on and go swimming one more time before we left. My mind was a jumbled mass of mixed emotions as I first watched her don her swimsuit, and then watched her cavort in the pool like an excited child. She was so amazingly sexy; different in so many ways from her daughter, but with the same ingenuous love of life that endeared me to Lana.

When we were in the car ready to leave, Lois turned to me and said, “I meant everything I said in there.  Ronnie, you’re a special young lady and I’m so happy that you and Lana are in love.  I’ll never say a word to her about what we did.”  She leaned over toward me in the passenger seat and whispered as she placed a hand on my thigh, “You’re so beautiful...I want to make love to you one more time...I want you in my bed...just for today.”

I was powerless to stop my arousal.  Vicki had called me a slut, and I guess she was right.  I felt my panties get wet as my legs involuntarily spread again in anticipation of Lois’ touch.  I couldn’t say a word, so I just nodded.  Just as with the drive to the ‘Y’, the drive back to her house was silent, though for a much different reason.  When in the apartment, she guided me by the hand to her bedroom.  She undressed me slowly, like a wine connoisseur savoring a glass of the latest vintage. I was breathing in gasps and pants as her hands caressed me before pushing me to the bed.  She did a slow strip tease for me.  Lying there, I drank in the sight of her.  How could someone her age look this good?  My fingers went to my pussy.

“Tsk, tsk...that’s my tongue’s job,” she crooned, pulling my hand away before climbing between my splayed thighs.  “I wanna taste your cum on my lips...squirt on me...oh Ronnie...”  She moaned before her tongue began to lick.

God, she knew just what to do.  The tip of her tongue ran circles around my clit, every once in a while flicking against its sensitive nub.  I drew my knees up to my chest to provide her better access.  She greedily took it, her tongue going faster and faster.  The freight train of my orgasm was barreling down the tracks when she suddenly slid her moistened thumb into my anus.  That did it.

“Ungggggg...Unnnnggggg....ARGHHHHH,” I screamed as the most glorious agony this world had to offer wracked my body.

Through the fog of orgasmic bliss I heard Lois slurping away at my pussy.  I knew by now how much I squirt when I cum, so I knew she was getting her wish.  And now I wanted her.  I swung around on the bed so I was lying in the opposite direction and began caressing and kissing her beautiful cupcake breasts.  Her nipples stiffened to the feathery brush of my lips.  I dragged my tongue lightly down her tummy, eliciting a low groan from her as her legs spread for me.  I treated her to the same measured play at her clit and labia as she did with me minutes ago.

“Ooooh...Ronn—eeeeeee,” she cried, thrusting her hips at my probing tongue. “Yes... Oh God, yesssssss.”

When she climaxed, she wasn’t as loud as me, but her body spoke volumes; her hips dancing and spasming around my now-buried tongue. I wasn’t sure if it was one big orgasm or a string of small quakes, but she came seemingly forever.

Just like her daughter.

We lay entangled on her bed for a long time and almost fell asleep before she lightly shook me and said, “C’mon Ronnie, we need to get dressed and get you home before Lana gets here.”  While dressing, she reiterated her promise not to ever tell Lana about today.  “Thank you, sweetheart. I very much needed that.  You are so cute, and you’re the right one for my daughter.”  I didn’t know what to say.

She continued, “I’ll never press you for more...unless you want more.”  She saw the look on my face.  “No...No more. I won’t put that guilt on you, Ronnie.  You—and Lana—deserve better.” She kissed me on the cheek, and repeated her thanks.  Another silent ride in her car delivered me to my doorstep.

As I stepped out, she murmured, “Lana will never find out from me, so it’s up to you not to ruin what you have, okay?”

Up to me? I certainly wouldn’t tell Lana.  After undressing for bed in the haven of my bedroom, I stood naked before my dresser mirror and pondered what Lois said about guilt.  As much as I reveled in the exultation of our coupling, I couldn’t get over the feeling that I was sullied somehow by it.

“I am a slut,” I scolded my reflection.

She called me cute and beautiful.  I’ll never be able to correlate what other women say—Melody, Judy, Vicki, Lana, Lois—with the image I have of myself.  Staring back at me from the mirror was an awkward, too-skinny, almost-flat-chested, plain looking girl.  What did they all see that I didn’t?  For the first time in many months, I thought of the day Melody helped me get rid of my pubic hair.  I dreamt of our first time, and before I knew it I was lying on the bed fingering myself.  When I climaxed, it was Lana’s face, though—not Melody’s—that was playing on the movie screen of my mind.

My tears soaked into the pillow as I fell asleep, naked, ready for the nightmares I knew would come. I was a slut...

**Part VI — The Decision**

“Hi Ronnie, how’ve you been?”

I was taken by surprise; those were the first words Melody had spoken to me in quite a long time.

“Oh, hi Melody...I’m okay, what about you?”

We were in the corridor heading to our respective Period 3 classes.  She was looking at me like a shopper would appraise a cut of beef at the butcher’s.  She said, “I’m okay, I guess...been working at the quick-mart after school so I haven’t had much time for anything else besides homework.”

I couldn’t help myself; I looked at her the same way and instantly remembered how wonderful her bald pussy appeared glistening with love-juices.  Had to stop that, I admonished my imagination.  Where was the ‘entourage’ I wondered?  Alvina, Becky and Lisa weren’t with her as they usually were.  I didn’t believe Alvina had succumbed to Melody’s charms.  To be blunt, I mean that they hadn’t fucked yet, but who knew?  As I often did, I thought if the ‘slut’ (that’s me) couldn’t get Alvina to spread her thighs, then how could any other girl?  Pride was one of the deadly sins, you know, even if being a lesbian wasn’t.

As if reading my mind, she asked “You still with Lana?”

I nodded but kept silent.

“Yeah, well Becky is spending all her time with Lisa lately,” rolling her eyes as she said this.  I knew what ‘spending time’ meant here: they’re a steady twosome and Mel was the odd-girl out.

“What about Alvina?  You guys still hangin’ together?”  I had to ask.

 “Not much.  She’s not really, like, a good friend or anything.”  Translation: She didn’t spread her legs for Melody either.

“I’ve gotta go, Mel.”

“Maybe we could, like, get together sometime...maybe some weekend?”

I had to get in one last zinger.  “I’m not sure, but I’ll check with Lana, and maybe we could all like, go swimming at the Y, how does that sound?”

She said she’d think about it, but her expression was less than enthusiastic.  We parted and went off to our respective classes.  All during Period 3, I daydreamed of the first time Melody and I made love.  I remembered how wondrous her pussy looked and how good it tasted and how she came the first time all over my tongue.  My panties were wet.  I zoned out so completely I missed the teacher asking me a question, and was made to look foolish by her in front of the class.  I didn’t really mind; I just hoped they didn’t notice the wet spot at the crotch of my jeans.

I guess I’ll never really get over Melody.  She was my first.  She taught me how to get rid of my pubic hair as well as teaching me the joys of lesbian sex.  Thinking of Mel like this was not fair to Lana though.  Lana was my lover and my best friend.  She brought out something in me; something I didn’t know I had.  I loved her even though I was probably not worthy.

Lana and I met after the last bell.  We kissed, by now unconcerned if anyone saw us.  As we headed to her car in the back parking lot we came upon a group of girls talking and laughing in a semi-circle.  Melody was at its center.  She called after us.

“Hey guys, we were just talking about having a party at Becky’s house this Saturday.”  We walked over to the group and said hi.  She continued, “Yeah, her folks won’t be home all day and she has that great pool and we can have a blast.”

Becky chimed in, “And the neighbors are gone on vacation so we’ll have some privacy and nobody will tell on us or, like, bitch about noise.”

Melody said “What about it, you two?  You coming?”

I looked at Lana who shrugged, in effect indicating it was my decision to make.  I said “Okay, we’ll be there.  Bring anything?”

“Naw, just that beautiful butt of yours in a swim suit, that’s all,” Melody said, chuckling.

I could tell that Lana didn’t care for the “beautiful butt” comment, but as we got into her car I assured her that I wasn’t thinking of Mel in that way, and that regardless it’d be fun to party at Becky’s—she *did* have a fantastic pool.  I wasn’t certain Lana bought my nonchalance about the old relationship between Melody and my butt.  She was unusually quiet on the way to her apartment.

I sensed that something beyond Melody was bothering her.  She’d been a little more cautious, a little less playful with me for several weeks now.  I was becoming afraid she would leave me.  I had to show her how much I loved her.

Her mom wasn’t home (as usual) so we went into her bedroom and fell onto her bed.  I kissed her and began to grope her magnificent breasts, but she pulled away from me slightly and asked a question—one I hoped would never come.

“Why didn’t you admit it...I would’ve understood...I wouldn’t have been mad if you’d just told me.”

Oh, God. What was this?  “Told you what?”  I stammered.

“Shit, c’mon, I know you let my mother fuck you that day you went to the Y together.”

I was aghast, and said nothing.

She kept at it.  “Oh yeah, I figured it out when I saw how she, like, looked at you and how she arranged to have me go to my Aunt Sally’s instead of swimming with you.”  She sighed when she saw the look on my face.  “She can’t help trying to ruin my life, but *YOU*...you at least could have said no...I mean, you tell me you love me, then you sleep with my *mother*.  God!”

“Lana, I do love you,” I said earnestly.  “It was only that one day.  I couldn’t help it, she was...”

She cut me off.  “I know, I know, she was so persuasive in seducing you, you couldn’t resist.  That’s bullshit and you know it.”  A tear formed at the edge of her eye.  “You know...if you like, had just said ‘Lana, I fucked up and let your mother seduce me...I’m sorry,’ I would have forgiven you.”

“I *AM* sorry, and I wish now I’d told you, but what’s done is done, I guess.  I know I’m hopeless.”  I felt my eyes tearing up—it was my turn to stifle a sob.  “If you want me to leave, I will.”

“N...No...Fuck!” She exclaimed.  “Don’t cry, silly...just kiss me!”

We did.  Passion poured out of us as we hurriedly pulled each other’s clothes off.  We writhed into a 69 position and began kissing, licking and satisfying.  After flicking my tongue between and around her labia, I went for her clit and started to suck.  Her actions mirrored mine as both of us moaned, thrashed, and tensed, climbing toward orgasm.  We both came together in a torrent of squirting wetness.

“Mmmmmmmmm...Aaaaaaahhhhh,” She wailed.

“Ooooooooohhhh...Yesssssssssssss,” I cried.

“I love you so much, and I’ll never be able to say ‘I’m sorry’ enough,” I said, lying next to her and lightly caressing one of her breasts.

“Yeah, I know Ronnie dear.  I love you too, and I can’t ever imagine being with someone else.”

That was meant as a dig, so I let it pass.  We talked for a while, enveloped by the aura of our orgasms, until she said we should get dressed before her mother came home.

“I need to get you home anyway, like, it’s a school night after all,” she said.

On the way to my house she admitted what else was bothering her.  Because of my ‘indiscretion’ with her mom, she mistrusted my intentions in going to Becky’s pool party, especially with Melody being there.  I tried to assuage her fears, but how convincing could I have been?  I mean, I was a hopeless slut and no matter how determined I tried to behave, how could I be sure I wouldn’t surrender to temptation?

I told her, “I’ll be a good girl, you’ll see.”  I thought: *I won’t be a slut...I won’t be a slut...I won’t be a slut...*

Saturday rolled around and it was party time.  I wore my “cherries” bikini under some gym clothes and waited for Lana to pick me up.  She looked good enough to eat when she knocked at my door.  I mean, she almost never resembled the punker she used to be anymore; today she was dressed in a loose white peasant top over tight jeans.  She too must be wearing her suit underneath.  I can’t wait to see the new one, which she described as “black, like the ones the beach volleyball girls wear...skimpy yet still athletic.”

When we got to Becky’s, the party was in full swing—girls and more girls everywhere—some I liked, a few I hated, and several I didn’t know.  All were in bikinis.  Quite a few I knew to be lesbians.  Lana and I got out of our clothes, grabbed Cokes and joined a group by the pool.

Lana had downplayed her bikini.  In fact she was the sexiest girl there.  The top barely contained her ample breasts and the bottoms were so skimpy and low cut it was if there wasn’t anything there.  The sight of her took most of the girls by surprise.  She was being openly ogled.

As we made small talk with this circle, I saw Alvina off to the other side of the pool in another group that also included Melody.  She was wearing a fairly conservative bikini compared to what most of us were wearing, though her skinny frame still looked enticing in it.  Our host Becky came nearer to stand beside me; touching my arm before lightly pulling me away as if for privacy.

“Today’s the day,” Becky said.  “Alvina’s gonna let some of the girls have her later. What’s happening over there is some heavy foreplay, I guess.”

I could see the touches, the looks.  “She still a virgin?” I asked Becky, and when she nodded I said, “I can’t believe it.”

Lana moved closer and asked, “What’s so interesting over there?”

We both said “Oh nothing.”

I kept looking at the drama unfolding across the pool.  Alvina was being touched ever so slightly by one girl after another.  The touches were subtle but effective; I saw Alvina quiver a few times and her skin had a pink glow.  I bet to myself that she was wet.

Lana held out her hand to me and said, “Why don’t we christen the pool, sweetheart?  Doesn’t look like anyone else is interested.  We’ll have the whole thing to ourselves.”

She dove in and I followed.  We swam a few laps to show off our swimming prowess, and then moved against the pool wall about half way to the deep end.  We kissed.  The kiss became more and more passionate until I could barely breathe.  Lana’s breasts were pressed against mine, and as we kissed she popped out of her skimpy top.  I knew everyone was staring at us but I certainly didn’t give a shit just then.

“You know, like, we don’t really need these fuckin’ tops anyway, right?”  She said as she pulled hers all the way off and threw it onto the patio.

I knew we were asking for trouble, but I took mine off and it joined hers.  We kissed some more.  By the time we were so turned on from the kissing and rubbing of breasts we looked up to see nearly a third of the girls topless.  Damned if we weren’t the trendsetters!  If a girl was staring at us, it wasn’t *my* tits she was staring at, I’ll tell you.  Where mine were almost flat, Lana’s were big and proud.  I mean, why do you think a pussy worshipper like me loved to touch them so much?

While we walked hand in hand to fetch another Coke, my eyes swept the poolside groups looking for Mel and Alvina.  When I spotted them, I saw Alvina cuddling up to Melody’s naked breasts.  Alvina hadn’t yet taken her top off, but I knew it would happen soon enough.  She had small yet pointy tits and I wanted to see how taut her nipples were.  They would be the further barometers of her arousal (at least since I couldn’t exactly feel her to assess her wetness!)  Besides Mel, I saw that Gina and Britt were surrounding Alvina.  I figured this foursome would sooner or later retire to the house and get down to their orgy, introducing Alvina to the joys all us girls knew, and shared.

I noticed a younger girl standing by the pool.  She didn’t look old enough to be one of us.  She was wearing a blue bikini that accentuated her youthful appearance.  Her brown hair was tied up into a ponytail.  She was very cute.

I turned to Becky and asked, “Who’s the girl over there in blue?”

“Oh, that’s, like, my baby sister Julie.  I figured she could be part of the scene even if she’s only thirteen.”

“Is she...?” I asked, knowing Becky would catch my drift.

“Ah, I don’t know.”  Becky answered, then quickly added “You’re not thinking...?”

It was *my* turn to catch *her* drift.  I said “No.”

But I was.  I couldn’t take my eyes off her.  Suddenly, her eyes met mine, and I saw something.  I knew that look.  My question was answered with that look.  I began my mantra once more: *I’m not a slut...I’m not a slut...I’m not...* Luckily Lana didn’t see the exchange of telltale glances.  We mingled and gossiped with the girls we were most friendly with, drinking our Cokes and forgetting the time.

When I noticed Mel and her entourage were gone from poolside, I made an excuse and went into the house alone.  Lana thankfully didn’t pick up on the vibe.  I found them in a back bedroom.  Alvina was nervously smiling, panting—and naked—and the others were all over her, kissing and stroking.  As I’ve recounted, I’ve seen and heard Alvina climax, so in some respects I knew what was to come.  However, this was her first real sex, and a foursome to boot.  I really wanted to see the whole act.  I remained outside the room and watched, hidden around the door jamb.

Britt was first between Alvina’s thighs, licking and sucking lustily on her clit.  Melody was tweaking one of Alvina’s taut nipples as Alvina was suckling on one of hers in kind.  Gina wasn’t interested in Alvina but was instead tonguing Mel’s pink and luscious pussy.  I can never forget that lusciousness; my hand moved under the elastic of my bikini bottoms and began to stroke my clit as I watched the foursome get it on.  Alvina still looked edgy, but I could tell she was starting to let their ministrations get to her.  Her skin was pinker.  Her breathing grew more labored.  She began moaning softly as hands and tongues and lips worked their magic.  For their part, Melody, Britt and Gina were acting like piranhas around fresh meat.  As Alvina grew more aroused, they grew wilder.  Soon, they were four writhing and moaning bodies, difficult to tell which parts belonged to whom.

Someone came, though I couldn’t tell who screamed.  I was too busy stroking my clit.  I had my fist at my mouth to stifle any noises I made.  I was getting closer when suddenly a hand was at my shoulder while another was at my ass.  If not for my fist I would’ve screamed, and it would not have been from an orgasm.

I pulled away from the doorway and turned.  It was young Julie, Becky’s sister.  Unlike most everyone else, including me, she still had her bikini top on.  She motioned for me to follow her and I did.  When we were enough away from the bedroom door to not be heard, she animatedly moved closer.  I thought she was going to try to kiss me at first, but she spoke instead.

“They’re making it in there, aren’t they?”  She said excitedly.

“Yeah...yes they are.  Let’s go back outside, okay?”

“I saw you...like, touching yourself.  Did you want to be part of that?”

“No,” I answered.  “It was just exciting to watch, that’s all.”

Before I could say more, she moved right up against me, placing one hand low on my abdomen and the other at my side.  “You know, Ronnie, you’re like the hottest girl here.  I wish you would teach me what it’s like to, you know...”  Her hand slid from my side up to tweak my right nipple, which was so stiff it hurt.

*AGAIN!*  Why does everyone keep saying I’m hot?  Don’t they all really look at me?  Don’t they all see I’m not the shapeliest, prettiest girl by far?  Don’t they see I don’t have big boobs like the other girls?  Maybe I’ll never understand.  I could hardly speak but managed to urge the cute little vixen out to the patio.  *I’m not a slut, I’m not a slut...*

When we walked to poolside, Lana gave me a killer look.  She knew me, after all.

“Becky said I couldn’t take my top off, but I’m gonna do it.”  I looked back to Julie as she reached behind her to untie the bra string.  Her breasts were delightful little cones, with small brown puffy areolas.  They looked very touchable.  *I’m not a slut, I’m not a slut...*

“My sister told me you were a good swimmer.  You going in?”  With that she dove into the pool.

I was surprised by Lana as she evidently snuck up behind me while I was looking at Julie.  “You can’t stop, can you?”

“Stop what?” I replied weakly as I turned to face her.

“You know...screwing around.  Were you, like, hoping Melody would invite you into her private little fuck fest?”  I had nothing to say to that.  She continued, “Yeah, I know what’s going on in there.  Jesus, you can hear that girl Alvina all the way out here!”  She sighed.  “Well, I’m ready to get back into the water.  You probably wanna go in too, seeing the little tease is there.”

Julie.

I looked down into the pool to see her floating completely naked below me, staring up at me in challenge.  She looked so delicious, I had to go in and join her.  I noticed some of the girls were naked, with some of them openly making out in the water as Lana and I had done earlier.  I dove in to join the fun.

I swam up to Lana and whispered to her, “Let’s take everything else off like Susie and Megan over there.”

Lana angry scowl softened and she smiled at me.  She said “Okay,” before reaching below the waterline to slip off her suit bottoms.  I did the same.  In seconds we were kissing and caressing each other, getting hot in the cool water.  I had the need.  I groaned that we should get out of the water and find someplace to make love.  Lana groaned a too-loud “Yes!”

By the time we exited the pool, just about every lounger and beach towel was occupied by girls in various stages of sex.   The aforementioned Susie and Megan were the loudest as they finger-fucked each other in a manic rhythm at poolside, screaming as they climaxed.  We walked to the sole unoccupied chaise lounge and claimed it for ourselves.  I noticed several girls ogling us as we walked by; Lana is *THAT* hot, I admit, without a thought of myself in the equation.  I melted into her when we lay down.  I made a quick glance around the pool, and saw Julie staring at us.  She looked like she was in heat.

I was too.

Our lovemaking was the best, oblivious to the girls all around us.  We took turns licking each other’s pussy until we were in the throes of ecstasy.  My orgasm was a blockbuster, perhaps fueled by thoughts of our ‘audience.’  Lana was about to explode when a hand snaked in and touched her along with mine.  It was Julie.

“Can I like join you guys,” she squeaked.  “I wanna feel like that...”

I pulled my tongue away from Lana’s clit to answer Julie, but instead a panting Lana cried, “Oh, God, let her!  I need to cum!”

I couldn’t believe my ears.  Julie was ecstatic.  She moved her face to Lana’s already wet pussy and licked with gusto.  Lana started to moan louder so I knew Julie was doing a good job.  Hell, why was I outside looking in?  I went down on Julie’s young but eager pussy.  She gasped as I began to flick my tongue against her tiny pearl.

Lana groaned, “Christ, don’t stop now,” urging Julie’s tongue back to work on her swollen clit.  “Oooooohhh, I’mmmmmm cummmming!”  Lana bellowed.  Her cries didn’t faze Julie, since she was already cumming all over my tongue.  She wasn’t a screamer, just emitting a long, low moan of sweet release as her thirteen-year-old juices flowed.

Sated, the three of us curled up upon the chaise with barely enough room.  Three’s a crowd, I thought, for before I knew it Lana and Julie were locked in what looked to me like a deep French kiss.  I didn’t like that, to say the least.

“Hey, c’mon there!  Let’s get back in the pool to cool off,” I muttered, pulling Lana by the arm.

She gave me one of those looks of hers, but allowed me to pull her away from Julie.  In the water, she guided me over to a rather unoccupied corner before saying, “What’s the matter?  Don’t like to see me kissing another girl?”  She smirked, then smiled.  “She is a sweet young thing.  How did she taste?”

“C’mon, like, cut it out.”

“Did she taste good?  Were you thinking of Alvina...or Melody...when you were eating her cunny?”

“No, I was...er, I wasn’t thinking of anybody.”

“Not even me?”  Lana asked in a lowered voice.

I’d been put to the test and failed miserably again.  I said the only thing that mattered.  “I love you.”

“Do you?  Do you really?  Shit...how do I know?  Today, you sneak into the house to watch that girl lose her virginity.  You even slept with my *mother*, for God’s sake!  This kid want’s sex and you fall all over her.  What the fuck am I supposed to believe?”  In a mocking tone, she repeats my words: “I love you.”

“I do, you know,” I plead.  I will not lose the best thing in my life.  “I don’t know how to prove it except being faithful to you.”

“Well, here comes your test,” she said, indicating the approaching Melody.  Lana walked away.

Mel was naked, as I was.  She smiled at me and said, “You look like you’re enjoying yourself.”

“It’s been fun,” was my lame response.

“Are you and Lana okay?  I, like, saw you with Becky’s little sis and I was wondering...”

“No, we’re fine.”

She leaned in closer to me and whispered, “I mean, I miss you, Ronnie.  Why don’t we go into the house and maybe have some fun?”  She placed a hand at my thigh and moved it slowly up to my vulva.  All the memories came back to me, as if I was dying and my life was flashing before my eyes.  I so much loved my first time.  I thought about what she meant to me.

I said “No,” pushing her hand away.

“I know you want me,” she said with a hint of menace.

“You know, Mel, I love that beautiful girl over there,” pointing to Lana.  “Yes, she is beautiful.  You used her and, like, threw her away for Alvina, among others.  Sheesh, Alvina’s just a tramp who’s been teasing you guys all along in taking care of her fantasies.  Yep, she’s straight...and now she’ll have all kinds of hot stories to tell her sorority sisters in college.”

Melody seemed stunned by my candor.  I didn’t really care.  I went to Lana and pulled her to me, kissing her deeply.

We got dressed and left Becky’s.  In the car, we talked of love, the future, and us.  I would not be a slut.  Lana was indeed the best thing in my life and I would not let her go.  Instead of going home, we went to an out-of-the-way lovers’ lane and made out in her car.  Our fingers flew as our tongues entwined.  She came first, calling out my name as she climaxed.

When I came, I loudly reiterated the three words that mattered most.  “Ahhhhhhh, *I lovvvvve youuuuuuu*.”

I did, and no matter what the future held for us, I would not stray again.

*I am not a slut...*

**The End**

**Swimming into Deeper Waters**

by Donna M.

This story follows characters introduced in Stevesaint's classic story "Swimming Lessons" -- If you haven't read it yet and would like to then click [here](http://www.asstr.org/files/Collections/Stevesaint/Swimming%20Lessons.htm) and read it first

I’m Veronica.  Everyone calls me Ronnie.

I often wondered if the poets and songwriters got it wrong or were simply lying to us, saying that love was everlasting. Lately I’d been thinking that love was something finite and non-replenishable; like a battery, once depleted you threw it away.  My supply wasn’t yet depleted, but I recognized the hollowness inside me and knew empty was close at hand.  I’d been there before, with Melody and then Lana.  That was why I dreaded the reunion.  I met my husband Jake after I graduated from college.  He knew nothing about my high school years, so therefore he was clueless as he urged me to accept the invitation.

 “Come on now, honey. It’ll be fun.  Think of it, Ronnie…ten years!”

“Big deal,” I said, “You didn’t go to yours.”

“I was sick, remember?”

“Yeah, and somehow I think I’ll be sick too.”

“Why?  When you talk about that time I see how your face lights up, so there has to be some fond memories. What’s the problem?”

“I don’t know.  Maybe I’m not that girl anymore.”

“That’s for sure,” Jake said.  “You’re the most beautiful woman in town, so why can’t I show you off to the people who still think of you as that girl in the yearbook photo—isn’t ‘awkward’ the word you always use?”

He didn’t understand.  That’s exactly why I couldn’t go.  I don’t want to ‘show off’ to anyone.  Jake’s right; I’m not the awkward teen anymore, but there are reasons for me to avoid my high school reunion.  The number one reason was Lana, and I had no way of knowing if she’d be there.  Calling Becky or Melody wouldn’t work.  They hadn’t been friends with Lana.  Of course there was a great chance that some of my old girl friends led the same kind of life I did.  Jake thinks my reluctance is because the reunion may open old wounds.  For me, it was about not inflicting new ones.  Jake deserved better, even as I fought the hollowness.

I told him I’d think about it, mostly to postpone the inevitable.  I wasn’t happy that once again my life wasn’t mine to live.  I’ve never been able to shake the feeling that I was merely a puppet, someone ruled by what other people wanted, not what I wanted out of life.  From puberty on I’ve been a victim of life, and I have no one to blame but myself.

Jake couldn’t fathom my nervousness as the reunion drew nearer.  I know he wanted to show me off like a trophy, but considering everything that happened to me in high school I didn’t want anything to do with what I called the “hooker look” (as I called it) he tried to foist on me.  A simple dress would be fine, I told him, and I didn’t budge on that subject.  We planned to stay the entire weekend in my old hometown, booking our room in a quaint country inn in a neighboring town.  Since my mother passed away I no longer had family in the area, so it was all about the reunion and maybe some sightseeing.

After we checked in on Friday evening, we drove around town and I dutifully pointed out all the ‘landmarks’ of my youth: schools I attended, the house I grew up in, and the pool where I took those fateful swimming lessons and met Melody.  So many memories flooded into me (and my panties) when I thought about how Mel sexually awakened me, like a blossoming flower.  I remembered her showing me how to shave my pubic region, and much more.  I remembered how our swim instructor, Judy, made love to us and how much at that otherwise awkward time I felt so womanly and desirable.

Later, we ate at maybe the only decent restaurant in town.  Sitting several tables over was none other than Gina.  I saw her before she saw me.  She was with a strikingly tall blond, and the way they were acting they certainly were intimate.  I wondered if her high school girlfriend, Britt would be at the reunion and whether she too had kept her teenage sexual orientation. Gina had put on a bit of weight, and to be honest she’d never been that attractive in the first place.  However, I sensed some envy in myself as I stole looks at Gina’s gorgeous companion.  An image popped into my head of the woman’s long legs wrapped around me, and my tongue…

Jesus, I thought, I can’t think like that without leaving a puddle on my chair.

Jake leaned toward me and whispered, “I take it you know those ladies over there.”

As I nodded to indicate ‘yes’ Gina looked our way and recognized me with a start, like it took a few seconds for the recognition to click.  I said, “I graduated with the shorter of the two, the one now staring over here.”

“Why not move to the lounge once we’re done eating?  We can invite them along and you two can catch up on things over a cocktail or two.”

I lamely told Jake “We’ll see,” but like this reunion it wasn’t what I really wanted to do.  When we finished our meal, Jake paraded me over to their table and in his own enthusiasm-bubbling-over way forced me to engage Gina in small talk.  Since I wouldn’t ask, my husband jumped in and made the invitation for them to join us in the lounge for drinks.  Jake was oblivious, probably because she was so pretty, and didn’t realize the way Gina’s girlfriend was looking at me.  I knew that look.

In the lounge Jake said, “Gina seems nice but maybe a little cold.  I guess you weren’t the best of friends in school.  Sorry for forcing you two together.  Anyway, maybe they won’t join us.”

But they did, and that surprised the hell out of me.  Gina introduced the other woman as Kelli (“with an I”) and referred to her as a “friend.”  The dynamic was strange, though in hindsight wholly predictable.  Jake couldn’t take his eyes off the stunning blond, yet her eyes were undressing me the entire time.

When I excused myself to go to the ladies’ room, Kelli did too and went with me.  Once there, she quickly made a pass; more than a pass, really, since her hand soon went under my dress and right to my crotch as she spoke.  “Gina said you were a hot one in school, and I must say you’re pretty fucking hot now.  Why don’t you ditch your old man and we’ll sneak out of here together?”

“No,” I said, but without much conviction as her touch and proximity had the desired effect.

We slipped into a stall and progressed into finger fucking each other while we locked lips.  I hadn’t been with a woman for such a long time, and all the sexual awakening I’d experienced in high school came flooding back.  Flooding, actually, was the perfect descriptor.  “Oh…God…I’m…cummmmmmmmmmming!” I said, louder than I would’ve liked.

“Meeeeeeeee tooooooooooooo,” she purred.

We convulsed in each other’s embrace, oblivious to anyone else who might have been in the ladies’ room with us.

“Maybe we can have a party after the reunion party,” Kelli murmured as we straightened out our clothes before going back out into the restaurant’s lounge.

“You’re with Gina, and I can’t do anything with my husband here. Sorry.”

“You’re fully living the lie aren’t you?”

“What do you mean?”

Kelli chuckled and said, “Playing straight with your darling little man in the suburban life.  Pretending you’re not a lesbian at heart.  A girl’s sad charade.”

Yep, she saw through me.  I lied to Jake.  I lied to myself.  Sex with Jake was a chore, my duty.  He was good to me, and I loved him.  He just wasn’t a woman.  I was in a make-believe world, an actress upon a tenuous stage.  It hadn’t even started yet and the mistake of attending the reunion was confirmed.

I’m thinking; once a slut, always a slut.

Back at the table, my grinning husband asked me what took so long.

“You know…girl talk,” I said.  Gina’s expression told me she knew differently.  Kelli feigned insouciance.

In bed later, Jake commented on how well I seemed to have hit it off with Kelli.  “If I didn’t know better, I’d think it was Kelli you went to school with, not Gina.  She’s a gorgeous woman, though not as gorgeous as you are,” he said.  “Gina, on the other hand was almost hostile with me while you two were away.  Did she have something against you?  Some anger still remaining from high school?”

I deflected his questions by saying that Gina and her best friend at the time, Britt were in a different clique, and that was all there was to it.  Jake wanted to have sex but I told him I was tired and too nervous about the reunion.  He seemed to take it okay, as he usually did.

My nervousness grew to monstrous proportions as the time approached.  As the day progressed I only had one thought: would Lana be there?  I couldn’t comprehend what I’d do or say if she did attend; I only wanted to see her again.  The rest would be up to Fate, and she can’t be stopped.  Jake was still clueless on why I was so anxious.  We did some shopping (“poking around” he called it) and a bit more sightseeing, though we pretty much exhausted all the sights worth seeing.  Driving by the pool once more, I thought of Judy, Melody and the swimming lessons, and wondered if Judy still lived around here, knowing that I’d never know the answer.  Some things should remain fond memories.

Jake heaped compliment upon compliment on me after I’d dressed and did my hair and makeup.  He looked great in his suit, I told him.  He’d always been the early bird, so arriving early to any function was preordained.  Thankfully we weren’t the first to arrive at the auditorium.

And there stood Melody.

She’d put on weight, not much altogether but it did paint a picture of what she’d look like given another ten years.  She was with a slight man who, unlike Melody probably hadn’t gained a pound since high school.  I didn’t recognize him.  They were talking to another couple, the guy looked familiar but I couldn’t attach a name to him.  Luckily my fellow graduates and I had name tags.

While I debated approaching my very first girlfriend, my name tag took the decision out of my hands.  “I don’t believe it!” the new woman cried, “It’s Ronnie, and you’re married, wow!” she gushed as she looked me and Jake up and down like she was sizing us for new suits.

“Hi Alvina.  You haven’t changed a bit,” I said, although she really had changed.  She’d been cute enough in high school, with her pig-tails and all, but her too-big nose now seemed to dominate her face, and it wasn’t so cute anymore.  I introduced Jake, and Alvina introduced her husband, Bill.  Bill was a beefy guy who either wrestled or played football in college, but was losing muscle tone fast.  He wasn’t subtle as he looked at me.  I know Jake noticed, but my darling husband simply pulled me closer, letting Bill know who I “belonged” to.  Men!  I wondered how much Alvina told her husband about her high school sexual experimentation. I never dared use that kind of pillow talk myself.

Jake was always a perceptive man.  “Why would she be so surprised that you’re married?” he asked me once we were away from Bill and Alvina.

“Maybe she thought I’d become a nun or something,” I facetiously answered.  He didn’t say anything more on the subject.

When Gina and Kelli entered the hall arm-in-arm there was quite a buzz.  Except for coming out of the closet, not much had changed, I thought.  When I pondered the fact that lesbians now could get married, the pronoun in my thoughts was ‘we’—as in we can get married now.  I may have been able to sublimate my feelings and inclinations up through yesterday, but the encounter with Kelli bared everything.  My adult life, it seemed, has been one, big defense mechanism, and I’ve been fooling myself, and most of all, Jake.

I hesitated when I saw Melody and her male companion standing alone, but I rounded up some courage and pulled Jake over to meet her.  Mel’s mixed emotions in seeing me were quite apparent.  She introduced the man as her husband, Stuart.  I introduced Jake.  And the speculation began for both of us.  Up close, Stuart wasn’t only a slight man physically, he fit every stupid gay stereotype, and I hated myself for even thinking it.  Jake sensed that Mel and I had some catching up to do so he steered Stuart away, engaging him in small talk.  Jake always was quick to befriend anyone, one of his endearing qualities.

“What do you know, Ronnie, two high school lesbians got married; isn’t that a surprise,” Mel said as soon as the guys were out of earshot.

“Shouldn’t be a surprise,” I responded.

“I guess you’re right.  When we met you had all kinds of self-esteem issues, and you were always trying to please others instead of yourself.  I bet your husband—Jake you said?—I bet he chased you down and you couldn’t say no.”  She looked at me wistfully.  “You are a hot looking number.  Have you completely gone over to the other team?”

Her commentary hit too close to home. She asked the question that maybe I’ve been trying to answer for ten years.  “Mel, I can’t respond to what you’re saying about my self-esteem back in high school.  You did teach me a lot back then, and I was very naïve.  I’ll always remember and be thankful for our time together.  As to whether or not I lean one way or the other now is one question I wonder if you can answer for your own life.”

She said, “Oh, I can answer that easily, since in most respects Stuart and I got married for financial reasons and basically to be each other’s ‘beard.’ We’ve never…er…consummated…our marriage.”  She went on to explain about their respective jobs and how being married—and straight—was viewed favorably.  “Stuart has his lovers and I have mine, but I bet our story isn’t your story.”

“No,” I said.  “I love Jake, and we do have sex but I’m not fond of it.” I paused after finally putting words to my years of marital frustration.  “I’ve looked at other women during my marriage but only cheated once.”  I gave her a condensed version of an affair I had with a co-worker that went on for about a year until my lover gave up trying to get a commitment out of me.

“I know, because you couldn’t bear to say no to Jake,” she said with a smirk.

She couldn’t know or even guess at the real reason.

Just then Gina, Kelli, Britt, Becky and Megan—all the openly gay attendees I knew—walked up to us and invited Mel and me to leave the reunion.  Britt said, “We have a suite reserved for the night, and we’ll have the hottest orgy for old time’s sake,” reminding us of the all-girl pool parties at Becky’s house when we were in school.

Kelli was ogling Melody, but spoke to me.  “Yeah, Ronnie, come with us and we can continue what we did last night at the lounge.  I need some of that.”

Gina openly displayed her affront that what she suspected of her girlfriend had been confirmed, saying to me “You’re still the slut you were in school, so why bother with your husband anyway.”

It wasn’t quite an invitation.  I picked up the negative vibe that wasn’t just Gina, so even if I was lured by the sex (and I was, especially with Kelli) I wouldn’t go with them.  Things didn’t work out that day at Becky’s pool party so long ago, and they wouldn’t work out tonight.  Instead, I asked Becky about her younger sister.  “How is Julie doing?”

“Oh, she’s fine,” Becky said.  “She asked me once if I kept in touch with you and that butch girlfriend of yours.  I never understood the attraction.”

Whether she meant my attraction to Lana or Julie’s attraction to me I didn’t know, nor did I really care.  Julie had been a sweet—and hot—little number, unlike her bitchy older sister.

Before I could say anything, Melody asked me, “Whatever happened to Lana, anyway?  Have you kept in touch?”

I admitted that I hadn’t.  The other girls left us but not before Kelli openly cupped one of my breasts and kissed me full on the lips, whispering “Too bad” afterwards.  Mel thought it was funny, saying “You’re still hooking us girls, and breaking our hearts, aren’t you?  Gina looks like she’d kill you if she had the chance.”

“You made your choice and I lived with the result, Mel.  In reality I only broke one heart,” I said, thinking of Lana.  After high school she wanted commitment, but I wasn’t ready.  “You haven’t seen Lana here, have you?”

She said no before changing the subject.  “You and Kelli really did get it on?”  Without getting into detail I told her what had happened.  She then said, “Oh God, Ronnie, I can’t help but wish it was me that you were touching.”  Her facial expression told me she was sincere.  Once more I reminisced about the day of my first swimming lesson, and how Melody befriended me and taught me the joys of lesbian sex.

I spotted a trio of women looking our way and asked Mel if she knew them.  The three were cheerleader types, blond and leggy in short dresses.  Mel said one of them was Missy Cummings who indeed had been a cheerleader.  “I think she fucked the whole football team senior year. They all made fun of her last name,” Mel said.  One of the blonds seemed to have a greater interest in us.  At that distance she looked familiar but I couldn’t place her in my memory.

I said to Mel, “Are you sure she wasn’t one of your…ah…converts?”

“No.  If she was, I’m sure I’d remember someone looking that good.”  When Mel realized the woman was indeed looking at us, she said “Let’s go scope her out.  Maybe we can coax her out of the closet.”

As we approached the three women, my heart skipped several beats, and I whispered “She’s already out of the closet.”

The blond babe who’d been staring at us was Lana!

“I was wondering how long it would take you to recognize me, Ronnie.” She said, smiling.  How could this be the same girl I loved in high school?  Gone was the punk-goth look; her beautifully coifed blond locks, short yet far removed from the spiked dos of her teens.  Also gone were all the facial piercings, though up close I saw some of the holes through her make-up, not that they were obvious but because I knew where to look.

“I suppose you already know why that was difficult,” I said as I reached out to hug her.  She hugged back with such intensity that many of my doubts were put to rest.  She introduced Mel and me to the third woman, a friend of Missy’s who, like her, was married to another alumnus, an ex-jock. She politely asked Melody and the other two to excuse us.  “We have ten years of catching up to do,” was how she put it.  “How about a little déjà-vu?  I need a smoke.”

As we went outside so she could light a cigarette, Lana reminded me of the time we first spoke to each other outside of school as she smoked, thus the déjà-vu comment.  I never smoked, after all.

At my urging, Lana gave me an encapsulated review of her post-high school years.  She avoided any reference to the hurt she must have felt in losing touch with me, though it was evident in her voice.  She talked of college and her career in fashion design.  The big surprise was what she admitted next.  “I discovered late in college that a cock was not a bad thing, as long as it was attached to a good man.  I still love women, although Ms. Right has eluded me so far.  Maybe I’ll never get over you, sweet Veronica.”  Having seen me with Jake, she wanted to know what my love life was like.

“Repressed,” was my response.  “I’ve only been to bed with one woman since I got married, and it’s taking its toll on me.  My husband’s a sweetheart but sooner or later I’m going to snap.  There’s not a day that goes by that I don’t think of you and wonder what could have been.”

As if a shadow crossed her face, she said, “The ‘could-have-been’ was completely up to you.  You were…and still are…the only girl I ever really loved, and I never really had you one hundred percent.  Melody, that swim instructor Judy, Becky’s little sister Julie, and damn, even my mother!  You were such a slut.”

I agreed with her.  I blew it.  “Yes, I’ve made my own bed,” I said in resignation to what my life had become.

“And you don’t seem to care as long as the bed has someone else in it beside you.  Ronnie, I hope you realize that it’s like your whole life is made up of regrets.  If only you’d thought things out before you acted maybe you wouldn’t be forcing yourself to be happy like you seem to be doing.”

“And I’d be with you,” I said, finishing the thought that was clearly on her mind.

She dropped the cigarette butt to the ground and stomped it out, then she surprised me by pulling me to her and planting her lips on mine.  The kiss melted away over ten years of time. Even her tobacco smoke-breath reinforced the feeling of déjà-vu.  I was back where I wanted—needed—to be: in Lana’s arms.  Our kiss went on seemingly forever.  I know that was a cliché, but it was how the kiss felt to me, like time stopped.

“I love you, Lana,” I muttered after our lips finally separated.

She became angry.  “You know you don’t mean that so don’t say it. It was easy for you to talk about love back then, until the first sniff of the next girl spreading her legs for you.  Do you tell your husband you love him?”  She wasn’t really looking for an answer so I didn’t bother giving her one.

Lana shook her head and lit another smoke.  In the meantime others came out to smoke too.  A couple of the men who weren’t classmates, and therefore didn’t know me or Lana, shamelessly hit on us.  Lana openly flirted back until she wheedled the names of their spouses out of them.  Then she struck, “Why don’t I go back inside and tell Sue and Heather that their husbands are jerks and they can do better.  In fact, Heather is still hot and I bet she’d cum all over my tongue,” she said to Heather’s husband.  “Does she cum for you?”

They were pissed, but they blessedly left us alone after calling us a few colorful names.

She was done with them but not with me.  “Are you ready to go inside and tell your husband you’re leaving him for me?  You love me, after all, right?”

I slowly shook my downturned head, unable to meet her steely gaze.  I thought of Jake and our years of marriage.  What was the greatest hurt, the lie I’d been living (and repeating daily) or the final blow of ending the farce once and for all?  I wanted Lana more than I ever would have admitted to myself, yet everything she said earlier about my commitment problems was right on.  I’d rather hurt myself than hurt anyone else.

When we walked back inside, Jake was there waiting for me.  He’d been speaking with Mel and Stuart but broke away from them and approached me.  “I wondered where you went to,” he said.

I introduced Lana.  If his ogling stare indicated he thought Kelli was a 10, then his look now indicated Lana was in another numbering universe.  What was funny about the whole scene was the way Lana was staring back.  I’d never seen her look at a guy that way, and then I remembered what she’d said earlier about her newfound appreciation for cock.

Missy Cummings approached us—Lana specifically—and so I used that as an excuse to pull Jake away.  In order to avoid any uncomfortable questions, I asked Jake “If you spent so much time talking with Melody’s husband then you must have found some common interests, whatever they may be?”

Jake chuckled, “None whatsoever.  I did learn quite a bit though, and what I learned cleared up many things.”  His smile faded as he looked off into the hall’s farthest spaces.  “What I can’t understand in today’s changing climate is why a gay man and a lesbian have to get married for appearances sake.  To each his, or her own, I guess.”

He looked at me—looked through me, actually. “When Stuart told me how much his wife talked about you, I put the proverbial two and two together.  I got Melody to acknowledge what you two meant to each other in high school, and then she told me about Lana.”  He sighed, and added “Like I said, it explained a lot.”

“I’m sorry Jake, don’t hate me for it.”

“I don’t hate you.  I love you.  Nothing has changed on my end.  Now I know why you dreaded the idea of this reunion.  You didn’t want me to know the truth about you.  Believe it or not, all I’ve ever wanted is for you to be happy, and I’ve loathed myself for failing you even though I didn’t know why.  I won’t hold on to you; if you want to leave for Lana or another woman I’ll understand, and won’t stand in your way.”

“I don’t want to leave you.”

“But you still love Lana, don’t you.  And she still loves you.  I saw it on her face.”

I nodded.

Then my husband asked the most surprising question.  “Would you like her to stay with us tonight, so you could…?”

“You’d really let that happen?”

“Like I said; whatever makes you happy.”

We waded through the attendees until we located Lana.  We pulled her aside from friends, and when I became tongue-tied and couldn’t ask, Jake asked for me.  Lana hid her emotions well but not perfectly.  She hesitated, looking first at me and then Jake before saying, “Whose idea is this?”

Jake said, unblinkingly, “Both of us.”

She said to him, “If I say yes, what’s in it for you?”

“Nothing except the happiness of the woman I love.”

Lana stood there silently, appearing as if she was sizing up my husband’s honesty with some sort of built-in lie detector.  Then she smiled and asked him to dance.  Jake actually blushed!  While they joined other couples dancing to a slow number, Mel came up to me and wanted to know what was going on.  I told her that I’d let her know as soon as I figured it out myself.

When the song was over, Lana walked back and pulled me aside.  “Jake has offered you to me for the night.  Now it’s your call, but first I have to say that I’m not interested in you for a night.  Sex itself isn’t love, and I know in my heart that I love you more than I’ve ever loved anyone, although only the Good Lord knows why sometimes,” she said, the last with a wry smile.

I said, “Why can’t we just start with one night and see what happens after that?”

“See what I mean?  You can’t commit, and maybe never will.”

“I’m afraid, that’s all,” I said.  “I can’t just walk out on Jake.  Not like this.”

“Maybe you won’t have to.”

“Huh?”

She smiled the famous sardonic Lana smile and said, “You probably couldn’t see it from where you were standing, but all throughout the dance your husband had a monster hard-on, and he made sure I knew it if you catch my drift.  Rest assured, like he said, he knows the score and basically knows he can’t hold onto you forever.”

I told you he was a very perceptive man.

“Okay,” I said.  “If he’s as interested in getting into your panties as I am, then what are we gonna do?”

“There you go, asking me the questions again when you haven’t answered the one that counts: will you commit to me forever?”

I thought about that whole finite love thing again.  Would I have enough love in me to sustain a life with Lana?  Instead of my head, for once I had to let my heart take the lead.  In a husky voice that hardly sounded like mine, I said, “Yes…oh sweet Lana…yes I will.  I’ll try every second of my existence—”

She laughed.  “Remember what Yoda said: Do or do not, there is no try.”  I laughed along with her.  We caught Jake’s eye before it was my turn to be led by Lana onto the dance floor.  We danced, oblivious to other people and the music, holding on to each other in near desperation.

I whispered to her, “Did you ever think we’d be dancing in a public setting like this and not worry about what others would say?”

“I dreamed it…many times,” she said in reply.

“I don’t deserve your love, but I’ll try…oops…I will love you always.”

“Remember; don’t make promises you’re not ready to keep.”

“I’m ready,” I said, meaning in more ways than one.

“I know you are,” Lana replied.  She knew what I meant.  When one song ended and another began, we continued dancing our own version of the Lambada.  “Are you as wet as I am?” she whispered.

“Maybe more so,” I whispered back.  With her leg pressed and gyrating between mine how could I not be wet?  When that song was over, we walked away from the others and found a corner we could call our own.

Her singular beauty, something she tried hard to hide in high school, was spectacularly evident, especially now that she was flushed and aroused.  “You’re so beautiful,” I said.  “I still don’t understand what you see in me.”

“There’s that self-esteem issue again. What you don’t understand is how damned beautiful you are.  Think about it.  Your husband is certainly a red-blooded, heterosexual male.  I mean, he certainly proved that to me when we danced. If he’s not getting the amount of sex he wants and yet remains faithful, I’d say he sees what I see when he looks at you.”

“Tonight’s gonna be special,” I said.

She smiled and replied, “It already has been.”

We rejoined the group that now included, besides Jake, Melody and Stuart, Alvina and her husband, Bill as well as Missy and several other attendees. I laughed inwardly when I saw the way that Stuart was looking at my husband, and then turned pensive when I thought of Jake’s response to meeting Lana.  I used to repeat the mantra I’m not a slut even when I was being one.  I guessed we’re all sluts one way or the other.

The night’s dynamics would be interesting.  Our room at the inn was a mini-suite of sorts, but Jake on the sofa would still have a good view of the bed.  Would he renege once he heard us going at it?  Or would he be as turned on by Lana as he had been while dancing earlier?  What would I do if he wanted to make it a threesome?”

It turned out I needn’t worry.  Jake announced that to give us “privacy” he accepted an invitation to spend the night with Melody and Stuart.  Who he’d end up with (if anything happened) had Lana and me wide-eyed and giggling at the possibilities. She said, “Your hubby’s not a closet gay, is he?” I told her not that I knew of.

We mingled the remainder of the reunion, striking up conversations with all those we remembered—and remembered us.  Many were surprised by Lana, considering how she looked and dressed in school.  It felt good to be beside her and on her arm.  Nobody questioned our relationship or commented on my wedding ring.  I liked that.  When things wound down, we said our goodbyes and arranged for the five of us—Jake, Melody, Stuart, Lana and me—to meet in the morning at a local restaurant that served breakfast.  It was a greasy spoon sort of place but I figured that by morning none of us would care about quality.

Jake took our car, so I rode with Lana.  I gushed over the beautiful (and expensive-looking) Jaguar. Without it being a boast, she said that her fashion designing work “paid well.”

“You removed your piercings, but do you still have your tattoos?”

She smiled as she drove.  “Not all my piercings, and yes, I have all my tattoos and added a few others.”

I said, “I can’t wait to see…and kiss…each and every one of them.”

Between the car and bed, the interval was a blur.  Somehow amidst our horniness we managed to enter the inn and get to the room without attracting much attention, although Lana laughed and said, “I think the skinny lady that passed us in the lobby smelled our musk and’ll be jumping somebody’s bones pretty soon.  Did you see the look on her face?”

“I was too busy looking at you,” I answered, and I meant it.

Like I said—a blur.

No shower, so our musky scent of arousal permeated the air.  We devoured each other in a luscious 69 until both of us screamed in orgasmic harmony.  Her chin dripping wet from my juices, Lana said, “You still squirt like a hose.”

Still tasting and relishing her juices on my tongue, I told her how much I admired her orchid tattoo that covered her entire hairless pubic region.  “I felt like a hummingbird searching for nectar.”

“Did my sweet little hummingbird find all the flower’s nectar?” she said with a throaty laugh.

“Oh yes I did, and the bird wants more,” I said before going down on her again.

This time she didn’t reciprocate, which was okay since that let me concentrate on getting her off just right.  I nibbled, licked and sucked until her body tremors were overwhelming.  She bucked her hips wildly as she cried out her climax.

We showered together, probably kissing more than cleansing.  We dressed, went out, and luckily found one package store open.  We bought two bottles of champagne, went back to the inn, got drunk on the bubbly, and humped each other like the love-starved bunnies we were.  We scissored to ecstasy, cumming as if an electrical discharge went back and forth between us.  Fingering and licking was our lullaby to fall asleep to.

Before dawn, she woke me with her tongue, one orifice after another.  After I’d cum loudly and wet, we talked about the future while in each other’s arms.  I told her I loved her and regardless of how I felt about Jake, I’d get a divorce and marry her now that we could.  In the filtered moonlight, her look said do you really mean it? although she was kind enough not to ask the question aloud.

“Do you think Mel let Jake fuck her like I’m sure he wanted?” Lana asked me before we fell asleep.

“I’ve been wondering if Stuart fucked Jake like he wanted to,” I said, figuring we may never know what transpired in that hotel room among the three of them.

We slept late and then called Jake about breakfast before I checked us out of the inn. I kidded Lana about being overdressed, since she had only last night’s party dress to wear.  At the restaurant nothing was said about what our nights were like, although Melody did make a few comments to Lana and me that told us she was jealous. Melody, it seemed, still had a thing for me.  An “unquenched thirst” was how she put it in an e-mail she sent to me weeks later.  Jake picked up the tab but otherwise was quiet.

When Mel and Stuart left, I said my goodbyes to Lana with a long, lingering kiss in the parking lot.  Jake watched us and knew that our marriage was over.  He looked sad but not devastated.  Resigned, maybe.  Lana unabashedly reminded me of my commitment, and said before climbing into her car, that because of the nature of her job, her living arrangements were flexible. Jake was perceptive enough to figure that one out.  On our drive home, he proffered the suggestion that until he could find a place to stay, Lana could live with us.  “I’ll take the guest bedroom and otherwise stay out of your way,” was how he put it.

We spent the next two days talking practically about divorce and dividing up the assets.  I called Lana and made the proposal and in three days she would be moving into the house.  It seemed Jake wasn’t as attached to the house as I thought he’d be, so among the financial decisions was one where I’d buy his half, with help from Lana of course.

Moving-in day was amazing.  Lana appeared hornier than I was, and soon she was urging me to the bedroom so we could consummate our love anew.  Hours and orgasms later, I left her on the bed, soaked in our sweat and orgasmic juices, and looked for Jake.

We had ‘the talk’ that both of us had been avoiding since the night of the reunion.  I apologized for leading him on in terms of my sexuality, and told him that I did love him, just not the way he deserved to be loved.  He reiterated that he somehow always knew there was something missing in our marriage bed but figured he’d live with it as long as I did.  “Don’t ever say our marriage was a lie,” he said. “We may dissolve it, but I believe we were and always will be the best of friends.”  It was uplifting to hear him say that.

Eerily, the three of us coexisted very well under one roof.  Part of it may be that like we saw at the reunion, Jake was smitten by Lana.  He saw everything in her that I did.  She was indeed a special, remarkable, beautiful woman; one I’ll be very proud to be married to.

On the night before Jake was to move out, Lana and I were coming down from electrifying orgasms when we heard something outside the bedroom door.

“Is that you, Jake?” I called out. “You spying on us?”

He sheepishly poked his head around the door jamb.  “Jesus Christ, I haven’t had sex in weeks, and you two are better than porn any day!” he said.  We couldn’t help but see his other ‘head’ poke out as well.

Lana whispered to me, “Maybe we should give him a send-off he’ll never forget.”

I whispered back, “You’ll do it…with a man?”  After all, I was a bit stunned by her suggestion.

To Jake’s surprise we invited him into bed and Lana fucked him silly while I watched and caressed a variety of her body parts.  To my amazement she milked cum after cum from his never-wilting cock.  A little jealous, when Lana had had enough I took over and rode him cowgirl, something I’d rarely if ever done, as he so breathlessly pointed out to me.  Finally spent, Jake watched us work on each other once more until we squealed again in delight.

For weeks afterward Lana and I planned out our life together and our wedding someday, while I kept in touch with Jake to see how the divorce paperwork was progressing on his end.  Every time we spoke he hinted at another chance with me and Lana, but I adamantly explained that it was a one-time deal and that no one would be in our bed but Lana and me.

One day I was frustrated that Lana was on another business trip. Horny and agonizingly alone, I let my frustration bubble over when she called.  Like usual her sweet voice and soothing words calmed me as I told her how much I missed her while she was away.

“We’ll go swimming when I get back, okay?  You still like to swim, don’t you?”

She teased me like that, knowing how swimming lessons put me with Melody, and thus into lesbian love and her.  “We’ll swim and then I’ll do some strokes with my tongue,” I teased her back.

“Oh God, Ronnie. Don’t talk like that when I’m away from you!”

When we hung up, my cell rang again.  It was Kelli.  “Hi there, sexy.  You’ve got what I need.  Can I have some?”

I’d forgotten that I gave her my number in the ladies’ room that night before the reunion.  Like today, she’d called a bunch of times telling me how hot I was and how much she wanted me.  Hearing her purring voice again, especially now when I was horny, had me imagining her lovely long legs wrapped around my head as I drank from her fountain.  Barely able to talk, my pussy aching and sopped, I said, “Come on over.”

The poets and songwriters didn’t get it wrong about everlasting love.  It was me.  I had the short-circuit. I was the slut who couldn’t control myself, ready to throw away another good thing. In the time it took Kelli to drive up the coast, I showered and masturbated, knowing that my self-inflicted finger play wouldn’t dampen my orgasm with Kelli.

Wearing only a robe, watching out the window as Kelli hurried up the walk, her hair flying and clearly aroused, my pussy dripped again.

I repeated it over and over before I opened the door.

I am not a slut.

I am not a slut.

I am not a slut.

But of course, I was.

Donna M.