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**Amanda Kisses a Girl**

By Megan

The drugstore that Amanda worked in after school was always busy. From the moment she put on her uniform and got behind her register until time she punched out for the day it was non-stop. Moms buying big packages of diapers for their babies, older people picking up their medications, girls like her buying makeup and shampoo, and teenage boys trying to act cool while buying chewing gum and condoms.

But she really didn't have any time to take much notice of anyone beyond scanning their purchases and taking their money. That is, until one afternoon when it seemed like the store was

almost empty. Perhaps it was the beautiful weather outside, or maybe just a coincidence.

A teenaged girl who Amanda had never seen before came into the store and began to do some shopping. When the store was busy, Amanda never really paid much attention to what aisles people shopped in, but now she followed the girl with her eyes.

She was about five feet six inches tall and had shiny brown hair with a few reddish highlights and looked to be about her own age. That girl is really pretty, Amanda whispered to herself. I wonder who she is?

Now before you start getting ahead of the story, Amanda considered herself to be totally straight and got very defensive when anyone suggested that she was anything less than that. There were girls in her high school that she avoided because she thought they were either bisexual or lesbians. There's nothing wrong with that, she would say to herself, I just don't really like them.

Amanda had recently broken up with a boy named Steve. They had been seeing each other for several months, but hadn't gotten very far sexually – some heavy kissing and Steve had rubbed her pussy for a few minutes before she asked him to stop. She really wasn't comfortable yet with sex and so Steve had decided that there were greener pastures to graze in. Amanda decided that maybe she should take a break from boys for a while.

“Is your register open?”

“Oh, yes,” said Amanda. “I was just daydreaming a bit, it’s pretty slow today”

It was the pretty brown-haired girl. Amanda began to scan the girl’s purchases – a package of disposable razors, a can of shaving gel, a bottle of baby oil and herbal shampoo.

“That will be \$9.50, please. I don’t know about you but I really like that brand of razors for doing my legs, I don’t get cuts with them.”

The pretty girl smiled and handed Amanda the money.  
“That’s good to know, but they’re not for my legs.”

“Oh sorry, I should have figured. The razors and shaving cream are for your boyfriend and the baby oil and shampoo are for you. I’m such a ditz sometimes.”

The pretty girl smiled again. “You’re not a ditz, and everything is for me.”

Taking the bag from Amanda, she winked at her and left the store.

For the next few days Amanda found herself thinking about the pretty girl and wondering what school she went to, who she hung out with, and what on earth she needed those razors for if she wasn't shaving her legs. Perhaps she'll come to the store again soon, she thought.

That afternoon the girl returned to the store and Amanda was determined to find out her name and where she lived. So when she was finished shopping and got into one of the other girls lines to checkout, Amanda waved to her.

“Hey, get in my line, I'll hurry so you don't have to wait.”

And the girl moved over and got behind a woman who seemed to have purchased everything in the store. Damn, Amanda thought, she'll get tired of waiting for me and I'll miss my chance to talk to her.

But the girl waited patiently. When she finally got to the counter Amanda wasted no time in starting the conversation.

“My name is Amanda and I go to LHS,” she said scanning the items in her basket.

“Mine's Cory and I go the Oak Academy, just over the bridge from town.”

“Cool. Do you know Kelly Simmons, she’s goes there and is in my church youth group.”

“Yeah, she’s a basketball player,” Cory replied handing Amanda the last few items from her shopping basket. “We whipped you guys in the last championship.”

Oak Academy was a private girls high school where about half of the girls lived on the property in a small group of dormitory buildings. The school was considered pretty good and most of the girls who went there came from upper middle class families around the state. Amanda knew of several boys at LHS that dated girls at Oak, and the two schools had social functions together every once in a while.

Looking into Cory’s basket, Amanda saw that her purchases this time included some makeup, a toothbrush, Tylenol, nail polish remover, pantyhose, a small hairbrush and two cans of Ready Whip whipped cream.

“That will be \$34.78 today,” Amanda said looking at her register. “You guys having an ice cream party or something?” she said gesturing towards the cans of whipped cream.

Cory laughed. “No, not really.”

“Well then what are you using them for.”

Cory smiled and leaned across the counter. Whispering she said, "You know last week you asked about the razors and shaving cream. Well they were for a pussy shaving party we had. And now that we're all nice and shaved, the whipped cream is for a pussy licking party we're having tonight."

With that Cory took the bag from Amanda, smiled and left the store.

Amanda stood there, not sure what to think. Cory seemed like a really cool girl that she might want to hang with. But pussy shaving and licking, wasn't that was lezzie girls did? Was I actually talking with and starting to like a lezzie girl, Amanda thought to herself. Seeking some rationalization, Amanda shook her head and thought surely these parties were with boys; the boys were going to do the licking I'm sure of that, I mean I heard they do that to girls. I sure hope Cory is not a lezzie.

That night after her homework, Amanda undressed and got into her nightshirt. It was before 10, but she was tired from working and decided to go to bed. Closing her eyes she started to think about Cory. She could see Cory clearly in her mind, and could hear her voice. Unable to resist, she began to imagine what the pussy shaving would have been like.

She saw Cory talking to another girl whose face wasn't visible. Cory began to undress slowly, unbuttoning her shirt one

button at a time until she pulled it out of her pants and cast it on the floor. Underneath she had on a black lace bra, which she unfastened and revealed smallish but well formed breasts.

Amanda sat up abruptly. I have got to stop thinking about Cory this way. This is so dirty imagining her being naked that way. This is so queer.

She turned on the light and took a teen magazine off her nightstand and began to read it. But she wasn't focused and found that she flipped from page to page not really reading anything. Finally after a few minutes, she threw the magazine on the floor and turned out the light. I'll go right to sleep she thought.

But it was no use. Cory popped back into her mind. By now Cory was standing in her panties and gesturing to the other girl in the dream to pull them down. The other girl got on her knees and slowly pulled down to Cory's ankles, revealing a puffy bush of dark brown pubic hair.

Then Cory sat down on the bed and spread her legs wide while the other girl began to cut away the pubic hair with a scissors. Next she applied a thick coating of shaving cream and began to slowly shave around Cory's pussy.

Amanda began to feel her own pussy tingle a bit at the vivid images dancing through her head, and she found that she wanted to finger herself. Now Amanda had done some masturbating

before, but mostly as an experiment to see what it was about. She had never thought about anything sexual while doing it. Now, her hand was being drawn to her pussy by the images of a girl having her pussy shaved by another girl. It was both the dirtiest thought she had ever had and the most exciting feeling all at the same time.

Her finger slipped effortlessly into her slit, and she wiggled it around to find the spot that had felt the best during her other sessions. Amanda was very wet and the wetness dampened her own pubic hair. I wonder what being shaved feels like she thought to herself as she snaked her finger in and out of her pussy.

Returning to the image in her mind, Cory was now completely shaved, but Amanda really couldn't make out any of the details of her pussy. That was because Amanda had never really seen a pussy up close, not even her own. Rolling onto her stomach with her hand and finger pressed against her, she began to pump up and down, pushing her finger in and out of her pussy. She began to moan gently, staring at Cory's bald spot between her legs. The harder she rubbed the closer she seemed to get to Cory, until finally Amanda orgasmed, calling out Cory's name in the darkness of her room.

After the orgasm subsided, Amanda removed her hand from her panties and wiped it off on the edge of her bottom sheet, and quickly slipped it under her pillow. She was still very uncomfortable with discovering what her pussy might smell like or



taste like. She also found herself shaking a bit. Maybe I'm cold, she thought and pulled up the comforter. But the shivering continued.

Then Amanda realized what was troubling her. She had masturbated and orgasmed while thinking about a girl. A girl that was her own age, and from her own town. The very idea scared her and she was determined to forget the whole experience. I hope Cory never comes back into the store, Amanda thought. And if she does, I won't go out of my way to talk to her. With that taken care of, Amanda drifted off to sleep.

Amanda awoke to a strange smell. Opening her eyes she realized that during the night, in her deep sleep, she had removed her hand from under the pillow and placed it close to her face. Thoughts raced through her head, how long was it there, why did I put it there, did I secretly like how it smelled and worse, could I possibly have tasted my hand during the night?

Rushing to the bathroom she turned on the hot water and began to wash herself, paying extra attention to her hand and to the remnants of her wetness from the night before. This is so weird she thought. I'm straight. I like boys. I'm just feeling lonely, that's it.

Going back to her room she began to select her clothes for the day. Rummaging through her underwear drawer, she rejected all the ordinary Walmart white panties and chose a high-cut pair of black bikini ones. Then she laid out her favorite pair of AF jeans

and a white stretchy top that showed just a tiny bit of her belly and the belly ring she had gotten a few months ago

Staring at the clothes on her bed she thought to herself, I wonder why I picked these for school, these are my going out clothes. Shrugging her shoulders, she put them on anyway, grabbed her backpack, got her bicycle out of the garage and headed off to school.

Being a Thursday, Amanda didn't have to work after school but she decided to ride down to the center and walk around. Maybe she'd run into friends, or do some shopping. Locking her bike to a parking meter and stashing her helmet in her saddlebag, Amanda set out to look around. It was a glorious afternoon, the sky was clear and the temperature was just warm enough to bring everyone out-of-doors. She felt unusually pretty in her clothes.

"Hey!" someone shouted.

It was really sunny and Amanda had a hard time locating the voice.

"Over here Amanda, next to the crosswalk."

Amanda looked over and saw Cory who was waving to her. Shit, what am I going to do, she thought to herself. Cory walked towards her.

“Wow, you look so hot. I love that top.”

“Thanks.”

“What are you doing this afternoon?”

“Nothing, just hanging.” Amanda was sure that Cory wanted to hang with her but the idea made her uncomfortable.

“You must have been pretty shocked when I told you what the stuff I bought was for,” Cory said.

“Well, yeah. I don’t know much about that stuff. Especially having boys shave or lick me.”

Cory smiled. “Boys?” she said with a bit of a giggle in her voice.

“Yeah, you had a boyfriend do that right.”

Cory laughed. “No boy I know could either shave me clean or lick me until I cried. Only a girl can do that.”

“So you’re a...” Amanda stammered

“A what?” Cory asked. “You can say it but you’ll be wrong.”

“What do you mean, a girl who does stuff with another girl is a lesbian, right.”

Cory laughed and put her hand on Amanda’s shoulder.  
“Amanda, we’re both only teenagers. We’re just learning about all this stuff. I’m a girl who is just trying all kinds of stuff. And some stuff is definitely better with a girl than a guy.”

“Really?”

“Look Amanda, what have you done?”

“Well, I’ve kissed my ex-boyfriend and I let him finger me.”

“And do you finger yourself, if you don’t mind me asking.”

“Yeah, yeah I do.”

“Okay, so which is better? When Steve fingered you, or when you finger you.”

Amanda giggled and blushed, “Well Steve never made me orgasm if that’s what you mean, and when he fingered me it was more like being poked than fingered.”

“See. You’re a girl and you fingered yourself better than any boy could. Imagine what it would be like if a guy licked you, what does he know about where it feels good and stuff.”

Amanda laughed, “I guess I see what you mean. But girl on girl still seems weird to me.”

“Maybe so. Hey, if you were not doing anything would you like to see my room at Oak? I just hung some posters and my dad sent me a beanbag chair. We can ride over on our bikes.”

“Sure, I’ve never been over there. I just have to be home by 5:30 for dinner and homework.”

Oak Academy was just a five-minute bike ride from the center of town. It had been founded about 100 years ago and the campus was spacious and tranquil. Cory’s dorm room was located in a small Victorian house on a side street shaded by large Elm trees.

“I’m in 3B, I have a single this year because I made dean’s list and if you make that you can have a single the next year,” Cory said climbing the stairs to the third floor.

“Cool.”

Cory’s room was small, about 7 feet by 10 feet and had a large old-style double hung window on one of the short walls. Posters adorned the walls and the new shiny black beanbag was tucked into a corner. On the opposite side of the room was a small door leading to a tiny bathroom with a shower.

“This is so nice Cory.”

“Yeah, it’s home. Have a seat in the beanbag, it’s my guest chair.”

Amanda settled into the beanbag and began to feel relaxed. Cory seemed so nice and even though she did stuff with girls it somehow seemed much more normal than Amanda had expected.

Cory put on some music and the girls talked for a long time about all kinds of things – parents, books they liked, food, school and so on. Amanda so relaxed she was now lying back in the beanbag chair with her feet on the floor. Cory came over and knelt in front of her.

“Amanda, tell me the truth.”

“About what?”

“You wore those clothes for me.”

At first Amanda was taken aback at the suggestion. But she recalled how when she laid them out she couldn't figure out why she had chosen them.

“Yeah, maybe I did.”

“Does that bother you?” Cory asked.

“I don't know. I've never dressed special for another girl before, only a guy.”

Cory moved closer and was now on her knees just in front of the beanbag chair. Amanda's legs were in between hers.

“Do you mind if I get this close to you?”

“I don't know. I feels kinda weird. But I don't dislike it.”

The reality was that Amanda was getting extremely excited by what Cory was doing and secretly hoped that something would happen between them, just to see what it was like.

Cory bent over on top of Amanda, and without saying a word kissed her gently on the lips.

“It’s okay. You can do it again if you want.”

Cory smiled and tilted her head just enough to lock with Amanda’s lips. Ever so gently, Cory poked her tongue forward and parted Amanda’s lips, waiting for the reaction. But there was no resistance and so Cory slipped her tongue deep into Amanda’s mouth. She found Amanda’s tongue and they tickled each other with the tip against tip.

Amanda reached up and put her arms around Cory’s neck and they pressed their bodies closer together. Their kisses became more passionate, moving their heads from side to side to touch every corner of their lips. Cory began to kiss Amanda on the neck, a feeling that she had never experienced before. They continued to kiss, alternating between small tender kisses and hot, wet tongue-probing ones.

Cory inched forward until she just touching Amanda’s crotch. The feeling electrified Amanda, who responded by wrapping her legs around Cory’s waist.

“Oh Cory, just keep going. Fuck homework and dinner, just keep kissing me.”



And so the kissing continued, each taking turns to be the leader, each one of the girls taking turns to probe the others mouth.

Finally Cory sat up and said, "Do you want me to eat you Amanda. You don't have to do me, I'm desperate to do your pussy."

"Yes. Please. I want to try that very bady."

With that they got up and began to undress frantically, throwing their clothes all over the room.

"Amanda, please leave your panties on. I know you chose them for me, and I want to take them off you."

Nearly naked, the girls fell onto Cory's bed and Cory began to kiss Amanda all over from head to toe, taking time to plant special kisses on her nipples, belly and toes. But she left Amanda's pussy untouched, kissing around the edges and onto the inside of Amanda's thighs.

"Cory, please do it now. Please."

Grasping the strings of Amanda's underwear, Cory pulled them down and up, slipping them off at her ankles. She gently

pushed her knees apart and revealed her damp pussy, ringed with shiny blonde pubic hair.

Pointing to it Cory said, "We'll take care of that another day."

"Yes, I want to be shaved too."

"Amanda, I want you to show me how you finger yourself first, just to get you nice and wet for my tongue."

Amanda complied, slipping a finger deep into her pussy and causing her to squirm and moan with delight. Cory reached up and took Amanda's hand from her pussy and slipped the sticky, warm finger into her mouth, sucking Amanda's juices and flavor from it.

"Now I'm ready to devour you."

Corey bent over and pried Amanda's lips apart with her thumbs. Her swollen clit was in plain view and the wetness was leaking out onto the sheets. Cory placed the tip of her tongue against Amanda's clit and began to flick it back and forth causing her to rock from side to side in exquisite agony.

When she was satisfied that Amanda was almost at the brink of an orgasm she pulled back and let it subside. Bending back down she extended her tongue and speared it into Amanda's love tunnel, like a small snaky dildo. Amanda's pelvis lifted off the

sheets and crashed down again. Cory continued to tongue-fuck her mercilessly, nearly downing in the sweet musty juices that were bubbling up from her depths.

“Oh Cory, I’m going to orgasm.”

“Don’t use that word, say that you’re going to cum. I love hearing a girl say that.”

“Oh, Cory. I’m going to fucking cum. I’ve never cum like this before. Don’t stop, make me do it.”

A few moments later, the hours of kissing and oral sex combined to blow Amanda’s insides apart in a shattering, girl-induced cum. Her pelvis heaved up and down and she rocked side-to-side clutching her breasts. For a while, they lay together, Cory holding Amanda and letting her cum subside slowly and warmly. They kissed and Amanda realized that she had tasted herself on Cory’s lips and tongue and smelled herself on Cory’s face. She liked it.

Cory’s Hello Kitty alarm clock read 5:15 and Amanda got up to get dressed while Cory went into the bathroom to wash up.

“You know how to get home from here?” Cory asked.

“Yeah,” Amanda replied kissing Cory at the door.

“Okay. So was doing girl stuff as bad as you thought?” Cory asked.

Amanda laughed. “No, it was really nice. I liked it. But I still need to do stuff to you to know for sure.”

“Maybe next Thursday?”

“Yeah.”

They kissed again and Amanda left for home. Cory began to tidy up the room and reached under her pillow only to find Amanda’s black string bikini underwear with a little note attached.

Smiling, Cory read the sweet girly handwriting. It read, “Something that will help you remember me all week. I hope you don’t mind but I took yours. Love, Amanda.”

What a sweetie, Cory thought.

To be continued with Part 2 – Amanda Shaves