

Eight lips – The Full Story

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I'd do the same for you...

My heart was pounding as I took her hand, taking a final gulp of JD and coke as we stood to leave. She turned and smiled, and squeezed my hand. She grabbed her coat and we headed for the door. I was nervous as we waited for a cab. She leaned over and whispered into me ear, her warm breath making me tingle, as she murmured "I can't wait to fuck you."

The cab pulled up and we jumped inside. No sooner had it pulled away than Nancy's tongue was pushing urgently into my mouth. She tasted so sweet. I had never kissed a woman like this before, it was heavenly. Nancy knew how to kiss, her tongue probing, licking, her hands feeling my breasts through my top. My nipples were like rocks. I glanced at the taxi driver's mirror; he could hardly keep his eyes on the road.

I reached out and fondled Nancy's breasts; she was bra-less. Her warm skin was prickled with goose bumps as she responded to my touch. I closed my eyes as her tongue flicked in and out of my mouth, entwining with mine. I imagined my mouth locked onto Nancy's nipples, sucking, licking, as she teased my pussy lips with her fingers. There was a large jolt as the taxi driver slammed on his breaks, hurling expletives at the car in front.

"You fuckin' wanker, watch where you're going!" he screamed. I looked at Nancy and laughed.

"Perhaps we'd better cool it till we get to my place," she said, "otherwise we might not get there in one piece!"

"Keep your eyes on the road, eh?" she shouted to the driver, who stuck a finger up, then licked it slowly. We cracked up.

"I am dripping," whispered Nancy, as she leaned over and brushed her lips against my cheek. "It's not far now, just up here on the left."

I was feeling more comfortable now I was alone with Nancy. It had felt awkward in the club. My mate had pissed off somewhere, probably pulled and gone home, or she was shagging someone in the bogs. I'd spotted Nancy when she came in, flowing blond hair, long legs, and big eyes. She flashed a smile at me as she headed for the

bar. When Becky pissed off, I almost left. Until Nancy came over and sat next to me.

Nancy looked fantastic, a statuesque blonde, with long tanned legs and tits to die for. All the guys in the bar turned to check her out, looking her up and down, from every angle. She had a fantastic tight arse, to which her dress clung, so you could see she had no panties on. I started to tingle just looking at her, a sensation that I was becoming increasingly aware of when I saw particular women. My boyfriends hadn't been doing anything for me lately, and looking at Nancy I started to suspect why. Nancy looked over at me and smiled. I half-smiled back, and looked away. The next thing I knew she was sitting next to me, a warm thigh pressing gently against mine. My skirt had ridden up; I left it where it was as her warmth flowed through my leg and into my pussy. She was electric.

Her eyes were brilliant blue, as she introduced herself. I stammered "Hi, I'm Amy" and was lost completely in her presence, swimming in a sea of excitement, guilt and an overwhelming desire to get naked with her.

The taxi ground to a halt as we kissed passionately. The taxi driver, I'm sure, would have loved to have stayed and watched for his tip, but we staggered out of his cab, looked at him and kissed as I handed him the fair, both of us looking at him, smiling, entwining, laughing, then turned and headed towards Nancy's flat. The taxi driver shouted something inaudible, which we ignored. I was tingling as Nancy slid the key into the lock, and turned it. This was my moment of truth. Should I turn and run and suppress the feelings welling up inside, go back to my bloke and do what was expected of me? Or should I stay here, with a woman who so obviously wanted me, and who would show me how to love, fulfil me.

The door slammed shut. Nancy turned, dropped her coat and bag, kicked off her shoes and unzipped her dress. She was naked, five foot ten of absolute perfection. Her pussy was shaven, her nipples hard; she reached up and tweaked them. I dropped to my knees and moved towards her, staring into her eyes, as I kissed her pussy. She put both hands on my head and pushed me harder into her wetness; I reached down and started to finger myself. Our juices flowed, as Nancy moaned and writhed against my tongue. She tasted wonderful, sweet, wet, wild. She thrust my head back, dropped to her knees and kissed me, tasting her own pussy's sweetness on my lips. Our breasts rubbed together, as she slid her leg in between mine, and we started to rock, our lips throbbing in anticipation...

Nancy unzipped my skirt as she kissed me; I wrestled with my blouse and dropped it to the floor. I tugged at my bra, lifting it over my head, and then pressed my lips urgently against Nancy's moist, welcoming mouth. Her tongue flicked around mine, as she ran her fingers the length of my spine. She touched my breast gently, tweaking my nipples. An electric shock went straight to my clit. My French knickers were damp with my wetness.

"Let's go to bed" she whispered, taking my hand and leading me towards a door at the end of the corridor.

"I need the bathroom," I stuttered, almost guiltily. Nancy smiled and pointed to her left. I pushed the door open, flicked on a light, dropped my knickers and sat down. I bowed my head, shaking it slightly and smiled at my reflection in the opposite mirror. She smiled back at me; I knew I was where I wanted to be. I stood, flushed and washed my hands, leaving my knickers on the bathroom floor. I looked down at my pussy – I ran my fingers through my pubes, thankful that I had trimmed them earlier before heading out. They were moist; I ran my finger against my clit and almost came instantly. My lips throbbed, pulsing with my heartbeat. I flicked the light switch off and stepped out into the corridor.

Soft music emanated from Nancy's bedroom. I edged towards it, trembling, panting gently. My nipples had never felt so hard, straining, aching to be caressed by my lover. My pussy throbbed; my hand wandered uncontrollably to my pussy as I began to rub myself.

I entered paradise. Nancy was stretched out on the bed, the soft buzz of a vibrator mixing with her soft moans and gentle music. She opened her eyes and saw me, smiled and carried on playing with herself, staring at me with her piercing eyes. I knelt on the bed next to her, and began to kiss her nipples. Nancy arched her back, as I teased first one, then the other, alternating between tongue and fingers.

Suddenly I felt a wonderful, soft vibration on my clit, revolving around my pussy lips. I gasped and looked at Nancy. She had stopped playing with herself and was gently probing my labia with her vibrator. It was heavenly. I collapsed on the bed, as she probed with her toy, easing it into my pussy, then slowly retracting it. The vibrator glistened in the bedroom's half light with our pussy juices, as Nancy pleased me. She licked a finger and slid it gently up my arse. The vibrator buzzed softly against my clit as she started to lick me. I was on the verge of a massive orgasm, when Nancy straddled me and ground her pussy lips against my mouth. I licked and fingered, probing her wetness, teasing her clit with my tongue, teeth and fingers. I looked up and saw her magnificent breasts. I reached up and touched them as I licked her out.

Nancy spun round and stuck her head between my legs. Her lips kissed my pussy, as I kissed hers. Our eight lips caressed, teased each other, driving each other wild. I had never been so wet, so turned on, so full of passion. I screamed into her pussy as my orgasm hit me in waves. Nancy came at the same time, as we writhed against each other, wave after wave of orgasm rippling through us. For what seemed like ages, we lay still with each other, panting, basking in the glory of our love making.

Nancy was the first to move. She slid around and lay next to me, stroking my face, kissing me gently, stroking my hair. I looked into her eyes, and felt like crying, out of relief, out of sheer elation.

“That was my first time with a woman,” I whispered.

Nancy hugged me.

“I hope it’s not the last,” she said.

I looked at her and smiled.

“Definitely not” I replied, as I slid my tongue down her flat stomach, and caressed her mound.

Nancy laughed, and started to writhe.

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