

Sandy's story

Other stuff: Hey this is a story containing lesbian sexual scenes, described in detail. If this offends you or it is illegal where you live to be reading it or you are under 18 then don't read this story!!

Otherwise – enjoy the story. Not much else to explain.

!!!! I love to hear from fans/unhappy people. If you want to comment on the story in any way then that is welcome unless it is just abuse. Thank you ☺

josey.blonde@googlemail.com

At just sixteen years old Sandy was quite young for a sixth former. It was $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way through the year and she was now one of the only girls left who hadn't learnt to drive. She went to a mixed secondary and sixth form school and was studying for her A levels after having done better than she and anybody else had hoped in her GCSE's.

Her favourite subject was English Literature and every lesson she sat near the front, hoping to learn enough to get her A grade. Many of the other students called her a bit of a geek for seeming so eager but she wasn't that bothered – most of her friends didn't care anyway.

Sandy had long brown curly hair, glasses, a slim figure and firm but small breasts sized 34a which gave her an almost perfect form – toned by years of swimming at competition level.

Sandy was also a little clumsy and she often did silly little things. One such time in an English lesson she knocked all her pens and pencils on the floor causing her teacher to giggle. Mrs Triller had an attractive laugh and was an attractive lady in a weird way. She wasn't particularly good looking and was even a little bit worn after having had four children by the time she was 33. Her hair was long and brown and she always wore strange clothes. All in all she was a curious teacher, but Sandy felt good around her.

Still - Sandy saw nothing sinister in her feelings for Joanne Triller – at most it was a girlish crush and she already had a boy friend that she had lost her virginity to. George was fit with a capital F and Sandy loved every inch of his body. She had let him venture with her as they explored their bodies and had even recently let him have anal sex with her; as far as she was aware she was as straight as they come.

However things are never quite what they seem.

"Hey Sandy, you off to English?" Sandy's red haired friend asked her, it was after school and she had completely forgotten that she had a lesson.

"Oh crap I completely forgot! I haven't even asked my mum for a lift home."

Sandy contemplated not attending the after school lesson that the whole class was meant to attend, but she knew it would be awkward explaining to the teacher why she didn't turn up

on the day that her homework was due in. She decided to phone her mum and ask her if she could get a lift after the lesson.

"Hey mum, erm I've done something stupid... I have an English lesson after school today that I completely forgot about"

"Ah Sandy for god's sake! You have to be less forgetful, I can't even pick you up, do you think you could get a friend to drop you home?"

"Okay mum I could probably do that, thanks anyway --- bye"

Sandy made an about turn trying to think about who lived near her house to be able to drop her off, she couldn't think of anyone so when she got to class she asked the whole table if they could help her out.

"Sorry live nowhere near"

"Can't"

"Sorry..."

"

Finally Mrs Triller piped up, "I don't mind dropping you off Sandy, you live just down from my house remember?"

Sandy did remember, she had often seen the teacher near where she lived and had already received one or two lifts from her before. She couldn't believe that she had forgotten about it.

"Thanks if that's OK miss, that'd be brilliant!"

The lesson went on as usual and it was soon time to pack up. Mrs Triller asked Sandy to wait for a few minutes whilst she got some stuff sorted.

Ten minutes later and they were both ready to go.

Sandy got into the front of the small Ford Fiesta and she sat silently as Mrs Triller drove out of the school gates. Eventually the teacher spoke, asking Sandy about how she was finding the English course and the pair soon settled into a comfortable conversation. At one point Sandy's hand brushed against her teacher's breast as she spoke animatedly about the latest performance by her favourite football team – Chelsea. Sandy felt herself redden and glanced to her teacher to see how she had reacted, but Mrs Triller just smiled "oops, that could have been embarrassing" she said jokily. Sandy felt a bit better but still a little embarrassed.

Finally they made it to Sandy's house and she thanked Mrs Triller, despite her telling her that she could call her Jo outside of school, before scurrying off inside. The next week they did the same again and within a month it was a pre-arranged trip, Sandy enjoyed having time to properly talk to her favourite teacher and the feeling seemed to be mutual.

One Tuesday night, the day before the Wednesday after school session, Sandy was sat on her bed thinking about her English set text when she suddenly started to think about her teacher. She thought about the friendship that they were developing and let her mind wander.

Later that night she was feeling horny, she hadn't slept with George in about a week and she decided to surf the internet for a bit of 'inspiration'. As she flicked through the sites she didn't feel very interested in her normal spots, she often used to watch gay stuff as she told herself that she wasn't interested in seeing the women's bodies on the straight sites. However this time it just wasn't doing it for her and so, absent minded, she googled for some straight porn sites. As she clicked on the second site down she found herself looking at the pictures of naked women showing their breasts and fingering themselves. She felt herself get wet and pushed her hand into her panties to rub on her own vagina. She clicked on a link and found videos of blondes licking each other out and stuffing dildos into each other. Now she was really turned on and she spent the next few minutes masturbating to lesbian porn, her fingers slipping in and out faster and faster and then slower and slower.

Once she finally climaxed she flopped down onto her bed and thought about what she had just done. She felt guilty yet somehow relieved at the same time.

Then, for some reason, she started to think about Mrs Triller again. She imagined performing the acts on her which she had just seen on the internet and she imagined sleeping naked with this mature-ish yet sexy woman.

Waking up in the small hours of the morning she made up her mind to chat to Mrs Triller about her confused feelings and to see what she said.

The next day seemed to drag on and on, each minute on the clock seemed a life time, every lesson seemed to consist of the same dry nonsense that blurs into one when you're not listening to the teacher. Sandy was anticipating the lift home from Triller but she didn't really know why. She was just confused.

Once all the lessons were finally over, and she was finally in that Ford Fiesta again, Sandy felt curious. She thought about what she was going to say and how to say it. Eventually she settled for the indirect approach. She got the topic onto boyfriends and men when she finally asked "Hey Jo, did you ever, you know, experiment with another woman?"

She glanced at Joanne to try and gauge her reaction but she just looked deep in thought. Finally Jo replied "Why do you ask Sandy? I think every girl is curious at some stage".

"Well I was just wondering really, I sometimes think about these things and wonder if it's such a bad thing – to be with another girl I mean"

"There's nothing wrong with it Sandy, in answer to your question yes I have experimented, I've touched girls, I've kissed girls, I've had sex with girls. And I enjoyed it"

Sandy was astonished by the bluntness of her teacher and she found herself gazing at this woman who had experienced so much and who never seemed to judge.

Sandy suddenly felt irresistible urges to touch her and she placed her hand on Joanne's leg, the teacher looked to the left, smiled and pulled up on the side of the road.

Sandy knew what was going to happen, she wanted it to happen. She leaned over and pecked Jo on the cheek – once, twice and three times before the teacher turned her mouth to her so that the next kiss landed on her lips. Sandy leaned over and probed her lips with her tongue until she opened her mouth and the two massaged each other's tongues. The kiss was electric and tongue brushed tooth as each tussled to pleasure the other.

Jo made the next move, placing her hand on Sandy's chest and leaning right over so that she was virtually sitting on her lap. They both sat kissing and exploring for several minutes before the teacher pulled away and suggested that they carry on back at her house.

"Hey mum, I'm going to be back a bit later today – me and Tina are working on a project together and it needs to be done in a couple of days"

Now Sandy had organised the excuse she smiled at Mrs Triller, she started the car again and they both sat silently in the car as they made the last leg of the journey – each of them smelling their own arousal. Finally they reached her house and again without a word they rushed upstairs and moved straight in for the kiss in her bedroom.

Jo brushed her hand along Sandy's butt cheek and started to caress her. Sandy pressed herself back against her teacher's breasts as Jo wrapped her arms around her. They were now standing in a position similar to that of Rose and Jack in 'Titanic' as they stood on the prow of the ship, except that Jo's hands were moving towards Sandy's crotch area.

Sandy felt herself grow very aroused and she let the woman slowly unzip her flies and push her finger against her wet panties. Jo began to rub and Sandy was moaning softly, just about to take the rest of her clothes off when they heard the front door open and shut.

They both froze before Sandy quickly did her zip back up and pulled away from Joanne.

To be continued...