

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 for all the comments so far,

Anybody who sends in story line suggestions that get featured will receive a sneak preview
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“Sandy mumbled a reply and then found herself being pushed away by the girl. When she got home she crashed on her bed again. She didn't even want to think about what had just happened.”

Continued:

The next three days of Sandy's life were extremely weird. On face value they were normal days, in fact those three days were the least interrupted since she had first got involved with Mrs Triller. There was no sex, no phone calls, no arguments, just school work, food and drink, sleep and friends.

However underneath it all Sandy was dealing with the kind of inner turmoil that only a confused young adult could possibly have to deal with. Her best friend was sleeping with her erotic-fantasy-come-true but was completely ignorant of the situation, her lovers daughter was dangling her from a rope of anxiety by not phoning her about the forced arrangement they had come to and Mrs Triller herself was ignoring her, obviously still bitter about the way things had ended. To cap it all her best friend, Kristen, thought that she was being despondent because she was unable to cope with the revelation that she had made to her

online. If only she knew, thought Sandy. If only she knew how utterly mucked up her life seemed and that Kristen being gay – as a separate ‘issue’ – was the least of her worries.

Despite it all Sandy wondered, now that she had found a lot about her own self, and now that she was no longer involved in a relationship, maybe she could turn things around. She had a half term coming up and she had already been invited to a load of parties and clubs. She also had her eye on two people in the class. One guy named Joey; fit, handsome, fairly intelligent, great smile and good fashion sense, and a girl called Naomh; funny, sexy, cool hair and Irish. She had already made moves towards both of them. With Joey she had been seeing him with his mates more and more in town and around school and with Naomh she had been sitting next to her in History and French lessons.

At this time Joey appealed more to Sandy. She wondered if maybe she really was straight, she hadn’t done anything lesbian or looked at anything lesbian in three days apart from ogling at Naomh, and she did find him very attractive. However all of this came crashing down on the afternoon of the third day. Sat at her bed reading through a book for history she suddenly found herself listening to music. It took her a couple of seconds to remember that it was her new ringtone. Sandy picked up the phone and pressed the answer button, the withheld number message on the screen confirmed her fears and if it didn’t then the almost sarcastic voice on the other end did.

“Hiya girly, it’s me – your teacher’s daughter. I think it’s time we had a chat about meeting up.”

Sandy knew this was when the hopes of the day ended. “Ah, err, yeah sure. What sort of day?”

Adele giggled on the other end and then answered, “That would be tomorrow then,

Saturday. Meet me at the park at 3pm, and remember come dressed as a boy – I don't want anyone thinking I'm a lezzer or something."

"W...wait up where did you want to meet?"

"I said the park, we can meet at 3pm at the south entrance, you boy me girl!"

Sandy could almost see the smug grin on her face as Adele clicked the 'end conversation' button. Great, she thought, she had around 22 hours to psych up for the meeting and at the same time she needed to find some guy's clothes. She already had some dark trainers and a woolly hat which could disguise her hair, and she wasn't exactly a curvy person. But she deduced that probably some sort of baggy hoodie and some jeans might be a good idea.

Meanwhile Adele was at her own front door. She thought about what she had arranged and what exactly she should say to her parent. Deciding that hesitating only built up her nerves she fumbled for her keys and unlocked the door. When she walked into the hallway Jo shouted through from the sitting room;

"How was it out?"

"Ok thanks, have you got a minute though?"

By now Adele was in the room with her and so after the nod from Joanne she sat down and faced her ready to speak. She told her that she had met a guy in town, a friend of a friend, and they were now going out together. They were meeting the next day. By now it was Jo who was standing up; she smiled down at Adele and unfolded her arms for a hug. Adele responded and they shared a close hug for the next minute or so. The teacher then kissed her warmly and lovingly on the cheek once, twice and on the third Adele moved her face so that the kiss brushed her lips. They looked deep into each other's eyes and immediately began to French kiss passionately. As they kissed Joanne's hand searched up Adele's t-shirt.

With one hand she fondled the bra less breasts and with the other she reached for her pink dildo. Adele's step mum certainly knew how to give her a good time.

Back on the streets again Sandy browsed through her local charity shop. She knew half the families in the area gave away their children's ex-clothes and she knew that it would be best to buy a couple of bits from here as it was not only cheaper but also something that was maybe a little grimy would be more convincing as a disguise. She eventually went for a black Nirvana hoodie and some faded grey jeans.

When she got home she laid them on her floor and then started to take off her ordinary clothes. Once she had peeled off her bra and was completely naked except from some pink knickers she began to get dressed in the 'new' clothes. She pulled on a dark blue t shirt followed by the hoodie. Next she went for the jeans and put them on, having to use her own belt to keep it up. It was black and studded and wouldn't really stand out as a girly piece of clothing. Looking at her clock she saw that she had an hour to meet the girl.

Peering down the stairs she made sure her mum wasn't in the hallway before hurrying down, putting on the trainers and grabbing her hat. She probably should have put it on first because now she needed her reflection to make sure that it covered up her hair. Still she needed to be out of sight of her house and so she quickly strolled round the corner before stopping in front of a car to adjust the hat. Afterwards she was satisfied with her neutral, unisex appearance. She had already wiped off her makeup and she didn't wear nail polish anyway.

Ten minutes later she got onto her bus. She then spent the next half an hour as the bus trundled along to the park that Adele had specified. She spent the time thinking about what she was doing. If you had told her three months earlier that she would be on a bus, going to a park dressed up as a guy to rendezvous with her lesbian lovers daughter so that she could take part in her sexual games then she not only would have laughed, she would

probably have thought you crazy and take immense pity on your obviously perverse and warped imagination. She almost laughed aloud at herself. Finally the bus stopped at her stop and, deciding to play the part of a guy, she mumbled a deep "cheers" to the driver as she got off. The park was right behind the stop but that was the north entrance. She had to cross the whole space to get to the south entrance where she would meet Adele. This in itself took her two minutes but by the time she got to the entrance she was still fifteen minutes early. She took the time to sit down and think about the sort of thing the girl might want her to do. Her first thought was something humiliating, maybe tie her up and leave her or whip her or something. Next she wondered if it would all prove to be part of some fetish, and that was why she was dressed as a boy. She was still deep in thought when someone tapped her on her shoulder. Standing beside her was Adele. She was dressed in tight skinny jeans, a small t shirt which meant that her black bra was poking just over the top of it, and a pink and black zip up hoodie. She had her arms folded and was looking at Sandy with a raised eyebrow.

"Almost didn't recognise you there, at least you dressed as a boy like I said. You seemed to be in a world of your own."

"Err yeah, hi there Adele, where do you want to go?"

The teacher's daughter smiled at this and beckoned. Sandy followed her for about ten minutes, winding all the way around the park.

"Why couldn't we have met somewhere a bit closer? You're taking me on a route march here!"

"Be quiet would you and stop complaining, I'm doing this for the both of us."

Sandy said a "thanks" in a sarcastic tone and continued to follow.

Another two minutes later and they arrived at an opening to a thick clump of trees. Inside there seemed to be a little passage. The opening itself wasn't very visible from the path.

Adele told her to keep following and the both of them entered, shortly after Adele pushed into a small clearing somewhere in the middle of the trees. There she stopped and stood beaming at Sandy.

"Ok, this is it. It's time for you to keep up your end of the bargain."

She reached into her handbag and produced a huge replica of a penis.

Sandy stared in amazement at the instrument. It was shaped like a penis, literally with a ball sack and everything. It was a sort of blue colour and had a black harness which Adele was now fiddling with.

"Well don't just stand there gawping! Take my jeans off whilst I adjust this."

Sandy knelt down and unbuttoned her friend's trousers. She almost dreaded what was to come; the strap on dildo was very big. Once the trousers were down she tugged the knickers. They were a deep red colour but as Sandy ripped them off the smell of arousal was overpowering, Adele's quivering pussy lips swollen and pink amidst her brown pubic hair. She resisted the urge to lick the beast in front of her and instead shakily stood up to face a confident Adele. The girl in front of her smiled and began to strap on the device. Soon it was on and they were ready.

"Strip girl, then kneel on the floor, hands and face down." She barked.

Sandy did what she said and was soon naked on all fours in the middle of a dense clump of trees. Her stomach flipped in anticipation and her nerves were not steadied when the girl placed her hands on each of her thighs, 'penis' brushing along the back of her leg.

"Now things get good, I want you to push up your butt Sandy; we are going to do it doggy!"

Sandy did so, her vagina now aching in anticipation. This contrasted with the pure relief she felt when Adele finally penetrated her pussy. The bell-end pushed past the lips and crawled down through her love passage. Slowly the dildo moved forward and backward inside of her. This movement became more fluid as her own juices lubricated it and also as her pussy was temporarily widened.

For about ten minutes Adele fucked Sandy from behind, grasping and rubbing her nipples as she did so. After this time it was clear that she was close to orgasm. Sandy was moaning more and more and letting out little squeaks in-between panting. Finally, after one last squeal Sandy collapsed and shuddered on the ground. Adele smiled as she saw girl cum leaking out of her friend's vagina. She wiped the dildo with one of her fingers and licked it, savouring the salty tang of this girl's bodily fluid. She now unstrapped her equipment and wrapped it up to go back in her bag. Once she had done that she was standing with bare legs and hairy mound. Sandy looked up,

"Would you like me to eat you out? I want to lick your pussy and tongue your clit."

But Adele just frowned and looking her lover straight in the eye said,

"Who do you think you are bitch? I'm not a lesbian. Your just a horny little dyke. Go home, I don't want you here with me, I've had my fun."

Sandy was stunned. She reached up to touch the pussy, which seemed to be surrounded by the light of the sun like a shiny pink angel. However as she did so Adele slapped her hard across the face. A wave of stinging pain swept through her cheek and Sandy was reduced to tears. Her vision was soon blurred with them and she only managed to get watery glimpses of Adele's back as she walked away from the clearing, strutting without a care in the world. And here was Sandy, feeling ravaged from the thrusts of her lover's big blue dildo and naked from her gaping slit downwards. She had not a clue what to do...