

## Eight lips Part two

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I'd do the same for you...

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 did not have 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 now 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.

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 hand back, dropped to her knees and kissed me, tasting her sweetness. Our breasts rubbed together, as she slid her leg in between mine, and we started to rock...

**To be continued... if you liked the story, please vote at**

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