

Love and Submission

Faye Valentine

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Stumbling in after a night out clubbing, Lexie nearly hit the floor. But not from being three sheets to the wind. No, wobbling in after was her best friend Mollie who, in her drunken state ran right into her best friend's back. Giggling loudly, Lexie turned to face her best friend only to be met with a kiss on the lips. Taken by surprise, not sure how to react, she didn't. Arms hanging at her sides, she stood there frozen in place like a mannequin. Then came the hands. First cupping and then gently squeezing her breasts, they quickly moved on to other parts of her body. Sides. Belly. Back. Slapped hard on her ass, her brain registered the shock, but the sound that escaped her lips was more a soft moan than a grunt or groan. Then, she was butt naked – the dress she wore to the club unzipped and pooled around her feet.

Drunken mind racing, she genuinely did not know what to do. Here she was, a straight woman being kissed and fondled by her pansexual best friend. Some small part of her brain told her this was not right, that she was being taken advantage of, while another part was screaming in excitement at the attention she was receiving. Her nipples were hard, clit excitedly engorged. She wanted to pull away, but at the same time thanked her body for not responding. Part of her wanted to slap her best friend across the face and tell her to get the hell out, while another wanted to hug her tight and thank her for giving her the love and affections she had so desperately needed since breaking up with her boyfriend more than a year ago. Then, out of nowhere her body finally responded to all the delayed signals, but not in the way she expected. Instead of jerking away and telling her best friend off, she tenderly placed her right hand on Mollie's left cheek and then began kissing her back. First to initiate it, she let her tongue slip into her best friend's mouth. Wetness. Confused, she looked down to see the orgasm running down her inner thighs. Shocked, she looked back into her best friend's eyes and then they were once again kissing.

Body acting of its own accord, Lexie reached behind Mollie's neck and untied the straps keeping her best friend's dress up. Tugging the garment down, she did not even think about what she was doing. Leaning in, she sucked Mollie's right nipple and to her astonishment was rewarded with a stream of sweet milk hitting the back of her throat. Believing her booze-addled brain was imagining things, she nevertheless continued sucking and drinking. Mind blown, she reached down and gently rubbed Mollie's pierced hood before pushing three fingers into her knuckles deep.

"Mmmm..." Mollie moaned as her best friend took charge. Not wanting to ruin the moment, she guided them to the floor with her best friend on her back. Straddling Lexie's hips, she leaned down and kissed her several times before flipping around and then eating her out.

Vulva suddenly pushed back to her face, Lexie inhaled sharply and then with a skip of a heartbeat she pulled Mollie back and her first lesbian sexual experience was underway. Nothing in her twenty-seven years could have prepared her for this life-changing event. Nothing indicated she would, or even could enjoy sex with another woman but here she was eating out her best friend and enjoying every lap of the tongue. But more than that she thoroughly loved the attention Mollie gave her own womanhood. Hips bucking up to drive the tongue deeper, it took all a minute for the second orgasm of the night to gush out of her like a geyser.

Fingernails digging into her best friend's inner thighs, she spread Mollie open and then shoved her tongue as deep as it would go just as she had another orgasm. No, not an orgasm. *FUCK!* She thought as she realized she was pissing. *WAIT! What the... is she... OH MY GOD, SHE'S DRINKING IT!* She thought as she felt Mollie's mouth on her vulva the entire time. Then,

her mouth was filled with warm, pungently salty fluid. Mind drunkenly racing, she gulped as fast as her throat muscles would allow, but a bit dribbled from the corners of her mouth as the vast majority flowed down her esophagus and into her liquor-filled belly. *FUCKING HELL! I'm doing it! I'm drinking her piss! What... what the actual fuck is wrong with...ME!* She thought as her stream of pee ended and the river of orgasm began. Arms outstretched; she raked her fingernails back along her best friend's sides. Then from her ass down the backs of her thighs. Slapping Mollie's ass, Lexie dug her fingernails in and then bit her best friend's engorged clit. Mouth filled with orgasm; she swallowed every intoxicating drop.

One finger. Two. Three. Slamming in and out of her best friend's pussy, Lexie added her pinky and watched as her hand went in as deep as the crook of her thumb would allow. Then, tucking thumb into palm, she went in wrist deep. Making a fist, she slipped several inches deeper – stopping only when knuckles hit cervix. Pulling her tightly clenched fist out, she punched it back in expecting screams of pain but getting moans of pleasure. Out. In. Out. In. Right hand out. Left hand in. Left hand out. Right hand in. Alternating back and forth, her mind was in a confused state of euphoria as she watched her best friend taking every hard jab as easily as most women would take a couple of fingers or thrusting cock. Then she felt it. Two fingers. Three. Four. Stretched more than she had ever been in her life, she grunted wildly, but did not protest as something in her sex-starved mind snapped causing her to instantly crave whatever attention her best friend gave her.

“UHN! Uhn! Uhn! Oh god damn!” Lexie grunted as the stretching continued unabated. “F-Fist me! Punch... uhhnnn... punch my pussy like you hate me! B-But... mmmm... I've never...” Before she could finish telling her best friend that she had never been fisted before and to ask her to go slow, she felt a horrible burning as Mollie's hand pushed in to the wrist. “Ghaahhghhhh! OH GOD!” she wailed even as the orgasm gushed from her overly stretched pussy. The damage done, she relaxed her body and accepted that her sex life would never be the same. In that one painful moment she came to terms with the facts that she not only had sex with another woman, but drank her breast milk and pee and was now being fisted by her – an act that was rapidly becoming more pleasurable by the thrust. “I was g-going to... uhn... say go slow because I've n-never been fisted before, but too late now,” she panted.

“OH GOD! I'm so sorry!” Mollie apologized as she started to pull her hand from her best friend's pussy.

“NO! D-Don't, don't you dare take it out now!”

“A-Are you sure?”

“God damn it Mollie, just do as I ask and fucking fist me! Eat my pussy. Suck my clit! Continue showing me how mind-blowingly amazing sex with another woman is!” Lexie said just before rimming her best friend's asshole.

“I don't want...”

“DAMMIT MOLLIE! You've already taken advantage of my drunken state so please just shut the fuck up and fist me!”

“Um...”

“FIST ME!”

Alright,” Mollie said as she slowly pistoned her hand in and out of her best friend's pussy. “But let's be very clear. I may have kissed you, but you're the one that drank my milk, and pee by the way, thanks for that. And you're the one that shoved your fingers into me. And not one did you complain or resist when I guided us to the floor, got on top of you and started eating you out. In fact, all you've done other than piss down my throat is orgasm down it while

eating me out and fisting me so don't you dare pretend that I took advantage. Now, the only thing I want to hear from you are moans of pleasure as I fist you into submission so continue licking my asshole like a good little fucktoy and we'll both have an amazing time."

Not saying a word, Lexie shoved her tongue as deep into her best friend's ass as it could go while her right hand pushed into Mollie's pussy.

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Lying on the living room floor next to her best friend, Lexie rolled onto her left side and latched onto Mollie's right nipple. After taking a few drinks and realizing she had not previously been hallucinating, she stared into Mollie's eyes and sighed. "I don't know what came over me but this has been the best, most mind-blowing, eye-opening night of my life. Thank you."

"I don't know what came over you either, babe, but holy shit am I glad it did," Mollie replied. "I know we're both still drunk off our tits, but..."

"Speaking of tits, what the fuck, Mollie? You don't have any kids. How are you lactating? Not that I'm complaining as it's fucking delicious..." Latching on, Lexie took several more drinks before continuing "but how the hell do you have milk?"

"At Erica's insistence and encouragement, I started inducing about two years ago. It took several months, but once I started producing, I've never stopped," Mollie explained. "But the important question is: how are you feeling? Besides drunk. This was a lot and I loved everything we did and hope..." The rest of her concern was cut off by another kiss from her best friend.

"I meant what I said, Mollie. I loved everything we did. Hell, as fucked up as it is I even liked drinking your piss."

"Really?"

"Mmm hmm."

"So, if I had to go right now..."

Rolling on top of her best friend, Lexie kissed her way down to Mollie's still engorged clit before finally placing her mouth over her vulva.

"Um, I don't think that's going to work."

"Just pee already!"

Mouth once again over her vulva, Mollie started peeing – the copious amounts of liquor running through her system like a raging river to her surprise, Lexie downed nearly every drop of it with only a few drops dribbling from the corners of her lips. "Fucking hell! You really do like it don't you?"

"No worse than that warm-ass beer they served at the club. Maybe even slightly better," Lexie answered.

"What about your pussy? Are you sure you're okay down there after..."

"After you shoved your hand in me?"

"Sorry, but in my defense, you told me to fist you, to punch you like I hate you *before* telling me you've never done it before."

"I'm not mad. And yes, I'm fine. More than fine. We had sex, Mollie, and while you may have kissed me, I'm the one that initiated the rest so I only have myself to blame. I don't, by the way. I loved drinking your milk and sucking on her huge nipples. I loved fingering and fisting you. I loved eating you out and rimming your ass. I... I love you, Mollie."

"I love you too, Lexie, but..."

"But nothing! We had sex and we both obviously loved every second of it so don't you dare shit on what was by far the best night I've had in a very, very long time. Please just accept that our friendship as gone to another level and let's go to bed."

“I wasn’t going to shit all over our moment, Lexie, but like I said, this was a lot and neither of us are in our right minds so you’re right, let’s go to bed and sleep it off and we’ll see how we feel in the morning. Just know I’ll always no matter what you decide.”

“And I’ll always love you too. Now let’s go to bed.”

“Maybe I should sleep...”

“In bed with me! Now, stop trying to ruin the moment and do as you’re told,” Latching onto her best friend’s nipple, Lexie gulped down several more mouthfuls before reluctantly pulling away, shakily getting to her feet, and then stumbling into the bedroom where she and Mollie collapsed arm-in-arm onto the bed where they fell fast asleep.