

Sapphic Sorority

Faye Valentine

~ ~ ~

Sapphic Sorority

Copyright© 2026 by **Faye Valentine**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

No sooner was the door shut behind her, then Braelyn let her anger and frustrations out on her best friend. “This is so fucking bullshit!” she seethed as she waved a stack of letters around like a mad woman. I’ve been accepted to half the Ivy League universities in the country but my mothers will only pay for me to go to Mystic River here in Sapphire City!”

“What’s wrong with Mystic River?” Emily asked. “Correct me if I’m wrong, but I’m pretty sure women in both our family’s attended and graduated and now have very lucrative careers.”

“You know what else they have in common? Each and every one of them went in straight and came out lesbian. All of them, Emily. My mothers, sisters, aunts, grandmothers going back nine generations. Your mothers, sister, and cousins. I’m straight and have absolutely zero interest in women, but if I go to that damn university I just know they’ll somehow turn me gay just like everyone else. And if I don’t go then I have to figure out a way of making tens of thousands of dollars to pay my own way as Mystic River is the only place my mothers will foot the bill for.”

I get it,” her best friend since the first grade sighed. “Both of us are straight, but given the circumstances what choice do we have but attend the only college we can afford? I don’t like the idea of being turned lesbian any more than you do, but if licking a few pussies is the price I have to pay to earn a degree then I’d like you to be the first.”

“Excuse me? You want to do what now?”

“We both know that if the rumors are even somewhat true then we’ll spend the next four years having sex with hundreds of women so why not be each other’s first? I know, you’re straight, so am I, but that doesn’t change the fact that, like every other woman in our families, we’re destined to be lesbians and the quicker we come to accept it, the happier we’ll be. So, what do you say? Would you like to be the first woman I have sex with?”

“Wow!” Braelyn exclaimed. “You can’t be serious! To even ask means you’re not straight. Not that there’s anything wrong with being gay, but I’m straight, Emily, and nothing and no one is ever going to change that!”

“I’m not trying to change your sexual orientation, Braelyn.”

“Then what do you call asking me to have sex with you?”

“Acceptance. You don’t have to be gay to like or enjoy same-sex encounters, but unless you plan on putting college off for several years, or not go at all, then as you said yourself you only have once choice and that means accepting doing things you might otherwise hate including sex with other women. Whether I’m your first or not is entirely up to you, Braelyn, but no matter what you choose I’m here for you. That being said, I’ve accepted the fact that I’ll be fucked by half the university and while I completely understand your reluctance, it would mean the world to me if you were my first.”

“I can’t believe this is happening! Have you even considered what this would do to our friendship if we don’t like it? What if we can’t look each other in the eyes afterward? What if...”

“We can’t live in a world of what ifs, Braelyn. I’ve come to peace with the fact that I’ll spend the next several years of my life being turned into something I’m not. I’ve also come to terms with you potentially being my first lesbian experience and I can say with one hundred percent certainty that one of two things will happen. Either we dislike it in which case we remain friends and never talk about it again, or we thoroughly enjoy it and spend the rest of our lives together as lovers.”

“The rest of our... Jesus Christ, Emily! Are you... is that... did you just propose to me?”

“No, but if we love having sex with each other I wouldn’t discount the possibility of taking our friendship in that inevitable direction. Before you give me an outright no, please at least think about it.”

Staring her best friend in the eyes for a long moment, Braelyn eventually forced herself to exhale. As much as she hated the idea of having sex with another woman – especially her best friend who may not remain so afterward, she could no longer deny the inevitable. Unless she wanted to put off going to school for another decade or two, there was no job she was ever going to get that would afford her the extra income to pay for an Ivy League education. While her grades were top of her class, the window for scholarships was out and with her mother making too much for grants and student loans, the only chance she had of going to college was Mystic River and that meant being used by every woman willing to show her even a hint of attention. “Fine, I’ll do it. I’ll have sex with you, but only if you do something for me first.”

“Name it.”

Taking Emily’s left hand in her own, Braely got down on one knee and then looked up into her best friend’s green eyes. “If you want to have sex with me, then you’re going to have to marry me.”

“W-What? Now who’s not being serious?”

“I’m being one hundred percent serious right now, Emily, and the fact that you don’t know why tells me you don’t know the whole story of what goes on behind the high stone walls surrounding what very well may be the only lesbian university in the world.”

“W-What are you talking about? Why would we need to be married to have sex?”

“It’s a simple yes or no answer. Do you want me to be your first badly enough to jump straight into getting married?”

“Yes, I am, but what I don’t understand is why you’re asking in the first place.”

“Swear on our friendship that we’ll get a marriage license first thing Monday morning and then get married as soon as possible afterward and I’ll not only tell you why, but spend the rest of the weekend doing my best to accept this insanity as my new norm.”

“I swear on our friendship and everything else I love and hold dear that we’ll get a marriage license Monday and then get married as quickly as possible afterward,” Emily vowed. “Now please tell me what this is about and why the sudden change of heart.”

“Women in my family have been going to Mystic River for generations. All of them went in straight and came out swearing off cock to such a degree it’s a minor miracle the family line has continued as long as it has. Some of them have shared their stories by word of mouth, others by writing extensively in diaries and journals. There are a lot of rules, but one in particular stuck with me. I heard it first-hand from my great-grandmother, several aunts, as well as my mother and sister. If you enroll as single then you’re pretty much fair game for whomever wants to use you, but if you’re married and bear the name of your wife on your body, then you have sex on your terms and no one else’s.”

“Seriously?”

“That’s what I’ve read and been told by multiple sources. Your mom and sister both attended. Why don’t you ask them if it’s true or not?”

“Good idea. If it’s true then we’re getting married ASAP. And if not, I’m going to spank your ass.”

“Fair enough.”

Really? You’re so sure of yourself you’d honestly let me spank your ass however I see fit?”

“I’m confident half my family knows what they’re talking about.”

“Yes or no. If you’re wrong will you let me spank your ass however I see fit?”

“I swear on our friendship and everything else I hold dear that if I’m wrong you may spank my ass however you see fit.”

“Good enough for me,” Emily said as she grabbed her phone off the end table. Dialing her sister, she then put it on speaker so they could both hear everything that’s said.

“What’s up, sis?” 24-year-old Wendy Wilcox answered the phone.

“Hey sis, I’m here with Braelyn and you’re on speaker. I have a very serious and important question and I need you to be completely honest with me. Is it true that if you enroll at Mystic River as married to another woman then you can pick and choose whom you have sex with?”

“That’s half of it. You both need to be enrolled at the same time and on top of proof of marriage being on file you both must also bear the other’s name on your body in an open and completely visible manner. I say name, but it’s more like a mark of ownership.”

“Meaning what exactly?” Braelyn asked despite already knowing the answer.

“Meaning you must be branded as your significant other’s property. For instance, if the two of you were to enroll as wives you’d have to have something along the lines of property of Emily Wilcox usually written around a triskelion or other mark of submission and she would have to have property of Braelyn Cox branded on her body around the same symbol. As you can imagine not many women are willing to get branded even for the ones they claim to love so you won’t see it very often.”

“When you say it has to be in an openly visible location…” Braelyn asked.

“Somewhere on the body that isn’t covered by the school uniform. So, the two of you planning on getting married before enrolling?”

“Seeing as how we’re both destined for Mystic River and a life of lesbian sex, yes, we’re getting married as soon as possible,” Braelyn answered.

“Congratulations!”

“Thanks, sis, but please keep this to yourself so that we can tell everyone ourselves,” Emily said.

“My lips are sealed,” Wendy replied. “Anything else I can help you lovebirds with?”

“That’s all we needed. Thanks again, sis.”

“Talk you to later.”

“Later.” Hanging up, Emily turned to her best friend. “Well, seems like we’re getting married.”

“Second guessing your decision?”

“God no! But I’m kind of puzzled why you’re not.”

“I’m the one that proposed, remember? So, do you want to do it here or in the bedroom?”

“In the bedroom. Do you want it to be just us or should I break out my toy collection?”

“You’ve been eighteen for all of three months. How do you have a toy collection?”

“I went on a spending spree the day I became legal. You telling me you didn’t?”

“No, no I have not. So, I guess I’m the only virgin in this relationship then?”

“Nope, I’ve never had sex with another person so I’m still a virgin as well. I just have three months experience fucking myself silly with silicone cocks and plugs.”

“Plugs? You mean you take it up the ass too?”

“I do. And before you judge, it actually feels really fucking good. Anyway, let’s head to the bedroom and see where the weekend takes us.”

“Hopefully, it’ll take us to the heights of pleasure, otherwise we’re going to have a miserable life together. I’m going to kiss you now,” Braelyn said as she pulled her fiancée in.

“Not if I kiss you first,” Emily said as she immediately pressed her lips to her best friend turned first lover.

Both women experiencing instant and intense arousal as their tongues danced a tango in each other’s mouth, the newly engaged couple let their hands roam the other’s body groping asses, breasts, and vulva in a frenzied attempt at sating their newfound carnal desires. Grabbing the bottom of Emily’s tee shirt, Braelyn pulled it off and then immediately reached back to unhook her lover’s bra, but was temporarily blocked by her own shirt being lifted over her head. Bra’s on the floor; the lovers then unbuttoned each other’s pants and frantically pulled them and panties down and off.

“I proposed so it’s only fitting that I lick you first,” Braelyn said as she got down on her knees.

“Bullshit!” Emily said as she playfully lay her fiancée back before climbing on top. “We’ll lick each other at the same time or not at all!”

Pulling her lover back a bit, Braelyn licked her lips while silently hoping she liked what she would soon be tasting. “On lick,” she purred. “One... two... three... LICK!” No sooner was the word out of her mouth, then she shoved her tongue into her fiancée and licked as if her life depended on it and in the span of three heartbeats she was hooked. Not only on the sweet and somewhat earthy flavors now coating her tongue, but on the tongue now probing her womanhood with equal zeal.

“Oh my fucking God I love the taste of you!” Braelyn and Emily said in near perfect unison before going right back to eating each other out. “Mmmm... let’s take this to the bedroom,” Emily purred as she got off of her fiancée.

Rolling onto all fours, Braelyn softly moaned. “After you, babe,” she said just before giving her fiancée another kiss. “And for the record, I love you and your sweet pussy. Seriously, I really could eat you out all day and night.”

“Likewise, babe. You’re as sweet honey and I can’t wait to get my tongue into you again.”

“Then we better bet to the bedroom,” Braelyn said as she began crawling toward the short hallway leading to the back half of her lover’s house.

“Fuck, that’s hot!” Emily exclaimed as she watched her fiancée’s ass swaying left and right. “You make for a sexy puppy!”

“ARF!” Braelyn barked playfully.