

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



First Taste
Paisley Smith

Naughty
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First Taste

Paisley Smith

It's Natalie's ten-year high school reunion and she's reluctantly joined the planning committee. Things start to look up, though, when she finds that Haley Moore is on the committee — and she's even more gorgeous than Natalie remembered.

Ten years before, Natalie and Haley had experimented sexually together, but when high school ended, they went their separate ways. Their unexpected reunion finds them ready to make up for lost time, both in bed and out.

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First Taste

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FIRST TASTE

Paisley Smith

Chapter One

Ten years. I could hardly believe it. But here I was, walking into the restaurant where a few graduates of Woodrow Wilson High School were meeting to plan our ten-year reunion.

I had debated not coming at all. It wasn't as if I had a great job about which I wanted to brag or I still looked as good as the day I graduated. But when Jeff Thompson had pleaded with me to help him out—knowing what a pushover I'd always been—I didn't have the heart to refuse.

Divorced, no kids, a nine-to-five job...

I didn't have anything to brag about at all. Hopefully, I could help with the planning and fade into obscurity the way I had when we were all in school. I'd been the consummate wallflower, the nice girl who somehow never had a date, the last one picked for any team. Yessiree. Band geek. That's what it said next to my senior picture.

Well, it didn't say geek. It did say band. Right alongside French Club secretary.

As I strode into the restaurant, I looked for some familiar faces. I recognized Jeff's carrottop at the bar. Beside him sat Damon Gray, the quarterback on whom I'd had a wicked crush. Typical. He'd lost his hair and gained a beer gut.

My gaze drifted past him and my heart skipped a beat.

I stared. Looking thinner and prettier than ever, Haley Moore sat with her legs crossed in such a way that her short white dress revealed a tanned thigh. Leaning slightly forward, she sipped a martini from a delicate long-stemmed glass.

I sucked in a breath, shocked at the feelings the sight of her evoked in me. Haley and I had...*experimented* in school. She was the only secret I'd never told. Back then, I hadn't known I was bisexual. I simply thought I'd been practicing for guys. Now I knew better. Haley had starred in more than one of my fantasies over the years but I'd

never gotten the nerve to call her. I'd certainly never had the *cajones* to act on my sexual desires.

As if my presence were somehow magnetic, she turned and looked at me. I held her surprised gaze. Actually, I withstood it. Paranoia struck and I wondered if she could tell what I was thinking.

A smile lit up her face. She put down her glass, slid off the barstool and rushed toward me with open arms. In two seconds, she enveloped me in a hug and as soon as my arms went around her, the memories of kissing her in the locker room, fingering her when our parents thought we were asleep, skinny dipping with her in her swimming pool, flooded back over me in a rush that spiraled straight to my pussy.

"Natalie!" Haley cried, holding me in an uncomfortably long embrace. "Oh my God! I haven't seen you since we graduated. What have you been doing? Come sit by me. You'll have to fill me in on all the details."

Her fingers laced with mine. I was certain everyone else assumed it was an innocent enough gesture but I knew better.

As we walked, I noticed her expensive dress and even more expensive shoes. Her makeup was impeccable. Her jewelry was stunning. The scent of her was sexy. Better yet, that scent was now all over me.

I felt like an awkward kid again as I lumbered along beside her in my high-top sneakers. As I climbed onto the open stool beside her, my thoughts ran wild. I wondered if her pussy had the same ultra-feminine fragrance as her perfume. We'd never actually gone down on each other.

Now I wished with all my being that we had.

I drank in her softly curled, dark hair that contrasted her sculpted bone structure. She'd lost the extra facial plumpness of youth and it suited her perfectly. "You look fantastic," was all I could say.

"So do you." She placed her hand on my jean-clad knee and an electric current radiated through me at the contact. The way she looked at me made me believe her

words were true even though I felt the divorce had emaciated me. While some women emerged from divorce like butterflies breaking out of a cocoon, I had not. Dating had not appealed to me, although I'd been asked out several times. Instead, I'd been spending my free time volunteering at the local hospital. And while volunteer work was certainly rewarding, it did not fill the empty space inside me that had compelled me to file for my divorce in the first place. Neither had four months of therapy.

"How's your husband?" Haley asked as though she'd been picking up my thoughts psychically.

My lips parted. "I...we got divorced." There was no easier way to break the news.

Her smile faded. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

I shrugged. "We just grew apart. I really don't know what happened." She hadn't asked but I felt compelled to attempt an explanation anyway.

Her gaze found mine again and the look in her dark eyes made me wonder if she was thinking the same thing I was—reliving one of our steamy sleepovers from years gone by.

"What about you?" I asked, changing the subject.

Her smile returned and I was mesmerized by full red lips and perfect white teeth. I inhaled and crossed my legs but the motion only aggravated the ever-increasing throbbing between my thighs.

"I never married," she said.

My eyes widened. "No?"

She giggled softly and leaned toward me until those cranberry lips grazed my ear. "Natalie, I'm gay. I thought you knew that."

My pulse accelerated so fast and so hard I just knew she could hear my heart pounding in my throat.

Still smiling, Haley straightened. Her cheeks pinkened and her eyes sparkled. I gaped as if someone had just told me I'd won the lottery. I tried to swallow but couldn't. All I could manage to utter was, "Really?"

Her eyebrows knitted together in mock reproach. "Silly Natalie. I thought you were too."

My mind fled back over the years with my husband. We'd been friends. We'd enjoyed each other's company but I'd never been *really* sexually attracted to him. I thought about the times I'd played with my vibrator. I'd always fantasized about being with women. Shit. Even though I'd never had sex with a woman, I'd known I was bisexual. That was never a question in my mind but could I possibly lean more toward being a lesbian than I'd known?

My intense physical reaction to Haley urged me to explore the possibility. Uncharacteristic courage flooded me and I gazed hard into Haley's eyes. "Well, now that I'm free, maybe you could help me figure that out."

Holding my stare, she twisted on her barstool and brushed my calf with the toe of her shoe. "I'd like that."

Chills skittered down my arms. Although no one was smoking, the air felt thick and I could scarcely breathe. Butterflies flitted in my stomach and wetness gathered in my panties. I'd never been aroused for anyone the way I was for Haley right now.

"Are you two going to weigh in on T-shirt and band ideas for the reunion or not?" Jeff asked.

Plans for the reunion in place and three beers later, I was ready to be alone with Haley. The entire time, her fingers had brushed my knee or my arm. Her leg had touched mine and she had glanced at me with desire in her eyes. All I could think about was pulling up her dress, peeling off her panties and burying my face in her pussy.

Knowing she was gay—and obviously interested—only served to make me so incredibly horny I could hardly stand it.

My clit ached and my full bladder was only making it worse. I slid off my stool but stopped when Haley's hand encircled my wrist.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To the restroom." God, her fingers felt like silk on my skin.

She came off her stool as well. "You know women always go in pairs," she said nonchalantly. "Be right back, boys."

They didn't seem to notice anything out of the ordinary. Neither did the people seated in the booths we passed as the two of us walked to the back of the restaurant. But inside, I shook. I knew the bathroom was a one-seater. I knew what Haley and I had done in public restrooms before.

Most of all, I knew what I wanted to do with her right now.

Still, I doubted myself. I didn't want to come off as pushy. When we arrived at the door, I politely turned to her. "Do you want to go first?"

Her lips stretched into a smile as she twisted the doorknob with one hand and snatched mine with the other. Giggling, she dragged me into the bathroom with her and before the light was even on, she pushed me against the wall and covered my mouth with hers.

I melted.

It had been so long but the memories swept back over me in a torrent. I moaned, opening for her to admit her tongue. My own sparred with hers. My hands skimmed her body, caressing her through her flimsy dress.

The lock clicked. The light snapped on and I found myself staring at the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. All those years ago... Had I been in love with her then? Because I was fairly certain I was in love with her now.

My hands moved over the curve of her ass and then down to drag up her skirt. *Fuck me! No panties.* My lashes fluttered shut as her mouth fused with mine again.

Her thighs opened as I reached between them. She was as wet as I was. My heart hammered and I worked my fingers through her slippery folds, searching, finding...*ah yes, there.*

She moaned as I pushed one finger up inside her. A tremor shook her body. I explored her, tasting her mouth, breathing in the scent of her feminine perfume. My senses were inundated with her and with my surroundings. My skin tingled with her touch. My ears pounded with the rock music blaring through the speakers. I'd never felt so alive.

My free hand brushed over one of her breasts. No bra. Her nipple was diamond hard and grew even harder when I rolled it between my thumb and middle finger. She dragged her mouth from mine and clung to my shoulders. "I want you to eat me."

Desire swirled wildly inside me. I dropped into a chair in the corner of the restroom and watched as she pulled her skirt up. Her pussy was bare except for a thin black landing strip. Her glistening and swollen clit peeped from between her folds. She moved closer, slipping out of one heel so she could prop her foot on the side of my chair.

Instinct took over and I leaned into her. She smelled wonderfully feminine and clean. When I kissed her clit, she trembled. Her hands threaded into my short hair and she pulled my face hard against her.

My hands cupped her soft bottom and I ran my tongue through her folds. It was better than I had ever imagined. I teased, nibbled and sucked her clit. I moved my hand down and tickled her with my fingers. Her breathing grew quick and harsh.

"Natalie," she whispered huskily. "I've missed you. I...oh...I've dreamed of...this."

Her heel squeaked as she shifted her foot on the floor. She tilted toward me, pressing more of her delectable pussy into my mouth, and then a shudder tore through her and I knew she was coming. I latched onto her clit and alternately sucked and flicked my tongue over it while she gripped my head and whispered how good it felt.

Joy surged at knowing I had brought her this pleasure.

When she finally stepped back and dropped her skirt, I stood and kissed her again. My entire being was consumed with her and our mouths locked as if I could crawl inside her and share her skin. Our teeth clashed. Our tongues wrestled.

Her hands began unfastening my belt. I unbuttoned my own jeans and she unzipped my fly. But just as her hand ventured under the elastic band of my bikini panties, a knock sounded on the door.

“Anybody in there?”

My heart sank.

“Just a minute,” Haley and I both said in unison and then we laughed at ourselves.

The spell was broken and I still had to pee. Before I could pull down my jeans, Haley pressed another kiss to my lips. “Will you come home with me?”

Chapter Two

Haley's condo looked like something out of a magazine. The décor was decidedly modern with lots of chrome, stainless, black and white. She looked absolutely beautiful in it.

"Would you like a glass of wine?" she asked as she dropped her purse on a table in the foyer.

"I'd rather finish what we started at the restaurant," I said truthfully.

She turned to me and her breasts swelled as she drew in a deep breath. Her nipples were visible under the white fabric and I ached to strip off that dress and kiss her there. I moved toward her, intent on doing just that.

She held out a hand to thwart me. "It's your turn," she announced as she swept that same hand over one of my breasts and down my abdomen to where she dug her fingers under the waist of my jeans. "Come with me."

Like a puppy, I readily followed her into her bedroom. She kicked off her shoes and wriggled out of her dress before I could even unfasten my belt. Her body was beautiful and tan and fit. It was obvious that she worked out.

"You're so sexy," I uttered.

Naked, she put her hands over mine and finished unfastening my jeans. I ached to touch her but instead, I remained still so she could unbutton my blouse. As she pushed it off my shoulders, she peppered kisses across my collarbone.

I dragged my fingers up her silky arms and back down again. My body tingled wherever her skin made contact with mine. And when she pushed my jeans and panties down my thighs, I thought I would collapse.

Somehow, I managed to wrest out of my shoes and clothes. Haley reached behind me and unhooked my bra. I let it fall to the floor with the rest of my things and then...

Our naked bodies were pressed together. Her breasts collided with mine. The sensitive skin of my tummy countered hers. Our hips and thighs touched. Our arms encircled each other and our mouths merged.

I knew this was *right*.

The reflection in the mirror over her dresser was, in a word, beautiful. Two nude women, one with a short brown bob and the other with a wild mane of black hair. Haley's skin was darker than mine and the contrast delineated where her body ended and mine began.

As we continued to kiss, she turned and walked me back until I felt the mattress at the back of my legs. I sank and so did she. My bottom hit the bed and she knelt between my thighs. I shook violently as she looked into my eyes and pushed my knees apart. When her bubblegum-colored tongue darted out to wet her lips, I thought I would die.

Her gaze dropped to my pussy and instinctively, I reclined on my elbows and scooted to the edge of the bed. I held my breath as she parted the short hair of my thatch and then nuzzled her nose into my pussy.

My muscles jerked and I fought to keep from squirming as her tongue flicked over my clit. I wanted her to bury her face in me. I wanted to grind against her mouth but somehow I forced myself to remain still as she nipped at the inside of each of my thighs.

She was teasing me and I loved every fucking minute of it. Her eyes flirted with mine and she smiled before she pushed my thighs impossibly wide apart and ran her tongue from my opening to the tip of my clit.

The breath left my lungs in a ragged rush. My nipples ached, they were so hard. Chills skittered down my arms and legs.

Haley lifted my legs. Her face descended into me again and I felt her warm, wet tongue wriggling inside me. I dropped back on the mattress and rocked my hips to meet her tongue thrusts.

“Oh my —” I began but I drew a sharp breath in through my teeth when a finger worked its way into my channel.

In and out and in and out. Her fist pushed up against my bottom. Her lips locked around my clit and her tongue vibrated over my flesh. My hands found my own breasts and I tugged my nipples. Why hadn’t we done this before? Why had we stopped at fingering and kissing?

Somewhere inside, I knew the answer to that question but I forced it down and out of my mind as I surrendered to the sensual sensation of Haley eating my pussy.

I lifted my head again so I could watch her. A strand of dark hair fell across her face and I pushed it back and held it in place as she licked me hungrily. Her lashes rested on her cheeks. I noticed she was massaging her own pussy. Erotic, I thought — this was the most erotic moment of my life and I never wanted it to end.

Her eyes opened and her gaze locked with mine. I shuddered from the inside out. My channel clenched around her finger, eliciting a sexy smile from my female lover.

It had never been *like this* when we were younger.

“I’m going to make you come, Natalie,” she promised.

My stomach tightened and my breathing quickened. Oh, I so wanted her to make me come!

“On my tongue,” she added with a little lift of her eyebrows.

I felt drunk. Drunk on Haley, on love. I dropped my head back as she began working her finger in and out of my pussy like a piston. She hummed against me and then swirled her tongue around and around and then I was spinning and crying out her name. My back arched as the spasms contracted inside me and radiated outward like electricity looking for ground. My hair, my fingertips, my toes, all felt alive with my orgasm. With Haley.

Obviously satisfied that I'd come, she kissed her way up my limp body, over my abdomen, stopping to take her time with each nipple, over my collarbone, up one side of my very sensitive neck and finally to my ear.

"I've dreamed of this moment for years," she whispered. "Now it's happening and I'm going to fuck you all night long."

I cracked open my eyes. "Is that a promise?"

She looked into my eyes before she brushed my mouth with hers. "That's a promise."

She kissed her way back down my body and back up again and then rolled me onto my stomach so she could pepper my back with her soft kisses. I floated in that hazy state between being awake and asleep. This felt like a dream from which I never wanted to awaken. Somewhere inside, I realized I was on the verge of something life altering and then her voice jolted me.

"Why haven't you called me all these years?"

I tensed. Good question. Why hadn't I?

It certainly wasn't that I hadn't thought about her—about doing just *this* with her. I'd picked up the phone several times. I'd looked her up on the Internet but I'd never been able to bring myself to punch in the phone numbers. At the time, I'd been married and somehow, I'd felt that if I contacted Haley, I would be cheating on my husband.

"You could just as easily have called me," I whispered.

"I was afraid to," she admitted.

The blood in my veins turned to ice. "Afraid to?" But I knew exactly what she meant.

"After I came back from college—after I realized what I was—you were the first person I thought of. I asked around about you and found out you were married," she said.

I turned over and looked into her eyes. "You did?"

She nodded solemnly. "It broke my heart. I couldn't bear to see you...with a man."

I swallowed thickly. Awareness flooded me and I couldn't believe how easily I had fooled myself over the years. It had always been Haley. Even when I'd been married, it was thoughts of Haley that made my heart race. It was her face that appeared in my dreams. It was Haley I had loved all along.

"I didn't call you because...because I...I was in love with you," I said and the instant the words left my lips, I felt liberated in a way I had never before known.

Her lips parted. A tear formed in the corner of her eye and slid down her cheek. I watched it for a long second before I brushed it away and then threaded my fingers into her hair and drew her to me.

Our lips met, softly at first and then it was as if we both released a passion that had smoldered for a decade.

"I've got you back," she murmured between kisses. "And now I'll never let you go."

My heart wheeled like an eagle in flight.

"Would you be willing to try?" she asked. "With me?"

I bit my bottom lip and stared into her eyes. What would everyone think? My family? The people with whom I'd gone to school? The people where I worked? Terror seized me at the idea of coming out, of admitting I was gay.

Haley continued. "I won't kid you, Nat. It wasn't easy for me admitting to myself and everyone else that I'm a lesbian. But once I did..."

I considered the possibility of this being a one-night stand, of walking away from Haley and never seeing her again, of finding a good man to spend the rest of my life with...

The thought sent a rush of fear trembling through me. After tonight, I couldn't imagine a future with anyone but Haley.

Her expression fell. She started to move away from me but I seized her arms and held her. "Yes."

She stared. "Yes?"

I nodded. "Yes."

Excitement tingled from my scalp to my toes. I thought of all the years we had wasted, all the years we were apart. But then, perhaps she and I both had needed the time to realize what we meant to each other. I know I had needed it.

But now...

Now she was in my arms and I felt a sense of perfect relief that made me want to sob with joy.

"I want to do everything with you," she said. "Right now. All at once."

I cupped her breast and squeezed softly. "What else is there?"

A wicked smile curved one side of her mouth. "Do you like toys?"

"Toys?" The thought caused fresh desire to stampede straight to my clit. Of course I had owned a vibrator but other than that...

Haley slid out of bed and I admired her body as she strode to her dresser, bent and opened a drawer. She was beautiful, alternately hard and soft in all the right places. When she straightened she held a perfectly shaped dildo that was trussed up in a harness.

"Do you want to wear it first?" she asked before she licked the silicone head with the tip of her tongue.

Fuck, yes. I couldn't possibly! The thought of strapping on a fake penis and fucking Haley with it... "Yes," I said, crawling out of bed. I stopped short when I saw what actually anchored the thing in place.

In addition to the silicone cock, there were two thick nubs protruding from the leather harness. My breath froze. "What are those?"

Haley rubbed the conical-shaped one in the rear. "These are for you," she told me before she gripped the thick cock. "And this one's for me."

My heart hammered at the thought of either of those two protuberances going inside me.

"Don't worry," Haley assured me. "I'll get you ready for them. Bend over."

I'd enjoyed anal sex on occasion. Usually after a couple of glasses of wine and watching a movie I'd rented from the back room of the video store. But this? With her? Panic welled.

"It feels amazing," Haley said. "Try it and if you don't like it, we can remove these." She was already slathering them with lube.

My pulse beat so hard it constricted my throat but I got on my knees anyway. I trembled as Haley's fingertips lightly brushed the backs of my thigh. She put the strap-on down on the bed and then I felt fingers smoothing silky lube over both my openings.

"Spread your legs," she whispered.

I couldn't swallow. Every muscle in my body was so taut I didn't think I could spread my legs any wider but somehow, I managed it. The promise of being strapped securely into the harness so I could fuck Haley with the fake cock was the only thing that kept me from reconsidering the two nubs.

I gasped when a finger slid all the way into my anus. I shuddered. It felt good. So good it made me impatient for the plug. Haley's free hand roamed over my bottom and up and down one thigh. "How's that?" she asked.

"Good," I murmured.

I moaned a little protest when she slowly withdrew the one finger but my dismay was short lived. Two fingers breached my rim and pushed inside. Sharp pain ringed the opening and I tensed.

"Relax," Haley told me as she continued to rub my bottom with her free hand. "That's it, Natalie. Just relax."

I tried and after a few seconds, the pain subsided. I wriggled my bottom, aching for her to finger-fuck me in that hole. My head dropped down on the bed and my back swayed, causing my bottom to lift toward Haley's probing fingers. I wanted to rub my clit, to come, but once more the fingers pulled away.

"Are you ready for the harness?"

Hell yes. "I'm not sure."

A seductive laugh emanated from her chest as she lifted the strap-on. When I felt the point of the plug at my opening, I grasped at the covers. Haley gave it a push and my hole stretched. I bit my bottom lip. I couldn't take it. The plug was too big. It hurt. But then the widest part slid into me and my hole gobbled it up.

I blew out the breath I'd been holding as I became accustomed to the new, exquisite sensation of being filled there.

Haley smacked my bottom. "How's that?"

"It's good," I said, uncertain of how it would feel when I was pumping that cock into Haley's pussy.

Adding the other nub was quite a bit easier. It slid right into place and my passage clenched around it rhythmically. I could hardly wait to get the harness secured. Apparently, Haley couldn't either. In two quick movements, the leather belts were in place and I suddenly found myself sporting my own erect cock.

Gingerly, I straightened and looked down at the silicone monster protruding rudely from my front. I laughed out loud at the absurd sight of it.

Haley crawled onto the bed before she slathered my new appendage with lube. For those few seconds I wished I were a real guy so I could feel her hand slicking me up to slide easily into her pussy. She gave it a little tug, which sent the most delicious sensations through my bottom. My clit swelled against the leather harness and every movement rubbed me in such a way I thought I might come right then.

Haley's irises darkened as her gaze found mine. While she spread the remaining lube over my breasts and nipples, she leaned in for a kiss. My hands found her hips and I wanted to pull her close but the dildo prevented it. Then with a giggle, she twisted so that she was on her hands and knees, her bottom facing me. She glanced back over her shoulder. "It's easier to do it doggie style. Honestly, I don't know how men hold themselves up like they do."

My gaze fell to her pussy. I planted one hand on her bottom and raked the head of the cock through her folds with the other. It was such a beautiful, erotic sight I began to comprehend why men loved this position.

Haley moaned as I gave a thrust that pushed the dildo inside her pussy. As I moved, the two plugs inside me shifted and pulled and I struggled against the desire to close my eyes and just *feel*. Instead, I drove the cock all the way up to its balls and when I withdrew, the anchor in my ass sent crazy sensations shooting straight to my clit. I'd been wrong about wanting to be a guy. Being all woman was perfect at the moment.

Haley's labial lips sucked at the cock as I worked it in and out of her. I stared, mesmerized. The urge to pound her welled and for a moment, I wondered if it would hurt her. But instinct took over and I dug my fingers into the soft flesh of her ass and pummeled her until the muscles in my thighs and bottom burned. The sight of her, the sound of her moans, the feel of the nubs secreted in my two openings overwhelmed me. My orgasm lurked just *there*. I fought it. I wanted this to last.

I wanted to look into Haley's eyes and come with her.

I stopped and withdrew the dildo from her pussy. "Turn over!" I didn't wait for her to comply. I twisted her and planted her on her back, shifted in between her legs and guided the cock home once again. I didn't care how difficult it was to hold myself in this position above her body.

Haley's dark hair fanned across the white bed covers. Her dusky nipples jutted up, just begging to be kissed. I lowered my mouth to one of them and sucked while I thrust my hips so that the cock moved in and out of Haley's pussy.

Haley's hands threaded into the hair at my temples. She encouraged me with her breathy moans and sexy words. One of her hands left my hair to move down my back, eliciting chills across my skin. She shifted so that she could push against the plug up my ass.

I stilled. My arms ached. My thighs burned.

"Fuck me!" Haley demanded, giving the hair at my crown an erotic tug. She slapped my ass and then rolled that plug around inside me again.

I couldn't take it. I was on the verge of begging her to pull it out of me.

"Damn it, fuck me!" Haley ordered again. She popped my bottom again.

Delicious heat spread through my flesh and I did as I was told. I buried the dildo in her pussy and ground against her clit. She pulled my hair harder. Her eyes closed and she gritted her teeth.

I knew she was close so I quickened my pace so that the two dildos gave me as much pleasure as I was giving her.

When she sucked in a breath, held it for several seconds and then let it out with an uninhibited loud moan, my own orgasm crested and then crashed through my body like a tidal wave. I rode it and rode her until the sensations finally eddied away and then I sought her mouth and kissed her for what seemed like forever. Still inside her. Still connected, our mouths and our bodies.

We both gasped for air. My body felt heavy and sated. My bottom spasmed around the plug, which was quickly becoming painful. I shifted and Haley instinctively began unfastening the harness.

I raised my backside as she gently removed the plugs and then dropped the strap-on to the floor.

She pulled me into her arms and smoothed my sweat-drenched hair away from my face. "Can you stay the night?" she asked.

My heart jumped. The thought of leaving her now was no longer an option. "Yes," I whispered.

She sighed and at that moment, I knew why I had never allowed myself to be fully with her when we were in school. I had feared this aspect of myself. I'd thought I wasn't normal and I'd fooled myself into believing that Haley and I were merely friends who were just pretending. Deep inside, I'd known that if I had gone all the way with her then, I would have had to face my fear that I was a lesbian and that Haley was more than a friend.

Now that I was older, the prospect was not as frightening. Instead, I was exhilarated. Liberated. And I knew that as long as I had Haley next to me, I could face anything life had to offer.

Haley giggled, dragging me out of my thoughts.

"What's so funny?" I asked, noticing how pretty she was when she smiled.

"Remember when we told everyone we were going stag to prom so we could go together?" she asked.

I chuckled. "Yes."

Something mischievous gleamed in her dark eyes. "We won't be going stag to the reunion."

About the Author

Paisley Smith is a full time freelance writer and can usually be found in front of her computer writing, chatting, promoting or plotting.

A true southern belle, Paisley enjoys all things feminine, such as the perfect shade of lipstick, a pair of killer heels and a sexy, confident woman.

Sneak a peek at Paisley's site to see what she's up to.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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