

# 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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"Jo, spread-eagled on her bed, pushed in her black dildo. This was going to get hot..."

Continued:

"I am nibbling on your nipples Sandy, now I'm massaging your cute little breasts as we rub our bodies together. Your breasts are so dainty, they fit in my hands like perfectly shaped fruits and I'm biting on your nipples as they protrude through my fingers, I'm tugging and biting and rubbing up against you as you moan in my ear".

Sandy was moaning for real now as she circled her own clit over the arousing conversation.

"Jo, your body against mine is beautiful. I grab your peachy arse as you indulge my nipples and grab them harder as you bite down. Now I want to grind up against you, my pussy's wet and waiting for you..."

Mrs Triller was pleasuring herself harder and harder now; she was finding it hard to carry on talking to Sandy as she focused more and more on bringing herself to orgasm.

"Sandy I want you so much. I want to grind my sex against your tight little vagina, I want to lick you as you lick me, and I want to eat you out from behind, I want..."

Before she could finish she was bowled over by a stunning climax, she kept on pushing with the dildo but she had to stop as her senses were on fire.

Sandy heard her gasp from the other side; she listened as her teacher let out a series of high pitched moans before Mrs Triller hung up on her.

Joanne felt a sudden rush of guilt as she clicked her phone shut, she tried not to think about what she had just done but her guilt was catching up with her.

Sandy wondered if this was part of the game, if Jo was going to phone back and let her finish or if she was going to come over and finish her off personally. However after ten minutes of sitting naked by the phone she had to face facts. Her lover had got what she wanted and had just left her. Sandy no longer had the energy to carry on masturbating.

The next day Sandy again wore no knickers as well as putting on a liquid filled red trimmed bra. She hoped to seduce Mrs Triller again as she was determined there was a rational explanation for last night – her phone must have run out of battery or credit.

When Sandy arrived at school she decided to play it cool. She went to her first lesson where she sat at the back so as not to reveal her lack of underwear. She was patient for the first half of the day as she waited for lunch, her only opportunity to see Jo in a day when she had no English lessons.

When she left fourth lesson Sandy was excited in the full sense of the word. She quickly made her way to the staff room to look for her favourite teacher but she was told that Mrs Triller was having her lunch. So Sandy made her way down to the canteen, however Jo wasn't there either.

Beginning to get frustrated Sandy had almost given up when she saw Joanne walking towards her car. She ran as quickly as she could in her choice of clothes, but Jo didn't seem to have noticed her. Just as the teacher was ducking into the car Sandy shouted.

"Mrs Triller wait, wait Miss we need to talk!"

Triller automatically looked up and saw Sandy jogging towards her, she felt that guilt flash across her mind again and she pretended not to have noticed as she sat in her seat and turned the engine on. Just before her young lover reached her Jo managed to pull away and hurriedly drove out into town.

Sandy felt her heart flip as she realised that last night wasn't an accident. And now the woman she thought she loved was driving away from her in an attempt to avoid awkward questions.

She felt stupid as she walked back through the school corridors with pumped up breasts and no panties on.

"Hey Sandy, babe, I've been looking for you"

Sandy looked up and saw her boy friend George trampling along the corridor with a big grin on his face.

"Hey what's up babe? You're looking miserable. We haven't spoken in ages."

The couple spoke for a while about what they had been up to when George suggested that they go back to the staff toilets so that they could have another round of what they had done the day before. Sandy looked up at her strapping six foot boy friend and smiled weakly. He obviously took that as a yes because he grasped her hand and lead her to the cubicle. Once inside he began to kiss her neck and face;

"Oh babe I need this so much, I want you so much, you are so sexy today babe".

Sandy felt his hand go under her skirt and before she could stop him he went to take off her underwear. He felt that she had none and looked into her eyes with an aroused glint. He thought that this was for him. Smiling madly he pushed up against her with his erection rubbing against her leg. He ripped open his trousers and was just about to pull out his manhood when Sandy had a panic attack.

This was not what she wanted! She didn't want THAT inside of her. She wanted to be caressed not subjected to a grunting guy pushing himself in and out of her.

Sandy pushed him away.

She felt a sudden burst of anger at his ignorance of her true needs and his arrogance over her body. She looked straight into his eyes and said;

"George I don't want this, we are over, I don't want you or anything about you, go away!!"

He looked at her surprised. He made to stroke her hair to try and calm her but reconsidered when he saw the look of passion in her eyes and the way she was grinding her teeth – a sure sign of her being ready to argue.

George zipped up his trousers and ran out of the bathroom in confusion, at the same time he tried to hide his own arousal as he sprinted down the corridor.

Sandy re-locked the door and slumped to the floor, she thought about what she had just done.

"Oh well, I guess it's one less thing to worry about..."

Having had enough of school and the people in it Sandy decided to have the rest of the day off. She made her way home where she began completing all her homework in a flurry of determination and anger.

By 5pm she had finished all of her homework and was a bit more relaxed. She decided to log onto msn and chat with some of her recently neglected friends. Immediately she began a conversation with her best friend Kristin. The two had got along well since the beginning of their secondary school years; both were quite reserved and had similar interests. They both swam together in the regional team and they sat next to each other in three out of four A level classes.

However today she was bored quite quickly with their conversation. Kristin was going on about how George had been in a grumpy mood for the rest of the day. In Sandy's mind the conversation took a turn for the worst when Kristin told her that she was in love.

"Ha-ha really? Go on then Kris, who is it?"

"Well I can't say Sandy, I feel embarrassed."

"Fair enough – someone we both know?"

"Yeah, not as a friend though, it's a teacher"

Sandy lit up at this; she found it funny how her friend was embarrassed about her situation, almost ironic as Sandy had been making love to a teacher herself. At this thought she felt her tummy flip again, she felt angry at the way Jo had ignored her.

"Go on then Kris, who is it, I promise I won't tell anyone"

"It's not just that, you might find it... well, a little weird to say the least"

"Hey weird is good, better than the normal boring relationship clichés"

The conversation paused for a minute or two, almost as if Kristin was gathering up courage. Sandy sent her a couple of question marks and twenty seconds later the answer was revealed;

"Sandy don't think less of me..."

"It's Mrs Triller"

Sandy looked on in shock; she choked at the words in front of her. Her world seemed to turn upside down, she felt like she had lost control. Gathering up her senses she typed a careful reply;

"So you're like bi? Hey it's probably just a crush Kris"

"I'm not bi Sandy, I think I am gay"

"ok, well you are probs just confused"

Sandy tried to react in a way that a best friend should – surprised but supportive at Kristin's revelation.

"Sandy I'm not just confused, I've been having a relationship with Mrs Triller for a while now, I love her"

"But Kristin, I understand that you're a lesbian – I'm cool with that we are still friends. But Mrs Triller is in her thirties, don't you find that weird?"

"Sandy I wouldn't expect you to understand, but thanks for your support anyway. I have to go now".

*Kristin is offline*

Sandy went offline as well, she couldn't speak to anybody else, and she needed time to think. She thought back to the time she had gone to Joanne's house, how her daughter hadn't even been surprised to see one of her mother's English pupils at her house. She thought about the way that she had been practically shoved out by the teacher:

*"it's probably best if you just go, I'll see you as soon as possible".*

She must have wanted her out so that her daughter didn't mention all the times that another pupil had been round, a pupil Sandy now knew was Kristin. Her best friend. Her lover had been sleeping with her best friend. She felt completely helpless.

Sandy shouted to her mum;

"Mum I'm going out, I need to work with Kris on a project, I am getting the bus"

"Okay love, see you later and have fun"

Sandy ran out the door and made her way to the bus station. She looked around but her mum wasn't watching so she moved straight on down the street towards Mrs Triller's house.

Jo opened the door to see a scantily dressed Sandy standing in the porch, she wondered if she had come round to have sex with her or to shout at her.

"Can I come in Miss; I need to speak to you"

"Well okay Sandy, how are you? Come up to my room where we can speak in private"

Sandy noticed the daughter sitting in the sitting room watching TV and so she followed her teacher up the stairs to her room. There she pushed her onto the bed and said "before we speak I have some tension I need to let out, can we have sex please?"

Jo smiled, hoping that Sandy had forgiven her for ignoring her yet still feeling slightly guilty about cheating on Kristin. She took off her dress and let Sandy admire her form. Her semi-shaved pussy stood out against her pale skin and her B cup breasts still looked perky with her succulent pink nipples already inflated for Sandy.

Sandy drew her fingers up along the side of Joanne's body, curving round above the breasts and then up to the lips. She leaned over her shoulder and whispered into her teacher's ear;

"Is this how it is with Kristin?"

Jo jumped back in shock, she covered her face with her hands and stumbled on her own words, "H...h..how???"

"Well its quite funny really, Kristin – my best friend – just came out to me online. She told me how you had been sleeping together but now I want to hear your part"!

Mrs Triller sat down, shocked to the core. She saw her whole life in danger, if either of the girls said something then she would lose her job. Would her daughter understand? It was doubtful, she needed to do something...

"Ah I see how frightened you are Miss, well don't worry. I won't tell anyone if you tell me the whole story and do what I say".

And so Joanne told her everything. How she had known she was a lesbian since she herself was young, how she had spent her whole life having secret affairs with other women, how she had met Kristin in a gay pub during the last summer holidays. They had recognised each other and had agreed not to say anything but after that they had kept in contact and eventually Kristin had confided in her as a friend who she could talk with about her sexuality, about how she was curious whether or not she would like sleeping with women. Then they had finally got together, how they had been so passionate together and had spent several nights in hotels and in Jo's house when the daughter was away. Jo explained how Kristin had re-awakened her enthusiasm for lesbianism and in particular the younger girls, who had a softer touch. This was the reason she had succumbed to Sandy's allure despite being in a relationship with Kristin. This relationship also explained her attempts to ignore Sandy – it was guilt.

Sandy was heart-broken. She had managed to work into her mind that Jo's relationship with Kristen was just about sex, that somehow she was the one the teacher wanted. But she was wrong. Mrs Triller was just as much in love with Kristin as Sandy was with her.

She tried to say something, but she couldn't, instead Sandy turned around and ran straight

back home. Tears flooded her face as she ran but she didn't stop. She went straight to her room, ignoring her mum's calls, and flopped onto her bed in the same way in which she had done when Adele had almost caught her with Jo. It seemed like an age ago.

After a long time weeping and moaning in her bedroom Sandy sat up almost robotically. She sniffed and wiped her eyes. She then picked up her mobile searching through the call register for the record of Mrs Triller's number. Finding it she pressed dial and waited.

"Sandy?"

"It's me Jo, I have thought about all that I have learnt today and have come up with a solution. I want you to do something for me and in return I will tell nobody of your... practises".

[Pause]

"Fine I will do what you say"

"Don't sound like that Miss, it's nothing bad. I want something to remember you by and I want to fulfil my own desires."

"Ok, go on Sandy"

"I want to watch you and Kristin having sex, but I don't want Kristin knowing that I'm involved with you at all. I just want to see you sleep with her, to watch you pleasure my swimming partner".

Sandy heard a sort of strangled gasp on the other side, another pause and then a distraught voice replied;

"Fine, come to my house at 11:20 am Saturday, we can get it over with".

Mrs Triller ended the phone call, still naked she stared into the bedroom mirror and wondered what she had let herself in for...