

# Lesbian Licks

## TRAIN RIDE

*by Yasmin*

It seemed strange that the railway carriage should be empty at that time of the day. Usually, the train was full of girls from Sanderson School, their boisterous antics disturbing the homeward journeys of other passengers. Today, however, was different, for the whole train appeared to be deserted, except for a few faces here and there, staring blankly out of the windows.

Madeleine walked along the platform towards the open door of the rear carriage, her heels tapping the concrete, her blonde ponytail catching the breeze that fluttered around the small rural station. Her blue business suit was expensively tailored, the close fit of its skirt preventing her from walking at a brisk pace. She was the only person on the platform, the train's crew waiting impatiently for her to alight. The carriage, too, appeared to be completely empty.

Closing the door behind her, she settled into a seat at the front and checked her phone for messages. The train lurched forward, the locomotive chugging into motion with a squeal of hydraulics and a belch of diesel fumes. Madeleine swore under her breath as the phone fell from her hand to land in her lap, from where it slid off her skirt to clatter on the floor.

"Damn!" she hissed, as the phone scudded away under the seat behind hers.

"It's okay," said a soft voice. "I've got it!"

To Madeleine's surprise, a teenage girl's face appeared above the partition between the seats, a face with olive skin and very dark eyes. The girl's black hair hung in silky tresses around her shoulders, contrasting with the whiteness of her teeth as she smiled.

"Here," she said, disappearing briefly before darting around the partition to sit opposite Madeleine. "I don't think it's broken or anything."

Madeleine took the phone gratefully, thanking the girl for her help. She noticed the black skirt, white shirt and green tie of Sanderson School and wondered why the uniform was not more evident on that particular train.

"Where are the rest of them?" she inquired, stowing the phone in her jacket.

"The school is closed today," the girl answered. "But I forgot about that," she added. "I'm such an idiot!"

Madeleine shrugged, then smiled. "Sanderson was my school, too," she announced. "I always regret staying there until I was eighteen. The rules and traditions always seemed so old-fashioned, so outdated. I should have left earlier and gone somewhere else, somewhere with boys." She ended with a chuckle, but the olive-skinned girl merely stared back impassively.

"I was eighteen last month," she replied. "But I enjoy the fact that Sanderson is still a girls-only school and I don't want to leave. But in September I have no choice, I guess, and I'm off to university."

"Surely you won't miss the school?" Madeleine ventured.

The girl nodded, her smile fading to sadness. "I'll miss my classmates," she answered mournfully. "Especially my girlfriend, Sarah, whom I love with all my heart."

For a moment, Madeleine said nothing, her mind digesting the implications of the remark. After a while, however, her eyebrows lifted in an expression of surprise.

"Your girlfriend?" she said quietly, as though unwelcome ears were crowding round. "Are you a lesbian?"

The girl nodded. "Yes. Are you shocked by that?"

"Not at all. I went through the same phase at your age, before I left the school. But I soon grew out of it when I started university."

"For me and Sarah it isn't a phase," came the stern reply. "Nor will we ever grow out of it. Perhaps you were only pretending to be a lesbian, just to appear radical or alternative, or maybe even trendy?"

Madeleine felt stung by the girl's accusing tone and instinctively retaliated with a barbed response.

"Maybe you and Sarah are just pretending, too?" she suggested. "Is your love a schoolgirl infatuation, perhaps?"

"No. We're serious."

"So was I," Madeleine retorted quickly. "Until I left school and saw the wider world. No doubt the same thing will happen to you, and you'll be married at twenty-four, just like I was. My wedding was last June, in a part of the world you might be familiar with."

"My parents are from India," the girl explained. "Is that where you got married?"

Madeleine nodded. "Are you Muslim?" she asked in return.

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"Haleema."

"That's a nice name," said Madeleine. "A pretty name for a pretty girl. My name is Madeleine, though most people just call me Maddy."

Haleema shrugged, gazing out of the window at the fleeting countryside, before turning again to stare at Madeleine. The latter began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, especially when she saw the intense expression in Haleema's eyes. She coughed, shifting slightly on her seat, crossing her legs and pressing the hem of her skirt.

Haleema smirked. "That's a pity," she said bluntly. "I was rather enjoying the view."

"Pardon?"

"The view was very pleasant," Haleema continued, her mouth curling in a sly grin. "Before you crossed your legs, Maddy, I could see all the way up your skirt, which is even shorter than mine."

Madeleine felt her cheeks tingling with embarrassment, almost as though the observation had been made by some lecherous old man instead of by a beautiful teenage girl. For a moment she felt so unsettled that she could find no appropriate response.

"Uncross your legs," Haleema demanded. "Or are you too scared?"

"Scared?" Maddy mumbled. "Scared of a schoolkid? You must be joking!"

"You're scared," Haleema persisted, her tone now mocking. "Otherwise, an ex-lesbian such as you would think nothing of it. Admit it, Maddy, you're terrified of me, because I pose a threat to your carefully reconstructed sexuality."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Madeleine replied, trying to maintain her composure. But, when she saw Haleema's despising glance, she hastily uncrossed her legs, parting them slightly. "There," she added. "Are you happy now? Do you still think I'm scared of a silly schoolgirl?"

"Yes, and yes," Haleema answered. "Yes, I am happy. And yes, you're still terrified. You know we're alone in this carriage, and your greatest fear is that I'll start molesting you."

"You wouldn't dare!" Madeleine gasped.

Haleema smiled and leaned forward, reaching out with her right hand to feel under Madeleine's short blue skirt. Her dark brown eyes narrowed as she held the blonde woman's astonished gaze.

"Oh God!" Madeleine hissed, as fingers crawled beneath the skirt to caress the skin of her inner thighs. Then she tensed, her spine turning rigid, as a probing fingertip brushed lightly against her crotch.

"Cotton panties," said Haleema, licking her lips very slowly. "I knew they were white, but I didn't know they were cotton, until now." She sighed, inhaling deeply, her long eyelashes fluttering. "Your cunt feels so sexy through the material, so lovely and soft, like a tiny cushion."

"Stop touching me," said Madeleine. "Please, Haleema! I don't want this at all. Really, I don't."

Haleema frowned, but did not withdraw her hand. "You want me to stop? Are you sure about that?"

Madeleine gazed in silence at her young tormentor, biting her lower lip anxiously while her brain wrestled with a hundred confusing thoughts. Through a haze of uncertainty she saw Haleema's lovely smiling face, her smooth brown skin, her long black hair, her dark smoldering eyes, her pearl-white teeth. Somewhere, in the far distance, a voice whispered a warning: *Be careful, Maddy. Think about it, Maddy. Oh, Maddy! Don't do anything stupid.* But the warnings sounded less compelling than the words of another voice, Haleema's voice,

whispering softly, insistently: "Lean back, Maddy. Relax, Maddy. Oh, Maddy! Let me touch you."

For a moment, in which her heart pounded in her chest, Madeleine felt almost paralyzed. Then, very slowly, she leaned back against the seat, releasing the tension from her limbs, parting her legs wide. Her thighs quivered as Haleema's clasping hands moved along them, the fingertips pushing back the blue skirt.

"Very nice," said Haleema, her eyes ogling Madeleine's revealed underwear, her fingers caressing the white cotton.

Madeleine purred like a cat when a finger stroked gently up and down her crotch, the delicate nerve-endings in her vagina feeling the sensation as keenly as if she had already discarded her panties. Haleema's touch was exquisite and tantalizing, her fingertips moving expertly across Madeleine's mound, tracing the outlined shape of a slit that was already moist beneath the smooth material.

"Pull up your skirt," Haleema whispered. "Pull it back to your waist, above your hips."

Madeleine obeyed without hesitation, feeling strangely powerless to resist the demands of this exotic girl. Nor did she want to resist, for then the delightful sensations might suddenly cease, the probing fingers might be withdrawn for ever, the girl returning dejectedly to her own seat.

"I don't want this to stop," she murmured dreamily, speaking her thoughts aloud though not intending them to be heard.

"Good!" the schoolgirl replied, running her hands feverishly over Madeleine's exposed hips and belly. "Neither do I."

Haleema found Madeleine's slim, supple body utterly enthralling, rightly guessing its firmness to be the result of vigorous sessions at the gym. To Haleema this seemed especially arousing, her favorite erotic image being a submissive female athlete in scanty, sporty underwear. With heightened zeal her fingers roamed all over the white panties, relishing the texture of tight, stretchy cotton, trailing along the delicate lace edge of the waistband, pressing the damp material where it covered Madeleine's slit. With careful flicks of her fingernails, Haleema teased the hidden clitoris until it protruded from its concealing hood, its little stiff head poking up beneath the cotton. Madeleine's body began to tremble, her chest heaving under the blue suit, her breath shortening to a series of desperate gasps. Her eyes closed and her mouth opened, the tip of her tongue snaking out to slowly lick her moist lips.

Her orgasm came sooner than she expected, rushing upon her like a hot wave, drowning her senses before she had chance to prepare herself for the storm. The moan of pleasure that emerged from her throat was so shrill that its noise startled Haleema, disturbing the rhythm of her caress, which promptly ceased as she sat back to watch Madeleine's climax.

"Oh God," Madeleine groaned, licking sweat from her upper lip as the spasms gradually subsided. For a while she could say no more, concentrating all her thought on the small zones of discomfort that sizzled in various parts of her body: her erect nipples throbbing as they swelled in the cups of her bra, the itchy-scratchy sensation of her shirt against her skin, the clammy dampness in the crotch of her panties.

Haleema slumped in the opposite seat, her dark eyes scanning Madeleine's face, a half-smile flickering across her mouth as she waited for the blonde woman to recover. With one hand she absently toyed with her green tie; with the other she gripped the hem of her short black skirt.

When Madeleine eventually opened her eyes she knew at once that Haleema expected the favor to be reciprocated. The girl's slender brown thighs were already parted and the black skirt was being drawn back, slowly, to reveal green cotton panties that Madeleine immediately recognized.

"Surely not?" she mused, chuckling softly. "Does that weird old school still enforce the rule about underwear?"

Haleema nodded, returning the smile. "Of course! Nothing has changed since you were a Sanderson pupil, Maddy. Even those of us who reach eighteen are still required to wear the full school uniform, including these funny green panties." She gave a knowing wink and added: "But most of us frequently break the rule, risking the consequences for the guilty pleasure of wearing something silky under our skirts."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Madeleine, sitting up to straighten her clothes. When she began tugging her skirt back in place she received an angry scowl from Haleema and immediately reversed the movement, pulling the garment high around her hips.

"That's better," said the schoolgirl. "I want to look at you while you touch me."

"What if I choose otherwise?" Madeleine inquired. "Maybe I don't want to touch your panties, nor let you continue to see mine?"

In response, Haleema merely smiled, sitting back and spreading her legs wider, pulling the black skirt all the way up to her waist. With a leisurely finger she beckoned Madeleine to lean forward, the request being met without protest.

"That's right, Maddy," Haleema whispered. "Give me your hand. I'll place it on my panties, like that. Can you feel the shape of my mound? Move your finger up and down the groove between my pussy lips, nice and slow. God, Maddy, that feels so amazing! Just keep doing it, please keep doing it."

Madeleine tried to convince herself that she wanted to withdraw her hand, but in her heart she knew a different truth. Touching Haleema felt exciting, kinky and incredibly erotic. The fact that the experience was occurring during a casual encounter on a train made it seem even more sensual. For the first time in many years she felt bold and daring and dangerous, her demure executive image being cast aside as her inquisitive fingers flittered and groped.

"You're so gorgeous!" she remarked, admiring the Indian girl's breathless young body. The contrast between olive-brown skin and bright green underwear fascinated her, though she couldn't understand why. Touching those familiar panties certainly conjured pleasant memories. The sight of her fingers tracing small circles over a green cotton mound reminded her of secret trysts behind the school buildings and of furtive upskirt gropings with a breathless classmate.

"You're very wet," she observed. "Have you peed your pants?"

"Don't be silly, Maddy," came the faint reply. "You know perfectly well why I'm so wet down

there."

"Only joking," said Madeleine, returning her attention to the task.

Soon, she realized that using one hand was not enough, not when she so urgently desired to explore Haleema's body. The extra hand allowed her to feel around the girl's hips, to reach behind, to squeeze and caress Haleema's bottom through the shroud of smooth material. The flesh felt firm and warm, the buttocks wriggling as Madeleine's fingers tickled the cleft between them. Meanwhile, at the front, the teenager's soft-lipped vagina quivered at each slow caress, its oozings so copious that a dark moist patch now stretched from thigh to thigh. Haleema's jet-black pubic hair showed through the thin green cotton as a triangular shadow above the dampness.

"Oh Maddy," the girl mumbled, her brown eyes opening wide, her mouth forming an oval, her right hand reaching out to stroke Madeleine's blonde hair. "I wish..... " But her words were cut short by the onset of a shuddering orgasm, her spine arching away from the seat, her small bosom thrusting against the white shirt.

The sight of Haleema's climax had a strange effect on Madeleine. For reasons that she could not herself identify, she left her seat and leaned over the girl, placing a passionate kiss on the open mouth, before sitting back abruptly. At first, Haleema seemed to be unaware of the kiss, as though her mind was too occupied with the sensations coursing through her body but, after half a minute of gasping and murmuring, she looked across at Madeleine and grinned.

"Thank you, Maddy," she said, her eyes moist with teardrops of sweet satisfaction. "Thank you for your tender touch, and for your lovely kiss. I do hope you meant it."

"The kiss?" said Madeleine, straightening her skirt and wondering if the rear of the garment displayed a small damp mark. Her vagina still felt so wet that she imagined it making a squelching noise if she tried to walk too quickly. "That kiss was a knee-jerk reaction and I have no idea why I did it. Probably because you're so pretty, or because I'm pleasantly reminded of something I used to enjoy doing with my special friends at Sanderson."

"You could enjoy it again, if you want to," Haleema replied, relaxing into her seat but only partly putting her skirt back in place. "We could exchange phone numbers, which would be so cool. I could really fall in love with a woman like you."

Madeleine's gaze dropped briefly to the gap between the schoolgirl's thighs. "I can still see your panties," she said. "Is that because you hope the view might tempt me to take up your offer?"

The light faded from Haleema's eyes and her mouth drooped. "Don't you want to meet me again, Maddy?" she asked, her voice soft and faint.

Madeleine shrugged, turning away to stare out of the window. The train began to decelerate, slowing its speed as it approached the next stop. Houses began to appear on the high embankment above the track as the carriage passed under several bridges carrying busy suburban roads.

"This is where I live," said Haleema, gazing mournfully at the growing townscape. "This is where I leave the train."

Madeleine took a deep breath and smiled, turning to meet the girl's anxious expression. "I'm a married woman, Haleema," she explained. "Happily married, too, and I love my husband with all my heart. But meeting you today has been exciting and wonderful, and I will never forget you."

Haleema nodded, but spoke no word, though her eyes stared so sadly out of the window that Madeleine felt stricken by remorse. Hydraulic brakes suddenly screeched, the noise rising to a loud metallic wail as the train slowed to a halt. Doors began to open, and people began entering the carriages. Haleema sprang up and looked towards the nearest door, straightening her clothes as she prepared to hurry away.

At that moment, Madeleine touched her hand, attracting her attention. Haleema looked down and saw the blonde woman offering a business card.

"Call me tonight," said Madeleine. "After nine thirty."

Haleema took the card gratefully, clutching it tightly as though it was a rare and secret treasure. Then, with a bright eager smile, she opened the door and leapt out, vanishing quickly into the milling crowd that bustled along the platform.

Madeleine sighed, settling into her seat as she checked her phone for messages. She shook her head, wondering if the strange flush of excitement in her veins would subside before she got home.

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