

# The Secret Life After Her & Her

by Natasha Brown



**Copyright © (2019) Natasha Brown**

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, transmitted, or stored in an information retrieval system in any form or by any means, without prior written permission from the author.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination.

**eBook Edition:**

Produced by  Books2Go

1827 Walden Office Square Suite 260,  
Schaumburg, IL 60173, USA

Enquiries:

[info@ebooks2go.net](mailto:info@ebooks2go.net)

[www.ebooks2go.net](http://www.ebooks2go.net)

ePUB ISBN: 978-1-5457-4465-9

# Contents

CHAPTER ONE

CHAPTER TWO

CHAPTER THREE

CHAPTER FOUR

CHAPTER FIVE

CHAPTER SIX

CHAPTER SEVEN

CHAPTER EIGHT

CHAPTER NINE

CHAPTER TEN

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

## CHAPTER ONE

Sex, parties, fun, love. These are all parts of life that emphasize some of the most joyful aspects of the life we all live...at least to me. My heart's banging mimicking the music beats in ferocity, I rubbed and grinded my ass against the stranger behind me and holding on to my hips. I swerved in my usual poise as the neon lights shone all around me, looking up to the bulb itself and reaching for it. The alcohol ran through my veins and I could feel my skin getting numb. This, ironically, made me feel more alive. It was definitely not my first-time taking alcohol or getting high – far from it, to be honest – I always loved to revere at the moment like it. I had always been a 'go with the flow' girl from my younger years and was a fervent hedonist. Pleasure should be explored and enjoyed for as long as one can enjoy them.

The music rumbled on, but I wanted a change of pace, so I left the guy. My hips still moving side to side as I headed over to the counter to try and take a little break, I noticed a Caucasian female seated next to the one I wanted to sit on. Unable to see her face clearly due to her looking down at the table and her pitch-black hair also in the way, I gave up trying and sat next to her, grinding my ass against the seat while the music banged in my head. Carlos, the bartender, came over to where we were seated and slid what looked like tequila at her. The lady seemed to be looking since she opened her hands and accepted the drink just as it slid over to her.

"Carlos!" I shouted over the loud banging music and D.J.'s voice. "That's tequila, right?" I inquired.

"Yep," he said and nodded at the same time.

"Alright. I'll have one too." Glancing at her, I noticed she was staring at me with a smirk, her hand supporting her head this time. She had thick dark hair going beyond shoulder length and deep chinked brown eyes. This lady had a very strong look and oozed a lot of confidence.

"Hey, you." She said to me, rolling her free hand around the tip of her glass.

“Hi,” I said nervously. Why was I so nervous? Yes, she is pretty, but, so was I? Was it her confidence that caught me off guard or something else?

“What’s your name?” The lady asked before taking a sip from her drink.

“Jessica, but most people just call me Jess,” I answered with a smile.

“Well, Jess, I am Michaela, and I have not seen you here before. Do you come here often?” By now, Carlos had brought my drink, but I barely gave it any attention. The woman before me looked much tastier. I still could not see her as well as I would have liked due to the lights being mostly off, and though the bar had more light sources, it was not enough for to behold the sexy beauty that sat before me. My eyes trailed down her face and to her body. Seeing her cleavage was enough to send me into overdrive, even causing me to swallow my saliva and stare.

“Hey Jess, my eyes are up here, darling,” she said to me with an amused smile. I realized I had completely ignored her question, being carried away by her assets, or at least one of them.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I apologized with a sheepish grin. She waved to say it was fine, and I finally noticed my drink on the table, taking a sip out of it as well. “And to answer your question, no. I do live around here but love to travel a lot, so I would not say I’m a regular here.” I explained, with Michaela nodding her head to show she understood.

“So that’s why Carlos knows you.” She noted and I nodded affirmatively. We both talked for a while, getting to know each other. I had never been with a woman, but still knew I was attracted to them.

“Oh my God, I love this song!” Michaela said as the D.J. switched to a new track I did not recognize. This did not mean I did not appreciate the dance tune the song had, and I kind of understood why Michaela loved it. “Come on, dance with me beautiful!” She had already dragged me with her by the time she had finished that sentence, so in a couple of minutes, we were at the dance floor. I always felt I was a pretty good dancer, so I showed off some of my moves. Michaela though had plans beyond just a dance. Placing a hand on my shoulder, she leaned over to my neck, her breath brushing against my skin.

“Turn around.” She growled in her sultry voice. I had heard some sexy voices in a while, but nothing compared to her voice bellowing into my ear while the air from her mouth rubbed against my skin. I’d be damned if I did not

do as she asked. Turning around, I moved closer to her but kept some distance. I being attracted to females did not mean she was, so I had to be a bit cautious. Michaela, instead, drew me closer to her as I shake my ass on her. She grabbed and whispered in my ear “I love your ass” it totally turned me on. Amidst all the dancers on the dance floor, I did not care what they saw. I could barely hear anything due to the sound, she held my neck, pulling it over to face her. I gazed in her while grinding my ass on her vagina – at least that was what I was aiming for- and before we knew it, we had gone on for two more songs. I was hot and horny, and I knew it. I can’t wait I want you right now.

“Come with me.” Was all I said, and now it was my turn to yank her with me. To her credit, Michaela barely spoke a word, and just followed as I led her to the female restroom. While there, we quickly opened one of the toilet stalls and both went in. I turned around to face her, and she held my neck, pushing me hard against the wall. The moment my back hit the wall, I gasped loudly.

“Quiet,” Michaela said softly. “Someone could hear us.”

“I don’t care.” I sharply replied, which made her smile. Michaela then proceeded to implant a kiss in me, my neck then to my breast. Our tongues in unison while she ravaged my body with her hands. Her tongue went deeper as if reaching for my throat, and I loved it. With my fingers dug in deeply into her beautiful dark hair, she used her other hand to grasp my boobs, causing me to gasp as we kiss. Squeezing them tighter than I could ever have imagined, Michaela roughly pushed me harder against the wall even more before her mouth again claimed mine demanding a kiss as she sucked and caress my nipples. As for my nipples, they were already hard and pokey, seemingly trying to break free of my tank top. Our lips finally detached, and Michaela began kissing and lightly biting down my neck while she went lower. Simultaneously, she was kneading my breast, and I was getting wetter, the vein in my pelvis, vulva and clitoris got hot giving me that tingling feeling.

“I am...not wearing a bra,” I managed to say in between my light moans. “Take off my fucking top,” I growled fiercely which seemed to make her happy. Michaela took it off with excitement, and I also removed her shirt. We both basked in the other’s shape and beauty for a few seconds before continuing. I attacked her like she was a snack and held on to her breasts, sucking on them as hard and roughly as I could. Hearing her moan loudly, I had become fucking wetter down there and could feel my fluids already dripping through my underwear. It was not just my pussy that had become wet, however, my whole body. Sweat strolled down my body profusely, clinging to the little clothing I had

left. The fact that someone could walk into the restroom was definitely lost on me at this moment.

Suddenly, I felt her hand rub on my pussy slowly but sensually, and I started to lose myself. I moaned into her breast which I was sucking, causing them to kind of vibrate and sending her into overdrive.

“Oh, yes baby, you’re as wild as I am,” she said after feeling how wet I was. “To be this wet is amazing.” Michaela shifted my underwear to the side and bent down, with placing one of my legs on the toilet seat to give her easy access.

“Smells so good.” She said, but I was having none of that. I wanted her to fucking eat my pussy up till I came, and I wanted it right now.

“Eat that pussy baby,” I said softly, and she obliged. Michaela licked and sucked on my clitoris, making me have to close my mouth with my own hands. She licked and scraped every inch of my outer pussy while I could do nothing but helplessly moan. However, I wanted more. This was not enough. I held her pretty hair tight and shoved her mouth deeper into my pussy. Thankfully, Michaela got the message, and she shoved her tongue as deep as she could, ravaging my inner bowels and making her heart race. Fuck! Was this what sex with women felt like? I could barely even think straight, as she car-washed the insides of my pussy with her mouth. Just when I thought I had gotten the most out of her, she used two of her fingers to vehemently rub on my clitoris while her tongue did its thing.

“Oh my God! Oh my God, Michaela, I’m gonna fucking cum!” My hands were still holding and pushing her head as deep into my pussy as humanly possible, with her not seeming to care. She kept going until I could not take it anymore. I orgasmed, squirting my juices while still holding her head in place. My eyes rolling up to the sky for that one euphoric moment, I smiled and thanked my lucky stars I met someone so amazing. I looked back down and saw Michaela took it all in her mouth, with stray sprays splashing all over her face. Finally letting go of her, she panted lightly and smiled while looking up at me. But I felt like I had just run a 100-meter race. I was about to do my part when I couple of girls walked into the restroom. We quickly took our clothes and put them on, laughing as quietly as possible as the ladies talked. One tried to open the door, but Michaela said it was in use. While we waited for the girls to leave, Michaela and I both stared into each other’s eyes. Looking at her brown eyes, I remarked to myself they looked like seas of honey. She was slightly shorter than myself, and my hair was longer than hers. We just seemed so perfect for each

other, and I did not just mean the heated make-out session we just had, which was mind-blowing, to say the least. Even though I had never been with a woman, this was one hell of a start. The ladies left and so did we. The moment was over in regard to sex, so we decided to go for a walk instead. Before we left each other she kissed me goodbye. We also exchanged contacts so we could keep in touch. Little did I know this would be the beginning of something excitingly beautiful, but also painfully messy.

Michaela and I were having dinner at a fancy restaurant she took me to, and she looked as beautiful as ever. She had her long dark hair roam down her back. We had been seeing each other and having sex for at least a month now, but I had realized a few days ago that I was not satisfied. I did not mean the sex – that part was as wild, rough and hard as I would have liked. Heck, she was even wilder than me which is saying much – but instead, the relationship between us as a whole. I wanted us to be more than just fuck buddies but was afraid to ask her due to this being my first time with a woman.

“You look beautiful.” She said to me what I was just about to say to her.

“Thanks. you took the words right out of my mouth, Michaela,” I replied. “You look even prettier than me.” Michaela instantly stared at me confused, which now made me perplexed as well.

“No one can ever be prettier than you to me,” Michaela said with a smile but in a tone that made me know she was dead serious. I blushed and stared at her lovingly. We ate for a while then she finally spoke.

“I did not just bring you here so we could eat, Jess,” she began to say, and I looked up at her, taking a pause from my food. “I wanted to ask you something.” She seemed quite nervous, and Michaela was almost never nervous.

“What is it?” This was now making me nervous too.

“Would you like to be my girlfriend?” She asked. My eyes widened and my eyebrows got raised. “Well, I just feel you are amazing and awesome and would like to spend more time with you and stuff, not sure why I am still talking, honestly, but yeah. I would like to know you are mine and I am yours. That is why...” she kept on rambling, trying to avoid eye contact with me, but all she did was made me smile. Everything she does makes me happy.

“Yes,” I said bluntly. Michaela finally looked at me.

“You’re serious?!”

“Yes. I want to be your girlfriend, and for you to be mine as well. That is how it works, right?” I joked and she grinned. We stretched and shared a kiss despite the table.

“I promise you, I will never hurt you,” Michaela said.

“I know you won’t. I trust you, Michaela.”

**You've Just Finished your Free Sample**

**Enjoyed the preview?**

**Buy: <http://www.ebooks2go.com>**