**Taylor Swift Meets Kirsten Dunst**

 Kirsten Dunst was bored beyond belief. She was going to kill her agent. Of all the mind-numbing dull Hollywood parties she had had to attend this one was the worst. It a veritable stereotype of Hollywood parties; dumb self-absorbed and self-important would be movers and shakers, fat old men hitting on her thinking they could impress her with their jobs in the industry, bitchy actresses looking to pick up and/or share gossip, and the music, Muzak meets R&B was horrible. About the only thing that made it bearable was the booze and food which were admittedly excellent. So while doing her best to ignore and be ignored by the party goers she was getting smashed on some very good champagne and filling up on excellent sushi. Then she walked into the room and Kirsten Dunst’s breathe was taken away in an instant.

 *Taylor Swift was more than beautiful, although she was that. Almost six feet tall; perfectly proportioned with a slender coltish build crowned with a spectacular mane of golden blonde hair, her skin a flawless marble and those incredible green eyes with that little enigmatic smile that seemed knowing and genuinely friendly at the same time and as always she was the best dressed woman in the room with a golden gown that made her look like a fairy tale princess.*

 Kirsten was flummoxed. Thoroughly straight she had nevertheless entertained fantasies of other women since over the years even occasionally masturbating herself to orgasm during them. And no one had been the subject of more fantasies than the transcendent beauty that had just walked into the room. She watched as Taylor seemingly glided through the room greeting everyone with a smile leaving them agog. Finally they met. “Kirsten Dunst! I am such a huge fan of yours! I’ve loved you since I saw you in Little Women.” Taylor gushed with genuine enthusiasm as she took Kirsten’s proffered hand in both of her’s and leaned over to kiss her on the cheek. “You are very kind. I’ll have to say I like your stuff as well and I really like your videos especially the one for, I’m Only Me When I’m With You.” Kirsten managed fumble out in reply. And so the greatest night of her night began. Taylor Swift was incredible. She seemed totally absorbed with Kirsten, effortlessly she was able to draw Kirsten into conversation, intently listening and never taking those eyes off of her. Kirsten was in heaven, in her entire life which included some very serious relationships, never had anyone made her feel like this. Taylor made her feel like she was the center of the universe and when anyone tried to interrupt them, she swept them away with graciousness and charm that left them smiling. It was like Taylor had created a world just for the two of them and Kirsten dazedly fell in love. As the evening progressed, Taylor would occasionally touch her hand or place it on her knee to emphasize a point, once when cracking up laughing at a joke of Kirsten’s she lay her head on her shoulder while she regained her composure. After several hours of drinking, eating, talking and joking; Kirsten caught Taylor staring at her intently. “What? Everything okay?” she asked nervously. “Everything’s fine.” Taylor replied and jerked her head to the hallway and got up and walked to it. When they got to the hall bathroom, Taylor opened the door and nodded and walked in. In a trance, Kirsten followed.

 *Kirsten closed the door behind her and Taylor fell upon her, attacking her like an animal; she pinned her against the bathroom door, pinning her arms over her head with one hand and grabbing and squeezing her between the legs with the other, kissing her powerfully, driving her tongue down her* *throat exploring her mouth as Kirsten respond enthusiastically in kind. Taylor was the first to break contact. She pulled back and stared at Kirsten Dunst intently for a long minute before grabbing her and manhandling her to the toilet. She bent her over the toilet and knelt behind her, she yanked her panties down to ankles and when Kirsten stepped out of them Taylor stuffed them into her pocket. Taylor began to gently kiss Kirsten’s asscheeks and slowly worked her tongue into her tight virginal asshole, Kirsten gasped as Taylor began rimming her. Using one hand to support herself she used the other to spread her pussy lips as Taylor began licking, sucking and tongue fucking her from asshole to cunt to clit. Tears of incredible pleasure ran down her cheeks and when Taylor simultaneously rammed fingers up her ass and pussy she came with a cry. Taylor stood up and slapped Kirsten on the ass; first softly and the harder turning the beautiful white skin red. She then picked up the plunger and scrub brush from beside the toilet. She began working the wooden handle of the plunger into Kirsten’s tight cunt and then slowly working the handle of the scrub brush into her ass. Slowly she began fucking her, in and out, in and out, Kirsten whimpered at the new sensations and heard what she thought a stranger’s voice only to realize that it was her own, “Oh God I love it! Fuck me, please fuck me, fuck me please, don’t stop! OH GOD! I’M GOING TO COME!” And did. Taylor pulled the toys from her ass and cunt. Kirsten stood up and turned around. Taylor looked into her eyes enigmatically. Kirsten shocked them both when she shoved Taylor against the wall, she grabbed both the blonde’s incredible tits and began sucking them through the material of the dress. When she knelt before Taylor and pulled her dress up and panties down, Taylor copied her and stepped out of her panties and gave them to Kirsten who stuffed them into her own pocket. For a moment Kirsten stared at the perfect golden pussy before her. She stuck out her tongue and tasted pussy for the first time. Eagerly she began exploring; kissing, licking and sucking up, over, around and under the clit, she experimentally tongue fucked Taylor and was rewarded with a moan and shudder. In ecstasy Taylor stood against the wall with her eyes closed and ran her hands through her new lover’s hair as she moaned under her inexperienced but eager ministrations. And when in imitation Kirsten shoved fingers up her ass and cunt she cried out in orgasm and fell to her knees.*

 They knelt facing each other gently kissing, tasting their own and each other’s pussy juice. Finally Taylor broke off and asked, “You want to get out of here?” Grinning Kirsten nodded and hand in hand they fled the party oblivious of everyone’s open-mouth stares.