

# **EROTIC LESBIAN SHORT STORIES**

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**To Shannon, my friend and inspiration and all those who have  
found pleasure and enjoyment in my work.  
None of this would be possible without you.  
Thank you.**

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# Warning

This document contains, amongst other things, explicit details of lesbian sexual encounters that are unsuitable for minors and should not be read by or distributed to persons underage.  
Thank you for your co-operation.

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# Midnight Manœuvres

## 1

Under the shimmering light of the moon Nicole's flame red hair glistened radiantly. Placing her hand into the pocket of her jeans she pulled out a bunch of keys. Fingering through the keys in her hand she selected a key she had copied the day before. She slipped the key into the lock, gave a swift flick of her wrist and the door was unlocked. With a quick glance into the menacing shadows behind her, she and Amy slipped into the darkness, quietly closing the door behind them.

In the dark Nicole switched on her small pocket torch and reached for Amy's hand, 'It'll be okay, come on.' she whispered reassuringly. Amy's hand was cold and it made her shudder as she squeezed it softly in her hand. As they walked the beam of her torch flickered along the white washed walls, casting ghostly shadows.

'D'you think we should be doing this.' Amy whispered.

'It's okay, I told you. No one comes down here at this time of night, we'll be alright, relax babe.' Nicole softly replied and squeezed Amy's hand a little tighter.

The girls continued slowly along the corridor, every step they took echoed hauntingly off the old walls. As they walked further Nicole's torch began to pick out the door at the far end of the corridor and she felt herself becoming nervous too.

They reached the door at the end of the corridor, again Nicole took out her keys and using the torch selected the appropriate key. She slid the second copied key into the lock, opened the door, stepped inside and reached for the light switch. With a flick of the switch the room was illuminated briefly, then again, before the fluorescent tubes came on fully after the second flicker. Amy had shut the door and placed her bag down in the corner of the room. The two girls stood and looked at each other for a moment, 'It looks warm.' remarked Amy smiling.

Before them was a large room, with a high ceiling and more white washed walls. In the centre of the room was a small pool, designed for rehabilitating patients in the hospital. As they stood and looked, wisps of steam rose slowly from the surface of the pool.

'Come on then,' Nicole said, smiling back. 'What are you waiting for?' Both girls started to undress.

Amy slipped off her shoes and socks and tossed them onto her bag, in the corner of the room. Then with a swift and graceful movement she pulled off her T-shirt, shaking it free of her long dark hair and threw it to the corner, she wore no bra. Her breasts were young and firm, pert handfuls with nipples that begged to be sucked. She unbuttoned her dark blue jeans and let them fall to the floor, all the time her eyes flashing from Nicole to the pool and back, watching Nicole as she stripped. Stepping out of her jeans she stood in only her white silk panties then bending forward she pushed her panties to the floor. Leaving them where they fell she turned, stepped to the edge of the pool and dived in. Nicole watched, semi-naked.

'It's warm babe, get those panties off and come in.' Amy called back to Nicole, Nicole let

her panties drop, stepped to the edge of the pool and effortlessly dived into the warm water.

## 2

Nicole's head burst through the surface of the water and she breathed deeply, flicking her head round she saw Amy floating along on her back, slowly propelling herself forward with circular pushes of her long slim legs. 'Mmmm. It's wonderful in here.' Nicole called to Amy, stretching forward with her arms along the surface of the water. 'So relaxing.'

'It sure is babe.' Amy replied letting her feet sink to the bottom, before she stood up and smiled at Nicole. With an arcing motion of her arm Amy bounced her hand along the surface of the water, firing a stream of water at Nicole. Taking Nicole unawares some of the water hit her breasts and splashed against the side of her face and hair. In immediate retaliation Nicole swept her hand through the water to send a wall of water at Amy. Amy however was ready and just ducked under the water, popping her head up when the water had hit the surface above her head. Both girls stood opposite each other in the pool and laughed. Staring deeply into Nicole's eyes Amy provocatively stroked her breasts with her right hand while she sent her left down to rub her smooth crotch. Still caressing her breasts Amy waded through the water towards Nicole; as Amy got close, Nicole let herself sink under the water and pushed off with her feet. With a fluid underwater movement Nicole wriggled between Amy's legs and emerged out of the water just behind her, facing her back.

Nicole stood behind Amy for a moment before she stroked her wet hands along the sides of Amy's body, becoming more adventurous her hands reached round and explored Amy's breasts, caressing and touching her. One of her hands sensitively stroked Amy's right breast while the other played with the small gold ring in Amy's naval. Taking her hand from Amy's breast for a moment Nicole moved Amy's long hair to one side and began kissing and nibbling the nape of her neck. Standing up to their waists in the water Nicole's hands once more reached around Amy's body and began gently squeezing Amy's rapidly hardening nipples.

After a minute of having her hard nipples rubbed and caressed Amy turned her body to face Nicole and they kissed passionately, their tongues sliding in and out of each others open mouths, while their hands explored each others breasts. Amy felt Nicole's nipples standing firm and erect, like her own and her crotch tingled at the touch of Nicole's breasts.

Amy slid her hand down Nicole's body; her fingers passed Nicole's naval before she touched Nicole's neatly trimmed red pubic hair. Moving her hand still further she ran her hand between Nicole's legs feeling the lips of Nicole's soft, smooth pussy. Amy's index finger ran back and forth across Nicole's lips, while the palm of her hand inadvertently stimulated Nicole's aroused clitty. Nicole felt herself getting very aroused by this slow and soft stroking and with a last kiss pulled herself away from Amy.

Standing a couple of feet from Amy, Nicole lifted her right hand, smiled and beckoned Amy with her index finger. Then she walked backward and continually beckoned Amy as she made her way to the edge of the pool; Amy followed eagerly. Once Nicole was close to the edge of the pool she let herself lie back on the surface of the water, took hold of the pool-side with one hand and opened her legs. Amy walked between Nicole's legs, bent forward and placed her hands on the soft cheeks of Nicole's cute bum. Lifting Nicole ever so slightly she craned her head forward still further and started to lick between Nicole's legs.

With her free hand Nicole lightly massaged her breasts while she squeezed her firm nipples. Using her thumbs, Amy parted Nicole's lips and her saliva covered tongue dived into Nicole's wet love tunnel. With fast movements of her tongue Amy licked Nicole's soft lips and darted

in and out of her passage, she only stopped licking occasionally to kiss Nicole's engorged love bud.

'Oh, baby.' Nicole moaned and softly yelped as Amy rammed her tongue in and out of her.

Within minutes of this rapid tongue stimulation, Nicole neared an orgasm, her soft moans developing into dull screams as Amy's expert tongue flashed in and out of her. Removing her hands from her breasts Nicole began to finger her clitty and within seconds waves of orgasm, with her clit as the epicentre, surged through her body. She shuddered uncontrollably as they hit like mini explosions across her entire body and with a loud moan Nicole came 'Oh... Jesus... no... Oooohhh.' Nicole threw back her mane of red hair and felt the muscles deep in her pussy and thighs tingle as the orgasm pulsed throughout her whole body. As the full intensity of the orgasm died a little she snatched a glance down her body at Amy and saw that she was delightfully licking the juices dribbling out of her wet opening. 'Oh God baby... I love you.' Nicole interjected, between breaths, trying to mentally slow her racing pulse.

Amy looked up from between Nicole's legs, her face and chin dribbling with Nicole's juices and smiled. With the musky scent of Nicole's pussy filling her nostrils she looked deeply into Nicole's eyes and smoothly asked 'Same again baby?'

Before Nicole could reply negatively, Amy's tongue darted back inside her very sensitive wet pussy and Nicole still high after orgasm felt herself responding again to Amy's renewed tonguing. Starting slowly Amy softly tongued her, knowing that it would not take much to make her come again. As Amy gradually built up speed with her tongue Nicole resumed the fingering of her firm clitty. Amy took two fingers and slowly inserted them inside Nicole's arse as she continued to tongue her. With gradually increasing speed she rhythmically thrust in and out of Nicole's holes using her tongue and fingers. With so much stimulation between her legs Nicole's arousal hit the roof once more. Pure passion raced through her veins once again, all her muscles went into spasm as she unleashed a huge scream and she tried to control her orgasm as she felt it run away like a rocket. Nicole felt her body writhing under the pressure of the orgasm within. Breathing erratically, Nicole tried once again to bring her body under control. Still writhing and moaning between breaths Nicole could feel her body begin to come back under her control.

'No, no, no more babe... I can't... not again... God, stop... oh.' Nicole managed to force out between heavy breaths. Amy knew that Nicole meant it, drew her head back from between her legs and took her supporting hands away from.

Nicole let her body sink down in the water and she paused for a few seconds, recovering her breath before allowing herself to stand up and slowly wade across to Amy. They started to kiss again and Nicole savoured the taste of her own juices mixed with Amy's saliva. Knowing what Amy wanted Nicole's hand went straight down between Amy's legs and began to stroke and finger her soft, smooth, pink pussy. Nicole's kisses moved from Amy's lips to her neck, breasts, nipples and back to her lips.

With three fingers placed deeply inside Amy, Nicole furiously fingered her whilst her other hand played with her breasts. Amy stroked Nicole's breasts with her hand and gently inserted a finger up her own arse. Within moments of Nicole's powerful fingering Amy's already high arousal began to soar higher and she moaned loudly, tipped her head back and let her hot pussy melt to the touch of Nicole's fingers. With steam rising from their wet bodies Amy reached orgasm with a big thrust from Nicole's three fingers. She let herself go as her orgasm swept through her like a raging fire, bright colours and lights filled her mind; she gasped and swore loudly 'Ah... you bitch... oh... oh fucking hell... shit... oh.' With deep breaths she began to recover and felt Nicole sensuously kiss her neck and softly rub her sensitive nipples. She took her finger out of her arse and wrapped her arms around Nicole, giving her a long lingering kiss,

their tongues entwined once more.

After a little swimming and playing in the pool, the girls decided that they should go, since they had been there quite a while and they didn't want to get caught. So laughing and giggling both girls slipped out of the pool, towelled each other down and got dressed again. Taking the torch once again Nicole locked the door to the pool and they made their way out the way they had come in.



# Lift Me To Heaven

## 1

Emma gazed out of the window of her office, sitting at her desk she was bored. It had been a dull day with lots of letters to type and she felt her migraine coming on again. Outside her tenth floor window she saw life passing by far below and for a fleeting moment she felt the lonely isolation of her office mirroring the loneliness she felt in her own heart. Rubbing her throbbing forehead with her hand she momentarily closed her eyes and tried to blot out the advancing pain with cheerful thoughts, she smiled to herself as happy memories from the previous few months flickered into her unconscious. For a brief moment she was taken away, engulfed entirely within her own thoughts, her migraine dimmed as images of pleasure flashed in her mind. It was however only a glimmering respite from the pain and the memories soon began to fade as quickly as they had arrived.

She opened her eyes, unwillingly let the remaining images slip from her mind and swivelled her chair back to the desk. Taking her hand from her forehead she turned her attention back to her computer and the letter she was typing. Looking back at the dictated notes she found where she had reached earlier and reading the dictation she touch typed the rest of the letter, trying to ignore her readily advancing migraine. Within a few minutes she had finished what remained of the letter and with a relieved smile emailed it to the recipient on the second floor.

Looking at her watch she realised it was about time she took a break and tidying her notes she stood up and made her way to the door. Closing it behind her she walked down the corridor to the lift, intent on getting a coffee from the eighth floor.

## 2

The lift opened on the eighth floor, she stepped out and walked down the corridor to the vending machine. Reaching in her purse she took out a couple of coins and slotted them into the machine, within about ten seconds the machine produced what it described as sugary white coffee. Taking a sip, Emma decided as always, that a better description for the coffee was weak watery shit and unwillingly swallowed.

Leaning with her back against the machine, she cupped the coffee in her hands and gazed along the corridor to the offices at the far end. This floor teemed with pretty girls, more so than her own, which comprised more managers than secretaries. A couple of chatting young female secretaries, clutching folders, wandered past making their way to the end of the corridor. She watched them as they walked, their lovely long legs flashed before her eyes and for a moment the lonely longing in her heart returned at the sight of such beautiful legs.

Smiling to herself she sometimes wondered if there was a competition in the company to see which woman could wear the shortest skirt, who could show enough leg to be promoted by one of the leering male section managers. She glanced down at herself and realised she was

probably equally to blame with the short skirt she wore today. As for the panties or no panties issue, Sharon Stone had nothing on some of the blatant pussy flashing rumoured to go on in the company in the name of promotion. Taking a last gulp of her coffee she tossed the cup into the bin next to the machine and made her way back to the lift.

After a few minutes of waiting the lift arrived, the doors slid open and three women wandered out. Emma walked in and saw a lone girl she had not seen before in the corner of the lift, she smiled at the girl, hoping for a response, the girl smiled back. Emma pushed the button for the tenth floor and tried to initiate a quick conversation with the girl, 'Hi, which floor are you from?'

'Third floor finance, but I'm going to the tenth floor to see Mr Goldsmith' the girl replied.

After travelling only a short distance the lift stopped with a sudden jolt and the lights flickered for a moment. The two girls looked at each other for a moment then Emma made as to press the emergency alarm button.

'It's alright,' said the girl. 'They are supposed to working on the lifts today. I'm sure it's only a temporary fault, leave it.' Emma pulled her hand back from the button as she remembered the memo she was sent about the lifts.

'Of course, yes. I had that memo too.' she replied and smiled. 'They'll get it running again in a minute or two. I suppose we had best introduce ourselves, I'm Emma.'

'Sarah; pleased to meet you.' she replied, offering a hand. Emma stepped over and shook Sarah's hand.

'So what's it like on the third floor then?'

'It's okay, I'm new so I haven't really got to know everyone yet, but they seem a friendly bunch.'

'Yes that's true. What do you think of the company then?'

'Seems a bit disorganised to me, nobody seems to know what's g—'

The lift lights suddenly flickered again and the lift shuddered violently causing Emma to lose her footing. She fell backwards and fell on the floor of the lift, 'Woaw, shit!' she exclaimed. Sarah had managed to keep her footing only by grabbing the rail on the wall of the lift. When the lift had stopped moving she stepped forward.

'Here, let me help you.' Sarah said and offered her hand again. Emma took it and stood up, for a moment they stood face to face and stared into each other's eyes.

'Thank you.' said Emma and made to give Sarah a quick peck on the cheek, as Emma leant forward Sarah moved her head slightly and Emma kissed her on the side of the lips.

'Oh, I'm sorry.' Emma mumbled.

'That's okay,' Sarah replied smiling. Emma was still starrng into Sarah's deep blue eyes when Sarah leant forward and kissed her full on the lips. 'No offence taken.' They stood and stared at each other for another moment before they both impulsively leant forward and kissed again.

For a short while they did nothing but kiss, each savoured the soft touch of the others lips. Then with a slow movement Emma placed her hands on Sarah's neck and gently caressed her as they kissed more deeply. In time, with a smooth and graceful move Emma's hands slid down Sarah's slim body until Emma lightly gripped the cheeks of Sarah's pert arse. With a gentle squeeze Sarah's kissing became even more intense as she felt herself becoming more aroused.

With her nipples becoming harder, Sarah began to initiate a movement towards the side of the lift. The two girls moved very slowly towards the wall of the lift still kissing and gently nibbling at each others lips as their tongues slithered in and out of each other's mouths. They moved back until Emma's back was pressed up against the wall, with her hand, Sarah slid down until she had found the base of Emma's short skirt, with soft pulls she tried to lift it a little.

Emma, realised what Sarah was doing, removed her hands from Sarah's cheeks for a moment and hotched her skirt up and opened her legs slightly. She felt Sarah's hand explore the inside of her thighs as they continued to kiss intimately.

Sarah reached up and felt Emma's slightly damp panties with her fingers. Using her index finger Sarah slowly pulled back Emma's panty elastic and sensitively stroked her index finger along Emma's smooth, wet pussy.

As Emma gripped Sarah's arse tighter she felt Sarah squeezing her breasts through her blouse whilst one of Sarah's fingers slowly inserted inside her moist pussy.

Using Emma's juices for lubrication, Sarah slid her finger in and out of Emma and with a gentle thrusting motion she introduced finger after finger into Emma.

Emma felt Sarah place more and more fingers inside her, stretching her tight pussy. Emma's hand reached between Sarah's legs to finger her too. She felt up Sarah's short skirt and her fingers touched the wet lips of her hairy clam-like opening; she was wearing no panties. She took two fingers and forced them inside Sarah. Both girls rhythmically thrust into each other whilst their free hands frantically caressed each other's breasts.

With their tongues still locked they took four fingers inside themselves whilst their thumbs worked each other's engorged love buds. With every thrust of Sarah's fingers Emma felt her pussy stretch in time to the stimulation of her clit.

A bang shook the roof of the lift and both girls looked up suddenly. A voice from the roof of the lift called down 'You all right in there. We'll have you out soon, hold on.'

Both girls immediately froze in panic and stared at each other, each with four fingers in the other. Then Sarah took the initiative and quickly slipped her fingers out of Emma's pussy, licking them as she rearranged her blouse. Emma too slipped her fingers out of Sarah's pussy, quickly feeling between her own legs she flicked her panties back to cover her dripping pussy and then taking her skirt in her hands she carefully pulled it back down. Sarah lifted her skirt and pointed to her dripping pussy. Emma realised what Sarah wanted, knelt forward and ran her tongue along Sarah's hairy lips licking them dry. Looking at each other Emma wiped the lipstick off Sarah's cheek and straightened her skirt. Kicking off her shoes, Emma quickly sat down and Sarah leaned up against the side of the lift.

'Took your time, didn't you' Emma calmly shouted up. A panel in the roof suddenly lifted and a man's head poked down from the roof of the lift.

'Oh hello. Sorry ladies, we are gonna have to lower it down manually, so hold on.' The man's head then disappeared and he shouted 'It's alright mate, you can start to lower it.' After a short delay the lift began to jolt very slowly back down. Both girls looked at each other and smiled as the lift gradually moved down to the eighth floor. Within a few minutes the lift had stopped moving and a tall guy in a blue boiler suit forced the doors open in front of them.

'Okay ladies,' he said, offering a hand and a raise of his eyebrows. 'Crisis over.'

Both girls thanked the guy as they got up and walked out of the lift. Turning towards the stairs both girls made their way along the corridor. They walked silently along the corridor, neither wanting to speak. They reached the doors of the back stairs and went through. Emma stopped and looked at Sarah, then started laughing 'God, how close was that!' Sarah took a big theatrical sigh and then started to laugh too. 'I'd best get back to work.' Emma said with a big grin on her face.

'Yeah, me too.' Sarah replied smiling.

'I still can't believe we did that.'

'Well, we did babe.' Sarah said still smiling. She leant forward and briefly kissed Emma before she turned and made her way up the stairs. Emma stood on the stairs for a moment, just thinking and watching Sarah's pretty legs disappear up the stairs, before she too made her

way up the stairs and back to her office with its window on the world.

### 3

Emma sat in her office, picked up the phone, paused for a moment to compose herself and began to dial.

‘Hi, Sarah?’ Emma asked tentatively.

‘Emma?’

‘Yes. I was wondering if you wanted to come round for dinner tonight.’

‘Yes sure I’d love to.’ Emma felt her nipples harden just to the sound of Sarah’s soft voice.

‘I’ll meet you at five o’clock in the foyer, okay.’

‘Yeah, that’s cool. Thanks for phoning me, I just can’t stop thinking about earlier.’

‘Me neither.’ Emma replied and rubbed her breasts gently with her free hand at the thought.

‘I must try to get back to some work though, so I’ll see you later.’

‘Okay, bye Sarah.’

‘Bye.’

Emma placed the handset back and returned to work.

### 4

Emma emerged from the door to the stairs at the far end of the ground floor and strode across to the main foyer, as she approached she could see Sarah sitting waiting on a chair. Sarah’s young legs were crossed and as Emma approached she unwound them, picked up her handbag and stood up.

‘Hi.’ Sarah said warmly. Their eyes met once more and they both smiled softly at each other.

‘Hi.’ Emma responded. ‘Are you ready to go?’

‘Yes, let’s go.’

They turned and made their way to the main doors. ‘My car is parked just round the corner.’

‘Good.’ Sarah replied smiling. ‘Those stairs are really tiring, I don’t want to walk much further.’

‘It’s alright for you on the second floor.’ Emma replied as they left the building. ‘It’s a nightmare walk down from the tenth floor.’

‘I know, I’ve been up and down the stairs all day. My heels are killing me.’ They both smiled. They neared Emma’s car and Emma went round to the driver’s side. She pressed the button on the key fob that deactivated the alarm and then unlocked the car. They both climbed in. Emma fired up the car and pulled out of the parking spot.

‘Have you had a busy day?’ Emma asked as she turned briefly to look at Sarah.

‘Yeah, pretty, as I said I’ve been up and down the stairs all day to see various people. What about you?’

‘Yeah busy, but not as demanding as walking up and down stairs all day, the closest I got to a sweat was with you.’ They smiled. ‘You were very daring in the lift, how did you know I was a lesbian?’

‘I didn’t know until you looked at me when you had fallen over, it was in your eyes and when you made to kiss me there was no doubt.’

‘Did you move your cheek on purpose?’

‘You know I moved.’ Sarah said grinning. ‘Naughty I know but I couldn’t help it. After that I couldn’t help myself.’

‘Me neither.’ Emma smiled back.

‘Well, here we are.’ Emma pulled into the driveway of her house.

‘It looks a nice house.’ Sarah complimented.

‘It’s okay, a little small but cosy.’

They both climbed out of the car and Emma walked over to the front door and let herself in. She stepped into the hall and kicked off her shoes by the door; Sarah copied her.

‘I’m really glad to get those shoes off.’ Sarah said.

‘Go, sit down in the lounge and make yourself comfortable, I’ll get dinner.’

‘Can I help at all.’

‘No, you just sit down and rest your tired legs.’ Emma said smiling.

Emma walked into the kitchen as Sarah went into the lounge and switched on the television.

## 5

After about half an hour the cooking was well under way and Sarah wandered into the kitchen. ‘What are you cooking Emma? I could smell it from the lounge. It smells fantastic.’

‘It’s salmon with a white wine sauce, salad and potatoes.’

‘Wow, it sounds wonderful.’

‘I try, but I made a special effort tonight, can’t think why?’ Emma said turning her head and grinning at Sarah. The dinner was close to being cooked and Emma was stirring the sauce, which was just getting thick and creamy.

Sarah moved behind her, pulled Emma’s long hair over and planted a kiss on her neck while she stroked Emma’s pert butt with her hands. The sweet smell of Emma’s perfume was filling her nostrils as she continued to softly kiss her neck.

Emma closed her eyes and tilted her head back slightly as she enjoyed the touch of Sarah’s soft lips on her neck. ‘Mmmm.’ she moaned. After a short while she opened her eyes. ‘I hate to stop you, but I think dinner’s about ready, if you want to get the plates out of the oven.’

Sarah reluctantly removed her lips from Emma’s neck and got the plates out of the oven.

‘If you go sit in the dinning room, I’ll bring it in for you.’

‘Okay.’ Sarah left and sat down in the other room.

After about a minute Emma brought in a couple of plates of steaming food and a bottle of white wine into the dinning room and sat down opposite Sarah. Emma poured the wine and they both tucked into the food before them.

‘Wow, this tastes even better than it smells.’ Sarah said after a couple of mouthfuls. ‘You really can cook.’

‘Thanks.’ Emma smiled.

‘This wine is really nice too. I’m gonna have to come round more often.’ Sarah said placing her wineglass back.

‘This is my favourite wine, I usually save it for special occasions.’

‘Am I a special occasion then?’

‘Well, you’re the most special thing that has happened to me in a while.’

Sarah smiled at Emma’s obvious compliment. ‘So, have you been single long?’

‘Long enough.’

‘Me too, I’m just glad we met.’

‘Yeah.’ Emma smiled.

## 6

‘Are you nearly finished?’ Emma asked.

‘Yeah, I’m about full, you’ve cooked quite a lot.’

‘Yeah, I suppose so. Are you going to finish off the wine?’

‘No, your quite welcome to it, I think I’ve probably had enough anyway.’

Emma poured out the last glass of wine and slowly sipped it as she looked into Sarah’s eyes across the table.

‘So what else have you planned for tonight?’ Sarah asked.

‘Well, nothing. It’s up to you really, whatever you want.’

‘I think we were very rudely interrupted this afternoon.’ Sarah said and provocatively licked her lips, her head felt slightly woozy from the alcohol she had drunk.

‘I agree, it was just getting interesting, it was a shame to have to stop.’

‘We could always just start again.’ Sarah replied, while one of her stocking feet reached up and rubbed the inside of Emma’s thigh.

‘We could.’ Emma said teasingly. After a second or two spent looking into Sarah’s eyes she stood up and felt the wine make her feel more horny and confident. She walked round the table and took Sarah’s hand. ‘Come on then babe, lets go upstairs for a bit.’

Sarah stood up willingly and held Emma’s hand until they reached the stairs. In a sudden rush of passion Sarah could hold back no longer, she took Emma’s hips roughly from behind and spun her round. In a smooth motion she placed her lips firmly on Emma’s. Taken a little by surprise Emma took a second before she enjoyed the warmth and passion of Sarah’s impulsive kiss. Sarah’s hands explored Emma’s body as they kissed with intimacy.

With difficulty Emma tore herself away from Sarah’s fantastically passionate kiss and took her hand once more. ‘We’re not upstairs yet babe, you can have me all to yourself in a minute. Catch me if you can.’ Emma let go of her hand, turned, ran up the stairs and made a turn at the top to head towards her bedroom.

She opened the door on quite a large room with a double bed in the centre, a cupboard and chest of drawers in the corner. The room had very pale dappled green and white walls, with a soft green carpet and a soft green duvet was neatly spread out on her bed. Emma quickly turned the dimmer switch by the door and set the light of the room to a low ambience. She could hear Sarah was just behind her and she rapidly moved over to the chest of drawers in the corner of the room and opened the top drawer. She reached inside and took out her dildo and turning, tossed it onto the bed. Emma turned round completely to see Sarah standing about a foot away from her.

‘Leave the toys, right now all I want is you.’ Sarah said panting hornily. Their lips met once more, this time it was a slower, more controlled sensual kiss. They tipped their heads in opposition as they became more and more involved with each other. The kiss developed into a full French kiss as their tongues investigated the deep, distant corners of each other’s mouths. As they both became increasingly immersed in the kiss their hands began to undress each other. Sarah’s soft hands expertly unbuttoned Emma’s blouse then she reached round and unclasped her bra. Emma did likewise and with gentle movements they began to rub and caress each other’s breasts and nipples. Both girls’ nipples became rapidly erect and were easy targets for their warm exploring hands.

With one last long kissing motion Sarah slowly pulled her lips away from Emma and walked backwards onto the bed. She stood on the bed dressed in only her skirt and stockings. ‘Stop.’ she said, as Emma began to approach. With her hands Sarah teased her short black skirt millimetre by millimetre up her smooth, elegant thighs as she provocatively swayed her hips.

Emma couldn't help but squeeze her hard nipples as Sarah continued to excite her with her sexual movements. 'D'you want me Emma?' Sarah whispered and pulled her skirt up still further. Emma glimpsed Sarah's bushy mound and as soon as Sarah sensed that she had been seen she pulled her skirt up completely to display her hairy muff. Taking her index finger she placed it in her mouth and then ran her tongue along its length before sucking on the end again. With her finger suitably wet she slowly ran it down her body, between her ample breasts and onto the hairy triangle that pointed the way to her secret caves. 'Come and get your dessert baby.' Sarah quietly moaned as she licked her wet finger again, bent her knees and sat down on the bed. She lay back, opened her legs, reached between them with both hands and pulled open her soft, wet, thicket covered opening.

Emma paused for a split second to admire the beautiful pussy that lay open and ready for her before she moved herself onto the bed. She was immediately attracted to Sarah's beautiful wet crotch, still held open by Sarah's fingers. As Emma's sensitive nose got close to Sarah's pussy she smelt the sweet aroma of Sarah beautiful flower, her nectar both wet and dried covered her bushy lips. As she moved her head closer still the smell was overwhelming and she paused for a moment to clear her head before she ran her tongue along Sarah's exposed dripping opening.

Sarah flinched as she felt Emma soft tongue licking exposed skin at the top of her thighs. 'Oh Emma, fuck me baby.' Sarah groaned huskily.

Emma responded by moving her tongue along Sarah's pussy lips before moving up slightly and running it slowly around Sarah's clitty, trying to tease out her love bud. With every circle of her tongue she tasted the sweet mix of sweat and cum that entwined itself within Sarah's bush. She could see Sarah's clit become larger and larger, until it was peanut sized and clearly poked out from under her hood. She stopped her circling and very gently licked across Sarah's soft bud, producing a huge moan and a shudder from the body she was pleasuring. She continued to circle Sarah's most sensitive region with her tongue before she judged it was time to give Sarah a finger or two.

Sarah pinched her firm nipples intensely as her arousal level continued on an upward spiral. Emma's tongue was giving her just enough stimulation to take her over the edge very slowly. She shuddered and bucked her hips as she felt one of Emma's fingers penetrate her tight hole. She felt the number of fingers inside her double as Emma continued to slowly finger fuck her. Slowly at first then building rhythm she bucked her hips onto Emma's probing fingers. Still bucking her hips onto the fingers inside her she very rapidly felt spasmodic contractions starting deep inside her pussy. She prepared herself for orgasm and within a matter of seconds it struck like the opening of a bottle of finest champagne; her cork of emotions fired skyward and warm bubbly juices dribbled from her deepest recesses.

Emma nuzzled her face into Sarah's soaking bush and drank sweet nectar from her overflowing flower. As the nectar dried up Emma slipped off her soaking panties and began to grind her wet mound on Sarah's thigh. Her hand continued to softly caress Sarah's wet bush, stopping only briefly to lick the any remaining juices from her fingers.

Having recovered from the intense orgasm she had just experienced Sarah tilted her head slightly to look Emma in the eyes 'Are you gonna come on my leg or do I get my dessert too?' Sarah queried randily.

Emma slid a little further along Sarah's thigh until her own thigh was grinding hard into Sarah's cleaned crotch. She slid back and forth for a moment along her thigh enjoying the warmth it imparted to her pussy. 'It's all yours baby.' Emma moaned to her lover and turning, lifted herself up, placed her leg over Sarah's body and with a slow deliberate motion pushed her dripping pussy within reach of Sarah's eager tongue.

Sarah took Emma's hips firmly in her hands and pulled her pussy close, with a long lick

she ran her tongue along Emma's soft, smooth lips. Using her fingers she opened up the moist clam hovering temptingly before her and started to work her tongue inside.

Emma pushed her muff closer to Sarah's probing tongue as she felt Sarah kissing and licking her. Looking down at the bed for a moment she saw the dildo lying close to Sarah's thigh. She reached for it and began to tease its fat end around Sarah's hole. She lowered herself until her breasts were pressing down onto Sarah's flat tummy and her chin pressed into Sarah's pubic bone. With the weight taken from her hands, they were free to open Sarah's slit up once again. With her index and middle finger she opened her pussy and taking the dildo in her right hand she began to work it inside her. All the time her own state of pleasure was rising and rising, like steam in a boiler the emotional pressure she felt inside was rising swiftly with every lick of her exposed pussy. Emma watched with pleasure as she worked inch after inch of her thick dildo into the lovely hole that was inches from her face. Once the dildo was firmly inside Sarah, Emma began to slowly slide it in and out using Sarah's own copious flowing juices for lubrication. With her tongue Emma resumed the soft stimulation of Sarah's newly reengorged clitty.

Sarah felt every stroke Emma made with the dildo and gripping Emma's butt cheeks firmly Sarah continued to dart her tongue in and out of Emma, in rhythm to the relentless stretching of her own pussy. Emma tongue was unbearably accurate, just teasing Sarah enough to keep her hovering on the edge of a legal drug induced high.

Emma was the first to come; Sarah's tongue had left her hole and targeted her clitty like a well-trained sniffer dog, her long tongue lapping at Emma. Without her tongue in her hole Sarah used three fingers to stimulate Emma while she worked her to orgasm via a tongue on her pretty pink button. As the orgasm hit, Emma's body instinctively tried to draw away from the source of the heat that was bursting from between her legs, the heat that Sarah's tongue was causing. Sarah managed to hold onto her hips and maintained a small amount of pressure on her button, Emma couldn't escape the continued spasm that was engulfing her. With a huge moan she came, then as soon as she had come, it hit again. It was like a never-ending waterfall of emotion and passion cascading through her body from head to foot. Her body was pulling away but Sarah held on tight and continued to stimulate her clit. Emma's emotions hit the sky, her mind lost in the clouds of an orgasm of stratospheric proportions.

As Emma's body shuddered and heaved above her Sarah could feel herself reaching the point of no return too. Emma had removed her tongue from Sarah's clitty as the orgasm took over her whole body, but she had managed to continue the phallic pumping of Sarah's pussy.

Sarah's second orgasm was more intense than her first and she flicked her head back and let go of her tongue pressure on Emma's clitty. She felt her inner thighs tingle and sparkle like fireworks as orgasm swam through her body like hot lava. The volcano between her legs erupted and she felt warm juices ooze from her slit, taking a deep breath she closed her eyes and let herself come down from the heaven Emma had propelled her to. She lay back, in her nirvana she was unaware of the world and for a while remained completely engulfed in her own pleasures. In time she stepped from her roller coaster of pleasure and she felt Emma moving above her. A few seconds later she felt Emma's soft lips kissing her closed eyelids.

'Mmmm, Emma.' Sarah tired body moaned.

Emma said nothing but let her lover feel kisses all over her face. Sarah's face was a picture of perfection, her soft red lips, lightly tanned skin and beautiful soft features. Emma explored Sarah's face with her kisses and tongue, before finishing up planting a kiss on her lips.

Sarah responded by lifting her head slightly and returning the kiss. As they kissed Emma lay down beside Sarah and their arms wrapped round each other. As the kiss lingered they both fell asleep wrapped in each other's arms.



# Morning Blues

## 1

‘Don’t go.’ Jessica pleaded.

‘But, I’ll be late for work.’ Anna replied, hastily climbing out of bed.

‘Can’t I tempt you back?’ Jessica asked huskily as she pulled back the duvet to reveal her naked body. She ran a hand down her exposed body and between her legs while her wet tongue slipped out of her mouth and across her lips. ‘Come on, just 5 minutes more Anna, please.’

‘Jess, you are going to get me fired.’ Anna replied as she placed her knee back on the bed and leaned over to kiss Jessica softly on her lips. Anna felt Jessica’s hands moving down her back, like the tentacles of an octopus, dragging her back into bed. Anna pulled herself away once more and climbed back off the bed. ‘You know I have to go Jess; the vibe’s in the draw.’ She stepped over to the chair in the corner of the room and picked up the clothes she had prepared the night before.

‘If you’ve got to go pass me vibe on your way out then.’ Jessica downheartedly requested. She watched as Anna’s lithe, equally naked, body leaned forward, pulled the vibe out of her drawer and tossed it onto the bed next to where she lay. She picked it up, rolled onto her back, pulled her knees up towards her and switched it on. It buzzed into life and she teased it between her legs, ‘Sure you don’t want to stay?’ she asked Anna once more.

‘You know I can’t, but make sure you think of me.’ Anna replied. She blew Jessica a kiss as she walked out of the room and into the bathroom.

‘You and only you, Anna.’ Jessica shouted back. Jessica continued to let the vibe stimulate her clit as her mind filled with images of the previous sensual night they had spent together.

## 2

‘I’ll just take a shower, then I’ll be back down, okay?’ Anna asked.

‘Yeah sure, it’s my turn to do the room anyway.’ Jessica replied.

Anna turned and made her way upstairs to the bathroom.

Jessica watched Anna’s cute arse in her tight skirt for a second before she walked into the lounge and sat down on the sofa. She looked around the room trying to remember exactly how Anna liked it. After a few moments of thought she stood up and walked over to the fireplace. Bending over she picked up a log from the small pile by the fire and tossed it carefully onto the flames. Picking up the poker she prodded the log a little to settle it in a position where the flames would more easily consume it. She stepped back from the fire and admired the licks of flame, which were slowly eating up the new log like a hungry monster. She diverted her gaze from the fire to the sheepskin rug beneath her, she stepped off it, knelt down and pulled at its edge to remove the folds and unevenness that had built up. With the rug smoothed out she walked over to the small chest of draws by the sofa and took out a box of four used candles,

candle holders and a box of matches. She pressed her finger into the matchbox and forced out the tray, she drew out a match and ran it quickly along the rough strip on the edge of the box. The end of the match burst into flame and she directed it to the tip of one of the candles. Within a few seconds the candle had taken the flame, Jessica drew the match away and moved onto the next candle. With all the candles before her lit, she flicked her wrist and the match went out. Picking up the four, lit candles she positioned them at the back of the room, where the light from the log fire did not reach. With the candles successfully placed she moved across and pushed back the sofa and chairs to give a larger space in front of the fire. When she had finished she walked over to the light switch and turned it off to complete the ambience of the room. She stood by the switch for a few seconds and looked around the room one last time to check it was how Anna liked it. The fire was amply stocked with enough wood to keep it busy for a good few hours. The only light in the room came from the fire and the candles she had lit. She listened and could hear that the shower upstairs had stopped, she knew Anna would be coming back down soon. She went over, sat on the sofa and moments later heard Anna's footsteps making their way down the stairs. There was a knock at the door of the lounge and Jessica got up to open it, she pulled open the door and was greeted by Anna dressed in only her towel. 'Come in.' Jessica said.

Anna walked in and made herself comfortable on the rug by the fire. She turned and saw Jessica close the door, she turned back and slipped off the towel, which was covering her exquisite feminine form. She shifted herself onto her knees, knelt forward onto her hands and lay face down on the rug; with her arms lying underneath her head.

Jessica took Anna's towel and tossed it onto the sofa, she rubbed her hands together vigorously before she stroked Anna's long blonde hair to one side and ran them across her soft, warm shoulders. With soft circling motions she rubbed her thumbs into Anna's tired shoulder muscles; forcing out the tightness with each movement of her hands.

'Mmmmm.' Anna softly purred as Jessica's warm hands caressed her baby-like skin.

Jessica leaned forward until her head was inches from Anna's and whispered, 'Shhhhhh, babe.' Jessica removed her hands for a moment to close her eyes then her hands reached out to reconnect with Anna's body. With her eyes closed Jessica was able to concentrate entirely on the feel and outline of her beautiful girlfriend. Her fingers ran slowly down Anna's back, being careful not to tickle her, the ends of her fingers transmitted the topology of Anna's body, her curving hills and undulations beamed directly to her mind. Without vision, her fingers were her only source of stimuli and her whole mind focused on the sensations her fingers were receiving. Her hands had run down the length of Anna's torso, from her shoulders to the base of her back and she felt a change of contour as they rose onto the small mounds of Anna's pert bottom. Breathing only through her nose Jessica ran her fingers across Anna's bottom, being careful not to touch any areas of Anna that might arouse her. She let her fingers follow the shape of Anna's body into and out of the valley between the cheeks of her bottom, before she continued her sensuous exploratory journey down Anna's body.

Anna felt Jessica's hands leave her bottom and begin to touch the top of her right leg. With every stroke of Jessica's fingers she became more and more relaxed; she enjoyed being touched so gently and softly all over her body. As Jessica's hands stopped on her thighs, she felt Jessica giving her the lightest touches with her fingers, letting only the very sensitive tips of her fingers touch her skin. The effect was invigorating rather than arousing and she enjoyed Jessica exploring her body like they had done when they first met. Anna loved sex, there was no doubt about that, but she loved Jessica just to touch her too, without the pressure of sex. Her mind drifted away from the stress of work and her ears focused on the crackling of the fire coupled with the almost imperceptible sound of Jessica's hands as she caressed her delicate

skin. She'd not been sure if Jessica would enjoy her 'touching game' at first but a reluctant Jessica had been converted to a real fan and now they took turns to play the game at least once a month.

Jessica continued onwards towards Anna's ankles making oscillating motions with her fingers back and forth as she traversed her leg, like a drop of water winding its way along her flesh. She paused for a minute at Anna's ankle letting her hands reveal to her mind the luxurious shape of Anna's form. After a short while Jessica whispered 'Roll over, Anna.' barely audibly so as not to interfere with the atmosphere.

Anna kept her eyes shut as she rolled over onto her back, the warm sheepskin rug beneath her rubbed against her skin in a similar way to Jessica's gentle movements. She felt Jessica's touch return to her opposite leg; the warm, gentle sensations that were in her mind flowed freely once more as Jessica rekindled her fingers love of Anna's body. Now her head was faced upwards her eyes could pick out the flickering light of the fire that made shadows before her eyelids. With her hands relaxed by her side she felt Jessica's fingers slowly make their way up her leg and bypass her neatly trimmed pubic hair before Jessica slid her fingers back and forth across her stomach.

Jessica found the centre of Anna's chest and led her finger along the line between her breasts. She made small circles around the very top of Anna's breasts before she moved onto her neck and chin. Her index finger moved from Anna's chin, and slowly skirted her lips, nose and eyes before it came round and stopped for a second at the mid-point of Anna's forehead. She always tried to make the route to Anna's lips different every time, this time she decided to go straight down her nose. With great delicacy Jessica's finger made the final part of its journey, down Anna's nose and into the cusp of her lips. Jessica leaned forward, directed by the location of her finger and kissed Anna delicately on the lips, she paused for a second before she leaned away from Anna and opened her eyes once more. Her eyes immediately picked out Anna's skin glowing in the ambient light of the fire, she turned her head and looked admiringly along the length of her girlfriends' body, from the tip of her toes to her golden blonde hair. She got up from her knees and backed away from Anna, not letting her eyes leave the body she had been touching for the last 20 minutes. Taking one final look, she turned and left the room.

Anna heard Jessica stand up and make her way out of the room but she just lay by the warmth of the fire. For a few moments she cast her mind back to the sensuous touch of Jessica on her skin, the delicacy with which she had explored her and the tremendous feeling of love she felt for her. She lay there for a little while longer before the feelings had subsided, then she opened her eyes.

### 3

Jessica pulled the vibe away from her tingling clit for a moment and rolled over onto her stomach. She buried her head into Anna's pillow and inhaled deeply, her nostrils filled with the sweet fragrance of Anna's natural smell with overtones of her favourite perfume. With one of her legs out straight, she pulled the other up a little to give easier access to her pussy. She reached a hand over her back and moved the vibe onto the opening of her dripping pussy. She slid her other hand beneath her body and opened herself up just a little more so the vibe could easily find its way deep between her already flared pussy lips. The vibe stretched her wide as she slowly inserted it; she felt every part of its ribbed surface as it passed into her pussy. She transferred her hand from her pussy to her clit and with a slow motion of her hips started to gently grind her mound across her fingers while the vibe sent pleasurable tremors between

her legs. She moved her other hand from the vibe and up to her breasts, where she tightly squeezed one of her erect nipples. She felt comfortable once more and with her senses triggered by the aroma of Anna's recently vacated pillow she slipped her mind back to thoughts of her girlfriend.

## 4

'Who's the blonde?'

'Her name's Anna.'

'You know her? Can you introduce me?'

'She's pretty isn't she?'

'Yes very. So, will you introduce me?'

'Okay, if you want.'

The girls left their end of the bar and made their way past a few chatting and drinking girls before they got across to the other end of the bar.

'Hi Anna.'

'Oh, hi Sandra, how are you?'

'Pretty good thanks, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine, Jessica.'

Jessica stepped forward and sat down next to Anna at the bar. 'Hi pleased to meet you, Anna.'

'Hi Jessica.'

'Call me Jess; everybody does.' Jessica said smiling.

'Okay, Jess it is.' Anna said smiling back.

'Oh, Rachel's just arrived, can I leave you two to continue the introductions?' Sandra asked.

'Yeah, I'll think we'll manage Sandra, you go see Rachel.' Jessica replied turning to Anna once more and smiling.

'Can I get you another drink, your glass is looking in need of a top up.'

'Er, yes, a glass of house white please.'

Jessica leaned over the bar and caught the attention of the barmaid. 'A couple of glasses of house white please.'

'So, how do you know Sandra?' Anna asked.

'We were at school together, I haven't seen her for a while, but now I have a new job I have moved back to the area. What about you how do you know her?' Jessica turned back to the bar and the paid for the drinks.

'Kind of a friend of a friend really. Well my ex actually.'

'Oh, have you been split up long?'

'About three weeks, it's been tough you know.'

'Yeah the first few weeks are always the hardest. Any chance you'll get back or is it dead and buried.'

'Oh it's over, there'd been nothing but arguments for the last month, I had to leave her. I think we both knew it wasn't working between us anyway.'

'That's a shame, I think it's always sad when a couple break up. Had you been going out long?'

'About six months.'

'Oh, that's too bad. I'm sorry.'

'Well, it's over now. So what about you, are you with someone?'

'No, not just right now, free and single.'

Anna glanced past Jessica for a moment. 'It looks like Sandra might not be coming back in a hurry.'

Jessica looked round and saw Sandra in the corner of the club in a passionate embrace with Rachel. 'They make a nice couple don't you think?' she replied.

'Yeah, they haven't been able to keep their hands off each other for weeks now, it must be love.' Anna said smiling.

'It must be.' Jessica replied smiling back. She decided it was just the right moment to push things a little. 'The music's picking up a little, d'you want to dance?'

'Yeah. Sure.' Anna replied. Taken aback a little, she picked up her glass and finished off the last mouthful of her wine.

Jessica did likewise before she stood up, took Anna's hand and helped her off her stool. Jessica led the short way to the dance floor and pushed past a group of girls who were chatting loudly. She reached the rapidly filling dance floor and turned to face Anna, she found the rhythm of the music first but Anna was soon happily dancing too. Jessica tried to catch Anna's eyes as much as possible as they danced, trying to gauge the situation and judge the moment to perhaps become a little more intimate. Jessica could see the wine was beginning to go to Anna's head a little as she visibly began to relax and look very comfortable with her dancing.

The music changed and it was just the cue Jessica had been waiting for, with a slight slowing of the music she moved in closer to Anna and placed her hands on Anna's lower back. Jessica received no resistance to her advance but decided to play it cool for a little while longer and they just swayed their hips in harmony, their eyes firmly fixed on one another.

Pleased with the progress and the smile on Anna's face Jessica decided to go for the kiss, she hesitantly craned her neck a little and to her delight Anna responded by tilting her head forward slightly and letting her kiss her. She pulled her lips away momentarily and Anna leaned forward to reinitiate the contact. Their kiss deepened and Anna pulled Jessica's body closer. Still softly swaying to the music Jessica lowered her hands a little to investigate Anna's pert arse.

They danced in harmony together, locked in a passionate kiss for maybe a couple of minutes. Both girls' hands were moving freely from neck to arse as they became carried away.

Anna pulled herself away from Jessica for a second and said loudly over the music 'Shall we stop dancing for a bit?'

Jessica nodded, a little disappointed to end so soon; *Still another drink won't hurt* she thought. She followed Anna off the dance floor and was a little surprised when she skirted past the bar and moved into a corner of the club.

'Now we can be alone.' Anna said as she stopped and turned to face Jessica with her back to the wall. She pulled Jessica in close to her and they returned to the kiss they had left moments before.

Jessica was surprised but in no way disappointed and was determined to make the most of this lovely blonde's desire for her.

## 5

Jessica felt herself nearing orgasm and began to moan louder as she focused more intently on the ecstasy that filtered through her body from between her legs. She didn't even notice when Anna came in from her shower, now neatly dressed in a long flowing summer dress.

Anna stood at the end of the bed for a short while and watched her girlfriend masturbating

before her. She could see and hear Jessica was arriving at her familiar orgasmic crescendo of gorgeously intense moans and instinctive body movements. She looked at her watch; the shower hadn't taken as long as usual, she could spare a minute or two. She placed her knee softly on the end of their bed and ran her index finger along Jessica's outstretched leg towards her hips.

Jessica jumped a little at the unexpected touch of Anna, her mind temporarily derailed from her deeply sensual thoughts. She tilted her head up, then rolled over onto her back once more and saw Anna's lovely features moving expertly between her spread legs. She drew her knees in towards her once more and moved her hand from her clit onto her other erect nipple as Anna's practised tongue reached out for her moist clit.

Anna effortlessly took the bud in her open mouth and sucked softly, flicking and rolling it gently with her saliva-covered tongue. She saw Jessica writhing to her every lick and suck and she looked up from between Jessica's legs to see her head rocking from side to side, her long curly red hair sticking to beads of sweat which covered her pretty face. She heard the vibe doing its enviable work deep inside Jessica's pussy as drips of her cum covered the short end sticking out from her wet hole. She ran her tongue along the vibe, smelling and tasting her girlfriend's girlie juices, feeling its stimulating vibrations before she ran her tongue up to Jessica's swollen bean. She gave it a big lick then left the tip of her tongue resting on it, before she applied a gradual increase in pressure and tried to bring Jessica to orgasm.

Jessica's hips twitched out of her control and she felt a warm tingling in the tops of her legs. Her clit was stinging with over sensitisation as it communicated chemical messages of intense pleasure through her body. Her head took an overdose of these chemicals as she closed her eyes and focused her mind fully on Anna. She moaned loudly, her pleasure echoing from the soft lilac painted walls. As the image of Anna became clear in her mind the climax struck and she dug her nails into the side of her rib cage, just below her breasts as more and more chemicals overwhelmed her body. The muscles of her pussy gripped the vibe tightly and she stopped moaning at the point of climax as immense rushes of stimuli overtook her whole body; her crotch felt warm and fantastic. As it subsided she caught her breath once more and took a huge lung full of precious oxygen.

Anna looked down at Jessica's orgasmic body and after her climax had passed she reluctantly stood up, walked over to the corner of the room and picked up her handbag. 'I've got to go now Jess,' she said after she had collected her handbag. 'You'll have to do it by yourself if you want to continue.' she smiled. As she made her way to the door she looked down at the exhausted, naked body of Jessica which lay covered in perspiration. She stopped before she reached the door, turned and leaned across the bed once more. She kissed Jessica on her sweat-damped lips, 'Love you, Jess.'

'Thanks Anna, love you too.' Jessica replied and returned the kiss.

'See you later.' Anna said as she slipped off the bed, turned and left the room.

# Twice As Nice

## 1

Anna kicked the deflated front wheel of her bicycle. ‘Oh shit! Why now you stupid thing.’ she cried in frustration. She knew it was no use, it didn’t matter how much she kicked it; it wasn’t going to inflate. She sighed and picked the bike up from the road where she had let it fall moments before. She grasped the handlebars firmly in her hands and began to slowly push her injured bicycle the remaining distance up the lane.

She had a busy night of homework ahead and was very irritated to have to waste time walking home. She looked down at her sorry excuse for a bike once more and shook her head. It seemed as if fate had been against her all day, not only had she been turned down for lead girl in the school play but she’d discovered that the assignment she was hoping to finish over the weekend had to be done by the day after tomorrow. She looked at her watch; she would have been home in just over ten minutes normally but now it was going to take at least thirty or forty minutes - she quickened her pace a little hoping not to waste too much more time.

After a short walk along the lane she reached the top and turned onto a path that ran through some fields and ultimately led to her house. The path was about a mile and a half and ran alongside the hedge of one of the wheat fields for most of the way, except for where it passed through a small piece of woodland. She usually raced along the path on her bike and rarely saw anyone else use the path. It wasn’t a terribly smooth path but she was used to the bumps, hollows and rocks and had learnt the best route to avoid them. After the path it was only a short quarter of a mile or so down another lane before she came to her family’s farmhouse. Her family had lived there for generations, her grandma still lived with them, but she was Anna’s eldest living relative; her three other grandparents had all passed away in recent years.

She kept walking along the path with her stricken bicycle, dragging it along like an unruly child and soon passed into the relative darkness of the small coppice. She strode purposefully along the path, lost in her own thoughts when she suddenly saw a bike tyre poking out from one of the bushes by the side of the path. She turned and pushed her bike over to it, there were two identical bikes standing almost hidden in the undergrowth. She wondered who they might belong to, but more importantly what were they doing stuck out here. She looked once more at her watch and a smile came over her face as she thought jokingly. *What if I borrow one of these bikes and leave mine here instead?* Just then she heard a laugh from less than fifty metres away and decided hurriedly that she had better carry on walking. She was just about to turn and go when she heard a soft moan filtering through the dense trees and the noise didn’t appear to be getting any closer either. She looked at the two bikes and her watch once more before curiosity got the better of her and she hid her bike in a bush a short distance from the other bikes. Still, she thought. *Nobody is likely to want to steal a bike with a puncture, if I can’t ride it they certainly can’t.* She made sure it was well hidden just in case and made her way carefully and slowly through the wood in search of the intriguing noises.

She cautiously and quietly walked towards the noise when a movement up ahead caught her eye, she crouched down behind a bush and made her way closer, not wanting to be seen. She had often played in these woods when she was a little girl, with her two brothers and knew that the noise ahead was probably coming from the small clearing where they had made dens in summer's past. As she got closer she could hear voices chatting and dared to pop her head over the undergrowth. She saw a sight that startled her; she could see a naked girl from behind, her long blonde hair ran almost halfway down her milky-white back. She didn't recognise her, but she appeared to be having sex because she could just make out the shape of a man lying beneath her. She smiled and began to feel a little aroused at the thought of a couple making love in the woods. She decided to try and move a little closer, to get a better view and see who they were. She was just about to move when the pair before her began to move too, alarmed, she crouched down behind the bush. She peered through the foliage but struggled to make out what was happening, all she could hear were low voices and could not even make out what they were saying. She very quietly shuffled along past the edge of the dense bush and looked out of the gap between two bushes. She had to hold back a gasp of surprise at the scene before her - it was not quite as she had expected - instead of a man and a woman, she saw the twin sisters from the village getting dressed. She realised that the man she had supposed was there was in fact Helen and the girl she had seen from behind was Lisa. Anna remained crouched behind the bush, praying they wouldn't discover her bike as they left the wood innocently chatting to each other. She remained behind the bush for a quite a while; she was very nervous that they would spot her bike and come looking for her. After what seemed like ages she eventually plucked up the courage to make a move, she got up and carefully walked back to the path. She looked around but the twins appeared to be long gone, she felt very relieved and happily collected her broken bike from its hiding place.

## 2

Anna spent the rest of the night studiously doing her homework. It seemed to be taking her twice as long as she thought it would, mainly because she couldn't remove the afternoon's events from her mind. Whenever the work became even remotely difficult her mind would wander and fill with the images of the naked twins, she tried her best to shake them from her mind and concentrate on her work but found they kept creeping back like ghosts returning to haunt her mind. It made her tingle inside to think of the twins together although she had not really had much contact with them at school; they were not in any of her classes but they certainly got noticed for being very beautiful blondes. Anna herself had feelings for one of the girls in her class and from time to time let her image filter into her thoughts while she masturbated but although she wasn't really sure about girls the idea of the twins together excited her more than she had ever thought possible. She knew that she would be keeping a look out for their bikes hidden in the trees; next time she knew she wanted to try and see more.

She neared the end of her homework and decided to go and take a shower before going to bed, she could leave the rest of the project until tomorrow, there was not much left to do, fortunately. She tidied up her papers and said goodnight to her mum and dad who were sitting in the lounge watching the television with her younger brother.

She climbed the stairs, her mind still full of the twins, the thoughts and questions bouncing around inside her head like a manic Ping-Pong ball. She walked into her bedroom, took the towel off her radiator, walked into the bathroom and shut the door behind her. She walked over to the shower cubicle and tossed her towel over the door, then taking a step back she looked



at herself in the mirror for a short while; making faces and playing with her hair, changing it from one style to another. She slipped out of her school dress, took off her socks and kicked them away from her feet. She looked at herself once more in the mirror; it was only a small mirror, so she could only see down as far as her bra. She unclasped her bra and let that too fall to the floor, she gazed at the reflection of her breasts in the mirror and felt her cute little nipples harden and swell before her eyes. She liked her breasts, they were perhaps a little on the small size by modern expectations but what did that matter when they were so wonderful to touch. She rolled one of her hard nipples between her thumb and forefinger and then squeezed her breast provocatively, forcing out her erect nipple, all the time feeling a little like she was watching another girl on the other side of the mirror; her identical twin. She pulled a few strands of her long hair from behind her shoulders and wrapped them around her nipple, all the time her arousal level slowly rose. She moved her hands up from her breasts and onto her forehead, then drew her hands along her head until they rested on her neck, just beneath her ears, swaying her hips throughout and sending vibrations up to her unsupported breasts which softly swayed with her rhythm. She watched herself intently, enjoying the sensual images that she was creating in the mirror. She diverted her eyes from the mirror and slid her hands down her body until her thumbs hooked into the elastic of her panties. With another soft sway of her hips she bent her back, slipped her panties past her knees then let gravity take over and carry them the remaining distance to the floor. She stood back up again never taking her eyes from her pubic bush; she ran her fingers around the perimeter of her hairy field, not yet venturing between her legs.

She pulled her fingers and gaze away and turned to switch the shower on. She pushed open the sliding door of the shower and leaned across to flick the switch on the shower unit. The water came gushing from the shower head which gave Anna a short blast of cold water, before she was able to pull away and shut the door while she waited for it to warm up.

She turned her attention once more to the mirror and let her hands have a free roam across her totally naked youthful body. She ran them halfway down her thighs and across her breasts, letting them intertwine like snakes, writhing and exploring across her whole body. The shower was still running noisily and she decided it was time to climb in and stop wasting the water. She drew back the door once more and slipped her lithe body under the warm water. Closing the door behind her she adjusted the temperature slightly to make it just a fraction hotter. Now there was no mirror for visual stimulation she had to rely on her mind for her imagery, but after what she had so fleetingly witnessed earlier it rapidly filled with the images of the naked twins, giggling and enjoying each other. She reached for the soap and ran it across her skin, in a similar motion to the one she had just seen her reflection perform in the mirror. She returned the soap to its little ledge and began working it in across her whole body, letting the water wash it off her smooth, clean skin. One of her adventurous hands found it's way to her clitoris and she flinched slightly at the touch before she let her finger return, this time pressing only very lightly, feeling and teasing her young bud. The fingers of her other hand squeezed an erect nipple as she felt her breathing begin to accelerate slightly. The water was warm on her back and as she became more aroused the heat of the water began to make her feel slightly dizzy and a little faint. She continued to stroke her clit and rubbed the palm of her free hand over her engorged nipple, pressing it hard into the softness of her breast. The small pert breasts of the twins flashed into her mind and she imagined herself sucking on them, taking Lisa's nipple in her mouth and softly biting on it. In her mind the twins took on the action of each of her hands, the hand on her breasts was Lisa's sucking lips and the finger on her clit was Helen's tongue flicking and tormenting it. She felt very hot and flushed but didn't want to stop the stimulation of herself for a second to adjust the shower and although

she began to feel more faint she could feel the sparks beginning to fly between her legs. Any distraction might have taken the orgasm away and she just kept her mind fixed on the vivid images and thoughts consuming her excited mind. With time it began to happen, slowly at first then building ever stronger, she kept her concentration, not wanting to let it slip away, but she was completely focussed and the warm tingling sensation between her legs began to spread further, taking over her whole body. She quietly moaned with pleasure as it began in earnest, then as ever increasing power welled forth from between her legs she could moan no more and let the orgasm consume her completely.

She lathered herself down once more with the soap, paying careful attention to clean the cum-matted pubic hair around her pussy. She switched off the shower and took the towel from the door where she had thrown it earlier. She towelled herself down and opened the door of the shower. A sharp blast of cold air rushed into the cubicle and she shivered for a second. She stepped out onto the pink carpet and looked at herself once more in the slightly steamed up mirror, her face was very flushed and there were beads of sweat still forming on her dried brow. She looked at her breasts, they seemed to be larger than before, she smiled and ran a finger between her legs once more. The touch so close to her clit felt wonderful and instantly she began to juice up once more. She looked at the mirror and then a naughty idea struck her. She turned and laid the towel out flat on the floor, then leaning forward she took the mirror off the wall. She sat down and positioned the mirror in front of her, at a very slight angle so as not to fall over. She opened her legs and admired the flared lips of her bushy pussy and ran her fingers along her labia. She pushed a finger inside herself about an inch, then pulled it out, drew it up to her mouth and licked the sticky love juices from the tip. She returned her exploratory finger and dipped it once more into her hole, this time pushing slightly deeper; she slid it in and out enjoying the sensation and noise it made. She pulled out once more and using both hands opened her pussy wide for the mirror, so she could clearly see the delights that were hidden by her labia and surrounded by her pubic hair. Her fingers found her clitty once more and she began to rub it lightly with her finger while her other hand kept herself open and her middle finger dived up her moistened crack once more. Throughout, she kept her eyes on the mirror, imagining that she was watching another girl masturbating and watching her touch herself so intimately. Still high from her previous orgasm she came very quickly, the second orgasm was not as strong as the first but that was probably due to how faint she felt during the first. As the orgasm faded she realised she had cum in a small patch on her bath towel, she stood up and used the already soiled towel to wipe the rest of her secretions from her slightly sticky inner thighs. She picked the mirror off the floor and carefully positioned it back on the nail on the wall. She wrapped the towel around her and left the bathroom to finish getting ready for bed.

### 3

For almost a week after the incident in the woods, Anna had seen nothing of the twins as she'd cycled through the coppice, she had noticed them at school though and it brought a smile to her face to think of them together. Whenever she had masturbated during the week, the image of the twins had been as vivid as on that first night in the shower but she was disappointed that they had not come back to the woods. She kept a careful lookout for the bikes and had been stopping to see if she could see them hidden anywhere but to no avail. She was beginning to think it was a one off for the twins and that they would never return again, that was until the following Wednesday.

## 4

Anna stopped her bike by the trees and dismounted; the bikes were back and still no better hidden. She suddenly realised that the twins must have a free period on Wednesday afternoons and that was why they were able to beat her to the woods. She hid her bike as before but took a slightly different route into the woods to try and get a better view this second time. After a short, nervous walk she managed to get quite a good position and settled herself behind a bush overlooking the small, intimate clearing. It looked as though the twins had been there quite a while, they were both naked and Lisa was working her magic between Helen's spread thighs. From the soft moans and head movements from Helen it was obvious that Lisa had an expert tongue and was putting all her experience into practise. The scene excited Anna; it was without doubt the most erotic thing she had ever seen. She couldn't help but touch herself and she let a hand find the hem of her dress and creep up inside to find her already wet panties. Her eyes glanced down at the exploits of her hand when she felt a strange crawling feeling across her exposed thigh. Suddenly her whole body froze momentarily, she managed to stifle most of her scream but she couldn't hide the noise she made as her hand involuntarily flicked the black spider from her bare leg. The twins stopped making love instantly and looked over in Anna's direction.

'Anna. Is that you?' Lisa cried out.

Anna froze once more in fear and wondered how Lisa knew it was her. She thought she couldn't be seen but how she wished she'd just ridden past and never stopped to admire their show.

'Anna. Are you there?' Lisa asked more insistently.

Anna composed herself for a second, realising they must be able to see her and daringly stood up.

'Oh, it is you. Why are you watching us?' Lisa enquired.

'I didn't mean to.' Anna replied lying.

'We wondered if you would come again; we saw your bike last time. Do you like watching Anna?'

'You saw my bike?' Anna replied confused.

'Yes. We hoped you'd come again. Do we turn you on Anna?' Lisa asked once more.

'Well, yes.' Anna confessed.

'Why not join us? It'd be more fun that way, don't you think?' Lisa said in her sexiest voice, still very aroused from tonguing Helen.

'Can I?' Anna replied in near disbelief, her short and startled answer betraying her true feelings.

'Of course, we'd love to show you what we do.' Lisa beckoned Anna over.

Anna didn't need another invitation; she walked round the bush directly in front of her and wandered nervously into the small clearing where the two twins lay, all the time her heart beating like a drum. As she approached she got a much clearer view of Helen, who lay on her back, propping herself up with her elbows and watching Anna through her open legs.

Lisa stood up as Anna approached and took her hand. 'We were really hoping you'd come back,' Lisa confessed. 'But we didn't know if you liked what you'd seen, or whether you'd tell on us.' She smiled.

'Oh, I'd never have told on you. You are both so beautiful all I wanted was just to watch you.' Anna said honestly. 'I had been hoping you'd come back too.'

Lisa ran her slender fingers through Anna's long hair. 'You are really beautiful too, Anna' Lisa whispered as she leaned forward and kissed her softly on her cheek.

Anna responded and took Lisa's naked body in her arms. By now Helen had stood up too and walked round the back of Anna as she kissed her identical twin sister. Helen slipped Anna's hair to one side and planted a sensual kiss on her warm neck.

Anna was in heaven, to have these two beautiful girls touch her was more than her best fantasy, it was a dream. Anna felt Helen undo the belt on her school dress, while Lisa pushed the straps off her shoulder. Anna took her arms from around Lisa and let her dress slip to the floor. She felt Helen continuing her neck work and then she began to move down her back with her devious tongue. She felt Helen's tongue reach her bra strap and pause momentarily as she unclasped it before she continued her journey southward.

Lisa, with a bit of assistance from Anna, slipped off her unclasped bra and let it too fall to the floor of the leafy clearing, joining her now crumpled dress.

Anna felt Helen's tongue reach the elastic of her soaked panties, slide them down her thighs and onto the floor. Meanwhile Lisa had moved from Anna's lips onto her nipples and was passionately sucking on one of them. Anna's clit was hard as a rock and her pussy bubbled like a mountain stream. She felt Helen's tongue return to its meandering travels and continue down to her arsehole. She bent her knees slightly, motioning that she wanted to lie down; the twins got the hint. Helen took her tongue away and moved back so Lisa could help Anna to the floor of the clearing. Anna lay back on the slightly cold floor and let the twins work their sorcery all over her inflamed body.

As Helen moved between Anna's legs, she spread them wide so she could get clear access to such a beautiful pussy. As her tongue brushed Anna's clit, she heard a little yelp of joy and could feel Anna's hips buck away from her overeager touch. Helen began to softly caress Anna's clit; she was different to Lisa - slightly more sensitive.

Lisa maintained her constant stimulation of Anna's nipples and breasts and as Helen continued her superb tongue work, Lisa spun herself round slightly and placed her own breast in Anna's welcoming mouth. Lisa's hand was busily working herself to orgasm as Anna sucked harder and harder on her nipple.

Anna couldn't believe how she was being given such intimate and personal treatment by not just one but two girls, she couldn't get it out of her mind that she must be dreaming. She felt the usual warm and tingling feelings rushing from her crotch but this time she wasn't doing the stimulation. Her free and redundant hands were pressing Helen's head harder and harder into her hot spot; the field of fire between her bucking hips. Helen's tongue was fanning those flames and sending clear smoke signals throughout her writhing body. The signals passing through her body became stronger and stronger, clearer and clearer, until they were inescapable and Anna's moans became more concentrated.

Lisa felt Anna's nipples swelling even more as she hovered close to orgasm and she provided a little more impetus to the imminent event by sucking her harder, trying to envelop all of Anna's soft breast into her mouth, her tongue flicking and teasing her nipple.

The stimulation overwhelmed Anna, who could resist no longer and the signals from her crotch fired off a chain reaction from her core. Energy of atomic proportions was released throughout her orgasmic body and a short gasp of fierce pleasure was cut short just before the point of her ferocious climax. Intense pleasure shuddered throughout her orgasmic body.

As Anna lay in a state of post-orgasmic bliss, Helen slid up her body to meet her sister. The twins met just below Anna's throbbing breasts and kissed passionately. As they kissed Helen transferred a little of Anna's cum into her sisters receptive mouth and after a short period of kissing both girls had finished bringing themselves off with their skilful fingers.

## 5

‘So, do I get to taste you two?’ Anna asked, looking at the twins sitting opposite her.

‘Sure,’ said Helen, opening her legs and licking her lips. ‘Taste me.’

‘No,’ Lisa cut in, opening her legs too and running a finger along her shaved slit. ‘Me first.’

Anna looked at the two identical twins, both eager for her tongue. ‘Mmmm, which one shall I have?’ she smiled happily.

Helen beckoned her forward with a finger and Anna obliged by sitting up and crawling on her hands and knees, the short distance, until her head was level with Helen’s bent knees. She slid her moist tongue out of her mouth and let her head follow its snaking motions all the way to Helen’s engorged clit, all the time her heart was pounding like a sledgehammer beneath her small chest. She licked the juices from Helen’s bald pussy and began to encircle her bud with her tongue, making soft movements and trying to repeat with her tongue what she felt when she used her fingers. She didn’t want to disappoint her obviously more experienced lover and tried to gauge the responses from Helen’s softly contorting body.

‘Ah, touch me Anna, that’s it, umm, oh perfect.’ Helen softly groaned in encouragement as Anna’s tongue found her fleshy bud. She lay back, rested her head onto the floor of the clearing and motioned to Lisa with her hand.

Lisa spun herself round and slid across to Helen, feet first. She stopped when her soft blonde pubic hair was opposite Helen’s long flowing, equally blonde, locks. Helen rolled herself over slightly and nestled her head into Lisa’s downy pubic hair, rubbing her nose through the soft carpet.

‘Anna,’ Lisa said, temporarily distracting her from Helen’s sopping slit. ‘Slide yourself over here.’

Anna rolled herself round slightly to let Lisa have access to her pussy.

Lisa began softly kissing Anna between her legs, as she felt Helen slowly working her tongue inside her. It felt wonderful to have a different tasting pussy, dribbling down her chin and she certainly made the most of it. She could tell from the motions of Anna’s body that she was really enjoying her tongue. She too was enjoying the experienced tongue of her sister, cleverly teasing her just how she liked it.

Anna felt the most wonderful sensations between her legs; she wasn’t sure if Lisa was just better than Helen or if she was already so aroused any stimulation would have felt phenomenal. She felt it was so delectable to lick another girl for the first time and while she knew she wasn’t as good as Helen or Lisa, she gave Helen’s smooth pussy her total attention and knew that Helen was enjoying her touch as much as she had enjoyed Helen’s earlier. Her spare hand roved across her exposed breasts, teasing her nipples to attention and squeezing vigorously.

The girls lay in the clearing, their heads locked in each other’s crotches, their tongues deep inside each other’s pussies. They lay there, maybe for minutes, maybe for hours but none of them were counting time nor were they counting their orgasms. A gentle breeze filtered through the leaves but it didn’t matter, nothing mattered, they were each in their own nirvana. Their tongues lapped and darted across each other’s wet and sticky pussies and the silence of the clearing was only compromised by the soft sound of their zealous tongues. For Helen and Lisa the afternoon was complete and they were happy in the knowledge that they had completely conquered and satisfied Anna, as they had hoped.



# Suite And Satisfying

## 1

Catherine placed her laptop and briefcase on the seat beside her and closed the door of her car. She turned the ignition key, swivelled her head round and reversed quickly off her drive. She flicked the car into first gear with a smooth motion of her slender fingers, seconds later she jerked her hand back as the revs requested second gear and she rapidly disappeared down the road.

About ten minutes later Catherine arrived at the house of her work partner and girlfriend Andrea. They were due to present a workshop training session for managers of a local company at a hotel in the city centre and she was running slightly late. She parked the car by the pavement in front of Andrea's house and tapped her car horn. She saw Andrea's pretty face appear at the lounge window and then shortly after the red front door of her house was pushed open and a heavily laden Andrea appeared carrying necessary equipment for the workshop. She watched as Andrea strode purposefully across her short driveway and approached the car. 'Morning Andrea.'

'Hi Cath,' Andrea said as she opened the back door of the car.

'Can you wait a second I have to go back and get the projector and screen.' Andrea dropped her briefcase and a large plastic container on the back seat of Catherine's car.

As Andrea returned to her house Catherine moved her briefcase and laptop from the front seat to the back to give Andrea a place to sit.

Andrea reappeared from her house carrying the projector and the screen. Catherine took a second to run her eyes over her girlfriend's figure. Andrea was quite short with shoulder length dark hair that she wore tied back for work and soft brown eyes. That morning she wore a blue knee length skirt with matching jacket and seemed to float effortlessly on her high heels. She placed the equipment on the back seat of the car with the other stuff, walked round to the passenger seat of the car and climbed in next to Catherine. She leant across and kissed Catherine on the cheek. 'Okay, lets go.'

Catherine and Andrea walked into the hotel lobby and made their way to the reception desk.

'Hi.' Catherine said to the pretty female receptionist behind the desk. 'We've booked one of your seminar suites, Aurora Marketing.'

'Oh yes.' the chestnut brown haired girl said tapping a few keys on the keyboard in front of her. She turned round and took the key to the third floor suite from its place on the wall rack.

'It's on the third floor, the lift is just across there.' she said pointing. 'You have the room booked until four o'clock, so if you could return the key before then please.'

'Yes that's fine.' Catherine said and offered her a warm smile as she took the key. She turned to Andrea and they picked up their stuff and made their way across the lobby towards the lift.

They stepped out of the lift on the third floor and made their way along the red carpeted

corridor to their suite. Catherine used the key she had been given and opened the door.

The room was spacious with tables arranged in an open square in centre of the room, around the tables were plenty of chairs with a few more stacked in the near corner for good measure. The carpet was a cardinal red that matched the corridor and the walls were a very slight shade of dappled pink. A collection of fluorescent lights predominately lit the room but a long window opposite them provided what little extra light could creep through the drawn blinds. Catherine popped the key into her pocket as they surveyed their surroundings.

‘It’s quite nice.’ Andrea said

‘Yeah, I wonder what the view is like.’ Catherine replied as she made her way across to the window. She pulled the cord on the left side of the blinds and they slowly twisted open letting shafts of bright sunlight filter into the room.

Andrea stood by the open blinds and parted them further with her hands and gazed at the view. ‘That’s where we were the other week.’ she said indicating with her finger.

‘Oh yes, the Sheridan, isn’t it.’ Catherine pulled the other side of the cord and blinds twisted back to their original position and looked her watch. ‘Come on, we’ve not that much time.’

‘Okay you set up the projector and I’ll sort out the rest.’ Andrea said. She walked away from the window and across to where she had placed her red plastic box on a table. She reached inside and pulled out a set of pens and clipboards, she slotted a company-banded pen into each of the clipboards and stacked them neatly in a pile on the table next to the box. She glanced across the room at Catherine, who was busily erecting the projector screen, ‘Cath, are you going to put that in the corner or more in the middle?’

‘I think here is okay, what do you think?’

‘I’d move it across a bit, otherwise the people sitting over here will need their binoculars.’

Catherine smiled. ‘It’s not that far away.’ she replied as she lifted the projector screen and moved it to a more central location.

‘That’s better’ Andrea said. She returned to her box and started to take out the information sheets and questionnaires she had photocopied the day before. They were neatly stacked with small coloured pieces of paper separating the different sections. She took them out one at a time and attached each to a separate clipboard.

Catherine had finished with the projector screen and was connecting her laptop to the beam projector. ‘Why didn’t you sort out the clipboards last night?’ she asked.

‘Oh, I just felt like an early night. I went to bed after you had called.’

‘You said you’d do it before you went to bed.’

‘Didn’t feel like it, just too tired.’

‘Do you think you’ll be able to stay awake for me later tonight?’

‘Oh I don’t know about that.’ Andrea smiled looking up from her papers.

Catherine didn’t reply but eyed Andrea from beneath her long fluttering eyelashes, her head was slighted titled and her lips were puckered in an irresistible pout.

‘I think I might be able to force myself - gorgeous.’ Andrea grinned.

Catherine just raised her eyebrows.

Andrea laughed warmly. ‘Come on sexy, that projector won’t set itself up, we’ve not got time to see your Playboy pose now.’

Catherine licked her finger and ran it down the front of her white blouse. Then with a swift movement she rubbed her hand across her left breast.

Andrea smiled and shook her head. ‘I can’t take you anywhere.’ She ignored the rest of her girlfriends provocative hand movements and got back to her clipboards.

‘Have you done that yet?’ Andrea asked.

‘Yep, it’s all ready to go.’ Catherine replied flicking through the last few screens of their



imminent presentation.

‘Is it your turn to start or mine?’

‘It’s yours.’

Andrea glanced at her gold watch. ‘They should start arriving soon.’ She turned to face Catherine. ‘No flirting with the ladies this time.’

‘Flirt? Me?’ She replied innocently. ‘What about you and that woman from Ford during lunch last week, you couldn’t take your eyes off her cleavage.’

‘She was pretty.’

‘So you don’t deny it then.’ Catherine said smiling.

Andrea only smiled. She took a pace towards Catherine, took her hand and looked down at it for a few moments. She turned it over admiring the beautifully manicured crimson nails and the lovely diamond ring that adorned the hand that she delicately clasped. She rubbed her thumb across the back of Catherine’s hand savouring the smoothness of her skin, before she felt Catherine squeeze her hand tightly. She looked up and her eyes met Catherine.

‘I want you.’ Catherine’s lips mouthed and her tongue slipped out of her mouth and ran left to right across her crimson red top lip before sliding back once more behind her pouting lips.

The door of the suite opened and Catherine let go of Andrea’s hand. She saw two men dressed in black suits walk into the room followed by two stunning women dressed in equally smart suits.

Andrea spun round at the sound of the door and moved over to them to greet the first arrivals for the day’s workshop.

The rest of the morning went well and the presentations they gave were much like any other they had given at countless hotels in the city. They stopped the workshop at about twelve o’clock for lunch and the hotel staff wheeled in tables piled high with sandwiches and other goodies as they had arranged.

## 2

Louise slowly drew the vibrator out of her sticky pussy, the pleasures of orgasm had not long filtered through her body and she lay on her bed enjoying the sensation of her vibrator vacating her slit. She sat up and looked at her crotch, her long blue vibrator was almost out and she watched intently as the last few cum soaked centimetres of it emerged. When it was free from its tight confines she placed it up to her mouth and with her nostrils full of her warm sweet smell she licked the creamy juices from across the length of her battery-powered lover. She cherished her taste, it was always sticky and warm, like a cross between honey and warm milk. She lashed her tongue back and forth along the implement that had pleased for the last thirty minutes and took every last drop of her wetness from its undulated surface. With it clean she wanted more of her delightful nectar and slipped a few fingers inside her still warm and open hole, she rocked her head forward as the trails of sticky fluid fell from her fingers. She licked at her fingers like a preening cat and devoured as much of her love elixir as she could from the deep recesses of her cum soaked hairy crotch before she lay back on her bed and relaxed once more.

After a few minutes she felt the cool air from outside creep in through her slightly open window and blow gently across her naked body. She glanced across at the clock on her bedside table; she had half an hour to get to work. She badly wanted a shower but there was going to be no time, she looked across at the clock once more just to be sure then rolled off her bed and got dressed in her uniform.

**3**

For Catherine and Andrea the remainder of the afternoon went without a hitch and it wasn't long before the women thanked the last member of the company and prepared to pack away and go home for the day.

Andrea closed the door and walked over to Catherine who sat on one of the tables looking across at her.

'Well another day done.' she said.

'That went well I thought.'

'Yes, you were marvellous my sweet, it was like watching poetry in motion. Come here.' She beckoned Andrea with an enticing finger.

Andrea approached and stood in front of Catherine's legs for a moment, then Catherine stood up and they kissed.

Catherine unlocked her lips from Andrea, backed away ever so slightly and with a dirty grin on her face she reached into her pocket and took out the hotel suite key. She dangled it in front of Andrea's face. 'Look what I found Andrea and we have the room until four o'clock, that's a whole hour. We can just draw the blinds and no one will disturb us.'

'Are you sure no one will check out the room?'

'Not if I lock the door and besides they'll just think we are packing away.' she said nonchalantly as she leaned forward and licked Andrea's lips.

'Okay.' Andrea smiled daringly. 'Are you going to stand there waving that key at me or are you going to lock the door?'

Catherine didn't need to be asked twice.

Louise rocked back in her chair and swung her legs onto the table. She chewed repetitively on the strawberry flavoured gum in her mouth whilst she doodled aimlessly on a small pad of paper on the desk in front of her. She smiled as she remembered her satisfying climax some forty minutes earlier, not as nice as being licked out but still, single girls must make amends. She looked down at her lilac nails, it didn't seem as though her earlier exploits had affected their smooth lustrous finish as she cast a careful eye across their surface.

Louise diverted her gaze from her nails and glanced at the wall of security monitors she was in charge of; she scanned them meticulously as she had been taught. About half way through the process her eyes widened as she saw something she didn't expect. Two women were in one of seminar suites, rapidly becoming naked and kissing feverishly; it was quite apparent that they had no idea about the camera. Without really thinking she touched the console in front of her and selected the screen she was still so intently viewing. With the screen selected she grabbed the joystick next to her and leaned it slightly right to bring the women into the centre of the screen then she pressed it forward as far as the camera would zoom until the women filled as much of the screen as was possible. The seminar suites were usually pretty dull rooms but it was proving to be a little more interesting this afternoon. She removed her hand from the joystick and undid the top two buttons on the blouse of her security uniform.

Catherine knelt on the floor of the suite and Andrea sat above her on one of the tables. She held Andrea's thighs apart with both hands and with overwhelming infatuation she placed wet kiss after wet kiss on the yielding fleshy parts of Andrea's groin. Occasionally she lapped her tongue roughly against the little fold of skin at the top of Andrea's pussy.

Andrea loved it when Catherine's blonde head was writhing between her bare white legs. She felt Catherine's crimson lips kiss her most tender regions and she closed her eyes as her soft moans became ever more audible. Forcing the cheeks of her naked bottom together she pressed herself harder toward the never-ending torrent of kisses that reigned down on her vulnerable

pussy. Andrea's pussy began to cry tears of warm wet juice that flowed into the path of Catherine's tongue. The tongue that had switched from the occasional flick of her bud to a probing assault of her deepest recesses. She saw Catherine's hand reach up and felt Catherine press her stomach backward onto the table top, her tongue not once relinquishing its invasion of her most personal territory. To her lovers' request she lay back onto the polished surface of the table and she shuddered for a fleeting moment as she felt it cool her skin. In an instant though the thoughts of her cold back were rapidly replaced by the warm feelings that advanced from her heavily stimulated pussy.

Catherine pulled out the two fingers she had wedged inside her own dark, damp pussy and slipped them into Andrea's saliva covered orifice. With Andrea lying back on the table she let her fingers work her slightly further into a state of pure bliss. Ever since her first lesbian experience five years ago there was nothing that had ever beaten the smell of being in close proximity to the moist and sticky pussy of a woman on heat. Every smell was different but there had never been one quite like Andrea's, she was a fragrant perfection, her pussy gently exuded an eclectic symphony of overwhelmingly enchanting and irresistible aromas. Right at that moment Catherine was intoxicated on Andrea's essence and flicked her tongue back and forth across her clitoris harassing and stimulating it with each rasping motion. She pumped her fingers deeper into Andrea, thrusting and penetrating harder and harder into her stretched slit. With her face so close to Andrea she could hear the squelching sounds her lubricated fingers made as they slipped back and forth in Andrea's oozing crack.

Louise continued to watch the scene from her private viewing room. The camera had been able to zoom in quite far and the images were in excellent colour. She could see the shorter of the two women lying on her back on one of the tables in the suite with the taller blonde woman eating her out. Her fingers had found their way into her trousers at the sight of these two pretty women. She didn't feel comfortable though, sat so awkwardly in the chair with her hand wedged crudely in her trousers. She diverted her eyes for a second and unclasped her trousers, she pulled one leg out and then placed her legs onto the desk in front of her. With her legs splayed wide she had much better access to her pussy and the red G-string she wore offered virtually no distraction to her investigative fingers. On the monitor the blonde woman had moved onto the table too and as she watched all she wanted was to be licked. She rubbed her clitoris as she imagined herself as the woman on the screen, the woman being eaten out, trying to remember what it felt like to have a woman's tongue instead of a finger on her clitoris.

Andrea had moved back a little along the cold surface of the table to allow Catherine to climb up and kneel before her wide open legs. She felt Catherine fingering her and at the same time Catherine's free hand rubbed in circular motions against the inside of her left thigh. The tops of her thighs were particularly sensitive to gentle stimulation and combined with Catherine's continued assault of her clitoris with her tongue she didn't believe it was possible to feel much more stimulation than she was receiving. She lay back, moaned and made low grunting noises as Catherine probed, rubbed and licked her closer to an orgasm. With her free hands she ran them up and down her perspiring torso, rubbing them across her hard nipples and small but firm breasts.

As Andrea's pleasure began to rise Catherine had to work harder and harder to keep her writhing lover's crotch where she wanted it. It was easy to tell when Andrea was getting close, her hips would gyrate and she would jerk back and forth trying to close her legs. After two months together and countless shared orgasms Catherine was ready for Andrea's familiar actions and held onto her powerfully as she continued her tongue work in the regions of importance.

Louise was making more of the warm sticky juice she had had for her lunch earlier. It had found its way from the walls of her vagina to its entrance and now she felt its continuing

journey with her finger as she rubbed it across her clitoris and over her moistened lips. Every so often she would remove her stimulating right index finger and bring it up to her face to smell and suck before returning it to its rightful place between her legs. As she watched the monitor she saw the woman on her back shifting about in obvious indulgence at being given such a tongue-lashing. Louise smiled as she realised the woman must be close to climax after their twenty minutes of love making. Her own arousal continued and she knew it wouldn't be long before she too would reach another orgasm. As she looked intensely at the monitor she could see the woman on her back, with her eyes screwed up in resolute concentration and strands of her dark hair pasted to her damp face. Her crotch was awash with flaxen hair as her girlfriend continued to burrow deep into her recesses.

Andrea's orgasm was strong and powerful, a great tornado of rushing emotion. The eye of the storm was focused at her clitoris and its emanating vortex of passion swept through her body with such searing force that her hips shuddered violently for a few moments during its most forceful phase.

As Andrea climaxed Catherine dined; as best she could, on the finest clam soup that a girl could serve. This soup of Andrea's pleasure wasn't on the hotel menu but at that moment there was nothing finer tasting in the world than those free flowing juices. Catherine drew in a huge lungful of contaminated air through her over stimulated nostrils and filled her head once more with the delights of Andrea's scent. She sucked her fingers and slid her tongue inside Andrea to taste as much of her dripping lover as possible. Then with her fingers relatively clean she restarted her own stimulation using those same three fingers in her own wet hole.

Louise reached across the desk in front of her and grabbed the pen she had been doodling with earlier. She held the cap end and easily pushed the butt inside her pussy. It wasn't as fat as her vibrator but it still felt good to have something inside her and with her left hand she slowly slid it back and forth. Her clitoris was swollen and taking punishment from the fingers of her right hand. Her eyes were still locked on the monitor and she saw that the woman lying on the table had probably climaxed because they had changed positions. Now it was the blonde on her back taking fingers from the shorter brunette who was on all fours face to face above her. She kept working her clitoris and giving herself the pen and felt herself getting closer to an elusive orgasm.

Andrea ran her tongue along Catherine's smooth armpit and her girlfriend moaned in delight. She had four fingers inside Catherine and she pumped furiously. She rammed her fingers into her slit and her thumb connected with Catherine's little red pleasure button with every thrust.

It was the licking of her armpits that was driving Catherine wild. Her armpits were by far the most sensitive part north of her clitoris, perhaps more erogenous than her nipples sometimes. She'd directed Andrea to her armpits when they first made love and she had enjoyed Andrea's licking sessions every since. She kept her armpits silky smooth for Andrea's delicate tongue and enjoyed every lick she made.

Andrea smelt Catherine's warm and perspiring body fragrances emanate from her armpit and with every lick she inhaled and tasted the smell of her body. Andrea felt Catherine was still quite far from her orgasm and doubled her efforts to make her reach the spiritual high.

Louise however was not so far from her orgasm, it took her another couple of strokes of her clitoris to initiate it, then it came a little unexpectedly like an aircraft making a heavy landing, her whole body jolted to the impact. She let out a little yelp and shuddered once more before the main waves of the impact had left her system. She tilted her head back in the seat, taking her eyes from the monitor for the first time in over thirty minutes. She ran her hand through her hair, taking it out of her eyes and then reached between her legs and drew out the pen as she done with her vibrator earlier. She transferred handfuls of her wetness from between her

legs into her mouth and accidentally dribbled a few small globules down her chin at the same time.

Catherine was getting closer; her mind was drifting out of the room and into a world of never ending pussy. She had memories of Andrea floating through her imagination, memories of them bathing together, memories of them making love in the back of her car on a quiet summers night, memories of them making out for the first time round Andrea's house and countless other memories. The seamless blending of her mind and body into a state of heightened arousal was nearly complete.

Andrea continued her all over body stimulation, with her left hand still working Catherine's pussy, her tongue flitted between Catherine's nipples, her armpits and her neck. She planted kisses, gentle bites and long wet licks across her entire upper body in a constant cycle of sensuous stimulation.

Suddenly Catherine's red light was gone and the green light blazed through her body as it signalled the start of her orgasm. The tyres lit up and her orgasm raced from the line through her body, dashing through the gears until it hit its maximum. Her hands moved from Andrea's swinging breasts and onto her own nipples. She squeezed hard as her moans subsided and she savoured the power of her orgasm.

Louise had recovered from her orgasm but still rubbed her wet clitoris as she continued to watch the monitor. It looked as though the wonderful free show was coming to an end as the short brunette had climbed off the blonde and was seated next to her. The two women kissed passionately and Louise, even from behind her electronic screen, could sense the love they felt for one another. She smiled and wished once more that she could find herself a girlfriend. As the women drew their show to a close, Louise decided she'd better stop too before she got fired for missing something important on one of the other monitors. She slipped her trousers back on and took another piece of gum out of the pack on the table and resumed her chewing. She smiled once more as she looked back at the monitor; the two women were still kissing, both of them naked.

Andrea pulled her lips from Catherine and glanced at her watch. 'Shit, it's ten to four.'

'I don't care.' Catherine replied making a move for Andrea's lips once more.

'Cath, we only have the suite until three. Come on we have to get dressed and pack up too. We can carry on later' Andrea smiled.

'Sorry, okay.' Catherine said resignedly.

'You were right though about nobody disturbing us.' Andrea said as she slipped her panties back on.

'See, have a little faith, nobody will know that we weren't just packing away.'

Andrea smiled.

The women got dressed and managed to hurriedly pack up their stuff in the remaining ten minutes. They tidied themselves up slightly in the lift before they returned their key to the pretty girl on the desk and made their way out of the building.



# Smoke Signals

## 1

High in the night sky, huge, shadowy clouds crept ominously and concealed even the faintest glimmer of the half moon. Propelled forward by the power of the wind the clouds unleashed their watery burden on the ground below; that night the rain fell heavily and continuously. Electricity flowed through the clouds and earthed itself with devastating power as it sent icy blue fingers of electricity to prod and probe the earth. The dark sky was alive with flashes and the only sound to rival the falling rain was that of the thunder that ripped through the sky, growling and threatening like an angry bear. The unrelenting rain formed collections of large puddles and small streams across the roads and gardens below and it didn't take many hours before the drains were full and the gutters overflowed with rainwater. The high winds buffeted the trees and made their trunks sway like they were made of rubber and with every gust of the strong wind they deposited water from their laden branches.

The Fountain Court Hotel sat beneath this maelstrom of activity and was subjected to the same unceasing barrage of rain that fell from the flickering sky as the rest of the surrounding area. The hotel itself was on three stories and had been converted from a family house in the 1960's. For the current proprietors, Mr and Mrs Gilham, it had been their home and business for nearly ten years since they left their jobs in the city of London and moved to get away from the pressure of the city lifestyle. The hotel was situated almost five miles from the centre of Nottingham and right in the path of the storm that continued to fight a running battle overhead. The rain beat steadily down on the windows of the hotel, a monotonous but relaxing sound, like a soft drumbeat; a repetitive cycle that wasn't going to end before the morning. Except for the rhythmic patter of the rain the hotel was very quiet and the few guests that were staying slept oblivious to the storm outside.

Hidden from the storm the basement of the hotel was quiet and undisturbed but it's darkness concealed a malevolent demon. Like in any other basement Mr and Mrs Gilham stored a variety of paraphernalia that either fitted nowhere else or they had long since negated a use for. A couple of old blue shabby sofa's sat in one corner and piles of string-tied newspapers for recycling sat in another. Propped up at the end of one of the sofas stood a pair of his and hers bicycles that hadn't been used for nearly eight years. Opposite the sofa's along one wall were shelves that ran its length and held all manner of household improvement equipment: boxes of light bulbs, drills, numerous types of screws, old rolls of wallpaper, saws and old half-used tins of paint. In the centre of the basement an old wooden pasting table covered with nails and tools that had been used recently sat and gathered dust. Dotted around the remaining available sections of floor were different sized cardboard boxes that held everything from a nearly antique toy train set to boxes of old rags and cleaning solutions. Along the ceiling ran two fluorescent strip lights that when illuminated provided the only light in the windowless basement. On the far wall, opposite the door, was the slightly outdated fuse box and it was at close to two o'clock in the

morning that the sparks flew through it. The surge of electricity caused by the storm might have been contained if the correct fuses had been fitted but sadly this was not the case. The piece of paper crudely attached above the fuses that indicated their use was bone dry and a stray spark caught its bottom edge and it started smouldering. In the darkness of the basement the flickering light from the fuse box was the only light and it was not a welcome light. Cut into the steel case of the fuse box were a set of small vents and it was though these that hot ash and glowing remnants from the burning paper fell into one of the boxes below. A couple of rags that had been soaked with turpentine were the recipients of the falling ashes and within moments the heat from the ashes set the rags alight. The demon was free, free to unleash its terror on everything around it.

## 2

Rachel stepped off the end of the ladder and through the smashed remains of the Fountain Court Hotel window. She took a small step and dropped down with a thud from the window ledge; her boots crushing the numerous shards of broken glass that lay on the floor. She stood in a small corridor on the second floor of the hotel; the light coloured walls flashed blue intermittently as the light from the fire engine below penetrated the smoke and illuminated them. She spun her head round and pulled hard on the hose in her gloved hands and pulled it maybe a metre through the shattered window. She jerked the lever on the hose and it spluttered into life, firing a long stream of water along the smoke filled corridor. She took another pace forward and then felt a low thud behind her as her support, Gary, landed on the glass-covered corridor floor. She took another two small steps forward to give him a little more space. 'Gary, check the two rooms on this corridor and I'll concentrate on the fire.' she instructed.

'Okay.' his voice crackled back into her ear piece.

She took a few more steps forward along the corridor and further into the thick grey smoke that pervaded it. She could dimly see the raging fire through the haze of smoke and moved closer. A smash punctuated the sound of her breathing as Gary wielded the hammer against the first locked door on the corridor. She turned her head round and saw his air tank and yellow fire resistant suit disappear into the first of the two rooms. She turned back and continued to make her way towards the fire. She felt the temperature rising as she approached, and the dim light she could see through the smoke became brighter and brighter. The fire had taken hold of the landing and was beginning to move along the corridor on her right, perpendicular to where she stood. The landing area was not too large, in front of her slightly to the left she could see the stairs that led down to the first floor and to the left of those were stairs that went up to the top floor of the hotel. There was a window on the left wall that had imploded and beneath it a large set of drawers was burning fiercely. Through the window a stream of water peppered the fire from a hose below, but it was having very little effect. Rachel swung the hose round in an arc and tried to push back the fire enough so she could reach the other corridor that was some ten metres from where she stood. She still hadn't made it properly on to the landing when she heard Gary in her earpiece.

'It's all clear in those rooms, let's push on.'

'Okay.' she replied. She felt him pick up the hose behind her.

'How bad is it?' he asked.

'It'll take a few minutes before we can get to the other corridor.'

'Okay.' he acknowledged.

She directed the water at another chest of drawers that stood between her and the corridor;



the fire had taken hold of it and the picture that hung above it. There was only a small area of the landing that wasn't on fire and that was just in front of where they both stood. She could not see down the other corridor and had no idea whether or not they would be able to get down there at all. Rachel pushed the fire back enough to take another couple of paces towards it. 'There's another door on the left.' she said noticing the door.

'It can't be a bedroom, there's not enough room to fit one in, must be a store cupboard. Look the handle's different too.'

'Okay, we'll focus on the corridor. We are going to have to make a move soon before things get any worse.' She took another pace forward and continued to attack the fire with the water, the chest of drawers that blocked their way was slowly coming under control, although the stairs to their left were still burning strongly.

Within minutes Rachel had the fire on the right hand side of the landing under control and they moved forward. She pulled the chest of drawers forward, smashing it against the floor and climbed over it, so as not to get too close to the fire in the stairwell. She reached the opening of the corridor and peered along it, it looked as though the fire had not reached that part of the hotel and she turned round and continued to fight the fire on the landing.

Gary walked past her and headed down the corridor to search the four rooms that opened on the corridor.

Opposite where she now stood the fire continued to make progress past the smashed window and towards the cupboard door; the stairs too were still blazing strongly and she wondered what it was like for the group that had been sent to investigate that floor. She kept the hose focused on the half of the landing that they needed clear in order to get back.

'I've got one room left to search, nothing so far.' Gary's voice said in her ear.

'How many to search?'

'Only one.'

'Okay.' She heard another crash behind her as Gary used the lump hammer to break down the last door. She glanced round to see what he was doing, when suddenly an explosion made her snap her head back round. In that instant a ball of fire ripped a hole in the cupboard door across the landing and sent burning fluid across the landing. The fire immediately picked up in ferocity and their relatively clear passage became much more dangerous. Then moments later another explosion tore the door completely off the cupboard and blew it a few feet into the middle of the landing where it burned powerfully, covered in volatile fluids. 'Shit we can't go this way, not if anything else blows out of that bloody cupboard.' Rachel said backing off from the now much hotter fire. 'We'll have to get out another way. Gary, where are you?'

There was no reply on the radio.

'Gary, where are you?' she tried again.

She turned round once more but could see virtually nothing through the smoke.

'Gary, where the hell are you?' she asked once more, now very agitated.

There was still no reply.

'Shit' she exclaimed and pulled back further into the corridor. She switched off the hose and went into the room Gary had broken down just moments before. She found him sprawled face down across the floor, he seemed to have tripped over something on the floor. She rolled him half way over; the tank on his back stopped her going any further. 'Gary' she said once more.

'What's going on up there Rachel?' the sub-officer's voice said in her ear.

'Sub, Gary is hurt, I think he tripped and fell. We need a ladder to one of the rooms on the west side.'

'Negative Rachel, we can't get at those, you'll have to get him to the east side, can you do that.'

‘I think so.’

She stood up and looked round, it was then she saw the person in the bed. ‘Sub, there’s a casualty here, I’ll have to get them out first. Have an ambulance ready.’

She pulled back the sheets on the bed and dragged the limp body of a woman out of the bed and on to her shoulder. She turned and guided by her flashlight she went across the corridor and into one of the rooms opposite. She went across the room and up to the window, she could see the fire engine in the courtyard below, its lights still flashing. She opened the clasp on the window, pushed it open and looked down. Beneath her two of the crew had manoeuvred a ladder to the wall, she waved down and watched as they moved the ladder slightly left and then climbed up to meet her. She handed over the body of the woman and turned back to get Gary. She left the room and passed back through the corridor, she glanced to her left just to check on the state of the fire. She went into the bedroom and knelt down by Gary; he was still unconscious. She unclasped the straps of his air tank and ripped off his breathing apparatus and face mask. Whilst kneeling down she took hold of his feet and then bending over she dragged him along the floor, out of the bedroom and into the bedroom opposite. She pulled him across to the window and lifted him up on to her shoulder. Then with a lot of struggling she climbed up on to the window ledge and then made her way down the ladder to the waiting ambulance.

### 3

A week later Rachel sat on a bench in the gym of the fire station and looked at her reflection in the mirrored wall as she lifted the heavy dumbbell with her muscular right arm; the top of her arm was decorated with a beautiful red rose tattoo, no bigger than a couple of inches. Her reflection showed a woman in her late twenties, wearing a grey sports vest that had a big sweat mark at the top. Around her waist she wore a dark blue weightlifting strap and a black pair of short legged cycling shorts. The shorts gripped her white sculpted thighs and showed off their firm muscle tone, on her feet she wore a smart pair of Nike trainers. The sweat visibly ran down her forehead and she wiped the back of her gloved hand across her brow to stop the rivulets of sweat reaching her green eyes. With every lift of the dumbbell her small chest rose and fell as she took large lungfuls of air to feed her tiring muscles. When she had finished her repetitions she lowered the dumbbell to the floor and ran her fingers through her short damp hair. In the mirror she could see the door and Gary poked his head round it briefly.

‘Hey, sweaty the station officer wants to see you.’

She turned round and glared at him for a split second. ‘Okay,’ she smiled. ‘I’ll be down in a minute.’ She unclasped her gloves and tossed them on the bench as she walked towards the door.

‘Ah, Rachel, here she comes now.’ the station officer said to the woman next to him.

As Rachel approached she saw a woman with auburn hair that just tickled her shoulders wearing a neat dark jacket and knee length skirt that only went some way to hiding a pair of lovely tanned legs. She had a bouquet of flowers in her hand and smiled warmly as Rachel approached.

‘Hi Rachel.’ the woman said and presented the elegant bouquet of beautiful flowers to her.

‘Are they for me?’ Rachel asked, her eyes lighting up with genuine surprise. ‘What have I done to deserve these?’ she took a deep breath and inhaled their lovely scent. ‘They are really beautiful.’

The station officer turned and walked back to his office.

‘Yes, they are for saving my life on Monday.’ the woman replied sincerely.

Rachel smiled. ‘You shouldn’t have, it’s just my job.’

‘Well it might be just a job to you, but your pretty special to me.’

‘But it wasn’t just me.’

‘The station officer said you were the one who brought me out of the hotel.’ the woman said turning her head in his direction only to see that he had gone.

‘Well yes, but I couldn’t have done it on my own.’

‘I’d love to buy you dinner sometime, by way of a proper thanks.’

‘Well,’ Rachel said surprised. ‘That’s awfully nice.’ she smiled.

‘What about tomorrow night, are you free?’

‘Erm...,’ Rachel taken aback dipped her head in thought for a second. ‘Yeah, yeah I am.’

‘I’ll pick you up here at seven o’clock, is that okay?’

‘Sure.’ Rachel smiled once more.

The woman turned to leave.

‘Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t catch your name.’ Rachel asked.

‘Sorry, I’m Alyson.’

‘I’ll see you tomorrow then Alyson.’

Alyson grinned. ‘Yes, seven o’clock.’ she turned once more and made her way across the open tarmac in front of the fire station.

Rachel watched her leave and with the flowers still in her hand she lowered her head and took in a lungful of their lovely sweet smell.

## 4

Rachel sheltered under her umbrella as she waited patiently in the rain for Alyson to arrive. She glanced up and down the road and then at her watch; it was five past seven and she wondered if Alyson had forgotten their appointment. Her shoes and the bottom of her smart black trousers were starting to get slightly damp; the occasional gusts of wind didn’t help either. Fortunately she didn’t have to wait any longer as a red car turned the corner and pulled up in front of her. She walked over to it and as she approached the passenger window slid down.

‘Hi Rachel, climb in.’ Alyson said from the drivers seat.

Rachel let down her umbrella and shook it briefly before she opened the car door and clambered in next to Alyson. She laid her umbrella on the floor of the car and closed the door. She looked across at Alyson, who was wearing a gorgeous blue dress that seemed to emphasise her obvious femininity and fit superbly to her lovely body. She smiled.

‘What terrible weather, sorry I kept you waiting. Had you been waiting long?’

‘No, not really, just a few minutes.’ Rachel replied as she put on her seat belt.

Alyson turned the wheel of the car and they drove off together into the rainy night.

Alyson pulled into the small car park of the restaurant and parked in the last available space. She switched off the car and looked across at Rachel. ‘Here we are.’

Rachel picked up her umbrella from the floor of the car and opened her door. She climbed out and put it up, even though she knew it would only be briefly.

From the other side of the car Alyson locked the car and they both made their way to the main entrance. Once inside they gave their coats and umbrellas to a smartly dressed attendant before Alyson confirmed their booking and they were shown to their table by a charming waitress.

The restaurant was quite full and they were seated at a table near the back of the restaurant,

giving them a good view of the other diners. The restaurant was not large but was tastefully decorated, with candles adorning every table.

‘It is really nice in here, I’ve never been here before.’ Rachel said soon after they had sat down opposite one another.

‘Yes it is a lovely place, they serve some really fantastic food.’

‘Do you come here regularly then?’

‘Oh, not that often, I’ve been here a few times through work though and I come back whenever I want good service and lovely food.’

‘So, what sort of work do you do?’

‘I’m a lawyer.’

‘Gosh, what’s that like, I imagine it’s a lot of hard work.’

‘Yes, it is but it can also be quite rewarding.’

‘I wish I’d been clever enough to do something like that.’

‘Do you not like being in the fire service then?’

‘Oh yes I love it, it’s a great job and it just suits me completely.’

The waitress returned and gave each one of them a menu.

Rachel glanced over the menu for a few moments. ‘You were right, it does look like they do some great food here.’

‘Well feel free to try whatever you like, I’m paying and remember that it was you who saved my life.’

Rachel just smiled. She couldn’t tell if Alyson was just interested in her because she had rescued her or whether she actually felt something a little deeper for her. She hoped it was the latter because as she sat opposite Alyson she felt an attraction growing inside her like a little flower. The seed had been planted when they met the night before but now it was starting to grow with every word that Alyson uttered and every smile that graced her soft red lips. Rachel felt a tingling inside her, the tingle that accompanies those first few moments when you sense that something special is in the air, something intangible but omnipresent. She looked again at Alyson and she smiled as their eyes met.

‘What?’ Alyson enquired softly with a slightly puzzled look on her face.

Rachel smiled and shook her head. ‘Nothing.’ She returned her eyes to the menu.

The waitress returned to the table. ‘Can I take your orders?’

‘Yes.’ Alyson said and gestured to Rachel.

‘I’ll have the fish soup, followed by the lamb, please.’ Rachel said to the waitress.

‘Thank you.’ the waitress replied as she finished scribbling on her little note pad. She turned to Alyson.

‘I’ll have to same soup starter please and the chicken.’

‘Thank you very much. Would you like anything to drink with your meal?’

‘We’ll have a glass of the Cabernet Sauvignon and I’ll just have water please.’

‘Certainly. Is there anything else you would like?’

‘No, I think that is all.’ Alyson said and looked across at Rachel who was shaking her head. ‘Yes, that’s all, thank you.’

The waitress finished noting the order, took the menu’s from them and left the table.

Their soup starters came and went and with it their conversation turned from the fire, the rescue and Alyson’s subsequent hospitalisation on to other topics. There was only a short delay before the waitress delivered their main courses and left the table once more.

‘This does look good.’ Rachel said as she admired the contents of her dinner plate.

‘Yes, I like the lamb, I’ve had it here before.’ Alyson replied.

There was silence for a few moments as both women tucked into their meals and it was

Rachel who resumed the conversation.

‘So, are you married?’ Rachel enquired between mouthfuls of wonderful food.

‘No, I’m single, I split with my ex-boyfriend a couple of months ago.’

Rachel felt her tingling feeling sink slightly, but she didn’t show it. ‘Oh, we’re you together long?’

‘Only a month, it wasn’t exactly the longest relationship I’ve ever had.’

‘How long was that?’

‘A couple of years.’

‘That’s longer than me, I seem to have a habit of breaking up well before that.’ She smiled ruefully.

‘Are you single too then?’

‘Yes, it’s been that way for...oh, three months now.’

‘Aren’t there any firemen that you fancy?’

‘What? That bunch, no.’

‘Are they not your type.’

‘Yeah,’ she laughed. ‘Something like that. So, what’s your type then, lawyers?’

‘Don’t know really, someone I get on with, someone funny and good looking.’

‘I think everyone’s looking for someone like that.’

‘So, why did you split with your last boyfriend?’ Alyson asked.

Rachel paused for a second, it didn’t seem to matter how many times she had said she was a lesbian it never got any easier, especially when it was to a woman she had a crush on. ‘It was a girlfriend.’ she said matter-of-factly and mentally crossed her fingers while she waited for the response.

‘So are you lesbian or bisexual?’ Alyson said in a very neutral way.

‘Lesbian.’ Rachel replied with fingers still crossed.

‘Well I’ve had a couple of lesbian experiences, mostly when I was at University, although I would probably class myself as bisexual.’

The smile on Rachel’s face showed her relief at Alyson’s response. ‘Really?’ she replied.

‘Yeah.’ Alyson nodded sincerely. ‘So have you never tried men then?’

‘No. Never.’ Rachel shook her head.

Alyson leaned forward slightly. ‘Well. Between you and me, you’re not missing much.’ she whispered and let a smile cross her soft lips.

Rachel laughed quietly. She didn’t really know what to say.

There was another pause for a few moments, not long but both women felt it.

‘What do you think of the wine.’ Alyson asked, changing the subject.

‘Oh, it’s, well, really fruity. I’m no wine connoisseur but this is a lovely wine.’

‘I’m glad you like it, it’s my favourite.’ Alyson replied.

They finished their main course and the waitress rolled out the dessert trolley, followed by coffee before they reached the end of their meal.

‘Shall we go?’ Alyson asked as she placed down her empty coffee cup.

‘Yeah.’ Rachel nodded having finished her coffee a couple of minutes before.

They both stood up and made their way to the front of the restaurant. Alyson collected their coats and umbrellas from the reception desk and paid for the meal. They headed out of the restaurant, dodged the rain as best they could and climbed back into Alyson’s car.

‘This damn weather is driving me mad.’ Alyson said as she pulled her coat off and threw it on to the seats behind. ‘So Rachel, whereabouts do you live?’

‘Hockley.’

‘Oh, that’s good it’s on my way home.’

Alyson switched on the car, backed out of the parking space and headed to Hockley.

## 5

After a relatively short journey Alyson slowed down as they approached Rachel's house.

'Yes, it's that one.' Rachel pointed as they drew nearer to her house.

Alyson pulled her car into a space outside the house.

'Thanks again for a lovely evening and a fantastic meal.' Rachel said.

'That's okay, you are good company.'

Rachel smiled. 'Would you like to come in for a drink, it's the least I can offer you after you have paid for such a marvellous meal.'

'Well,' Alyson looked at her watch. 'I have an appointment quite early tomorrow, but it's not too late I suppose. A quick drink would be great, thanks.'

They both climbed out of the car and Alyson locked it before they rushed up to Rachel's house to get out of the rain.

Rachel lived in a semi-detached house not far from Hockley's meagre town centre. The house had a very small front garden bounded by a low red brick wall with a worn blue brick path that led to her front door.

Rachel quickly unlocked her front door and Alyson followed her inside. She flicked the light switch by the door and illuminated the slender hallway. She led the way into the lounge. 'Take a seat.' she motioned to Alyson. 'Would you like coffee or tea or —'

'Coffee, milk and no sugar would be great thanks.' Alyson said as she walked across the lounge and made herself comfortable on the sofa.

'Have you lived here long?' Alyson asked.

'Yes, a couple of years.' came the reply from the kitchen.

'It's a nice house, you here all by yourself?'

'Yes.' Rachel replied.

Alyson got up and walked over to the kitchen.

Rachel turned her head as Alyson appeared in the doorway.

'Sorry, I'm inquisitive, couldn't help having a look around.'

'No, feel free. It's only a poky little kitchen though and it's a bit of a mess.'

'It's not that untidy, you should come and see my flat. I'm always in such a rush I never get much of a chance to keep it as neat as I should.' Alyson left the kitchen and walked back into the lounge and went over to the shelves Rachel had on the far side of the room. 'You have an interesting selection of books Rachel.'

'I like to read when I get the chance.' came the reply from the kitchen.

Alyson's eyes moved back and forth along the shelves for a few minutes. 'Oh, do you do yoga?'

'Yes I go to classes a couple of nights a week, it's good fun. You should come along, I bet you'd like it.' Rachel said as she walked back into the room and placed two cups of coffee on the small table in front of the sofa.

Alyson turned and walked over to her cup of coffee, bent down and picked it up. She took a quick sip of the hot liquid. 'You make a good cup of coffee.' she complimented as she placed the cup back on the table.

'Take a seat.' Rachel motioned with her hand as she slid slightly sideways across the sofa to allow Alyson to sit down.

Alyson took the few steps across to the sofa and sat down next to Rachel.

Rachel ran a hand through her short hair and looked across at Alyson. For a few seconds neither of them spoke. 'So, whereabouts do you live?' she asked.

'Just down the road really, in Upton.'

'Oh, that's the nice end of town.' Rachel said smiling.

Alyson smiled too. 'This is nice though, don't you think?' Alyson said as she gazed around the room once more.

Rachel sipped her coffee. 'Well, it's just somewhere I can relax, get away from fighting fires.'

There was another pause as both women drank their coffee.

Rachel put her cup back on the table first and gazed across at Alyson once more. She watched her as she finished a mouthful of coffee and rested the cup on her hand in her lap. As she sat there in those fleeting moments her eyes roamed every inch of Alyson's facial profile, her luscious eyelids crowned her deep blue eyes and her red lips were offset by the softness of her tanned face. Her silky auburn hair fell effortlessly from her head like autumnal leaves blown free by the softest of winds. She decided to change the subject once more. 'You have lovely hair, Alyson, it really suits you. It's a nice length and a wonderful colour, mine just gets unmanageable when it's long.'

Alyson turned back to Rachel and smiled. 'I usually tie it back for work, it can get a bit unruly when it's loose.' She tilted her head back slightly and ran her hands through her hair; from just above her ears all the way down to her shoulders.

Rachel watched and then moved her hand up to brush back Alyson's tumbling auburn hair from her right shoulder. Their eyes met once more and Rachel kept her hand up for a little longer than was necessary; her fingers just caressed a few loose strands of Alyson's hair.

As they looked into each other's eyes Alyson responded and the back of her hand came slowly up to Rachel's face and rubbed across her soft cheek.

Rachel smiled, leaned her head over very slightly and dipped her eyes to look down at Alyson's hand. She wanted her to know that she was enjoying the way she was touching her. She let Alyson stroke her face for a few moments before she turned her head a little further and planted a tiny kiss on her hand. She kissed her hand a couple more times before Alyson moved her hand down over her jaw bone and on to her neck; where she continued her exploratory stroking movements. Her own fingers still rubbed the tips of Alyson's hair and she chose that moment to lean forward and kiss Alyson softly on the lips. The response was instant, Alyson's lips accepted her touch and she felt Alyson place her hand behind her neck and draw her deeper into the kiss. As they kissed the tingling Rachel had felt earlier melted inside her with a warm and satisfying glow that made her feel like she had her head somewhere high in the clouds.

They didn't need to speak, their lips were making all the words for them, words that had more meaning and power than anything either of them could ever say. The kiss remained very gentle throughout as both women enjoyed its softness combined with the soothing silence of the room. As they kissed Rachel's hand stopped caressing Alyson's hair and moved across to investigate the delicate skin of her smooth neck.

After maybe two or three minutes Rachel drew her lips away from Alyson and looked back into her deep blue eyes once more.

Alyson smiled and maintained eye contact with Rachel as she slipped her moist tongue out of her mouth and ran it across her upper lip. After a few strokes back and forth with her provocative tongue she leaned forward once again and initiated a slightly deeper and more passionate kiss that used her tongue to good effect.

They sat on the sofa and just kissed for another five minutes, neither of them wanted to stop and both were enjoying it so much they were interested in nothing else; their surroundings faded into nothingness as their world centred on the kiss they shared and the intense pleasure

that they both felt.

Rachel eased once more out of the passionate kiss and ran her hand from Alyson's neck across her cheek, until her slender index finger touched Alyson's slightly damp red lips.

As she stroked across her lips Alyson opened her mouth and licked the tip of her exploring finger. She slid the finger a little way into Alyson's mouth and let Alyson's tongue roll and encircle it. She felt the finger's of Alyson's right hand touch her left hand across the cushion of the sofa and she moved it negligibly to let their fingers intertwine. At the same time she slipped her investigative finger out of Alyson's mouth and brought it back to her own waiting tongue that protruded almost an inch out of her mouth. She ran her tongue up and down and from left to right along the length of her wet finger: from her neat fingernails to her knuckles. Then, with her finger still damp, she brought it down from her mouth and rubbed it across her skin just below the arc of her slim silver necklace and slightly above the top of her light blue blouse. She made small circles with her finger and then using it with her thumb she unclasped the first two buttons of her blouse.

With the two buttons undone Alyson's left hand came up and undid a third button, then Alyson opened the blouse with her hand and leaned forward to kiss Rachel's slightly exposed chest; the lacy white cups of Rachel's bra were clearly visible beneath the open blouse. Alyson kissed and licked Rachel from her necklace down to where her bra crossed her milky white chest. They were still holding hands and as she kissed and touched Rachel's bare chest, her thumb explored the open palm of Rachel's interlocked hand.

With her right hand Rachel ran her fingers once more through Alyson's hair; the hair that had initiated their passionate encounter. Rachel felt all the pleasure centres in her body responding favourably to Alyson's advances and her nipples were becoming firmer with every lick of her chest. Under her breath and barely audibly Rachel moaned gently as Alyson kissed and touched her body. Rachel wanted Alyson to explore a little more of her chest and she unlocked her left hand from Alyson's, then using both hands she leaned forward slightly and reached behind her back to unclasp her bra.

Alyson, who at no time stopped her licking and kissing of Rachel directed her now free hands up to the vee of Rachel's blouse and undid the remaining buttons. With the blouse undone, she pulled it open completely and transferred her licking slightly further down Rachel's muscular stomach.

While Alyson teased her tongue across her stomach Rachel shifted her body slightly and took her blouse off over her head and tossed it on to the floor beside her sofa. Then she pulled the straps of her bra off her shoulders and released the two little mounds that it held so snugly. She pulled it from her chest and tossed it too on to the floor next to her blouse.

With Rachel's breasts free Alyson shifted her activities upwards and flicked her tongue back and forth across Rachel's firm right nipple. Rachel uttered a much more audible moan at the overwhelming pleasure of having her hard nipple touched.

Alyson took the nipple between her teeth and with her lips resting on Rachel's areola, she gently chewed on it. Alyson's hand came up to Rachel's other breast and found the nipple sitting at its centre, firm and waiting to be squeezed. She took the nipple and rolled it between her thumb and forefinger, not squeezing merely rubbing it gently. Rachel moaned once more and felt her whole body temperature rise.

After minutes of stimulation Alyson left Rachel's right nipple and tilted her head back slightly, their eyes met once more. They stared at each other and as Alyson diverted her eyes to return to Rachel's nipples she noticed the tattoo on the side of Rachel's shoulder. She lifted her head up to take a closer look and then ran her tongue back and forth across the beautiful rose image. She turned her attention back to Rachel's face and they kissed once more. As they



kissed Alyson used both hands to rub Rachel's nipples and the small lumps on her chest. Their kissing was immensely passionate, with their tongues explored each other as their lips pressed together like a vice.

## 6

Rachel pulled out of the kiss, 'I have an idea, something I know you'll like.' she said as she ran her hand once more through Alyson's hair.

'What?'

'You'll see, follow me.' she said as she stood up and took a slightly confused Alyson by the hand. She pulled her up from the sofa and led her out of the lounge and through the hall to the base of the stairs.

'Where are we going?' Alyson said, holding Rachel back for a second.

'You'll see in a moment.' Rachel replied and led Alyson up the stairs, across the landing and into the bathroom, she turned the light on and pointed at the jacuzzi that took up most of the bathroom. 'What do you think, do you fancy a dip?'

'I would love to.' Alyson said and then let her kiss further express how she felt and pressed Rachel firmly against the apple-white tiled wall.

After a few moments of kissing, Rachel moved away again to switch on the water and fill the jacuzzi. While it was filling they undressed each other in the middle of the bathroom. Rachel removed the straps of Alyson's dress and let it fall to the floor; she had a lovely proportioned body, with ample breasts, a slim waist and lovely shapely legs. Alyson wore a white bra and matching white panties. Rachel reached round Alyson and undid the clasp of her bra, she peeled it away from her and let it fall to the floor. They were both topless and Rachel couldn't resist rubbing Alyson's breasts, she took them in her hands and pressed them together; emphasising their size. Then she moved her hands slightly and with her thumb she flicked and rubbed Alyson's hardening nipples for maybe a minute. As she tired of stimulating Alyson she slid her hands behind her and pulled her close for another kiss. In the closeness of their kiss their breasts pressed against each other and while they kissed Rachel let her hand find a way down inside Alyson's panties. Almost as soon as her fingers sneaked under the lacy fringe of Alyson's panties she reached Alyson's hairy bush, she circled her index finger in Alyson's hairy forest but didn't venture any lower.

Alyson undid Rachel's black trousers as they kissed, she let them fall off Rachel's hips and sink to the floor. She broke off the kiss and Rachel's hand left her panties, she turned to see how high the water had reached in the jacuzzi. 'It's nearly full, should we turn it off?' she asked Rachel.

Rachel stepped past her and pressed a button on the side of the jacuzzi a couple of times and it sprang into life; bubbles whizzed from beneath the surface of the water.

Alyson came across to her once more and they resumed their kiss. Alyson placed her hands on the sides of Rachel's stomach and pushed her gently downwards until she sat on the edge of the jacuzzi. She knelt down and kissed and nuzzled herself into Rachel's chest once more. She slid her hands down from Rachel's sides and hooked her fingers under the elastic of Rachel's panties.

Rachel felt her tugging at them and using her hands she lifted herself up slightly so her panties could slide easily off her bottom.

Alyson moved back and Rachel closed her legs above Alyson's head. She pulled the panties down Rachel's legs and past her knees.

When her panties reached her knees Rachel bent one of her legs and slipped it free of the leg hole of her panties. Then with her legs free she spread them wide and showed off the neatly trimmed pussy hair that she had made a special effort to razor that morning.

Alyson dived her head into Rachel's crotch and ran her saliva saturated tongue from the base of Rachel's cute pussy lips to the fold of skin that hid her rapidly swelling clitoris. As her tongue slid across Rachel's pussy lips Alyson felt the almost imperceptible wetness of Rachel's puffed open lips. She tilted her head to the left and placed her lips on the smooth mounds of Rachel's pussy, then she let her tongue creep out of her mouth and pressed it against Rachel's lips. With a slight amount of force she pushed her tongue a little way inside Rachel.

For the first time since they had come into the bathroom Rachel moaned softly and felt the irresistible urge to rub her breasts with her hands.

Alyson slid out of Rachel's damp tunnel and brought her hands up to the sides of her pussy, she pulled Rachel open with her thumbs. With Rachel's gorgeous pink lips pulled wide open she had clear access to the tight slit that marked the opening of her vagina. She tilted her head back to the left again and let her tongue ease its way inside, in a smooth motion she drew out as much of Rachel's juice as she could and then brought out her tongue. She lifted her head up and kissed the leaning Rachel once more; as they kissed Alyson let Rachel taste some of her own fluids. Alyson didn't want Rachel to lose the feeling she had started between her legs and using one of her hands she stimulated Rachel's engorged clitoris as they kissed.

Rachel broke off the kiss. 'Shall we get in?' she asked as she licked the last remnants of pussy juice from her mouth.

Alyson stood up and Rachel reached forward and tugged on Alyson's panties. Alyson helped her with her free hand and she slipped them down her smooth legs into a pile at her feet; Rachel sat opposite the bush she had fingered only a few minutes earlier.

'Yes lets.' the now naked Alyson said and caught Rachel's eye once more, as Rachel diverted her gaze from her hairy pussy.

Rachel spun herself round and dropped off the side of the jacuzzi into the warm bubbling water.

Alyson sat herself on the side of the jacuzzi that Rachel had just vacated and watched as the muscular figure of Rachel moved across to the other side of the water. When Rachel was seated she slipped herself down into the warm water too and as she sat down her feet touched Rachel's under the water. Rachel immediately lifted her leg and ran it along Alyson's smooth calf, up to her knee and along the inside of Alyson's thigh.

'This is really nice, it must be a great way to relax after a hard day.' Alyson said sighing.

Rachel smiled, 'Yes it's great.' As she watched from across the turbulent water Alyson moved her hands under the water and took hold of her foot. Then she pulled her foot up and out of the water, leaned forward and licked the underside of her toes. She curled her toes over and Alyson licked across her red painted nails, the sensation was wonderful. She couldn't help but begin to masturbate herself as she sat opposite Alyson and slipped her fingers below the water. She pushed a couple of them inside her and that left her other hand to work on her now fully swollen clitoris.

Alyson passed her tongue over Rachel's wet feet, she explored her toes and drew her big toe into her mouth on numerous occasions. She could hear Rachel's delight from the far side of the water and the noises she made were those of a woman in a heightened state of arousal; a woman who liked nothing more than another woman fulfilling her every desire. Alyson paused her licking and sucking of Rachel's toes, 'I'd love to see how flexible your yoga has made you.' she said with a suggestive smile on her face. She gave Rachel's big toe a last suck before she lifted her leg a little higher out of the water.

Rachel obligingly lifted her other leg and broke the agitated surface of the water knee first. Then her toes broke the surface and Alyson took the free foot in her left hand.

Alyson hunched forward along the ledge where she sat and placed the balls of Rachel's feet on her exposed shoulders. She inched slowly forwards towards Rachel, as she moved Rachel's ankles and then her calves slid across her shoulders. Her bottom slipped off the ledge as she approached Rachel and Rachel's legs were now at an angle of over seventy degrees to the horizontal. 'Wow, you are flexible.' she said as she got close to Rachel. 'Can you take any more?'

Rachel who had her finger on the tip of her clitoris and her eyes screwed up in pleasure, opened them for a second to look at Alyson and smiled. 'Sure.'

Alyson moved in closer still until Rachel's legs were almost completely vertical and she was pressed up against the side of the jacuzzi.

Rachel opened her eyes once more and leaned her head between her legs, Alyson met her half way and they kissed.

'I'm not hurting you am I?' Alyson asked the contorted Rachel.

'No, not at all.' Rachel said still with a smile on her face.

When she was closer still Alyson stopped moving and pulled Rachel's legs open wide, then she slid her hand under the water and made for Rachel's smooth slit. She touched the fingers of Rachel, who had her index finger flicking her bud back and forth and not wanting to interrupt Rachel's rhythmic massing of her clitoris she massaged a couple of fingers of her right hand inside Rachel.

Rachel leaned her head forward again and their tongues met across the water between her splayed legs. For a moment or two the tips of their tongues rubbed against one another, as Alyson continued her forceful fingering of Rachel's tight pussy hole. Their tongues danced and played together like venomous cobra's, pressing and sliding together.

Conscious of her own state of arousal Alyson kept herself busy between her own legs, stimulating her sensitive spot as she worked the super flexible Rachel into a pre-orgasmic heightened state of arousal.

With her free hands Rachel pinched and rubbed Alyson's fantastic breasts through her open legs and occasionally returned a hand to her much smaller offerings. A combination of the unusual position, the level of stimulation, the gorgeous woman between her legs and the fact that she hadn't had the pleasure of another woman for a couple of months all added to her ability to reach orgasm that little bit faster. She felt her temperature rising almost as fast as her pulse as she began to believe an orgasm couldn't be much further away. She closed her eyes briefly and then opened them again as she realised that she needed to look at Alyson, not just to look at her but to watch her closely, to look deeply into her eyes and to see all the wonderful things she was doing to her beneath the water. As she watched her lover at work she felt how wet she was between her legs, not just wet from the water but oozing with a free flow of juice from her sensitised vagina.

Across the little bit of water that separated them Alyson was grimacing slightly with the pleasure she was imparting to herself from her fingers. The low groans coming from deep within her throat were another clue that she was loving every second of their encounter.

She wasn't the only one making noises though, Rachel too moaned loudly as every thrust of Alyson's fingers took her every closer to an orgasm. The way in which Alyson had made love to her had surprised her a little, to find her so receptive and willing to take the lead made her feel completely at ease with her. So completely did she feel at ease, that as Alyson pressed her fingers inside her for the umpteenth time the orgasm came, not a rush like it sometimes had before but slower and much more sustained. The power of it stifled all sound from her throat

and she couldn't utter a single word as it tingled through every sinew of her body.

Alyson kept thrusting deep inside Rachel even though it was obvious she had reached climax from the way she tossed her head back and her breathing changed from encompassing audible moans to struggling to catch her breath at all. Alyson felt Rachel squeeze her nipples much harder and her open legs quivered slightly with the power of her orgasm. She maintained her own stimulation and took great satisfaction from making her lover climax with such force.

Rachel's tingling pussy sent out little sparks of pleasure at regular intervals, sparks that fizzled through her body, looking to earth themselves inside the most powerful pleasure centres in her head. She caught her breath and managed to squeeze a few words out, 'Oh, Alison, I ...oh, oh, come here.' She reached her hands up and pulled Alyson's head towards her, they kissed once more between her open legs.

As her climax slowly subsided Rachel let the kiss die away and Alyson moved her head from between her legs. Rachel turned her attention back to Alyson who seemed to be quite close to orgasm herself, she pushed her back onto the ledge she had left over ten minutes before and lowered her legs once more. She bent her legs, lowered them back beneath the surface of the water and placed her feet back on the floor of the jacuzzi. She could see Alyson still playing with herself beneath the water and motioned to her to stand up as she herself slipped forward in her seat.

Alyson stood up and the water ran down her body in little rivulets, making her shimmer and shine like an angel. Her naked body was perfection to Rachel who sat opposite it and she took a split second to admire her beauty before she began to administer her finest tongue work.

Rachel took Alyson's wet thighs and pressed them apart as far as the constraints of the jacuzzi would allow and then moved Alyson's still active hand from between her legs. As her hand moved it uncovered her delightfully hairy crotch; hair that grew in a rough unruly triangle. Rachel craned her head forward and down slightly until she was in the perfect position to let her tongue begin its assault to Alyson's pussy. She slid her tongue out of her mouth and felt Alyson shudder slightly as its wet surface touched her clitoris for the first time. She flicked it back and forth across Alyson's clitoris and her wet slit, before she began eating out her lovely pussy.

Alyson felt her arousal increase the instant Rachel's tongue touched her and it was as if some of the sparks of Rachel's orgasm had been passed to her through the tip of her tongue. In that instant Alyson felt herself completely at the mercy of Rachel's expert advances. Alyson rolled her head and rubbed her hands all over her dripping breasts and stomach as Rachel brought her closer and closer to orgasm. The groans she had uttered before were nothing on the noises she made now between heavy breaths. Small yelps of pleasure were interspersed with loud moans and deep groans of intense delight at Rachel's snake-like attack on her pussy.

It took her about five minutes of intense pussy eating to bring Alyson to her orgasm, it was five minutes of pure delight for her too, she hadn't eaten anything so good for ages and even the evenings dinner struggled to come close to the intense flavour of Alyson's dripping slit. Her clitoris was so fat it was such an easy target for her darting tongue and she kept it well tended too as she also slithered her tongue inside Alyson, kissed and licked her. With her free hands Rachel couldn't help but restart her own stimulation as the pleasure of drinking from such a beautiful tasting flower overcame her once more.

Alyson couldn't stop it, Rachel was too good with her tongue and she screwed her eyes up as it became her turn to feel the electricity within her, the electricity that signalled the start of an overwhelming orgasm. Her whole body acted as a conductor, it channelled the power of the orgasm and magnified its severity. By the time it reached the broken defences of her mind, there was no stopping it, it smashed them down and took her over completely; she was

immersed in a sea of relentless pleasure. She clamped her hands behind Rachel's pretty head and pressed her hard against her luxuriant crotch; it merely added to the enjoyment she felt. As the orgasm eased so did her grip of Rachel and then she felt Rachel rising.

Rachel stood up and was face to face with Alyson, their naked bodies inches from one another. Rachel's hands immediately went to Alyson's neck and she roughly pulled her in closer and they kissed.

Alyson's hands went lower to Rachel's tight ass and she squeezed it tightly as their kiss continued. This time it was Rachel's turn to give Alyson a little bit of her flavour back and this she duly did as their tongues lashed feverishly in and out of each others mouths in the most powerful and passionate kiss they had engaged in all night.

Their kissing continued for nearly five minutes before they both slipped away and Alyson turned and stepped out of the jacuzzi. 'I must go Rachel, I really do have an appointment in the morning.' She grabbed a towel from the rack by the sink.

Rachel clambered out of the jacuzzi and approached Alyson who watched her whilst she continued to towel herself. She took the towel from Alyson and rubbed it across the remainder of her wet body, completely oblivious to the water that was running off her and on to the carpet below. 'Alyson don't go.' she said running a loving hand through Alyson's dry hair. 'Please, stay with me tonight, you can go early in the morning, I promise you won't miss your appointment. Please, it's too late to go home now anyway.'

Alyson looked into Rachel's eyes and realised there was no way she would say no to this beautiful woman.

'I want to hold you as I fall asleep, please stay.' Rachel requested once more as she leaned forward and planted a single kiss on Alyson's lips. She brushed her hand through Alyson's hair once more and looked longingly into her deep blue eyes.

Alyson smiled, she knew it was inevitable, she was completely smitten with the gorgeous woman in her arms. 'Okay.' she smiled.

Rachel leaned forward and kissed her again and this time Alyson responded and their kissing became more passionate once more.

In time they both eased out of the kiss and Alyson rubbed her towel over Rachel's still dripping body, she spent a little extra time drying her breasts, taking her time to rub them once more. The she went down on her knees again and dried Rachel's legs whilst kissing her flat tummy.

When they were both dry Rachel took Alyson by the hand and led her across the landing to her bedroom. She pushed the door open, turned the light on and they went inside.

'This is a pretty room.' Alyson said genuinely.

Rachel smiled. 'Would you like another drink, I'll go and sort things out downstairs.'

'Just a glass of water, please.'

Rachel left the room and Alyson sat on the edge of Rachel's double bed. She ran her hands along the covers and then along her own thighs before she ran a finger between her legs and smiled at what a wonderful night they had had.

A couple of minutes later Rachel returned carrying two glasses of water. 'I hope you like tap water.'

'Yes, that's fine.'

Rachel sat down next to Alyson on the bed and they sipped their water in silence for maybe thirty seconds.

'You know for a woman who hasn't been with another woman since University you are very good.' Rachel said provocatively.

'Is that a compliment?' Alyson asked and raised her eyebrows.

Rachel laughed as she took the water from Alyson's hand. She leaned forward and placed it on to the floor next to her own glass. She paused for a second then moved upright very quickly and using her momentum she grabbed Alyson around her naked shoulders and pushed her backwards on to the bed.

As she fell back Alyson let out a little yelp of delight as Rachel's warm body fell on top of her and her pretty head floated about a foot above her. They stayed in that position for a few seconds as Rachel gazed down at the beautiful figure beneath her, then with unremitting pleasure they kissed once more.

## 7

The alarm beeped from Rachel's bedside table and she awoke, she leaned across and switched off the alarm. She opened her eyes and lay staring at the ceiling for a moment or two as erotic dream-like images from the night before filtered into her mind. She turned her head and looked across the bed, Alyson had gone, she felt a little disappointed but there was a note on her pillow. She leaned across and picked it up, she rolled back and opened it, it read:

Thanks for a wonderful night and for saving my life; you are a very special woman.  
Sorry I had to go without saying goodbye, but you looked too gorgeous to wake.  
I'll call you. All my love, Alyson

Rachel just closed her eyes and felt herself melt into the pillow.

# The Trip

## 1

‘Okay class, the bell is going to go any second,’ Jo informed her students. ‘So if you’d like to put your answers to the question sheet on my desk on your way out, please. Oh and those of you who are going on the trip, don’t forget that we meet at 9am tomorrow morning —’

The bell rang.

‘By the main gates.’ She continued, raising her voice over sound of her students grinding their chairs along the floor as they hurriedly stood up. ‘Kerry can you stay behind and sort out the books please?’

‘Yes, Miss Rowley.’ Kerry replied politely as she packed her rucksack.

‘I’ll meet you by the gates Kerry, Jenna and me will wait for you, okay?’ Loren asked her best friend.

‘Yes, okay, I’ll see you there soon. Can you hand my work in for me?’ Kerry replied as she looked up briefly from packing her rucksack.

‘Yeah.’ Loren said as she picked up Kerry’s work.

The other students in the class quickly and noisily placed their work on the front desk and filtered out of the door. Within a few minutes Kerry Johnson was the only student left in the room and she stood quietly at the back of the classroom tidying the books on the shelf.

They were only two weeks into the summer term but already the weather was warm and that always seemed to put Jo Rowley in a good mood. Jo had been teaching at St. Martin’s Sixth Form College since the start of the new year and was really enjoying it there. The students, on the whole, were willing to learn and they didn’t have too many problems with truancy. The staff too were pleasant enough and while the work wasn’t easy, it was rewarding and always varied; no two days were ever quite the same. Jo was in her early twenties, of average height and weight but what people first noticed when they met her was her striking natural blonde hair; it seemed to have a radiance all of its own and shimmered with fantastic overtones of gold. She was the sort of woman who never overdid her make-up, her mum had taught her that when she was a little girl, *less is more* she always used to say and it was something that Jo never forgot. On this summer’s day she wore a light blue dress that only exemplified her inherent allure since the dress only touched her body where it most accentuated her trim figure. The straps of her summer dress however did nothing to hide the little rose tattooed on the back of her left shoulder and although her mum didn’t like it Jo had never regretted having it done. If nothing else, getting it done in the final year of her University course had, since then, just served as a reminder of all of the happy times she had spent at Oxford.

Jo returned to her chair and took the weight off her feet; it had been a busy day. The pile of marking sat on the corner of her desk grinning at her and she felt a little deflated as she realised it was going to be a while before she left this evening. She ran a hand through her short hair and adjusted the bra strap that had been slowly cutting into her shoulder for the

last ten minutes. She shrugged her shoulders and rolled her neck a little to ease the tensions and stresses of the day. She looked back at the work she had to mark and then at her watch, still the sinking feeling didn't go, if anything it increased. She lifted her head and gazed across the room to where Kerry was tidying the exercise books; Kerry was a quiet and studious girl, perhaps the best student in Jo's class. As she watched, Kerry finished organising the books and turned round.

'I've finished tidying the books Miss Rowley.' Kerry said.

'Thanks, Kerry. I'll see you tomorrow morning then.' Jo replied.

'Okay.' Kerry picked up her rucksack and made her way to the front of the classroom. 'I'm really looking forward to the weekend Miss.'

'Yes,' Jo smiled sincerely. 'It should be fun.'

'Bye.' Kerry said as she shut the classroom door behind her.

Jo turned once more to her work, she reached across the table, slid the pile of work toward her and then, taking the top set of question answers, she started to exercise her red pen.

By about the fourth set of answers what little enthusiasm she had at first had all but gone and her thoughts left the marking and the classroom temporarily and carried her back to her house and the night before. She closed her eyes as the scene she was remembering became increasingly vivid and as she surveyed the scene she saw herself and her girlfriend take centre stage. As she looked from her vantage point high in a corner of the bathroom she could see the bath where they both lay, the steam across her mirror, the pale pink walls, the blinds drawn across the window and their still warm clothes strewn haplessly across the deep piled carpet. Her attention moved back from the periphery of the image and focused once more on the bath, she could see herself lying back in the bath with her girlfriend's back resting against her submissive breasts. Her arms were wrapped around her girlfriend and her hands had ventured between her legs forcing tiny moans with every movement of her fingers. Whilst her fingers explored she saw herself kissing and licking her girlfriend's tender neck, she could see her girlfriend's face, her pretty features and soft warm smile so evident as she was being pleased so sensuously. She could smell the sweet fragrance of the bubble bath combined with their intermingled perfumes being carried across the room by the warm air currents. Her girlfriend's natural dark skin looked even more heavenly in the soft lighting that reflected from her own slightly tanned skin and the bubbles that surrounded their two naked bodies. Her girlfriend's long straight dark hair fell across her small breasts and she could see a few wisps stuck to the side of her right cheek by droplets of moisture, a combination of steam and perspiration. Peeking out from beneath the long hair which partially covered her girlfriend's breasts she could see the silver ring that hung from her erect right nipple, the ring she had enjoyed discovering for the first time only two weeks before. Due to the bubbles floating on the surface of the water she couldn't see the pubic bush she was stroking but she could remember the sensations her fingers had given her. Her fingers that had run across her girlfriend's light covering of hair before finding her fleshy hood and the clitoris that she felt rapidly swell beneath her delicate touch. With every caress of her tender swollen bud, her girlfriend came closer to orgasm, slowly but surely closer and closer. Her girlfriend's moans filled the bathroom displacing the fragranced air with the sound of her intense pleasure. To bring her girlfriend to orgasm she saw herself slide a hand up her body and begin to creep closer to her girlfriend's pierced nipple. The fingers of her hand reached the base of her girlfriend's breast but continued climbing past the slight overhang and onwards, toward the gleaming silver target. Her girlfriend shuddered as her index finger rubbed against the ring and then as she played with it between her thumb and forefinger she felt the girl in her arms nearing her climax. Her girlfriend's body was oscillating slightly and gentle ripples on the surface of the bath ebbed from her slowly grinding hips...



The classroom door opened and Chris Groves the English teacher walked in. 'Hi Jo.' he said warmly, noticing Jo's nipples standing firm against the material of her dress.

Jo dropped the pen she was holding as the image in her mind suddenly evaporated and she was catapulted back into her classroom. 'Hi Chris.' she replied startled.

Chris was new to the college, he'd only been there since the start of the summer term, after leaving his previous college in Liverpool, but already he had his eye on Jo. When he had first been introduced to her it was the combination of her radiant blonde hair and sparkling emerald eyes that took his breath away, she was so charming that he had been trying to win her affections ever since. He studied Jo for a second and his attention returned to her nipples, which stood out from her summer dress, the summer dress which showed her cleavage off so magnificently. He wondered what she had been thinking about before he startled her; maybe she was imagining him making wild love to her on her desk while nobody was in the college. He smiled to himself at the thought. She was so warm and friendly, so charming, so irresistible and yet it seemed that she would require a little more effort than he was used to since she seemed to evade every move he made. He was sure she wasn't doing it on purpose, she did genuinely work very hard and he respected that but it would all be worth it when he had her melting in his arms. He had this weekend to look forward to and the possibility of them getting a little closer, tonight he wanted to just lay the groundwork. 'A few of us were going down to the pub later we wondered if you wanted to join us?'

'No I can't tonight, really, I've got this marking and I have to sort out a few things for the trip too. Have you packed yet?'

'A bit, but I don't think it will take me long. Are you sure you won't come out, even for a bit.'

'No I can't honestly.'

'Go on, you need a sanity break before tackling those students all weekend.' Chris tried.

She smiled. 'I'd love to but really I can't, I'm not going to have any time when I get back on Sunday to get this work done and I've got to pack and get some sleep before tomorrow. Sorry.'

'Okay, well if you change your mind we'll be in the Lazy Fox 'till late otherwise I'll see you tomorrow morning.' he said beaten.

'Yes...' she replied as he headed for the door. 'And don't be late.'

'Yes teacher.' he said with a big grin on his face.

Jo smiled and returned to her work as he left her alone once more. She liked Chris, he was a good teacher, but sometimes he was a little obvious in his attempts to charm her. She didn't mind it was always nice to be flattered even if his efforts were ultimately going to get him nowhere. She felt a little unsure about the weekend and how it would turn out; there were many things on her mind and Chris trying to chat her up all evening was not what she needed.

## 2

Jo Rowley stood by the blue minibus in the college car park with her clipboard, ticking off the students as they arrived. The weather was pleasant and it looked like being another hot summer day. She was only waiting for one more student, Loren Spencer, Jo looked at her watch, Loren wasn't very late she mused, it was just that the others were all early or on time. The fourteen other students sat waiting in the minibus while Chris sat on the roof of the bus organising and tying down the rucksacks each student had brought. Jo checked her watch once more and then as she looked up she saw Loren walk round the corner and into the car park carrying a big rucksack.

‘Morning Loren,’ greeted Jo as she approached. ‘You decided to join us then?’

‘Sorry I’m late Miss.’

‘Alright, just take your rucksack over to the minibus and pass it up to Mr Groves.’

Chris stood authoritatively on the roof of the minibus dressed in a pair of mauve hiking shorts and a white England Rugby shirt. As Loren approached he dropped to his knees and leaned over the side of the minibus.

‘Pass it up Loren and we can get going.’

‘Okay.’ she said as she lifted up her rucksack.

‘Ugh. What have you got in here Loren, the crown jewels?’

Loren laughed. ‘No Sir, just what Miss Rowley said we’d need.’

‘This is heavy enough for a week never mind a weekend.’ he said hauling the rucksack onto the roof. ‘You’d better get in the bus with the others, we need to leave as soon as possible.’

‘Okay.’ Loren turned and opened the side door of the minibus.

‘Hi Loren.’ Kerry said from her front row seat.

The minibus was full of students all chatting audibly and since Kerry and Jenna were sitting next to one another the only spare seat in the bus was next to Karl Williams. Loren ducked her head as she climbed in and sat next to Karl. She turned round briefly, found the seat belt, pulled it across herself and fastened it.

The minibus rocked slightly as Chris made his way down the ladder at the back of the bus and jumped down onto the ground.

Jo opened the driver’s side door and slid into the seat, she popped her clipboard behind the dashboard as she manoeuvred herself to put her seat belt on. She looked across as Chris clambered into the passenger seat beside her. ‘D’you know where we’re going.’ she asked.

Chris picked up the map from the shelf in front of him. ‘Of course I do,’ he replied smiling. ‘You just drive and I’ll get us all there perfectly.’

‘Good.’ Jo said and started the minibus.

### 3

It was some three hours later that the minibus left the winding country lane and headed down a small gravel track that had been sign posted ‘Hope Farm Campsite’. They were now in north Wales and stunning scenery surrounded them, the weather was good and the forecasts had predicted nothing but clear blue skies all weekend. Ahead of them, further down the track, stood an old farmhouse with a small wooden shed close by. Behind the farmhouse a small open sided barn housed a couple of rusting tractors and some other old machinery. A row of tall trees ran along the left-hand side of the track hiding a small stream from view and above the bank on their right a field of sheep were resting from the sun in what little shadow was provided by the stonewalls.

Jo turned down the radio and parked the minibus close to the farmhouse. She picked up her clipboard once more, opened the door and walked towards the farmhouse. As she approached she saw a woman with her back to her busily hanging out washing in her garden. The woman turned round when she heard Jo’s boots noisily crunching along the gravel path behind her.

‘Good morning.’ the friendly looking woman said.

‘Hi.’ Jo replied smiling.

‘You’re the school party I assume. Have you had a good journey.’

‘Yes, no problems the traffic on the motorways was fine and we found your farm easily.’

‘Good.’ she replied. The woman finished pegging out a shirt on the line and turned once

more to Jo. 'If you follow me then I'll show you where you are staying and where things are.'

'Thanks.'

Chris watched from the passenger seat of the minibus as the woman pointed things out to Jo, he couldn't hear what they were saying but he guessed she was telling Jo where they could pitch their tents. Even from where he sat he couldn't help but admire Jo, as she stood with her back to him he struggled to take his eyes from her cute ass that looked so perfectly ripe in her red shorts. It didn't stop there though, from her ass all the way to her ankles was so lovely it was a trip he'd like to make with his tongue. Jo finished her conversation and he watched as she turned and made her way back to the minibus, his eyes were fixed on her breasts that rose and fell with every step she took. As she walked the sunlight caused her hair to shimmer and gleam and he thought she looked even more beautiful than in the classroom yesterday afternoon.

Jo opened the door of the minibus, sat back in her seat, closed the door and turned to the students in the back of the minibus. 'We will be staying in a field just behind those trees over there.' she pointed. 'I'll show you where the toilets are when we drive past.' She turned back and started the minibus once more.

The field they were staying in was multi tiered with small clumps of young trees dotted about and was completely devoid of any other campers. The edge of the field was bounded by lichen and moss covered dry stone walls, it was very picturesque, framed so elegantly as it was by hills on all sides. The hills were adorned with sheep, some grazing and some resting from the heat of the midday sun. A slight breeze was the only respite from its powerful rays, a breeze that was filled with the enlivening smell of mountain air.

'Okay gather round everyone, I have to tell you who you'll be sharing the tents with and then I'll tell you where you are going to pitch them. Mike are you listening.'

'Yes Miss.'

'Good. They are all two person tents as you know and as there are an odd number of you one of you will have to a tent to yourself. If you could go and collect a tent from Mr Groves as I read out your pairs and then come back here. Steve and Mike, Alan and Lee, James and Ian, Karl and Tom, Shannon and Amy, Claire and Kate, Loren and Kerry and Jenna is the lucky one who gets a whole tent all to herself.' She smiled at Jenna.

The students all made their way to Chris who stood by the minibus dishing out the college tents. Once they had collected a tent they grouped around Jo once more.

'Now, we are going to pitch our tents over by the trees in the corner there.' Jo pointed. 'Make sure you give yourselves plenty of room to pitch out the tents and you might as well spread out a bit since we are the only people the lady has booked in for the weekend. Mr Groves and I will pitch our tents just up on the bank, over there,' she pointed once more. 'Above where you will be so we can keep an eye on you all. Once you have pitched your tents move your stuff into them and you can have lunch. Are there any questions?' she looked from face to face. 'Good then lets get everything set up.' As they all turned and walked to the corner of the field chatting she turned away and went to pick up her tent from the minibus. Coming towards her was Chris with his rucksack over one shoulder, hers over the other and a tent under each arm.

'To save you walking,' he smiled. 'Now where were we going to pitch?'

'Just over on the bank.'

Chris made his way over to the bank and Jo followed.

After pitching their tents and eating lunch the group of students gathered around the bus carrying small rucksacks on their backs.

'We are going to walk from the campsite today and climb up to a ridge which goes along some of the hills opposite and comes down the hill over there.' Chris pointed. 'It's a circular route which isn't too difficult and shouldn't take us more than three or four hours, I'm going to lead

and Miss Rowley will bring up the rear to make sure none of you get left behind. Is everybody ready?' He looked around the group for any negative responses; there were none. 'Okay then follow me everyone.' He turned and started to walk towards a path marked Footpath by the side of the farmhouse, everyone else followed.

## 4

They had been walking for a couple of hours and had successfully climbed up to the ridge and now they were on their way down to the other side of the campsite through a small wood. Chris still led the group and he had navigated them correctly through the hills just as he had got them to the campsite earlier in the day. Jo still brought up the rear and she was chatting to Loren, Kerry and Jenna. The rest of the group were strung out between them.

'How are you feeling Loren?' Jo asked.

'Oh, I'm not too bad now Miss, now that we are going downhill. I didn't think I would get up that last hill before the ridge.'

Jo smiled. 'How about you Kerry?'

'Tired but I'm okay, I think I'll go and catch up Kate and Amy, are you coming Loren.'

'Yeah okay.'

'Jenna, what about you?' Kerry asked her friend.

'No I'm feeling a little tired I'll just stay at the back for a bit and let my legs recover, you two go on.'

The two girls sped up a little and caught Kate who was walking along the path some twenty metres ahead. Jenna and Jo were left alone.

'I thought, they'd never leave us alone Jo.' Jenna said as she reached across to find Jo's hand and as their hands met they intertwined their fingers, enjoying each other's touch once more.

'Me too, I'm just glad we got a chance to talk before tonight.' Jo replied.

'Thanks for putting me in a tent by myself, that should make it a lot easier.'

'We'll have to be very quiet, Chris' tent is quite close, I tried to make him put it further away but he wanted to be close to me.'

Jenna smiled. 'If only he knew.'

'Thank God he doesn't. I'm really nervous about tonight, what about you?'

'Yes very, but I only want us to be together.'

'I'll see you at midnight then, be quiet and don't use a torch. We should stop holding hands, what if someone turns round.'

'Tell them you were helping me along because I felt really tired, no one would suspect. I wish we were alone right now, it would be so romantic to walk arm in arm together through these trees.'

Jo smiled as she imagined the scene Jenna had just planted in her mind. 'If we were alone I'd kiss you.'

'Do you think they'd notice if we slipped into the trees for a moment, just after this turn.'

'It's too risky, we can't. Save it all for later.'

'I can't keep pretending that I'm just another student, I'm going to burst it hurts me so much. I love you Jo.'

'I know, but my job is at stake if anyone finds out I'm with you.'

'Why does it have to be like this? It's so unfair, I have to talk to Kerry and Loren about boys and you get Mr Smarmy trying to chat you up, it's not what either of us want.'

‘There’s no alternative Jenna, I know it’s hard for you but it’s hard for me too, tonight though we can at least be together.’

Jenna squeezed Jo’s hand a little tighter. ‘Sorry Jo I love you so much, sometimes it’s hard to act normally.’

‘You’d best let go of my hand, someone really will turn round, we don’t want anyone to suspect.’

Jenna reluctantly released Jo’s hand. ‘I just had to hold you Jo.’

‘That’s okay, I’m glad you did, I’ve been wanting to feel your touch since we were together last.’

‘Oh, Thursday night was so wonderful.’

‘I know, I spent most of yesterday thinking about it. Every spare minute I had my imagination was filled with us together in the bath.’

‘I couldn’t concentrate either, especially in your class. My mind kept taking your clothes off and running my hands all over you.’

Jo smiled. ‘Yes you did look in a bit of a daydream. They’re stopping up ahead, Chris must be making sure we’re all together, I know how much he’d hate to lose me. Don’t forget midnight tonight and be careful, I love you.’

Jenna turned her head to look into Jo’s eyes. ‘I love you too and I won’t be a second late, I promise.’

They had to stop talking because they were closing in on the others. Chris had indeed stopped the group to let everyone catch up.

The rest of the afternoon passed without incident, the students had finished cooking and they sat and ate their dinner in small groups close to their tents. Jo and Chris sat together on the bank and cooked by themselves.

Jo was restless and nervous about the coming night, there were so many variables, so many things that could go wrong, was the risk really worth it. It had seemed so easy when they had talked about it on Thursday, all she had to do was make sure Jenna had a tent to herself and that her own tent was far enough away from Chris so they wouldn’t be heard if they were quiet. She had done all that but it still wasn’t going to be easy, the more she dwelt on it the more possible disasters her mind threw up. She must have thought of a dozen ways they could get caught, but still it excited her so much there was no way she was not going to go through with it. Besides it would be difficult to get Jenna alone again to rearrange the plans. No, it was going to happen, she just hoped it would all go as smoothly as they had planned.

## 5

Jenna Lim sat cross-legged in a pair of white shorts and a baggy blue tee-shirt in the entrance of her tent idly picking through the last of her pasta dinner. Jenna was seventeen and of Singaporean origin; her parents moved to England in the sixties. Jenna had been seventeen for only three months but she had discovered her sexuality long before that. It was something she’d known from about twelve years old, when her hormones had gone through their most riotous stage and she had come through knowing that girls meant more to her than just friends. It wasn’t the easiest thing to accept but she knew she had to because she could not change the way she felt.

When she was fifteen she’d had a crush on her next door neighbour, her first real crush; a girl of her own age who attended a private school about twenty miles from her home. It all began when she saw her playing in the garden that hot summer with her younger brother; she was

wearing a bikini and having a water fight with him. The girl's giggles and laughter had caught her attention and she gazed out of her window at them playing together. Her eyes drifted towards the girl and as she watched her, her hand found its way into her shorts. She looked so perfect, her long red hair ran down her back and her wet, lightly tanned skin shimmered in the sunlight. She hardly knew the girl, they had only met once and that was very briefly, but as she knelt on the floor of her room staring at the beautiful individual in the opposite garden she fingered herself to orgasm.

From that day onwards she kept a close eye out for her neighbour and in early August she managed to find an excuse to talk to her. She was sitting in the garden when suddenly a tennis ball landed right next to where she sat. She put down her book and picked up the ball, she could tell from the noises in the garden next door that it had originated from there. She stood up, stepped through one of the flower beds towards the fence and peered over. She saw the girl and her brother having an argument about who was going to get another ball and whilst she wasn't wearing the bikini she had seen her in earlier that summer she still looked fantastic. The tee-shirt the girl wore was stretched revealing across her young firm breasts and her white cut-off jean shorts seemed to show off her ass so wonderfully. 'Hi,' Jenna said and caught the attention of the girl who stood close to her. 'I found your tennis ball.'

The girl left the string confines of their makeshift tennis court, approached and smiled warmly at her. 'Thanks a lot,' she replied. 'My brother can't hit it straight. I'm sorry. It didn't disturb you did it?'

The way she talked gave Jenna a funny feeling inside, not sexual, rather a tingling feeling that something special might someday happen between them. As she looked into the eyes of her neighbour she felt the urge to kiss her tenderly, to run a hand through her hair and whisper beautiful words in her ear but she merely heard herself reply 'No, not all. It looks like you're having fun.'

'Do you play?' she invited. 'Only to tell you the truth my brother is rubbish, he can't even get the ball to hit his racket most of the time.'

'Yes I've played a bit.' Jenna said honestly, although she knew she'd have said the same even if she'd never played.

'Would you like a game then, if you're not too busy at the moment?'

'Sure.' Jenna replied happily. 'I'll get my racket and I'll come straight round if you like.'

The girl smiled 'Okay.'

Jenna left the fence and rushed back inside to find her racket, the girl of her bedroom fantasies wanted to play tennis with her and there was no way she was going to be a second longer than she needed to be.

That afternoon Jenna and Phillipa played tennis, they would have played longer but Jenna's mum came round to tell her that dinner was ready and as she left they both agreed to meet the following day. Their games of tennis continued on a daily basis but the more they played and the more Jenna got to know Phillipa the more she began to fall in love with her.

It all happened, some weeks later, on the day that Phillipa suggested they have a water fight; it was a very hot summer day and far too hot for tennis. Jenna borrowed Phillipa's brothers water gun and before too long they were running around the garden soaking each other and laughing wildly. After maybe half an hour of running around, Jenna found Phillipa sitting on a bench in the shade of the big oak tree which stood in the middle of the garden. Jenna sat down next to her friend, 'What's wrong?' she asked.

'Nothing,' Phillipa replied. 'I just wanted to get out of the sun and have a rest for a minute or two.'

Jenna looked at the girl sat next to her, the tee-shirt that she wore was as wet as her own

and was stretched tightly against her bra, conferring every contour of her adolescent chest; Jenna couldn't help but admire. Jenna slid herself along the bench until she was sat right next to Phillipa and taking a hand brushed her wet red hair out of her eyes. Phillipa turned and for a moment they gazed into each other's eyes, Jenna decided now was the time to make her move, to show Phillipa how she felt. She leaned her head forward towards Phillipa and aimed her lips at Phillipa's. As she closed in on her target, Phillipa moved, not towards her lips, but very rapidly away.

'Ugh,' Phillipa said shocked and disgusted. 'Were you trying to kiss me.'

'I'm sorry.' Jenna replied and lowered her head in embarrassment.

'That's disgusting, what are you gay or something.'

Jenna didn't move.

'I thought you were my friend, if I'd known you were queer I'd never have played tennis with you.'

'Sorry, I didn't mean it.' Jenna pleaded. 'Can't we still be friends and forget it.'

'No way,' Phillipa replied. 'You're sick, I don't want you trying to kiss me again, that's just gross trying to kiss another girl. Just go home and leave me alone.' Phillipa turned away.

Jenna stood and turned, all her hopes and dreams of had been smashed in the blinking of an eye and as she wandered across the lawn, a tear rumbled down her cheek and she wished she hadn't tried to kiss her friend. She returned to her room and lay on her bed and cried, perhaps for an hour, perhaps more; the girl she loved had just rejected her.

It took her a long time to get over that day, it was made easier by Phillipa moving house in late September but still the events of that afternoon wouldn't leave her mind, nor would the image of Phillipa. They had been such good friends, even if only for a while, they had spent so many long summer days together and now she would never speak to her friend again because of what she had done, because of what she was - a lesbian.

Just over a year after that summer she started her A-levels at St. Martin's Sixth Form College. She started well there, settled in without any problems and made new friends easily. None of the girls however seemed to fit what she was looking for and she was unhappy that she would never find anyone who would love her. Her new friends all talked about boys and after the events with Phillipa she was not about to let herself do something else she would regret, that was until the start of the spring term.

At the end of the autumn term Jenna's history teacher left for a college teaching post down in London and when she arrived for her first day back after the Christmas holidays a new teacher had arrived to take his place. On that first morning, when she introduced herself, Jenna sat and stared into her eyes, she wasn't sure why, but she felt such an awesome attraction to her new teacher that reminded her of how she felt when she saw Phillipa close up for the first time.

As the term progressed her affections towards her teacher became more and more acute in her mind; she'd even find herself dreaming about them together as she watched her writing on the white board. She spent a whole term looking forward to her next history class, looking forward to watching her teacher's luscious legs gripped tightly by a pair of exposing jeans. It wasn't until the first week of the summer term that all her wishes and dreams came true in one afternoon.

They always had history last lesson on a Friday afternoon and Miss Rowley liked to ask different students to tidy up the textbooks in her classroom before they left; this particular Friday it was Jenna's turn. All the students had left and Jenna stood at the back of the classroom thinking about her teacher, she turned her head round and saw her sitting on her chair working through the class's essays.

In time Jenna finished tidying the books and made her way back to her rucksack.

‘Jenna, are you having problems with this part of the course?’ Jo asked looking up.

‘A little Miss, there are some bits that aren’t quite clear.’ Jenna replied honestly.

‘Why didn’t you say something, I am here to help you know. You did very well last term.’

‘I’m sorry, I just thought maybe it would become clearer over time.’

‘Well, I’ve just marked your essay and I think we need to discuss a couple of bits of it, do you want to come and have a look.’

Jenna left her bag and walked to Miss Rowley’s desk.

‘Grab a chair and we’ll go through it.’

‘Okay.’ Jenna said and took a chair from the front row of desks in the classroom. She placed the chair next to her teacher and sat down.

Jo smiled at Jenna and squeezed her right hand for reassurance. ‘It’s okay, there’s no need to look so scared, I’m not going to tell you off.’

‘Sorry.’ Jenna smiled enjoying the touch of her teacher’s warm hand.

Jo reached over and pushed Jenna’s hair over her shoulder and out of her eyes. ‘That’s better. Now what was it you didn’t understand?’

Jenna didn’t answer but instead just sat and stared into her teacher’s eyes. Both of them sat there for maybe ten seconds with total eye contact before Jenna leaned across and aimed for Jo’s lips. This time Jenna’s target did not recoil but instead leaned towards her and their lips met. Jenna’s heart raced as their kiss became stronger; she was kissing another woman and not just any woman but the woman from her dreams.

Jenna left the entrance to her tent and made her way across to Kerry and Loren. They were the last ones washing up their plates in a bowl that Mr Groves had brought over.

‘Hi Jenna, you’ve been a bit quiet this afternoon, is anything wrong?’ Kerry asked.

‘No,’ Jenna lied. ‘I’m just feeling tired after that hard walk.’

‘You should have come and sat with us.’

‘No, I just wanted a bit of time to myself.’

‘Have you heard about Claire and Steve?’ Loren interjected.

‘No, what?’ Jenna questioned.

‘Don’t tell anyone but according to Amy, Claire is going to sneak into Steve’s tent tonight so they can spend the night together.’

Jenna heart leapt. ‘Won’t it be a bit crowded with Mike in there as well?’ Jenna managed to stumble out.

‘He’s probably going to move into Kate’s tent.’

‘I didn’t realise that Mike and Kate liked each other.’

‘Well, they don’t but you know Claire and Steve, don’t you think it’s daring?’

‘It sounds crazy to me, what if they get caught.’ Jenna said trying to hide her own thoughts.

‘They are supposed to be swapping late at night and swapping back early in the morning.’

Jenna felt a flush of nervousness rush across her; this was only going to make her task of getting into Jo’s tent and back out much more difficult. She wondered about mentioning it to Jo, but decided it wasn’t worth it, if she knew then she’d probably stop them from meeting and Jenna didn’t want that. No, she would make sure she didn’t get caught.

Chris and Jo sat on the bank overlooking the students and chatted. Jo felt comfortable talking to Chris, he was easy to talk to and she could see how women would find him attractive. They discussed all sorts of subjects, everything from the walk that afternoon, to work and the weather.

‘What are your plans for tomorrow morning?’ Chris asked.

‘Try to get them all up by nine at the latest and ready to go by maybe ten thirty.’

‘Do you think that’s early enough?’



‘Well it’s going to take about thirty minutes to drive there and about four hours for the walk, then half an hour back. Then we’ll have an hour to pack up and then the three hour journey home should get us back at the college for eight at the latest.’

‘That seems reasonable.’

‘We could get them up earlier but I think they’ll need the rest, most of them don’t walk all that much normally.’

‘I could tell, Jenna was struggling wasn’t she, I noticed she was at the back with you for most of the walk.’

‘Yes, she was struggling, she said she’s not really done anything like this before.’ Jo lied.

‘How do you think she’ll cope tomorrow?’

‘Oh, I’m sure she’ll be just fine.’

‘Good, we don’t want to take too much longer than four hours.’

‘I don’t think it will.’

‘Do you think we’ll have any problems tonight?’

‘How do you mean?’

‘Well you know what students are like, general noise and messing around. I remember when we went on a trip when I was up in Liverpool, there had been all sorts of tent swapping in the night. We only caught the students then because they were so tired after the previous day’s activities that they were still sharing the tents in the morning.’

‘Really?’ Jo said acting surprised.

‘Do think any of these would try that?’

‘No, I don’t think so.’ Jo lied.

‘Well there’s Alan and Amy and Steve and Claire who are the only couples I know of, do you know any others? Only I was going to keep an eye open tonight because in Liverpool some of the teachers got into real trouble after the parents found out what had happened.’

‘Well in that case I’ll keep an eye out too. That wasn’t why you left Liverpool was it?’

‘No, I didn’t get blamed for it but the trip organiser got into quite a lot of trouble.’

‘What happened?’

‘He had to move schools in the end, pressure from governors and stuff.’

Now Jo really was worried, very worried indeed. She still didn’t know whether to tell Jenna or not, there was still a chance that they could get it to work and that they would get away with it despite Chris’ promise to make sure nothing happened. It hadn’t crossed her mind until he’d said it that some of the other students might try a similar trick as her and Jenna. She decided she’d think it over some more before she called the whole thing off, she knew how much Jenna had been looking forward to their secret meeting.

## 6

The remainder of the evening passed and it began to get dark. The small groups of friends began to disperse and make their way to their own tents. Jenna, since she had a tent to herself sat out with Kerry and Loren until Mr Groves came across and suggested that they start making a move for their tents because tomorrow would be a hard day. The girls split up and Jenna returned to her tent.

Jenna sat in her tent and looked at her watch; it read ten twenty. She had only an hour and a half to wait until she made her move. She knew that it would be unpleasant waiting, she felt tired after the day’s exhaustions but she knew that she had to stay awake.

The time ticked past very slowly for the tense Jenna, she had brought a book to read and this

she did by the light of her torch, but her mind was not focused on the story and she struggled to read. Suddenly she heard a commotion outside the tent, she looked at her watch it was five past eleven. She quickly unzipped the inner of her tent and slid her head under the side of the tent to have a look across the field. She could see Mr Groves with a torch talking to Claire, who stood by Steve and Mike's tent. She couldn't clearly hear what was being said but she guessed that he had caught Claire trying to get with Steve. As she continued to watch she saw Claire being escorted back to her tent and being given a very quiet telling off. A couple of the others were looking out of their tents and Mr Groves went to a number of them and told them to stay in their own tents. Jenna only had her head poking out of the side of the tent and Mr Groves did not see her as he wandered past in the dark. She watched him moving around the camp, almost like a guard on patrol, his torch flitting to and fro as he walked. After about five minutes he made his way back up the bank and into his tent. She saw the light send shadows across the fabric of his tent as he manoeuvred around, then the light went out and she could see his movements no more. She left her viewpoint and returned to her inner tent.

## 7

Jenna looked at her watch; it read two minutes to midnight. If she were to keep her promise she would have to go now. She took a deep breath, picked up her wash bag and slowly climbed out of her inner tent. She had left the door of the tent slightly open so she could crawl out underneath without having to unzip the flap anymore, as her and Jo had agreed. She wriggled silently under the flap and out into the cool dark field. When she was perhaps half way out she stopped and looked towards the bank to see if she could see Mr Groves keeping watch or making a move of any kind; she couldn't. So she carried on and inch by inch she pulled herself out of her tent until she was completely free of the doorway. Her tent was pitched quite close to a number of others and with only a crescent moon she struggled to see the guy ropes that criss-crossed her path. She made her way past one of the tents taking a step every ten seconds or so. When she was free of the tent area she made her way more quickly towards the toilet block on the other side of the field and when Jo's tent blocked any line of sight from Mr Groves' tent she turned and made her way directly to Jo's tent. As she got closer she bent over slightly so she couldn't be seen by Mr Groves tent and as she got closer still she went down on to her knees and crawled. She crawled up to Jo's tent and saw that the door flap was slightly open, open enough for her to climb inside and she slipped as quietly as she could under the half open flap. She found the zip for the inner tent open too and felt Jo's hand come out of the darkness in front of her and touch her bare forearm. It was such a warm and gentle touch, a touch she had longed for all evening. With the zip pulled far enough round she eased herself through the opening into Jo's lair.

'Remember we've got to be quiet.' Jo whispered barely audibly. 'Did anyone see you?'

'No, I don't think so.' Jenna whispered equally quietly.

As Jenna made herself comfortable in the small tent Jo quietly and slowly closed the zip that separated them from the rest of the world. With the zip closed she turned back to Jenna.

As Jo turned, Jenna, whose eyes were adjusting to the darkness of the tent, sat up and their lips met with an affectionate contact. The initial soft brush turned into a more full and deep union as their two sets of lips pressed delicately and intimately against each other. Jo's dry and nervous lips were soon lubricated with Jenna warm and wet saliva as they continued to press their lips together.

They had not touched so intimately since their parting kiss on Thursday night and the thrill

of each other's touch, the touch they had both missed so much was what they really savoured.

It was Jenna who first initiated a tongue movement, slowly sliding into Jo's mouth, searching her out, tantalising her with gradual darting motions. Jo responded with similar motions of her tongue and delved deeply into Jenna. Jenna felt Jo take the weight off her supporting hand and come up to a more upright position and as she did her hand began to tease the base of her tee-shirt from her shorts. Jenna took the weight off her arm and tugged her tee-shirt out of the back of her shorts. With her tee-shirt free Jenna felt Jo run a finger across her flat midriff and slide a probing digit across her navel as she made circles around it. Jenna let Jo's fingers prospect her waist, searching for even the slightest change of contour across her delightful form. She felt Jo's hand creep further and further up inside her tee-shirt and before Jo reached the base of her right breast she broke off their kiss and slipped her tee-shirt off completely, placing it down by her side as she found Jo's lips once more.

With Jenna's top removed Jo let her hand move up to the base of Jenna's young firm right breast. She cupped the breast in her hand, no where near a handful but warm and feminine all the same. She slid her thumb around the surface of the breast before it bumped almost accidentally into Jenna's pierced nipple; her favourite and most sensitive nipple. She felt Jenna's ring between her thumb and forefinger, flicking and carefully tugging on it. She moved her thumb and started to rub it across the tip of Jenna's erect nipple, pressing it into her yielding breast. Jo could tell from their never ending tongue touching and kissing that Jenna was becoming more and more aroused, she wondered how wet Jenna was already. As the tips of their tongues met once more Jo felt her own crotch move from moist to damp as it began to pick up on the signals her excited mind was sending.

Jenna made her first hand movement towards Jo as she directed her hand to Jo's neck. She stroked her cheek and tucked her short blonde hair behind her left ear with the fingers of her right hand. In time the hand slipped down from Jo's neck along her bra strap and down inside Jo's bra. She carefully scooped out Jo's full, left breast and immediately made for Jo's firm and expectant nipple. With her other hand she massaged Jo's exposed thigh, all the way from her kneecap to the elastic of her black panties.

Jo maintained the teasing of Jenna's pierced nipple while she sent her other hand in search of her crotch. Her free hand touched Jenna's navel and then moved on until she reached the top of Jenna's tight shorts. With a smooth motion she pressed her fingertips against Jenna's tummy and forced her hand down inside her panties. Almost immediately she felt Jenna's full bush of densely matted hair and let her fingers rub against it knowing her fingers were only inches from Jenna's wetness. She decided the time was right to begin working her magic on her lover's body. She broke off their kissing and lowered her head to Jenna's chest, moving the hand that caressed Jenna's nipple as she did so. With Jenna's nipple free she began to lick it with her tongue. She pulled her hand out from inside Jenna's panties and using both hands she worked Jenna's shorts and panties slowly down her thighs.

With Jenna's shorts and panties resting in a pile just above her bent knees Jo slid her hand between Jenna's legs and into a patch of free flowing sticky secretions. Jo felt Jenna's wrinkled lips were puffed up and flared open slightly as her hand collected her juices. She pulled her hands away and unclasped her own bra, then pulled her soaking panties down to her knees. Jo took Jenna by the shoulders and gently forced her to lie down on her sleeping bag.

Jenna let Jo lie her down and as her back touched the fabric of Jo's sleeping bag she pulled her legs towards her ass and pushed her shorts and panties over her sock covered feet. As she did so she could hear Jo slipping off her panties too. She stretched her legs out straight and could dimly make out Jo moving above her on her hands and knees. She felt the sides of Jo's thighs press against her ribcage and she drew her knees up and opened her legs as wide as the

cramp confines of the tent would allow.

Jo lowered herself down from her hands until her breasts pressed into Jenna and their lips met once more. With her weight now supported by her knees and Jenna's body she slid her hands between their bodies and found the lips of her Jenna's pussy once more. With her right hand she pulled open Jenna's dilated pussy lips and then slid her middle finger as deep as she could inside her.

Jenna, from her position beneath Jo, reached her right hand up and found Jo's dripping pussy. She copied the actions of her more experienced lover and slid her middle finger inside the sodden Jo. She felt the warm and soft insides of Jo's hole as her finger pushed deeper and deeper into her delicate recesses. Within moments droplets of Jo's love juices were rolling down her middle finger and oozing across her exposed knuckles.

Their kisses were as passionate as before and their breasts, pressed so firmly together as they were, hid their firm nipples and Jenna's ring. Their tongues lashed and darted in and out of each other mouths, exploring their lips as well as venturing further inside. Between their legs their fingers mirrored the actions of their tongues as each probed and explored feverishly.

Outside the tent, all was quiet, even the sheep lay silent on the surrounding hillsides. Hardly audible even in the stillness of the night, sounds of secret satisfaction emanated from Jo's tent, pitched as it was on the bank overlooking the student's tents. They knew nothing of the world outside their tent, nor at that moment did they really give it any thought. The pleasure that each felt tingling from their clitoris was growing, like a tiny virus infecting their bodies, infecting them slowly and with devastating power, taking over their senses and influencing their minds, controlling their thoughts and driving their emotions.

Jo was the first to succumb to the pleasure bug, maybe it was because she had been a little impatient before Jenna arrived, maybe it was because she had slipped a few fingers inside her panties as she lay in her tent or maybe it was just the thrill of them meeting in such dangerous circumstances. Whatever it was Jo was the first to reach orgasm, she tilted back her head and held onto the flood of passion that burst through her from her clitoris, the floodgates had opened and now waves of passion engulfed her. She wanted to scream as the burning desire between her legs rolled over the peak but she knew she could make no sound. Instead she returned to kissing Jenna planting her lips firmly on her and taking huge breaths in through her nose. The only noises she made came from the air rushing into her nostrils in regular bursts as her head came down from the clouds.

Jenna climaxed a little after, her slit was dripping and Jo's finger had found her G-spot. The sweat ran across her naked body, mingled as it was with the sweat from Jo above. Her clitoris was swollen and her nipples were hard, her brow was perspiring and her long dark hair lay strewn across the sleeping bag. Her juices were dribbling onto the soft fabric beneath her cute ass but she didn't care, in fact she wasn't even aware of it, all she cared about was Jo and it was Jo who was bringing her to orgasm, her beautiful teacher and gosh could she teach.

The things Jenna had learnt in only their first few weeks together took her breath away. She was discovering so much as they spent time together, Jo had shown her things about her body, things she never even dreamed of. The positions they had tried excited her, there seemed so many way for two women to make love, so many ways to touch each other so intimately. The weeks with Jo had been more than she had ever expected, although what she was expecting she wasn't quite sure. Jo was Jenna's first lover, a woman with experience who had enjoyed taking her teaching out of the classroom and into the bedroom. They had been the best weeks of the life, she had lied, yes, but to be with Jo was worth anything, there was no sacrifice she wouldn't make for her lover; she knew Jo felt the same. One day someone would find out, she knew that, but provided that day was always somewhere in the future then she was happy.

Jo had rolled off Jenna's warm body and she lay on her side next to her on the sleeping bag, her heart still pounded and her face was flushed. Her left hand fingered through Jenna's free-flowing hair and in the darkness they looked across at one another.

'Are you ready for bed, my sweet?' Jo whispered

Jenna, lifted her hand and took Jo's exploring hand in her own and kissed the back of it. She let her tongue slide up slightly past her wrist and then back, before she planted a slow and sensual kiss. 'Okay.' she whispered in reply.

They both moved up towards the far end of the tent and slid their bodies inside the sleeping bag. Jo had zipped together two sleeping bags to make it a portable double bed and once inside they snuggled closer together.

'I set the alarm for the early morning, so we can stay together for a bit.'

'Thanks Jo.' Jenna whispered in Jo's ear before she kissed her on the lips once more.

They curled up inside the sleeping bag and both felt the warmth of the other's naked body next to their own soft skin. It was Jenna who fell asleep first and Jo spent a few minutes savouring the sound of her girlfriend's quiet breathing and the smell of her body as she held her in her arms. It was another ten minutes before Jo herself drifted off to sleep in a state of total happiness and bliss.

## 8

'Jenna it's time to go.' Jo whispered in the ear of her sleeping lover.

'Ughmm, what?' Jenna said waking up.

'Time to go my little sleeping beauty, or someone will find you here.'

'What time is it?'

'It's half six, my alarm has just gone off.'

Jenna leaned over and kissed Jo. 'I never want to go.'

Jo smiled. 'Please Jenna, you must go now.'

'Okay.' Jenna said and kissed Jo once more. Jenna pulled herself out of Jo's warm sleeping bag and into the cold morning air of the tent. Jenna slipped her panties and shorts back on and then pulled her tee-shirt over her head. She slid herself forward along the sleeping bag and picked up her shoes from just outside the inner door of the tent. With her shoes on she turned back to Jo.

Jo sat up as Jenna turned to her and their lips met in a final passionate embrace. 'Be careful, please.'

'I will be, thanks for a wonderful night.'

'I love you.'

Jenna smiled and turned. She slowly and carefully unzipped the rest of the inner door of the tent and slipped out. She picked up her wash bag and slid out under the flap in the front door of the tent. Outside it was light and there were a few low clouds on the tops of the surrounding peaks. She couldn't see anybody about and she pulled herself free of the tent completely, she checked constantly to see if anybody was around. She peered over Jo's tent to check on Mr Groves' tent, it was shut so she stood and headed towards the toilets. As she approached she nearly had a heart attack as Mr Groves came out of the men's side of the toilets.

'Morning Jenna, you're up early.'

'I just needed the toilet.' she managed to say and tried desperately to hide the look of shock on her face.

'Ah, me too. Make sure you're up in a couple of hours though, can't have you lying in.' He

smiled.

‘No,’ Jenna smiled back. ‘I’ll be up.’ and turned towards the ladies toilet with her heart still pounding like a drum.

The rest of the day passed without incident, Jenna and Jo were both pretty tired after not getting much sleep, but neither of them showed it. Later in the afternoon, after the walk, they all packed their tents and left the campsite on time.

## 9

The minibus rolled into the college car park and headed towards a huddle of parents. Chris turned the wheel and drew the minibus into the middle of the car park and stopped. Everyone on board began to move and within a few minutes the minibus was empty and all that remained was the last of the luggage on the roof.

‘How was it?’ Steve’s mum asked Jo.

‘Oh, it went very well, thanks. I think they all enjoyed it.’ Jo replied.

‘Did Steve behave himself?’

‘Yes, he was well behaved, well, they all were.’

The students helped Chris, who stood on the top of the minibus once more, to get down the rest of the bags.

As Jo stood by the minibus Loren’s mum approached. ‘I’m really sorry Miss Rowley this is going to sound like a terrible mess, but I said to Mr and Mrs Lim that I would take Kerry and Jenna back with me, but my husband has just phoned and our son Jack thinks he might have broken his arm falling off his bike. I really have to get back to take him to hospital, could you possibly give Jenna and Kerry a lift home, I’d asked some of the other mums but —’

‘Of course, that would be no trouble at all.’ Jo replied sincerely and placed her arm on the shoulder of the obviously worried woman.

‘Oh, thank you very much, you are very kind.’ she smiled with relief and turned to Kerry who stood next to her. ‘Okay, Miss Rowley will give you a lift home. I’m sorry about all this.’ she said very apologetically and her and her daughter Loren walked quickly across to her car.

‘Well girls, it looks like you are coming with me.’ Jo said as Jenna approached with her large rucksack hanging at an angle across her back.

‘What?’ Jenna asked.

‘Yes, Loren’s mum has had to go home to take her son to hospital, so I said I wouldn’t mind giving you both a lift.’

‘Oh okay.’ Jenna looked at her teacher and grinned.

The crowd that had gathered when they arrived had pretty much dispersed and the last few parents were loading up their cars and would soon be leaving.

Chris fired up the minibus once more and spun it round into its designated parking space. He clambered out. ‘I’m all done Jo, do you fancy a drink?’

‘No, sorry Chris I can’t, I have to take Kerry and Jenna back. Then I’ve got few things to do after that.’

‘Oh, okay then, I’ll see you tomorrow morning then.’ he raised his eyebrows and smiled.

‘Yeah okay, thanks for all your help his weekend.’

‘Sure, no problem.’

‘Okay then girls, it looks like we are ready to go, pop your luggage in the boot.’ Jo said as she unlocked the boot of her car and lifted it up.

Jenna first and then Kerry placed their heavy luggage into the back of Jo’s car. Jo pulled

down the lid of the boot and then went round to the drivers side of the car. She opened the door and the two girls went to climb into the back seat.

‘One of you might as well sit in the front, Kerry, you’re nearest.’ Jo said as she sat down.

Kerry closed the back door then got into the passenger seat next to Jo.

‘Okay who lives the closest?’

‘I do.’ Kerry said from the seat beside her.

‘Okay, your house first then.’ Jo replied and started the car.

## 10

Jo pulled her car into the drive of Kerry’s house and stopped. ‘Do you want to rescue your luggage from the boot?’

‘Thank you very much for the lift Miss.’ she turned round. ‘See you tomorrow Jenna.’

‘Bye Kerry.’ Jenna replied.

Kerry undid her door and collected her rucksack from the boot of the car. She waved goodbye as she walked up to her house and then disappeared through a side gate.

Jo backed her car out of the drive and turned to Jenna. ‘Are you in a hurry to get home?’ she said smiling.

‘No, not really.’ Jenna replied and shook her head. ‘My parents aren’t in, they have gone out for a meal with some friends. Why? What do you have in mind?’

‘I thought perhaps we could find a quiet spot to stop in.’

‘That would be lovely.’ Jenna replied and looked deep into Jo’s eyes. ‘Poor Mr Groves, he really fancies you and you tell him your too busy to go out for a drink.’

Jo smiled, ‘Well it’s true, we could be busy for ages.’ she replied cheekily. She turned the wheel of the car, checked the mirror and drove off down the road.

Jo pulled the car into a deserted car park off the small lane that they had driven down.

‘Where are we?’ Jenna asked.

‘Somewhere quiet.’ Jo replied. She stopped the car under a tree in the corner of the small car park and turned round to Jenna.

‘What if someone comes?’ Jenna said glancing out of the window. ‘Someone walking their dog or something.’

‘So what if they do?’ Jo said with a devilish grin on her face. She undid her seat belt and spun round completely. She placed her hands on the top of the seats and pulled herself into the back of the car. As she came through the gap Jenna, who had her hands outstretched helped her the rest of the way through until she fell into her arms and they kissed.

‘Have you been here before?’ Jenna asked, still a little concerned.

‘Shh, my love.’ Jo replied and placed her index finger just below Jenna nose, so that it covered her lips. Then she leaned in and followed her finger, removing it as she came in close and kissed Jenna on the lips. Jo could sense Jenna was nervous from the hesitant way she returned her kiss, but it was noticeable that Jenna’s nerves eased slightly as they continued to kiss.

As they kissed Jenna felt her worries disappear, Jo took control as she so often did when she felt a little unsure. It was so comforting to have a lover who could make her feel completely at ease with only a kiss. With her open eyes she looked at the woman just inches from her and it made her feel so incredibly happy. She wrapped her arms around Jo and pulled her in closer; it felt great to have Jo’s body close to her. Jenna broke off her kiss and looked tenderly into Jo’s eyes, ‘You make me feel so special Jo, I never want to lose you, I always feel so happy when I

am with you.'

Jo smiled at the kind words from the maturing woman beneath her, 'Jenna, I'm not going to let you go either, not without a fight anyway.' she said and began to tickle Jenna forcefully.

For a few seconds Jenna wriggled in protest at Jo's probing hands, then the tickling subsided and Jenna's laughter died. They lay in the back of the car smiling at each other once more.

'Your a devil.' Jenna said to the grinning Jo.

'I know and that's why you love me.' Jo replied and stuck her tongue out.

Jenna lifted her head up slightly and touched the tip of Jo's tongue with her own. Then she lifted herself just a little higher and they kissed once more. Once in the kiss Jenna felt Jo press her back down against the back seat of the car and she wrapped her arms around Jo once more as the kiss intensified.

Jo moved herself slightly and placed her left knee in the gap between Jenna's jean-clad thighs. Then she slid it along the fabric of the seat until it nuzzled into Jenna's crotch. She felt Jenna shift herself slightly as she felt the knee between her legs and press her whole body into the bones at the end of the thigh.

With her right leg bent up along the back of the seat Jenna pressed her foot against the side of the car and used it as a lever to massage her crotch into the end of Jo's thigh. She built up a smooth regular motion that ground the seam of her jeans through the light fabric of her panties and hard against her clitoris. With every thrust of her hips she felt her panties getting wetter and wetter as she became more and more aroused.

Jo could feel the girl below her getting very aroused as she forced herself harder and harder into her thigh. As the grinding motions became stronger she had a struggle to stop her knee moving from its position on the seat. She had to shift her weight a couple of times when Jenna threatened to push her knee back, but she kept it solid for her and maintained their kiss through out Jenna's gyrations.

After a good ten minutes of grinding and kissing Jenna's hands moved, in an instant her hands were unbuckling her jeans and diving for her clitoris. Jo reached down and pulled her hands away from her jeans and eased out of the kiss. 'No don't touch, just use my leg, no fingers.'

Jenna looked up and into Jo eyes, her clitoris was burning with pleasure and she felt desperate to bring herself to orgasm; she'd always had more control with her fingers.

'Put your arms around me and work for it.' Jo said. Immediately Jenna's arms wrapped around her neck and she pulled her in close again, their kissing resumed and Jenna's bucking increased to yet a higher level.

It took another five minutes, with her eyes screwed up in concentration and her whole pussy raging like a forest fire in her jeans before it came, but it was worth the extra effort. Her hips moved out of her control and jerked wildly and she broke the kiss with Jo as her whole body quivered with pleasure. It was insatiable and completely uncontrollable, the power was totally unstoppable, but this time she didn't have to be quiet and she let yelps of extreme satisfaction fly from her throat between bursts of the most heavenly music between her legs.

As Jenna took the full force of her orgasm Jo moved back and made a move for Jenna's rapidly vibrating waist. She grabbed at the already undone belt of her jeans and then with a quick motion pulled them down her thighs and past her knees, then before Jenna could send a finger down to her clitoris she buried her head in the tight mass of pubic hair that grew between Jenna's legs, her lovely secret forest. In the forest it had certainly been raining, raining the sweetest rain in the world and Jenna was absolutely soaking wet. As Jo sunk her head into Jenna's crotch the smell was overwhelming, her lips were glistening with wetness and her clitoris was larger than she ever seen it. She flicked it with her tongue and Jenna flinched once more.



Her chin was dribbling with Jenna's secretions as her saliva and the fruits of Jenna's pleasure intermingled.

Jenna reached between her legs and moaned loudly as she pressed Jo's blonde head deep between her legs. She felt her tongue snake up inside her bubbling slit and the waves of pleasure never stopped coming, it was awesome, Jo just continued to amaze her at the amount of pleasure she could generate between her legs, whatever she did was just like nothing else she had ever experienced before she met her. Her tongue was electric, like an eel and right at that moment it was embedded deep inside her most private area, buried so deep Jenna could feel every movement she made, every time the tip of her tongue put pressure on different places inside her tunnel. Jo was sucking all of her juice from around her lips and the noises she was making made her feel so dirty and indescribably horny it was fantastic, so utterly fantastic.

Jo savoured every drop of Jenna's pussy juice, the pussy that had been confined to Jenna's cute white panties had been forced to leak it's finest juices all over their surface and she wasn't going to let another drop slip past now. With the majority of Jenna's liquid lapped up she tilted her head to the right and looked up at Jenna, draped across the top of Jenna's white tee-shirt, her long naturally straight black hair was such a contrast, but there was nothing contrasting the smile on Jenna's face. She looked into her eyes knowing that her own face was covered in Jenna's juice, from the tip of her nose to the end of her chin. She slipped her tongue out of her mouth and tried to collect some of the juice that stained her face.

Jenna smiled, reached down between her legs and ran her finger underneath Jo's chin to collect a sticky line of her wetness on her finger.

'Try it,' Jo said huskily. 'It's my favourite flavour.'

Jenna brought it to her mouth and sucked hard on her finger, slipping it in and out of her mouth provocatively and letting it mingle with her saliva.

Jo ran her tongue from the base of Jenna's opening to the hood of her clitoris and removed as much of her juice as she could. Then she moved across the seat and up to Jenna's smiling face that still licked at her finger. As she approached Jenna removed her finger and stuck her tongue out, then as she got closer still she felt Jenna's tongue slide it's way across her face, through the puddles made by her overactive eating frenzy. With the best part of the Jenna's juice removed Jo moved her head slightly and they kissed once more.

'We'll have to go soon.' Jo said after they had kissed for a few minutes.

'Why?' Jenna said with a disappointed look on her face.

'Because I have to take you home, like I was supposed to do an hour ago.' Jo replied.

'But my parents aren't in, they won't be back for —'

'Shh, Jenna. What if they phone or something and your not there, come on there's plenty of time for us.'

'Forever.' Jenna replied and kissed Jo quickly on the lips.

'Forever.' Jo replied and smiled. Jo pulled herself through the gap in the seats once more and sat down in the driver's seat. 'It's lucky I'm not going to be seeing Chris tonight.'

'Why? Because you'd have been late?'

'No because if he were to smell this car, he'd probably pass out, you've certainly christened my back seat.'

Jenna laughed. 'I love you Jo.'

'Come on then, let's get you home.' she turned the key and the car fired into life, she backed it out of their little secluded spot and made her way back on to the road they had come in on.

They drove back to Jenna's house and climbed out.

'I'll get your luggage out of the boot, you can open the door for me.'

'Are you coming in?' Jenna's said, her eye's lighting up.

‘Are you inviting me?’ Jo replied smiling. She closed the boot of the car and followed Jenna into her house. ‘No, I can’t stop Jenna, I do have work to do, I wasn’t lying that much to Chris. Have you done your history homework?’

‘Oh come on Miss, you know I’m a good girl, I did it on Friday.’

‘Good girl? You?’ she pressed Jenna up against the door of the stair cupboard and kissed her. ‘You’re the naughtiest,’ she kissed her again. ‘Sexiest,’ she kissed her again. ‘Girl, I’ve ever met.’ she licked her lips. ‘And that’s why I love you so much.’ they kissed for the final time that night. ‘I have to go.’ Jo said backing away. ‘I’ll see you tomorrow.’

‘Thank’s Jo, for a great weekend.’

‘Yes, it certainly was a good trip, maybe I should organise another. Would you come?’ Jo said and undid the front door.

‘Endlessly.’ Jenna replied laughing.

Jo laughed. ‘You horny little tease, see ya Jenna.’ she turned, opened the door, stepped out and shut it behind her.