Game over

By styxx

Published on Lush Stories on 18 Feb 2007

Sometimes, games go a little too far with devesating results.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/game-over.aspx

Game over.

Chris paced the carpet. Driven by the temptation to go back a watch his wife and her lover, but he didn't, knowing that he was most definitely excluded from the action of their bedroom, hearing the squeals of delight, the sighs and sounds of sex coming from the room only a few feet and a couple of doors away from him was pure torment. The television played to its self, unobserved and disregarded as his minds eye played out the visions of what he knew was going on in there. Jacqui's body writhing in its supple way, sweat glistening on her skin as her lover bringing forth another wracking climax from the tongue teasing her swollen clit would be receiving. He pictured the scene that was undoubtedly happening next door; Jacqui's knees spread wide in that athletic pose she could manage, her hands, claw like, gripping the sheet either side of her body scrunching the material into crease ridden pyramids. Nicola's blonde head would be buried, nose deep in Jacqui's shaven mound; come, dripping from Nicola's chin from a climatic gush issued as a wave of pleasure passed. He knew very well what was happening, wanted badly, desperately almost, to be part of it, but respected their desire for privacy. It just was no easy thing, listening to the woman you love and had so much intimacy with, having such a good time and not be involved, even in some small way. He could not know the outcome of this liaison or what it would mean to him.

They had been married the better part of fifteen years, certainly all of their young adult lives. During which time, they had passed through the stage of tearing off each others clothes in a lust crazed frenzy at every opportunity they got, suffering an animalistic need to have flesh in side and against flesh. Their lovemaking was fuelled by the instinctive desire to procreate, but also a need to cement their relationship; it was a wild thing of raw energy and emotion, of trial and error, of successful culmination, of ecstatic climax. Often, they frantically fucked and rutted until exhaustion overtook them or their bodies refused to respond until rested and recharged.

After three years, it was discovered that Jacqui was unable to conceive in any normal way that if they

wanted children, it would only be through IVF treatment, but with even this, the chances of a full term pregnancy were not looking too good. As with most setbacks, some good comes out of it; they decided to pursue their careers and enjoy the fruits of their labours.

Their sex lives and feelings underwent a subtle change once the news of Jacqui's problem was realised. The frenzied, wild assaults lessened to a more comfortable and fulfilling sharing of tenderness and love. Their early years together were certainly based on lust and the sub-conscious selection of genetic matching as Jacqui found a suitable mate with the attributes she unwittingly sought; love was no more than a far off fantasy, but became something they grew into as time went by.

There disposable income grew exponentially as they climbed the ladders of their respective careers. Chris was heading up a design department in a medium sized advertising company while Jacqui was well on the way to becoming the Finance Director for a local business consortium. Their combined money meant that they could afford the luxuries denied most couples with small children. It also meant they had time for each other, rarely gifted to mother and father people.

With wealth comes a life style, starting often enough with a desirable residence. Chris had an eye for property and chose a reasonably large three bed roomed bungalow in the suburbs of London. Jacqui was given free rein to decorate and created a thing of beauty after many long, often-tedious head banging sessions with the builders.

They had their big cars, Chris liked the under stated lines of his 911 while she chose a Mercedes SLK 320. They ate wherever they liked and enjoyed some of the more exotic locations for holidays. Their clothing reflected their lifestyle, designer labels prominent as a badge of office.

Then they started society swinging. It began merely as an idle interest at first rather than a need to spice up a flagging marriage. Neither could remember which of them found the web site or made the application to join the private parties arranged at clubs in and around London, but it hardly mattered and in truth, they both loved the cam-community, often showing themselves on the mini-camera as they fucked and played for the viewing delight of so many strangers. They had light-heartedly talked about having someone join them as a sexual partner, Chris's mental picture included only another female, but Jacqui's had herself pinioned between Chris and another man, one at either end.

They intended to attend a private function, researched on the Internet, merely as spectators. For most people, this is usually the introductory thinking until the sexual charge of a swinging party overtakes the natural reserve and they become fully paid up members. They went to a couple of events, staying out of the limelight as interested observers then going home to fuck each other's brains out. Both of them were quite satisfied with this until a huge black guy approached Jacqui on their third or fourth

event. Chris watched as he made a move on his wife, observed her initial reluctance to accept the invitation to dance and then silently delight when she relented and the Guy's hands explored Jacqui's ass and breasts as they progressed in a circular fashion around the dance floor. The number finished, she kissed him full on his lips and left him breathless, with a slightly bewildered look on his face as she returned to Chris's side.

She was quite flushed as she sipped her drink and he noted that her breathing rate was higher than normal. She enjoyed the attentions of this stranger's hands, of how he had handled her, of how it made her feel. It awoke in her a desire, a sleeping dragon, and some wanton lust to be little more than a whore on the make.

That night at home, she was like a wild animal in bed, demanding that Chris fuck her hard and deep. She sucked him as if her life depended on it and then, when he had emptied his sacs into her; she aroused him again using her mouth and dextrous fingers, then screwed him until they fell into an exhausted slumber. It had been some time since they had fucked in such a way, her riding him as if insatiable; neither of them analysed it, just enjoyed the moment, but it was obvious that a chord in Jacqui had been struck.

It transpired that it was indeed as if a door had opened in Jacqui's life; their next event at a private function found her eagerly encouraging the attentions of men who showed the slightest interest in her. She had dressed for the occasion in a figure hugging black number, low cut and high hemmed. Sluttishly, Jacqui sat on a bar stool and portrayed her willingness with legs slightly parted and no underwear, giving free access to view if the guy was interested enough to try.

They were joined by a couple, names were not required, just a mutual attraction. He was taller and much broader than Chris, bearded with large hands and hairy arms. She was reasonably attractive, quite short, obviously younger than her partner and quite nervous with twitchy jerky movements.

After several drinks and ice-breaking chat, they caught a cab back to Chris and Jacqui's home. More drinks and a little weed relaxed the atmosphere until, in silent agreement, Jacqui took hold of the guys hand and led him out of the sitting room towards the main bedroom. Chris chatted with the young woman for a few minutes more before copying the lead of Jacqui and took whatever her name was by the hand and into the spare bedroom.

To his delight, her nerves were left in the sitting room or were shed with her clothes, because she was a very active and willing partner. It galled him a little having to wear a condom, but understood the necessity. He fucked her missionary and then from behind, she in turn was quite happy to try and swallow his cock and assisted in her orgasm by rubbing her clit while Chris slid into her body. He was pleasantly surprised when she stopped him just before he was about to come and asked him to fuck

her in the ass. It wasn’t something that Jacqui particularly liked so wasn’t a regular feature of their sexual antics. Chris gently pushed into her anal passage, trying to be as careful as he possibly could. He had to semi crouch to gain the best position and set a fairly slow pace. The effect on her was electric, almost as soon as he had sunk into her, she whimpered and threw her head around in wild abandon, pushing herself back into him and making guttural demands that he increase the pace. Time became relative, he had no concept of how long they had been going at it, his release, when it came, might have taken five minutes or five hours for all he knew, just that when he did finally come, the tightness of her sphincter made it almost painful to shoot his load, he felt every bit travel the length of his cock, she was almost delirious, between them, they had made quite a mess of the bed. Her partner it turned out, point blank refused to fuck her in the ass, so she had used this opportunity to realise her own wants. Chris was cool with that.

Jacqui’s night had been just as rewarding. John, her partner for the night, had a huge cock in both length and girth. He filled her mouth until it became uncomfortable for her jaw, then he filled her cunt, stretching the walls of her uterus and sending delightful thrills of friction through her body. He fucked her from behind, over the edge of the bed and then lifted her easily in his powerful arms and fucked jammed up against the wall in a standing position until she gushed in a climactic release that sprayed the carpeted floor and his feet at the same time.

After a short while of calming in a languid embrace, Jacqui turned into him and got him hard again, licking his cock head and running her fingernails lightly over his shaft until it twitched back into life. Once he was good and hard, she straddled him, sinking his large cock to a comfortable depth, then, rocked her pelvis, wanking his organ with limber thrusts, gradually working deeper into her and encouraging blood to suffuse his dick. He managed to hold on for some time, but eventually, his seed spilled as his whole body arched, lifting her of the bed and driving him into her up to his root.

Their guests left with many a thank you, intimately knowing hugs. Although they had enjoyed the sexual partnering of the two, Chris and Jacqui were quite glad to see them go so they could have their house back to themselves. They collapsed happily into a sofa and shared a bottle of ice-cold Chardonnay to relate their individual experiences. The evening and its hedonism they decided had been a success. Both of them had enjoyed the change of partners, finding it something of a thrill to screw someone else with no guilt attached. Chris admitted that he hadn’t for one second, thought about Jacqui in the next bedroom or what she might have been up to. Chris had been on her mind for a short while until the events and sex overtook her. They concluded and agreed, that although the couple whose smell still pervaded the bedroom had been good, neither of them had too much by way of desire to see them again.

After a glass or two, Chris and Jacqui went to bed and made love slowly and intensely, more a reaffirmation of their bond than a need to mate, a kind of functional sex, if there is such a thing. They

could still smell the others partner’s aroma on each other, both having not showered their essences off; It served as an aphrodisiac and a reminder of what had taken place earlier. Chris tasted the residue of coating lubricant of the condom her partner used as he slipped his tongue over her clit. She smelled of sex, of her own come and John’s natural body odour, a heady mix, Chris lashed her clit mercilessly until she came in a gush, swamping him in a golden shower and soaking the bed yet again.

A few months passed before they ventured out again. Work commitments kept them either in their respective offices or at home. Neither of them spoke about the events of their first excursion into swinging, preferring it to pass into history without a marker. It was something that happened is all, no big deal really.

But, after a while, they both experienced the urge to explore once again. Believing the club to be a safer bet, they talked about what each of them would like from their next escapade. Chris admitted that he had for a long time, harboured a fantasy of Jacqui getting shafted by a black guy, probably from the time he had watched her dance and then kiss the poor bewildered guy in the club all those months back. He wanted to watch her milk-white skin absorb the dark flesh of the largest black man they could find. To Jacqui, this sounded somewhat voyeuristic, but at the same time, erotic. A mental picture of her, horizontal, with a huge black cock reaming her insides out while Chris watched, sealed the deal. It was agreed that this time round, they would find something for her; Chris’s turn would be next.

They plotted for a few days like predatory cats, trying out scenarios, what kind of guy she wanted, where Chris would be during the session and so on until they had a reasonably clear idea of how far it was to go and what they expected. In a clinical sense, they were looking for a performer and nothing more, a real life, flesh and blood dildo, for Jacqui to come on while her husband got his rocks off watching.

Jacqui trawled through the shops looking for the sleaziest dress she could find. It was all very well, knowing what she wanted, but she would have to advertise what she was about and what exactly was on offer for him to enjoy. At last, she settled on a sheer black number, off the shoulder and completely see-through, only rather more than a body stocking. Jacqui completed the vision with a new bra and panty set comprising of a thong with high set thighs and a gusset only a few centimetres wide. The bra was little more than string, only just enough fabric to cover her nipples and little else.

Chris was to be the chauffer; they had even gone to the expense of hiring a limo and a suit complete with hat for the evening so that Jacqui would be able to treat her chosen partner to a real night out and a reward worth of the occasion.

The club was as dark as usual. She recognised a few of the regular, hopeful faces and nodded to one or two couple who were polishing the dance area with soft soled shoes as they rotated clockwise to a nameless tune piped in through speakers. Jacqui plotted up on a bar stool to survey the prospects of finding her quarry. She sipped slowly on a chilled dry martini and looked over the rim of the glass. The sweep of her vision proved to be disappointing, not one of the men fitted her criteria, but she reasoned, the night was still young, there was still a chance perhaps.

By the time her second martini was almost consumed when he walked in; a barrel-chested, huge black African, possible six feet two or three. His clothes and jewellery advertised access to funds and his easy entrance spoke of a confidence, self-awareness that immediately had her clit twitching in anticipation. She watched his progress across the dark floor towards the bar, how he easily brushed off the unwanted attentions of a couple of blonde girls who almost threw themselves at his feet. She decided to play it cool, although she wanted him, she correctly guessed that he would spurn her should she make the move on him. This guy was all about pleasing himself, making his own choices of partner and probably had his own agenda where sex was concerned.

He clicked his fingers, wordlessly and without ceremony, a drink materialised on the bar for him, the tender retreating so that he didn’t encroach on the guy’s space. Jacqui turned on her stool to observe him through the mirror. His reflection cast an appreciative eye over her with a raised eyebrow. She didn’t dare turn toward him, worried that if she did, he might switch off and turn his attention elsewhere. The he caught her eye in the mirror; he grinned and raised his glass in salute. Jacqui couldn’t help herself; she smiled back, returning the compliment.

His voice, when he spoke, reminded her of the singer who did “Old man River,” she didn’t hear him so much as feel the vibrations as he introduced himself. Shina had a gentle air about him, but at the same time, he exuded a powerful strength that his tailored suit did little to hide. With out doubt, he was exactly what she had in mind, they agreed to leave the club and go back to her place in the limo.

Chris watched through the rear-view mirror as his shovel sized hands explored Jacqui’s body. Her breasts were not overly large or small come to that, but in his hands, they disappeared entirely. Tongue met tongue as she unzipped his trousers. Her questing fingers found his thick shaft and coaxed it into the night. She sucked him into her mouth, her hair falling forwards, effectively cutting off Chris’s view, but he could see enough. Charles’s eyes were closed as Jacqui stroked his shaft with her lips and tongue. Hmm that’s it baby rumbled from his chest, that is so good. Jacqui didn’t reply, just sucked more of him into her willing mouth.

Eventually, Chris swung the car into their drive way and killed the lights and the engine. As any good chauffer, he opened the door for Jacqui who had to disengage herself from Charles’s cock. They had progressed from her sucking on him to her sitting on his lap with his shaft buried deep into her while

his huge hands explored her body. She passed Chris a grin that carried the message; I am having the time of my life here. Chris doffed his cap and quietly closed the limo door.

Charles unfolded himself on the opposite side of the car. When he stood the roof only just about came up to his waist, standing there, looking at the house and dwarfing the limo's height gave a perspective of just how big he really was. Jacqui fished in her purse and found the keys, she opened the door and Charles followed, leaving Chris alone in the dark driveway to tend to the car. He parked it a few streets away, locked and left it so that he could let himself in the back door of their house quietly to watch Jacqui get the fuck of her life from the vantage point of the spare bedroom.

By the time her got back, they were already in the bedroom with clothes carefully laid over a chair back. Chris was able to see them clearly through a mirror angled for just that purpose. Jacqui was devouring Charles's cock again; opening her mouth as wide was her jaw would allow engulfing his monstrous cock head. His giant hand cupped the back of her head, looking as if he could easily crush it with out any effort. His deep basso voice encouraging her with words of "oh baby, suck it good."

Chris couldn't help the comparison of her milk-white skin against his ebony black colour. Her blonde hair fanned out over his stomach stood out in stark contrast. Jacqui gagged, she had taken a bit too much too quickly. With consummate ease, Charles lifted her head away from what really did look like a black snake of a cock, laid her on her back and returned the favour. He ate her cunt and very shortly, got the reward of her first orgasm, her liquid splashing against him to shine on his skin.

They changed positions so that Charles was on his back, head supported with two pillows that seemed miniscule under his tightly curled hair, Jacqui grasped his cock, sat astride him and eased his length into her body. It was her favourite position, her technique of pelvic rocking was a very special fuck for Chris, and he knew that Charles would be feeling the same. The black cock slowly slid into her depths and gradually disappeared as she rocked her self, pinioning her body on the fulcrum of his huge dick.

The pace started slowly, even hesitantly at first as if she was trying him out for size and fit, then, as her cunt accommodated his length and girth, the tempo picked up into a steady rhythm. Those huge black hands grasped her ass, engulfing her cheeks and accentuating the disparity in size between them. He was lifting her easily, easing himself almost out of her, then allowing gravity to drive her back down on him.

Charles lifted her and held Jacqui just on the end of his cock, teasingly, tantalisingly just holding her aloft, waiting for the optimum moment before pulling her down to bury himself into her body. He waited until she mewled her need for him to fill her again and then, mercilessly he slowly lowered her down, pushing his cock into her willing hole. The action was purposely slow, from Chris's vantage

point it looked as if she would never be able to accommodate him. Inch by inch he lowered her and in the same small increments, his cock disappeared into her cunt until his whole length to his root was inside of her, far deeper than he had been before. Jacqui gasped and rocked her hips in an abandon, her head thrown back, her hair cascading down her back.

Charles began to fuck her then, slowly increasing his pace, bodily lifting Jacqui's weight, her knees leaving the bed as his hips arched underneath her. She was rapidly approaching her climax, her breath coming in ragged gasps, her hands gripping her breasts, squeezing them in talon like claws.

Then she came, her liquid flowing freely down his cock to puddle on the bed between his legs. Too late, Chris realised the Charles wasn't wearing a rubber, in fact he only really became aware of it when it was obvious from Charles's groans and rapid thrusts that his own orgasm was impending. Then, with a deep growl that reverberated through the room, Charles filled Jacqui's womb with his seed only for it to leak out of Jacqui, around his cock as his thrusts diminished in their conviction.

"Was that okay?" Jacqui though he was asking her, but then realised his question was directed to Chris. He smiled a knowing smile and got up in a fluid movement that belied his size.

Charles left soon after, preferring to get a cab than take up the offer of a lift. His parting kiss had Jacqui quivering again, her body responding in an animalistic want to be stuffed full of his black meat, to feel fulfilled as a woman and used for his lust. His gentle strength had created something magical for her. She knew he could have crushed her as easily as a melon if he had chosen to do so, but despite the obvious immense strength, he had been so careful not to hurt her.

While she watched the tail lights of the cab diminish into the darkness, she felt his come dribble from her and run down the inside of her thigh. Jacqui knew that if she met him again, she would allow herself to let go completely, give him free access to whatever he wanted. It wasn't an emotion she was experiencing, but a lust and hunger to be taken to a place she knew existed but had yet to attain. Tonight had been close, very close, it just needed that last step, to trip over the threshold into a mindless, uncontrolled state of complete satiation and overwhelming exhilaration.

Chris's arousal was all too evident when she returned to their living room. She guessed correctly that he had been stroking himself, remembering what he had voyeuristically observed, picturing it in his mind's eye and replaying the scene. His cock pointed at the ceiling, rigid and suffused. She decided that, really, she was too tired to be of much use to Chris in this case; she realised in that moment of clarity, they no longer shared that bond of love, that these excursions into liaisons with others were really a stopgap to cover the inadequacies of their marriage. She loved Chris and supposed he loved her too, but it had matured into something comfortable, easy and non-challenging. She wanted more. She desperately wanted, no, needed to be used to a point where her brain shut down all but

automotive responses. She wanted it to be something that happened more than once.

Out of sympathy, she knelt between Chris's parted knees, took him into her mouth and sucked him until his seed flooded over her tongue. She swallowed, making a show for him of swallowing and smiling as she did it and then sticking out her tongue to show him his come had completely gone. It was enough. She went to bed and slept like the dead.

The next few weeks were hard. That moment of clarity had opened a Pandora's box in Jacqui's thinking. She wanted out. Out of her marriage, yes she loved Chris in a deep-seated way, but had lost the desire for him. She craved a freedom that her marriage prevented. It was possible that from time to time, if they continued in the life style they had begun by inviting strangers, or even a regular person into their bed, she might achieve that perfection of orgasm, a climax so shattering, it would leave her bereft of consciousness. It was possible perhaps; to reach that state, but unlikely, she thought, because who ever their temporary partner was, they would always be an almost complete stranger, with no emotional ties to her, only a physical thread, tenuous at best.

Did she blame their adopted sex life? After all, it is not uncommon for couples to enter into these clubs with the intention of enhancing their love lives, only to fall apart when jealousy or inadequacies came to the fore and split them as if a wedge had been driven between them; usually on the male's side oddly enough. No, Jacqui viewed the inclusion of other like-minded people as nothing more than a conduit to an awakening; she had glimpsed a plateau, previously lost in the cloud line and now, she was leaving behind her old skin, sloughed off as a lizard might.

But, how to tell Chris that she neither wanted nor desired him any longer and in truth, what could she tell him that didn't sound too dramatised in the telling? How to tell him he was no longer really needed, it was game over, end of the line without completely devastating him? Would he accept that and move on? She doubted it and dreaded the fall out.

Jacqui also thought about her immediate future; where would she go? What would she do and, could she live a life alone, taking partners as they arrived in the quest to reach that sexual goal? She had never been more than a day or two alone, she wasn't sure that she would like her own company. The enormity of what she had realised was necessary for her was overwhelming and all consuming.

In the turmoil that was the condition of her mind, she accepted his proposal to visit the club once again. He had not noticed her preoccupation, had not either cared enough or wanted to see that she was not happy. Perhaps on some fundamental level, he had taken in her quietness, but if he did, he failed totally to make any mention of it. If her resolve needed strengthening, that small, selfish and typically male act finalised her decision.

Jacqui only made a half-hearted attempt at dressing for allure. Throwing her make-up on while thinking that she really didn’t want to do this, but not having a good enough reason not to. They drove in silence, a silence that had been growing of late, neither knowing how to break it. Disinterestedly, she surveyed the room when they arrived at the club, noticing for the first time that it really was quite dingy and that the whole scene carried with it an inherent seediness more associated with smoking dens of Victorian times. She almost bolted, but stayed out of a misplaced loyalty to the man she was planning on leaving sometime soon.

She ordered a white-wine spritzer and took another look around. They were early as usual, Chris believed that the better members would be early; he was wrong, but wasn’t that something else about him? He was rarely right, but could never admit it.

The evening passed and was looking to be a fruitless excursion. Her expression could have been off putting she thought, not really caring. Until that is, Nicola’s face peered into the downcast eyes of Jacqui. Green eyes with a darker ring around her iris, studied Jacqui’s downcast face, a smile played in the corners of her painted lips. She said something like; why so glum or similar, but it hardly registered. In that instant of eye contact, a mutual signal passed between them; Jacqui wanted this woman, desperately, in the nano-second of thought process, she recognised a kindred spirit, someone she wanted more than she had ever wanted anyone before, someone who could take her to that place she so longed for.

The pact, for that is what it wordlessly and rapidly was becoming, was sealed as their lips touched and tongues met in tentative exploration. Jacqui’s heart raced and thumped in her chest as if trying to escape the confinement of her rib cage. She flushed and could feel the redness creep up her neck, till her cheeks burned, in a sexually charged reaction to this woman who she did not know in any sense except, that they had a mutual understanding, they would be lovers at some point in the very near future; that was a given.

Chris returned to the table carrying a recharged scotch and soda in one hand and fresh spritzer in the other. His hello went almost unanswered; the two women were so engrossed, drinking in each other’s eyes to the exclusion of all outside stimulation, including him.

Jacqui came too from the thrall first and began to introduce Nicola, then realised that neither of them had said one word, let alone exchange names. “This is er…”

“Nicola,” She supplied, glancing at Chris, but returning her gaze as quickly as possible to Jacqui.

It didn’t need any large intellect to realise that these two were into each other. Chris recognised the signs of arousal in Jacqui, her flushed cheeks and twitchy tic in the corner of her mouth told him all

her needed to know. Immediately, he conjured up a picture of the three of them rumpling up the sheets in their bed; a vision and fantasy that many men find irresistible.

He placed the drinks down on the table and asked Nicola if she would like to come back to their place for a nightcap; a euphemism for sex in the club.

The drinks stayed untouched on the table, the ice barely melted by the time the three of them were at Chris and Jacqui's house and falling onto the bed in a tangled mass of arms and legs. For his part, Chris managed to get sucked by both of them then managed to bury his dick into Nicola while she ate Jacqui's cunt. He came splashing his seed over their bodies and was quite satisfied with his performance. They however, had barely begun and his presence was no longer required, so he watched, thinking idly about fetching out the camcorder.

Without the intervention of a man in the group, the atmosphere changed subtly between Jacqui and Nicola. The frenetic pace of fucking ceased, to be replaced by a tenderness of light touches, caresses and kisses that grew deeper and more meaningful as time passed.

They lay on top of the bed facing one another; legs entwined with Jacqui's over Nicola's. Their arms locked together in an embrace that allowed them to explore each other's body, hands running lightly over skin, producing little shivers of delight.

Their mouths came together, lip-to-lip in a kiss that was almost chaste at first, but soon became a deeper exploration of tongues and exchange of breath and saliva. Nicola found one of Jacqui's nipples and, with fingertips, teased the sensitive nub to a suffused hardness. She broke their kiss and suckled on the hardening bud, drawing it into her mouth and flicking her tongue over the very tip. Jacqui's back arched, pushing her breast forward and quivered her delight at this wonderful sensation, gasping and then clutching Nicola's head to push it hard against her yielding mound.

Oh God; she breathed through clenched teeth as her body shivered in delight. She released Nicola's head and threaded her arm between their bodies to find Nicola's teat to return the favour. This embrace, this shared pleasure was increasing in intensity, as their responses became tuned to each other; the tension between them grew, almost palpable, leading to a forgone conclusion.

Jacqui pushed Nicola onto her back. Her mouth found one and then the other nipple giving back the delirious pleasure she had been receiving. Nicola's body responded, her dark nipples hardened, the skin of her aureole puckered as if in cold goose bumps. She could only lay there while being subjected to the pleasures of Jacqui's tongue, mouth and fingers.

It was those very fingers that strayed over her stomach, making a direct line for her neatly trimmed

bush, then between her legs, parting lips to find her clit. The first touch was like a huge current had been passed through her body, she arched her back off the bed and drew a sharp intake of breath as her clit was found and touched. Those fingers lightly rubbed as only another woman's touch can. She came, emitting her white juice that slicked fingers and ran down over her puckered anus to soak into the white linen of the bedclothes.

They reversed positions, Nicola giving the same to Jacqui with a slightly different result, Jacqui squirted her release as she often did when aroused enough. Nicola drank from her partner, relishing the taste and then flicking her tongue over Jacqui's exposed shaven mound and clit, only to produce her second orgasm in as many minutes.

They fucked; taking turns to ride each other, kiss, lick, touch or finger fuck. Chris was quite forgotten, his leaving the room unnoticed, they were so lost in each others bodies and delighted in what they could do.

Jacqui's mini vibrator was an instant hit. It wasn't much bigger than a bullet, but had a powerful vibration which, when applied lightly to a clit was just like being touched with the bare ends of an electrical cord. They finished what had taken more than two hours in a frenzy of simultaneously sucking on each other's clits while finger fucking at the same time. Their essences had destroyed the bedclothes, but were totally ignored as sated; they lay in each other's arms to sleep.

Jacqui now knew what she needed to say to Chris, she had the reason, and one he could accept. She had the motive now because she had every intention of keeping Nicola beside her. She had the conviction, having found Nicola; she had reached the plateau she had longed for of being completely sexually satisfied. She didn't know how long it would last; it didn't matter. She didn't regard herself a lesbian as such, just someone totally in love with another human being. She didn't know whether Nicola felt the same way, but suspected she might if the way her body had responded to her touch was any indication.

Chris knew with a certainty. Before she uttered a word the next morning as she made two cups of coffee for her and Nicola, he knew. "That's it isn't it?" He asked her, not wanting to hear the answer. Her silence and avoidance of his eyes confirmed his worst feeling. There wasn't any point in arguing; no point in protesting or begging; it was game over, just like that, with finality, similar to death.

"I'll need a few days," he said and then left the kitchen to her and Nicola who had just come in yawning and stretching, looking like she had slept in a wind tunnel. They kissed; a brief touch of lips, familiar and something they would do every morning from then on.