

Lingerie Delivery

By Julie_Julia

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Jill gets more than just a special delivery service

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/lingerie-delivery.aspx>

Jill was a busy young nurse, about 27 years old, short but very attractive with shoulder-length dark blonde hair, clear blue eyes and a cheeky smile (so all her many friends told her).

She'd been working long hours on unsociable shifts whilst spending most of her free time working out her firm body at the local gym. She struggled even to find time to go shopping for clothes as often as she would have liked so she'd begun buying online, recognising the benefits of the far wider choices available and the freedom to browse any time of the day or night. She also liked being able to try on what she had ordered, seeing what colours and styles went with what she already had in her wardrobe and what suited her best, and all in the enviable luxury of her own home rather than in the cramped changing rooms in the fashion stores.

Although she liked to order several different colours, designs and sizes, knowing she could send back what she didn't want to keep for a refund, she was growing increasingly tired of having to repack and return her unwanted items, often requiring a special trip to the post-office. So when she saw an ad for a fashion site that offered "Free returns - we collect from your office or home address at a time to suit you and we'll even repack your unwanted items" it sounded ideal.

Being a nurse, Jill was used to seeing naked bodies of all shapes and sizes and was fully aware that hers was exceptional, especially her firm rounded boobs which she liked to accentuate in her choice of underwear. Browsing the web-site, she was particularly attracted to their wide range of imported European lingerie, soon finding herself ordering several different beautifully-sexy bra and pantie sets. She ordered each one in two or three differing sizes, unsure quite how the sizing compared to her usual more demure brands. As she clicked the 'Order Now' button she pondered whether she had chosen these rather exotic and sensual things to please her partner, to show off to her friends in the

fitness-centre changing rooms, or if in fact she was anticipating the thrill of wearing them simply for her own pleasure.

"Guaranteed next day delivery", the site had said, and she'd checked the box 'Between 2 and 4 pm'. Because of her nursing shift pattern, ordering on a Thursday meant she could be home when they arrived. This would give her plenty of free quality time to unpack and try her new purchases in private before her partner got home, even though he finished early on a Friday.

Jill paced the kitchen, frequently looking at the clock, and found that she quite enjoyed the anticipation of the call at the door. When the bell did ring, she jumped, then composed herself and calmly opened the door. It was just before 3 pm. She was impressed. But not as impressed as when she saw that the delivery 'boy' was in fact a rather attractive female, maybe 15 years older than her but looking very smart in her maroon uniform skirt and jacket.

"Hi, delivery for you. Could you sign here please?"

Jill scribbled her name on the form and took the box.

The blonde driver then explained about the free returns collection process, but added: "Well, actually, you could do me a huge favour. This is my last drop of the day ..." (which was a complete fabrication as she was actually the manager of the delivery depot and, recognising the Sender address on the packet as being her own favourite lingerie supplier, and the Deliver To address being in a private road of large luxury mansions, she'd decided to make the drop herself)

"... well, it would help me so much if you could decide now if there's anything you plan to return. I could then take away now what you don't need; it'd save me coming back another time?"

Jill was not expecting such an unusual request, but was planning to try on her new stuff straight away so she smiled at Julia (her name was on her lapel badge) and invited her to step inside.

Jill made her a coffee and they chatted for a moment. Julia was very friendly, with a bright, pleasant personality, long wavy hair and a slim but curvy figure. Knowing she did not keep any valuables downstairs, she left her unexpected guest and climbed the wide carpeted spiral staircase to her large bedroom, sensing that a pair of bright blue eyes was watching the backs of her legs, all the way to the top.

Soon she was rummaging through mountains of scented tissue paper and pulling out beautiful lingerie from its stylish packaging and laying out the different items on her soft wide bed. She smiled when she saw how well made they all were and felt a warm feeling begin to grow inside her as she

ran her fingers over the exotic lace, smooth satin and neatly stitched straps of her purchases.

Knowing the only way she could select what she would keep was to try them all on, Jill unbuttoned her floaty summer dress and shrugged it onto the floor then unclipped her rather sensible bra. Her young unsupported breasts dropped only slightly and she soon nestled them into the softly padded cups of a fabulous white bra with pale blue appliqué butterflies on its spaghetti-thin double shoulder straps. She reached behind her back and clipped it on its middle setting and admired herself in the full-length mirrors. It felt so right against her skin and made her breasts look exceptionally and alluringly firm, full and rounded. She turned side on and posed in various positions, liking how she looked and getting more than a small thrill from seeing herself looking so sexy in her own bedroom.

Well that was a success; now she needed to try some other designs and sizes. Systematically she tried each item. She decided to keep the navy blue deep-plunge bra in two sizes. The larger one was more comfortable and Jill thought she could walk and dance all day and night in that, but the smaller one gave her a cleavage like she'd never achieved before and made her feel daring and confident.

The sophisticated deep cherry red balcony uplift bra looked great and she knew it was just what she needed under the long sleek cocktail dress she'd recently bought, and the middle of the three sizes fitted her perfectly.

Then Jill picked up the bra she'd ordered on a wild whim, knowing it was far away from anything she'd normally have bought. In her hands it was a maze of black straps and small panels of semi-sheer fabric. It took her a moment to work out how to put it on but soon she had her arms through all the right places and she clipped the front-fastening clasp between her warm breasts.

She gasped as she admired herself in the mirror. The bra hardly covered her boobs at all but somehow it managed to lift and shape them, just about concealing her nipples but very little else. Narrow straps dived under her arms and over her shoulders to meet in a cluster between her shoulder blades; Jill felt her nipples hardening and when she stood side-on to the mirror she could see them protruding invitingly from the fronts of her boobs, the thin material stretched tight over their pointed profile.

She had never felt this aroused just from looking in the mirror, and she felt a rush in her pussy when she picked up the matching black strappy thong. Running her fingers over the multiple strands of glossy material, she glanced at the label reminding her that once she had put it on she would be unable to return it for refund. She knew she would want to keep it and soon she had slipped out of her serious cotton panties and was sliding the wildly exotic thong up her smooth legs.

Jill stood facing the mirror and arranged the myriad straps on and over her hips. She was acutely

aware of how wet her pussy had become, as the tiny triangle of semi-sheer material contacted her swollen lips. However, she was absolutely not aware of the gorgeous blonde woman in the maroon suit standing in the entrance to her bedroom, nonchalantly leaning against the doorframe and admiring the show.

Lost in her the heady world of her new purchases, Jill acknowledged that familiar pulsing feeling in her pussy, she could make out her hard nipples in the mirror and had that little thrill in the pit of her tummy. If she'd been alone, she would definitely have masturbated right here and now. But she guessed she had to get rid of the delivery driver first. Shame, she thought the woman had a look about her, that hungry, dirty look. Maybe when she fantasised later, she'd think about this delivery turning out very differently.

As her mind wandered, that familiar little tingle passed through her; her tits, her belly, her groin. She stood in front of the mirror and stroked her erect nipples through the fabric, tweaking them. Her knickers were getting so wet it would now be impossible to return them! Oh, if she only had time! Drat, she'd better take them off and get back downstairs. But she was definitely keeping them.

She suddenly started as she caught a glimpse of a movement in the mirror.

"Hey!! What the f...!"

Oh God, she was going red from top to toe. She turned to the delivery woman accusingly.

"How dare you spy on me? What do you think you're doing?"

The woman appraised her coolly and smiled.

"Sorry. Couldn't help myself. I'm naughty like that."

Jill could feel her heart thumping in her chest.

"I don't like being spied on!"

"Oh really?" Julia smiled again. "You don't give that impression."

"Wh-what?!" stammered Jill. "I'm going to be having words with your company! This is outrageous!"

"Horny though, isn't it? Look how wet your knickers are."

Jill looked down and was mortified to see how visible the damp patch was.

"I'll let you into a secret," Julia whispered. "Mine are too, but don't let that stop you."

Julia smiled warmly at Jill, giving her some slight reassurance, but not really relieving her embarrassment. In fact, she knew full well it wasn't only her embarrassment that needed relieving.

She slowly unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it neatly over the back of the chair and, placing one high-heeled shoe neatly in front of the other, she swayed across the distance separating her from the gorgeous young woman in whose bedroom she was now standing.

She hooked a long finger under Jill's chin so she had to look up and confront the smouldering look in Julia's half-closed eyes.

"So, my sweet young lingerie model, what were you going to do next, before you noticed me - try on one of the other outfits again? You looked delicious in the cherry red set. And the white and blue bra with those ohhhh-so-thin straps made you boobs look fabulous."

Jill blushed-up an even deeper red when she realised Julia had been watching her almost the whole time she'd been undressing, and she'd been too engrossed in her purchases to notice.

"Or were you going to keep this black number on?" Julia ran her finger down one of the numerous straps and smiled as she saw how Jill's upper body shuddered "It looks a little tight to me!" she continued, and laughed out loud as Jill pulled away when she flicked her nail across an erect and very obvious nipple.

"Or maybe you were going to peel these lovely things off your body and stand naked in front of the mirror, admiring yourself just as though there was someone else there in the room admiring you. Oh my, silly me, of course, I forgot. There IS an other woman in the room!!"

"And then what?" Julia purred as she slipped the top three buttons of her blouse, " what were you going to do? Go ahead, show me what you were going to do next, my lovely."

Jill felt her heart hammering in her chest and adrenalin coursing through her veins. Her mouth felt dry. She looked at the sexy older woman, her blouse gaping open now, and she could see the desire in her eyes.

She took a deep breath. "You really want to know?" she half panted.

"You know I do," the woman smiled.

Jill stepped back away from her voyeur and stood facing her. Slowly, she ran her hands over her own tits, stroking them, making the nipples more erect.

Julia smiled, licking her lips slightly.

Jill stood before her and as slowly as she could, let her shaking hands move up her body, to the front of the black strappy bra. She unclasped it almost hurriedly as nerves kicked in and pulled the sheer cups apart to reveal her large breasts, their nipples red and erect.

"Mmm, they're gorgeous," Julia remarked, as she undid the remaining buttons on her own blouse, letting it fall to the floor. Jill stared at her as she stood there confidently in her bra, letting her hands roam freely over her body while she watched intently.

Still feeling self-conscious, Jill instinctively let her hands move to her own breasts, stroking them, twisting and tweaking her nipples the way she did in private, until they looked almost angry in their arousal. Then she let her hands roam over her tummy, her thighs and back up between her legs, stroking herself through the skimpy triangle of material. It felt divine. She could feel her whole body throbbing with excitement. Now she slid her thumbs inside the panties, slowly, slowly pulling them down, then off.

She let her hand glide to her pussy, parting the lips, her erect clitoris now visible and her wetness impossible to hide. Then she turned her back, looking at her own reflection in the mirror, and that of Julia as she watched, she stroked and pulled at her tits while fingering her clit.

"How did I guess, my sweet, how could I have known what you were planning to do?" she asked, rhetorically.

"I'll tell you how I knew" as she picked up Jill's discarded panties from the floor and held them in front of the gorgeous naked woman's face.

"See?"

Jill nodded.

"No, tell me, what do you see?"

Jill gulped and stuttered out her reply: "They're soaked, Julia. With my juices. Julia"

"And why are they so wet, Jill?" the older woman continued, her voice both sarcastic and captivating.

"Because you were watching me, Julia, that's why." Jill blurted. "Shit, you know that, why are you tormenting me like this?"

"Why? Because I like to know, that's why," Julia purred, standing slightly behind her prey so that she could see her delicious body reflected in the mirror.

Making sure Jill was watching her, Julia slid down the zipper on the side of her skirt and stepped out of it, hooking it with her toes and tossing it out through the doorway onto the huge galleried landing. The younger woman gasped, and exhaled with a shudder as she saw Julia was wearing ultra-skimpy maroon satin panties that matched her bra, and lace-top stay-up stockings.

"Do you like what I'm wearing?" she quizzed, almost mockingly.

Jill nodded. "Y - y - yes Julia, you're lovely, I mean, it's lovely, oh damn I can't say what I'm trying to mean, I'm ..."

Her voice trailed off as Julia began to pose and display herself where Jill could see her reflection, caressing her body and running her hands down her deep firm cleavage and over her swelling boobs.

"Don't stop, Jill. Rub yourself my sweet, you know you want to. You don't mind me watching do you? I like to watch too, you know."

Jill continued to rub her clit, staring in the mirror at Julia stroking up and down her body. Now she moved closer, snaking her arms around Jill's neck, kissing the back of her neck and shoulders before letting her hands fall to her tits.

Now Jill moaned aloud.

"Mmm, you like your tits touched, don't you?"

"Y-yes...ohhhh."

Expertly, Julia tweaked and twisted Jill's nipples, stroking all around her tits and raking her nails over them.

The young nurse was gasping now and she moved her hand away from her pussy, stretching back

behind her so she could cup Julia's bum. They moved like this for some time, Julia groping and stroking Jill's tits from behind while Jill, still looking in the mirror, felt Julia's sexy arse. Then with a courage she still didn't quite feel, Jill started to tug at Julia's panties.

Julia smiled in the mirror, Jill had reddened again and couldn't meet her gaze. Julia helped her, pulling down her panties and stepping out of them. She removed her bra too, so both women were now naked.

Jill stared in the mirror at Julia's hot, horny body, her hand drawn almost unintentionally back to her own crotch as she stared at the delivery woman. Her tits were gorgeous, so kissable.

Jill turned to her. Such a simple movement. Such a loaded message.

Julia put her hand on Jill's face and kissed her tenderly, achingly. Their tongues entwined gradually, the gentleness of the kiss growing in passion, their hot mouths moving together like it was the most natural thing in the world. Julia had her arms around her, stroking her bum, and Jill ran her hands up and down the older woman's sides, tickling gently, as their tongues continued to make love to one another's mouths.

Coming up for air and looking over her seductress's shoulder at the clock beside her bed, Jill calculated that they had an hour before her man might arrive home. Her mind raced. Did she want this? Why was it so exciting; why didn't she just push her away, or make excuses. Why was she feeling more wildly aroused than at any time she'd ever kissed her male partner in this same room. Why did her nipples feel like they were on fire as Julia moved one hand up to her head, entwining her fingers in her hair and pulling her face hard against her own.

Why, why, why ...

Reason gave way to emotion as Julia kissed her passionately again and wetly, causing her to struggle for breath for a moment. Julia's other hand was still firmly pressing against her bum cheek, preventing her from pulling away as she pressed her upper thigh hard into Jill's pussy mound. Instinctively and urgently Jill began to grind against Julia's leg, feeling her stockings rubbing against her naked skin. She felt her boobs being crushed against Julia's as they gyrated their upper bodies together, her rock-hard nipples pressed into the other woman's slightly smaller boobs but feeling her equally-erect nipples brushing against hers. The feeling was amazing and Jill felt her orgasm rising inside her fabulously-aroused body.

'Am I crazy?' she pondered in her innermost thought, 'all I did was order some lingerie and now I'm letting myself get fucked by a total stranger, a female stranger!'

Jill felt her pussy flooding with her juices making Julia's leg deliciously slippery. Julia took her hand away from the back of her head allowing her to catch her breath. She leaned back to take a look at her passionate partner's face. It was beautiful, and she saw the intense desire in Julia's eyes. Her lipstick was smudged and her lips shone with a cocktail of the two women's saliva but that only made her look all the more sexy.

Julia's free hand found its way down to Jill's left boob and massaged it firmly and confidently, pinching her nipple between its second and third fingers, pulling until it was longer and harder and more painful than Jill could ever remember, but it was a delicious arousing kind of pain and she was loving every second.

Jill opened her legs wider, threw her head back and arched her spine to increase the pressure of her pussy against Julia's thigh, grinding in circles as she supported her with her other hand, holding them together.

"Oh fuck Julia I'm going to cum soon, can I lie down? I can't cum standing up. I've never been able to. I have to lie down Julia, please, I need to cum Julia, let me ..."

Jill was getting desperate, and whimpered when Julia replied:

"No my sweet, no you can't lie down. You have to watch. In the mirror."

Julia let go of Jill's bum and guided her upright. Jill was shaking and almost crying. "Oh no, Julia, no, please, I can't ..."

Julia guided her round so she was facing the mirror and stood behind her, one hand on her tummy and one on her right boob and with her chin on her shoulder.

"Look at you!"

Jill looked at herself in the mirror. Her boobs were flushed and swollen. Her nipples didn't look like they were her own, they were so hard and red and erect.

"Open your legs," Julia insisted.

Jill parted her weak and shaking legs.

"What do you see?"

Jill looked at her swollen labial lips, and her pubic mound; her upper thighs were soaked with her juices.

"I look like a slut, Julia. I see a wanton whore, ready to cum and needing it so badly. But, Julia, I won't be able to, I'm sure..."

"Really? Let's see shall we ..." and Julia slid her hand down to her desperate companion's gaping pussy.

Jill moaned aloud as Julia's hand brushed gently over her pussy, then more firmly.

'Watch', Julia commanded, and Jill stared at the scene in the mirror. Two naked women, the older one now standing beside her, her naked passionate body on full view; flat tummy taut with the effort of supporting her quarry, legs slightly apart, deep pink inner lips visibly protruding, and firm boobs rocking in time with her rhythmic movements as she expertly played with the younger one's swollen labia, repeatedly brushing her hand across Jill's gaping, deprived, depraved pussy. It was maybe the horniest movie she had ever watched, and she was in it!

She gasped as Julia found her clit, tickling it with her thumb before rubbing it in little circles...it felt so good, she could be doing it with her own hand. Julia was giving her the perfect wank and it was like nothing she had ever experienced before. She felt almost faint and tried to pull away, to lie on her bed and give herself up completely to the sensations in her groin, but Julia held her firmly.

"I said watch!" she almost snapped.

"I can't."

"You can."

Without warning, Julia plunged two fingers inside Jill.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" she wailed. "Ohhhhhhhhh!"

"Tell me how it feels, Jill..." Even Julia was panting slightly.

"Feels too good...fuck me with your hand Julia...make meohhhh....I can't..."

She could feel her legs buckling as Julia's fingers worked their magic on her clit and inside her juicy

hole.

It was too much and Jill felt her legs start to give way as the orgasm rose in her tummy. Julia held her firmly, her arm around her waist as she continued to finger fuck her.

Jill came, but it wasn't just cumming, it was like an explosion and she watched in the mirror as her juices flowed out, ejaculating almost like a man onto Julia's hand and arm. It came over her again, waves and waves, as she fucked Julia's fingers.

Eventually, weakly, she collapsed back onto her bed, panting, legs wide apart, dignity non-existent.

Julia stood and watched as her orgasmic convulsions subsided, her breathing slowed and her tight-clenched facial muscles began to relax.

Julia grinned. "See?"

Jill sat up, looking shocked and disorientated as he looked around her own bedroom, her bed awash with discarded expensive lingerie and the reflection of a perspiration and pussy-juice-soaked woman she hardly recognised reflected back at her in the large mirrors.

Then, slowly, a broad smile swept across her face. She looked Julia's firm, mature body up and down as she stood looking somewhat triumphant with her hands on her hips.

"Ok, you filthy bitch," Jill growled, "Now it's your turn!" and she began to move towards her assailant, but Julia pushed her back onto the bed.

"Me? Filthy? Oh that's rich coming from you, you horny little lingerie slut!" Julia chided, licking Jill's juices off her fingers.

"I saw how much you got off on seeing yourself in the mirror, and looking at me too! You like that, do you? You like to watch, and you like to show off? You're a gorgeous, hot, voyeur-exhibitionist cutie and you know it! You looked amazing in that delicious lingerie and you look even better naked, lying there with your legs wide apart like you want more of what you just had."

Jill scowled at her and pulled up her knees, trying to cover her pussy and boobs, but just giving Julia a different view of her drenched and still-swollen labial lips. She tried to protest her innocence but the words simply wouldn't come out because she knew they wouldn't be true.

Julia continued to admonish and deride her, grabbing her wrists and pushing her arms above her

head before lying full-stretch on top of Jill's hot perspiration-soaked body, and rounded off by saying, with a mocking laugh: "And you know what? You'll look better still when you're flat on your back with my hot sex buried in your perfect pretty face!!"

Jill put up a weak and unconvincing struggle as Julia planted her pussy-juice-tasting lips squarely on Jill's mouth and kissed her passionately until she was gasping and struggling under the older woman's firm nude body. She tasted her own scent on the lips that engulfed her, and it aroused her more than she dared to admit. She probed Julia's mouth with her searching tongue, exploring every corner, until suddenly it was no longer there.

Its owner spoke in a whisper: "you want to put that tongue somewhere else?"

Jill nodded.

"Where?"

"In you"

"Where?"

"Inside you, Julia, I want to .."

"Be more exact, my cutie. WHERE?" Julia was getting impatient.

"In ... in ... your pussy, Julia. Can I?"

"Pussy? Pussy?? Don't you know a better, more expressive word for it?"

Jill blushed. "Yes, of course I do"

"Say it, Jill, tell me what you want to do, Jill," Julia teased, now kneeling astride Jill's waist, her pussy lips full and pink against her pale flesh and her juices oozing between their bodies.

"I ... Julia ... I ... " then she blurted out all-in-a-rush: "I want to fuck you Julia, I want to lick your cunt and fuck it. I want to fuck your cunt with my tongue Ju"!

Her last words were muffled as Julia rose up over Jill's face, hovered there for a moment looking down at the fire burning in her partner's eyes, then sank her engorged 'cunt' down onto the eager mouth that craved her taste.

Julia leaned forward on the bed, supporting her upper body weight on her arms and tilting her pelvis to maximise access to her lips, to her wide-open pussy-hole and her pink, aching clit. She ground her hips in circles and made small rocking movements in time with the probing stabs of the tongue that she needed inside her so badly.

"You like my taste?"

Jill nodded.

"Is this what you wanted?"

Nodded again.

"You want to make me cum?" Julia asked, this time lifting herself off a fraction, enough for Jill to gasp and pant between her words: "oh fuck ... yes ... Julia ... I ... want to ... give you a ... fabulous ... orgasm ... better than ... the one ... you gave ... me."

"Be my guest!" Julia replied, half smiling, half shuddering as once again the warm firm tongue beneath her made perfect contact with her pussy, Julia moved one hand down and used two fingers to lift her clit hood, allowing Jill to make direct contact on her pink bud.

Julia gasped and bucked her hips; Jill could tell she was getting close to orgasm even though this was the first time she had ever been so much as naked and alone with another woman, never mind laying on her own bed, tongue-fucking her like it was the most natural thing she could ever want to do on a warm spring afternoon.

Julia settled into Jill's rhythm, purring words of encouragement between gasps and moans. Jill looked up and could see Julia's firm boobs rocking in perfect time, her nipples grossly extended, hard, fiery and so inviting.

"Yes, yes, just there," Julia instructed, her climax rising and no way now of holding back. "Like that, yess, good girl. More mmm, more yes, oh, hold it no, no slow down, like that, mmm, now, faster, No! Careful, just a little harder, now, faster, yes, speed it up, like when you finger yourself, yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes oh wow Jill you are so ohh ... shit yesssss, sooooo good at this

..... mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm ohfuckyesofyesshityes Jill mmmmm

..... you're gonna you're soooooon mmmm Jill yes yes yes yes

YESYESYESSSSS OH FUCKMEFUCKMEFUCKME

YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS".

(I think you know what happened there, without further explanation. Jill is so expressive when she writes, isn't she!).

For a while the two women lay almost motionless beside each other on the wide sumptuous bed. Crumpled lingerie everywhere, a huge damp patch on the carpet and more on the pure white Egyptian cotton bed-linen, clothes discarded on the floor and the smell of intense sex heavy in the air.

Jill reached across to take a tissue from the box next to the digital alarm clock, but suddenly sat bolt upright and screamed:

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!!!"

Julia laughed; "You want more?"

"No," Jill exclaimed, a real sense of fear and urgency in her voice.

"It's gone 5 o'clock! He'll be home any minute!!!"

Julia grasped the gravity of the situation, as well as armfuls of luscious but unworn bras and panties. "I'll take these and pack them later. Pass me my clothes."

Jill helped her to dress in just her jacket and skirt and bundled her shirt and underwear into the delivery box.

"No, you keep them." Julia insisted, pushing her damp cherry-red panties into Jill's hand as she tottered out of the room, feet only half in her shoes.

Stopping for a moment, she reached in her bag and pulled out two small pieces of paper each carrying her company logo. On one she wrote her mobile phone number and gave it to Jill.

On the other she wrote: "Jill has some new lingerie. Enjoy the show. I did. xxx Julia"

and slipped it into the pocket of a man's jacket she found hanging just inside the front door of the

house as she left.

Julia climbed into the cab of her company delivery truck and preened her hair in the big side mirror, noticing a large black car stop behind her in the crescent drive just as she pulled away.

Julia smiled.

This was a collaboration that grew out of some intimate exchanges online between myself and 'Jill' (not her real name). Girls, hope you like it; please leave sensible comments!

If you think you would have taken this story in a different direction, you could cut and paste the text up to and including "... nonchalantly leaning against the doorframe and admiring the show." into a message or email to me, then write a few paragraphs of your own. If I like your ideas we can develop the fresh storyline together. How's that? xxx Julia