The Heatwave - The Morning After

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Suzi and Helen begin to understand the full implications of their relationship

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The Morning After

Helen Chapman awoke slowly, her brain gradually acknowledging her surroundings as consciousness returned. Her bottle green eyes flickered open, and for a moment she stared uncomprehending at the raftered ceiling of the Coach House, which was already thrown into stark relief by the bright morning sunlight. For a brief moment she was disorientated, not immediately recognising her surroundings, and then a tide of memories of the previous evening flooded back, and a slow smile spread over her face as she savoured the delicious soreness between her legs.

She was lying alone on a rumpled four poster bed, naked from the waist up, her legs and pelvis covered only with a thin white sheet. Already she could sense the intensity of the sun beating on the windows, and she felt a bead of sweat run slowly between her exposed breasts. She brought her hand up to brush it away, and was unable to prevent herself from allowing her fingers to drift gently over her stiffening nipples, unconsciously re-creating the touch of her lover the previous night, and the intense pleasure she had both experienced and given. And then suddenly she remembered the full circumstances of the last twenty-four hours, and the avalanche of doubts and fears returned as the reality of her situation began to fully dawn on her.

"Good morning, gorgeous!" The voice interrupted her chain of thought and brought her rushing back to the present. "I'm glad you've finally return to the land of the living - I was beginning to think I was going to have to eat breakfast on my own!"

Helen raised her head from the pillow to identify where the voice was coming from, and for not the first time in their relationship found herself marvelling at what an astonishingly beautiful woman Suzi Brakespeare was. Five feet two in her bare feet, her angelic features framed with long blonde hair still wet from the shower, even the oversized granddad shirt she wore could not hide the magnificently curvaceous body that lay beneath. As she walked gracefully towards the bed across the bare boards of the Coach House floor, Helen could clearly see the bounce of her breasts beneath the thin material, and she felt a shaft of sexual desire strike her with an intensity that was almost painful. Suzi

placed the tray she carried on the bedside table, and bent her head to kiss Helen firmly on the mouth, her tongue sliding gently between her lovers lips while she cradled her head firmly between her hands.

"Mmmmmmm..." Suzi broke off the kiss and drew back to survey Helen's naked torso. "You look good enough to eat."

Helen giggled. "You did, remember?"

"How could I possibly forget?" Suzi sat down on the edge of the bed. "I've brought you breakfast."

She lifted the tray off the table and onto Helen's lap. "Orange juice, toast, and coffee," she said indicating the items "There's more in the kitchen if you want it."

"This is great thanks." Helen sipped the orange juice. "Have you been up long?"

"Half an hour or so. I felt in need of a shower after the exertions of last night." Suzi held her gaze steadily, watching her reaction. Despite herself Helen felt a blush creeping across her cheeks at this reference to their passionate love-making of the previous evening.

"I'm glad you weren't disappointed", she said quietly.

Suzi continued to hold her gaze unflinchingly. "I had the best fuck of my life," she said. The words seem to hang in the air for an eternity.

"I really mean that. No man or woman has ever made me feel like you did last night. And not just on a physical level."

She shifted position slightly, reaching behind her absently as she felt something hard dig into her buttock. Groping under the sheet she fiddled around until her hand encountered a cylindrical object wrapped up in the folds of the bedsheet. With a giggle she held the vibrator up for inspection.

"I suppose I ought to get some new batteries at some point today," she remarked.

Helen lowered her slice of toast to the plate. "Do you really mean that?"

"Well, I don't have to - I thought you rather enjoyed it..."

"Suzi, please! Not the batteries, for God's sake. Be serious for a moment."

Suzi tossed the vibrator onto the other side of the bed and looked at her curiously, head slightly tilted to one side. Another button had fallen open on her shirt and her right breast was exposed almost to the nipple, which Helen could see straining against the thin material. She fought down the overwhelming physical urge to pull this alluring and intensely sexual creature towards her.

"Look, I know you think I'm stupid doing all this worrying....but I'm not like you, Suze. I can't just take this as a bit of fun with no consequences. I need more than that - oh God...what I'm trying to say is...that I think I feel more than that."

"And you're afraid that I don't, is that it? Good old slapper Suzi, as long as she gets a good fuck out of it that's all that matters?" The blonde girl's smile took the sting out of the words.

"That wasn't what I meant." Helen looked confused. "It's just me - I need to know there's something more here than just sex, for my own sake if nothing else." She held out her hand towards Suzi. "I've never in my life experienced such a strong sexual desire, and it frightens me. Look at me, I'm shaking for Christ's sake!"

"Oh Baby!" Suzi raised Helen's hand to her lips and gently kissed the knuckles. Almost unconsciously she took the index finger in her mouth and gently fellated it. Helen watched this explicit display of sexuality with a mixture of despair and a lust so intense she wanted to scream. As if she could read her lovers thoughts, Suzi slowly removed the finger from her mouth, leaving it damp with her own saliva. For a moment she surveyed her handiwork, then she took the finger and gently rested it at the base of her own throat. Helen held it there for a moment, and then allowed the hand to drift downwards towards the breasts that rose and fell enticingly beneath the thin cotton. The heat in the room suddenly seemed stifling, and Helen could see tiny beads of sweat forming on Suzi's chest as she arched her back to push it closer to her lovers hand. The blonde girl gently removed the plate of half-eaten toast from Helens lap, and placed her arms either side of her lovers head and took her weight on them. As she did so she gently swung her legs up behind her onto the bed, lowering them gently between Helen's own, her knees gently forcing the taller girls legs wide apart. Helen lay prone with her lover above her, savouring the contact between her legs. She slid her hand inside Suzi's shirt, caressing the full breasts, searching for the nipples, and an involuntary moan escaped her lips as Suzi's pubic bone ground into hers, separated only by a layer of thin cotton. Suzi lowered her head to her lover's ear.

"I meant what I said", she whispered. "No one has ever made me feel like this, man or woman."

"Oh Suzi!" Helen's voice was hoarse with desire. "I want you so much it scares me. Not just here, now, like this..." she paused "...but always...."

Her voice tailed off as Suzi's mouth closed over hers, and her hands began frantically searching for the buttons on Suzi's shirt. As soon as she had them loose she pushed it back over her lover's shoulders, fingers tangled in the mass of blonde hair and tanned skin. She thrust her pelvis up towards the girl above her, raising her knees, trying to find a position where her clitoris could get the attention it so desperately craved. In response Suzi began gently thrusting with her hips, but then she suddenly seemed to change her mind. Breaking off the kiss she pushed herself upright, and kneeling between Helen's spread legs, shrugged off the open shirt. With one quick movement she swept the sheet and shirt onto the floor, leaving the taller girl exposed on the bed. For a few seconds she just seemed to savour the sight of her nakedness, and then she slid off the bed and rose to her feet, taking Helen's hand and she did so.

"Come on Baby, I think you need a shower!"

Almost before she could think of a reply, Helen found herself being gently led off the bed and guided towards the door of the bathroom. Halfway across the polished wooden floor, Suzi suddenly stopped and pulled Helen to her. Naked, they stood there kissing for several minutes, each savouring the delight of the others naked body pressed against theirs. Helen could feel Suzi's breasts crushed against her own, the nipples hard against her skin, and she realised that the shorter girl was standing on tip-toe bring her mouth to the level of her lovers. Their tongues danced around each other as they both savoured the moment. Helen's hands caressed Suzi's back gently, while her own buttocks were being expertly massaged in return. Then without a word, Suzi broke off the kiss and led Helen across the raised threshold into the tiled bathroom.

In fact it was strictly speaking a shower-room, the restrictions of space meaning there was no bath and no separate shower cubicle. The whole room was tiled, walls and floor, on the "wet room" principle, when the shower was on it filled all the available space, and the drain was in the middle of the floor. One outstanding feature was the full-length mirror on one wall - a feature Suzi clearly felt no bathroom should be without, Helen had thought with a grin when she had used the shower the previous evening.

Even now she could see her own reflection, standing naked as Suzi worked the taps on the wall behind her. A jet of warm water spurted from the ceiling and splashed onto her shoulder, cascading over her small firm breasts, causing the nipples to stiffen impressively in response. With the shower running to her satisfaction, Suzi moved to a position beside Helen, and studied their reflection in the mirror.

"How good do we look together?" Suzi was almost purring with delight. She ran her hands across Helen's wet breasts, teasing her nipples between her thumb and fore-finger.

"You are just soooo beautiful, my darling." She leant in close and gently nibbled Helens neck. "Such beauty deserves to be rewarded," she murmured "So as a reward, I'm going to make you cum. And just in case you think that's just shallow old sex-crazed Suzi talking, I'm going to make you cum because I think I'm falling in love with you. Amongst other things"

The room span around Helen. A range of emotions swept through her being: desire, delight, fear in equal measure. She turned her head to seek her lovers kiss, aware that the shower was washing tears from her eyes. But as her lips met Suzi's, and her open eyes surveyed the beautiful face beneath hers, it was lust that rose intensely within her. A burning desire for sexual gratification, as strong as anything she had ever experienced before burned through her very soul, causing her to moan out loud with desire.

Suzi drew back from the kiss.

"Oh baby, you really want it, don't you?"

Helen nodded dumbly.

"You are one sexy bitch!" Suzi giggled, "Which makes two of us. Come here!"

She pulled Helen back towards the wall opposite the mirror, directly underneath the shower jet. Her back to the wall, she turned Helen so she too faced the mirror, and then slid gently down the tiled wall into a sitting position, slowly guiding Helen down until she too was sat with her back pressed against Suzi's breasts, between her spread legs. She felt Suzi's lips against her ear.

"I do this on my own sometimes," Helen felt soapy liquid squeezed onto her chest over her left shoulder. "I like to admire myself while I sit here and play". Suzi's left hand began to rub the soap across Helen's breasts. Her right began to gently push at the inside of her lovers thighs.

"Spread 'em, Chapman!" she whispered, "I want to see that lovely little pussy."

Helen let out another little moan as she parted her legs and raised her knees. In the mirror she could clearly see her own reflection, the wanton display of lust and abandonment. Her soapy breasts being expertly breasts massaged by one of Suzi's hands, while the other slid slowly down her thigh towards the exposed pink of her vagina. She tipped her head back to rest on the blonde girl's shoulder, closed her eyes, and gave a little shudder of anticipation.

Suzi began to concentrate on the task she had set herself. She rinsed her hand carefully in the

shower jet to make sure there was no soap on it, and gently slid her fingers between Helen's pussy lips, brushing her clit. Helen's body jerked as she did so, and she gave a throaty grunt.

"This isn't going to take long, is it baby?" Suzi whispered in her lover's ear. "I love it when you need me this bad. I bet you could cum just by me talking to you, couldn't you?" She giggled huskily.

"Don't tease me Suzi, please...." Helen was shaking as two fingers circled her clitoris. "Please fuck me!"

"Of course, baby". Suzi slid two fingers into Helens pussy and began a gentle thrusting.

"Ohhh, fuck!" Helen lifted her buttocks off the tiled floor as she sort to maximise the penetration. "Oh God, yes..."

Suzi slid her fingers out of Helen's pussy and replaced them with her thumb. Helen gave another stifled moan of pleasure. Suzi started thrusting rhythmically with her thumb, her hand pointing downwards between Helen's spread legs. She curled her first two fingers up between the firm buttocks, and lubricated with a mixture of soapy water and her lovers own juices, she slid her middle finger into Helen's anus.

Helen froze. This was an area of love-making about which she had no experience, one she had always been at pains to avoid. Every fibre of her Catholic upbringing screamed at her that this was dirty, unnatural, perverted. And then as the finger and thumb within her began to work their magic, a far more basic instinct took over and she felt a wave of pleasure rise within her; a pleasure so intense that it could not be denied, a pleasure that seemed to build for an age, layer upon layer, wave upon wave of intensity, each one greater than before until it seemed that the dam must burst or be swamped. And yet it held fast until it could finally hold no longer...

"Cum for me, baby!" Suzi gasped in her ear, her wrist a blur, finger and thumb frantically pistoning into Helen's body. Helen went rigid, her buttocks now clean off the floor, her pelvis thrust forwards. The water from the shower glued her dark hair to her head, her eyes were closed, her mouth open and moving soundlessly, as if she was trying to say something.

"Aaaaaaarrrgggghhhhh!" The scream was animal in its intensity. Helen's eyes snapped open as she came, and her pelvis bucked frantically as if she was fighting to escape the intrusion of Suzi's fingers.

"Oh God, yes, yes....oh SHIT!" Suzi was determined not to stop until her lover begged her to. Her right hand continued to work furiously between Helen's legs, while her left rolled and tugged at her nipples. She lowered her head and bit firmly at the base of Helen's neck. Another wave of orgasm

powered through the dark-skinned girl's body and caused Suzi to jerk her own head back sharply, fearful for her teeth.

"Oh fuck, Suzi, stop please! I can't take any more!"

Helen's hands struggled to pull Suzi's from between her legs. Shuddering, she pulled her legs together drew them up to her chest as she fell back into the arms of the young woman who had just given her such intense pleasure. For a while she lay there, foetal, head thrown back, allowing the shower water to splash into her face. Then she slowly raised her head and put her arms around Suzi's neck, looking straight into her bright blue eyes.

"I love you," she said simply, and sobbing, buried her head in the wet blonde curls.

Judi woke suddenly, blinking in the intense sunlight that flooded through the open french-windows of her bedroom. God, she must have slept late, she thought. Mind you, it had been the early hours of the morning before she had finally got to sleep. For a moment she lay there, mulling over the events of the previous day. As if it wasn't enough to discover your daughter having a lesbian relationship (and an extremely sexually gratifying one, to judge from what she had heard) you end up having wonderful cathartic sex with someone you hardly know, who turns up on your doorstep later the same evening. She closed her eyes for a moment and contemplated going back to sleep. No, that would never do, she decided. For one, she need a shower, she could still feel the sticky wetness between her legs. And secondly the adventures of the previous night had made her aware of something that she hadn't even realised she was missing - something she should have taken care of a long time ago.

She swung her legs out of bed and pulled on her silk dressing gown as she walked to the French windows. Yet another scorcher of a day, she thought as she squinted out into the baking sunlight. No sign of the heat wave abating as yet. Likewise, no sign of Suzi stirring, either. She stared across the gravelled yard at the Coach House, and idly wondered if Helen had stayed the night. I hope this isn't going to cause a lot of problems, she thought. I wonder who Helen's parents are? Oh God, I might even know them! How embarrassing could that be? She wandered back into the bedroom, and checked the watch by her bed. Eleven-thirty - even later than she had thought. Time to make that 'phone call.

She opened the door to her en-suite and began to run a bath. It suited her mood better than a shower, and meant she could relax and chat at the same time. She retrieved the 'phone from it's place by the bed and set it down beside the bath. For a while she sat thinking about nothing in particular, just watching the bubbles rise to the rim of the tub. She reached over and turned off the

taps, before standing up and allowing the dressing gown to swing open. For a moment she stood, surveying herself in the mirror. Not at all bad, she reflected for the second time in as many days, as she allowed the gown to drop off her shoulders and gently cupped a breast in each hand, feeling the weight and firmness. It was a long time since those boobs had been her meal-ticket, she thought, but they could still turn a few heads. Her finger tips brushed her nipples, and she felt a stirring of desire between her legs. For a moment she toyed with the idea of indulging herself with masturbation, and her pulse quickened as she anticipated the delights of orgasm, but then she put the idea to the back of her mind until she had spoken to Kayti.

She pulled down the blind on the frosted window to block out the worst of the glare of the midday sun, and lit several scented candles, before lowering herself sensuously beneath the bubbles, resting her head on the rim as she slowly soaped her body. For a while she just lay there, listening to the drip of the tap and savouring the vanilla aroma of the candles, feeling the water support and caress her body, the warm gloom of the bathroom making her drowsy and relaxed. With some effort she roused herself and reached for the 'phone, flicking through the numbers stored in it until she found the one she was looking for.

Kayti Chamberlain was Judi's oldest and closest friend. Godmother at Suzi's christening, bridesmaid at Judi's wedding, and guide and confidant from the day they had first met on what transpired to be mutually their first topless photoshoot. It was Kayti who had persuaded her that they should both alter their names to more exotic spellings to enhance their allure; thus Katherine Marie Chambers had become Kayti Chamberlain, while Judith Michelle Truscott became Judi Brakespeare. For a brief spell they had been lovers, sharing a bed in a bachelorette flat in Battersea, but they both quickly came to appreciate that their friendship was worth more to them than a mutual desire for sexual satisfaction, and had moved on, while making sure that the deep affection they felt for each other remained intact. Over the years their paths had diverged, Kayti was now an incredibly successful businesswoman, while Judi had been happy to lose herself in her relationship with Tommy, a man considerably older than her who had become her lover and ultimately her husband; and the closest thing Suzi had ever had to a father. Since Tommy's death, however, Judi had felt as if her life had been put on hold. As a married couple they had enjoyed an intensely physical relationship, and Judi felt the loss of her companion and lover keenly. Feeling that any sparks she rekindled might grow to become flames disloyal to her late husband's memory, she had done her best to suppress her natural physicality and play the role of slightly faded country widow. She was only just beginning to realise how little lace and chintz suited her, and her daughters recent behaviour was only serving to emphasise the point.

She pressed the green button on the handset, and heard the ringing tone begin. Once, twice, three times...she wondered if she'd got the right number.

"Judi, darling!" The voice on the other end of the line had a distinctly upper-middle class twang to it,

something which always amused Judi when she recalled the Kayti of twenty years ago defiantly singing the praises of her working class upbringing in rural Shropshire. "How are you, my love? It's been simply ages!"

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry I haven't been in touch. There's been so much to sort out..."

"I understand, sweetheart. You must have had a pretty rough year. Never mind, we're talking now and that's the main thing. How is that gorgeous daughter of yours?"

"Rather too gorgeous for her own good."

"Oh, dear. Just like her mother then." Kayti gave a throaty chuckle. "Man trouble? Or has she realised that if she wants to take her clothes off in the right places she need never do a legitimate stroke of work again?"

"Not as far as I'm aware. Not yet, anyway."

"Don't worry, she will. She's her mothers daughter after all. So to what do I owe the honour of this call?"

"I...err..was wondering if you were planning any meetings in the near future." There was sudden silence at the other end of the 'phone.

"Well, I have to say I wasn't expecting you to ask that." Another pause. "As it happens, your timing is, as ever, immaculate. There's one tonight. Can you make it?"

"I don't see why not. I wasn't planning much for today. The usual time?"

"Yes. Don't be late. I have something very special for everyone tonight."

Judi shifted in the bath, watching the water break over her half submerged breasts. "Sounds fascinating - do tell."

"Not a chance, Truscott, wait and see for yourself."

Just for a moment Judi heard distant echoes of Katherine Chambers. She laughed. "I can wait."

"Good. What about your lovely daughter? Is she not interested?"

"Kayti, do you mind? I'm her mother for goodness sake! You don't seriously expect me to discuss things like that with her?"

"Well, I'm presuming she's not taken the veil? I somehow think you would have told me if she'd chosen to spend the rest of her life in a nunnery. So I presume she's a healthy girl in her early twenties with appetites not dissimilar to those of her mother. Is she still seeing the Rugby chap? What's his name...Jason Ridings?"

"Ryder. How did you know about that?"

"Oh yes, Ryder. How appropriate." Judi grinned despite herself as her friend continued talking. "I don't know about you in the sticks, darling, but here in civilisation we have things called newspapers. In case you didn't know, your daughter's beau scored some terribly important last minute drop goal or something against the New Zealanders and was feted to the skies. Naturally the girl on his arm caught some of the fall out. Didn't you know about him?"

"I think she brought him home once, but she seems to always have several on the go at any one time. It can be quite difficult to keep up. And she never seems vastly interested in any of them. At least, none of them ever get stay in the inner temple."

It was Kayti's turn to laugh now. "Oh yes, that wonderful Coach House. Is she still keeping that as sacred ground?"

"Up to a point, I think." Judi tried to put out of her mind the thought of her daughter and Helen lying in each others arms inside the walls of the Coach House that lay beyond the window of her bathroom.

"Good for her! Fuck them on their turf but keep your own space sacred." Kayti was still laughing. "You taught her well."

"Until you fall in love." said Judi almost without realising she'd said it.

"Well, I wouldn't know anything about that, as you well know," Kayti sounded like she was walking as she talked, Judi could hear the click of her heels. "I never let anything as unrewarding as sentiment stand in the way of me and cold hard cash. That's something you know a lot more about than me."

Judi was still some way behind. "I didn't teach her anything. Suzi seems to have worked all this out for herself. By the way, did I mention that she changed her name?"

"I can't say I remember if you did. But then she's following a time-honoured family tradition, isn't she?

What particular combination did you lumber her with?"

"You should know, you were there! Susanne Katherine Rhiannon Breakspeare."

"I know I was, but if I remember correctly there was a very nice young photographer who kept on pestering me to find him an opening in the glamour business."

"I'm sure you were able to oblige." said Judi, rather more acidly than she had intended.

"Over the course of a physically exhausting weekend stay at a rather nice hotel near Reading, if remember correctly," said Kayti without rancour. "So what has she opted for?"

"Suzi. S - U - Z- I"

"Very chic, very sexy, and completely in keeping with the precedent established by her mother and Godmother. I don't suppose you could bring her with you? I rather think she and I would get on famously."

"Certainly not. She's...err..staying with a friend at the moment."

"Ah," said Kayti, "Another lover? Good for her. Well, give her my love and tell her I look forward to seeing her. I take it I need to put you name on the gate for tonight?"

"Yes please."

"Consider it done. I'll see you tonight - you know the dress code?"

"Of course."

"Goodbye then, Judi my love. I look forward to seing you this evening."

"'Bye Kayti - I'll see you tonight."

Judi dropped the handset outside the tub in a shower of bubbles and subsided into the water. What was it Kayti had called the Coach House, sacred ground? God, she was right! As far as Judi knew, none of Suzi's lovers had ever spent the night there - until now, that was. She felt an odd, hollow feeling in the pit of her stomach, and tried to remember how it had been during the brief few weeks that she and Kayti had been lovers. She recalled how appalled she had initially been at the strength of her attraction to her own sex, her own worries and doubts, but mostly she recalled one particular

November weekend, when the rain fell unceasingly on the skylight above their bed in the attic flat they shared; as they made love time and time again. They had not dressed once from Friday night to Monday morning, glorying in each others magnificent bodies, orgasm blurring into orgasm in a way Judi had never experienced before or since. Kayti had taught her so much, she thought.

The water in the bath rippled as her belly rose and fell with her breathing. Her breasts were clear of the water now, and she was suddenly aware that she was gently fondling them. Her pussy ached for the attention of her fingers, but she fought the urge to let her hand slide between her legs. Wait, she scolded herself, the anticipation is half the pleasure. With a bubble covered hand she groped around by the taps, searching for the large chrome button located there. Her fingers found it, pressed, and the pump beneath the bath rumbled gently as the Jacuzzi jets burst into life. Judi felt the power of the water on her thigh and wave of anticipation swept through her as she anticipated the effect of that jet on the sensitive tissue between her legs. Elegantly she swung both of her legs over the side of the bath and, leaning back, directed the side jet of the bath directly at her pussy. She arched her pelvis slightly to ensure the jet was hitting her clitoris as intensely as possible, and then laid her head back against the side of the bath, waiting for her orgasm to build slowly within her. It took nearly ten minutes for the power of the water to finally bring her to climax, and when it did, it was long, slow, deep and intense. As she came Judi made no noise, but her white knuckles gripping the side of the bath were silent testimony to the intensity of the shuddering climax she experienced.

Suzi and Helen lay on the floor of the shower, dripping wet, naked in each others arms. Both of them crying, their mouths were crushed together in seemingly never-ending kiss, their limbs inter-twined as if they were trying to become one. Helen broke off the kiss and held Suzi's face between her hands.

"I love you, Suzi. I've never been more sure of anything in my life"

Suzi gazed back into the green eyes. For a moment she chewed her lower lip, and then she said quietly "I love you too Helen. No if's no but's, no doubts. I feel about you like I've never felt about anyone else, ever. I want to be with you every single moment of the day. I've known it since the moment I saw you at that party on Saturday night."

For a moment the emotional intensity of the moment overwhlemed them both, and they broke down in each others arms, tears flowing freely. It was Helen who recovered first.

"Look at the pair of us!" she giggled through her tears, "What a pair of emotional cows we are! Hormones a-go-go!"

Suzi found her own tears dissolving into laughter.

"There's gratitude Miss Chapman. I show you sexual nirvana and you start crying on me!"

"Oh I'm so sorry, I didn't realise when I set out on this casual lesbian fling that I'd end up falling completely in love with you!"

"But you have, haven't you?" said Suzi gently. "And I have with you. So I guess we're just going to have to live with it, aren't we?"

Helen nuzzled into her neck. "I can if you can." she said.

Suzi sat upright and leant her back against the tiled wall of the shower. "I've just had a great idea," she said. "Do you ride?"

"What, horses?"

"Yes, of course. All the other obvious jokes I already have an intimate knowledge of!" Suzi gave a wicked grin.

"I did, until a couple of years ago. I suppose I still can - it's like riding a bike isn't it? You never forget how."

"Brilliant! Come on!" Suzi struggled to her feet and helped Helen up after her. "Ooh, I've just had an awful thought. You don't have to work or anything sordid like that do you?"

Helen burst out laughing. "How nicely put! No, I was doing some work for my Dad earlier on in the summer, but that's all over now." She spread her arms. "I'm all yours."

Suzi looked at her suddenly with unexpected seriousness. "I know." she said quietly.

Judi lay in the bath, eyes closed, her breathing slow and steady. For sometime she hovered in a delicious state of post orgasmic bliss somewhere between sleep and wakefulness, while the water grew cool around her. She idly wondered what the time was, and how long she had before she would need to leave if she were to reach Kayti’s home in Surrey at the appointed time. Casually, she stretched out her foot and turned the large chrome knob by the taps that opened the plug. As the water drained away, she began to make a mental note of things she needed to do in order to get her

fully prepared. Sod it; she thought to herself, someone else could pamper her for a change. She climbed out of the bath, and sat naked and dripping on the edge while she retrieved the phone from where she had dropped it. She dialled a familiar number.

“Hi, Marianne? Oh good, I’m glad I caught you. Look, I’ve had a bit of a last minute invitation to a rather swish do….could you possibly fit me in this afternoon? Oh, wonderful! You’re a darling. Err…manicure, pedicure, facial…and a wax. Is that ok? Fantastic! I’ll see you in an hour.”

She switched the ‘phone off and walked naked back into the bedroom. God, I didn’t realise it was that late, she thought as she looked at the clock by the bed. Never mind, she would take her clothes with her and change at Marianne’s – it was pretty much on the way, anyway. She pulled open the door of the wardrobe and began the complex process of deciding on her outfit.

Helen put the final touches to her lipstick and surveyed herself in the bathroom mirror. Not too bad, she thought, as she blotted her lips and returned the tube to the bag she had borrowed from Suzi. Actually no, be honest with yourself Chapman, you look damn good – positively glowing, in fact. She struck a catwalk pose and looked approvingly at her reflection. She unfastened the bath towel she wore wrapped around her and held it wide open her eyes running approvingly over the curves of her naked body.

“Yes Babe, you look fantastic!” Suzi’s voice came from the doorway of the bathroom. “Freshly fucked, and totally loved up.”

“That would because I am. In both cases.” Helen turned and caught sight of Suzi in the mirror. “Holy shit, Suze, you look like a Hooray Henry’s sexual fantasy!”

“Why thank you, Miss Chapman. As long as I’m your sexual fantasy too.”

Suzi did indeed look fantastic. Fawn jodhpurs that fitted like a second skin were tucked into black leather riding boots, and the whole ensemble was topped off with a short sleeved white blouse through which her bra was clearly visible. Her wavy blonde hair cascaded onto her shoulders as she twisted around in an attempt to ensure that she looked as good from behind as in front.

“Do you really go riding like that?” Helen could not take her eyes off Suzi’s gloriously displayed backside. God, the girl was so lovely.

“Yes, why not? It is the accepted dress for it, you know.”

“I hope you don’t go anywhere near a road. You could cause a major accident.” She wrapped the towel around herself. “Just out of interest, what am I supposed to wear?”

“We’ll sort you something out at the stables. Jo will have some kit you can borrow. In the meantime, I think these should fit you ok.” Suzi handed her a lacy white thong. “I’m afraid there’s no chance of my having a bra that might fit you, but I rather like watching your lovely little boobies bounce.”

Helen grinned. She let the towel drop and stepped into the thong. The thin material looked very white against her sun-tanned skin. Suzi stepped closer to her as she straightened up and slowly ran her fingertips across her lover’s pert breasts. Helen pulled back from her touch.

“You start that and we won’t get anywhere,” she said, a little breathlessly. “I think I’d better get dressed quickly before we lose the whole day.”

Suzi sighed. “You’re right,” she murmured, “But it does seem a shame to cover that gorgeous body up.”

Helen grinned. “Don’t worry, you can have the pleasure of uncovering it again later.” She kissed Suzi gently on the lips. “Now what am I wearing?”

Suzi was suddenly practical. “Your stuff is still in the machine, I forgot to take it out last night… I can’t imagine why. Anyway, I think these will fit. I’ll put your stuff in the dryer and it will be done by the time we get back.”

Helen inspected the proffered clothes, which consisted of a sarong style wrap-around skirt of deep azure blue, and a white crop-top. She dressed quickly and surveyed the result in the mirror. The sarong hung low on her hips, and combined with the top revealed rather more midriff than she was accustomed to showing, but she thought the overall effect looked quite good. Certainly Suzi looked approving.

“Very tropical” she said, as Helen twirled at her request. “Appropriate for this weather. Ready?”

Helen slid her feet into her sandals. “Ready” she said.

Suzi opened the door that led out onto the steps and immediately winced at the glare of the midday sun. The day was proving to be another scorcher, with no respite from the relentless heat, and the air shimmered under a cloudless blue sky. As she locked up the door behind them she glanced across to the other side of the gravel yard. Several windows had been thrown open to admit what little breeze

there was, but beyond that the house sat silent, as if stupefied by the unaccustomed heat. She suddenly remembered something.

“Hey, Helen.”

“Yes?” They were walking around the outside of the Coach House, heading for the lane that ran alongside.

“Did you hear a car in the night?”

“I don’t think so. Why?”

“I thought I did – just before I fell asleep. It sounded like someone coming up to the house.”

“Is that so strange? Isn’t your mum allowed to have visitors? Perhaps you’re not the only one with a new lover.”

Suzi grinned as she opened the gate to the lane.

“She’d tell me if she had,” she said. “She doesn’t keep any secrets from me.”

Judi watched the two girls disappear through the gate and onto the lane. That was handy, she thought, it would save her a lot of explanations about where she was going and why. Her daughter was so wrapped up in her new relationship that with any luck she wouldn’t even notice her absence. She checked that the last of the house windows was shut, and made her way to the hallway, where her overnight bag waited at the foot of the stairs. She raised the handle and towed it behind her down the passage to the side door which led out onto the gravel yard. Locking the door behind her she walked swiftly to the rear of the house and unlocked the door to the old stables. She thought it was highly unlikely that Suzi would be back for several hours, but there seemed no point in taking any chances and she was cutting it pretty fine anyway if she was going to fit in a solid afternoon’s pampering and still get to Kayti’s on time. Despite the brightness of the light outside, the interior of the stable was dark and Judi flicked on the light before she closed the door behind her. The stable had been converted into an immaculately clean and very well equipped workshop; walls, floor and ceiling all painted white with racks of gleaming tools and pristine work benches along each wall. Standing in the centre of the space, gleaming in the glare of the strip lights, was a dark blue Bentley Mulsanne Turbo Convertible. It had been one of Tommy’s few extravagances, which he had justified by telling her it was an appreciating classic, but the truth was that it was a boy’s toy – a ridiculously fast

luxurious and impractical car which he wanted for no other reason than that he loved it and could afford it. And as Judi loved him too, she had seen no reason to begrudge him his indulgence. After his death Judi had retained the maintenance contract which Tommy had established with a local specialist, and once a month a man came to start it up, inspect it and undertake any work required. Judi had intended for some time to ask him to arrange for it to be sold, but somehow whenever she thought about it she felt disloyal to her husband's memory.

Well, she thought, it was sitting there with a full tank just asking to be used. And there couldn't ever be better weather for a convertible. She took the keys off the hook, pressed the button the unlocked and opened the boot and lowered her overnight bag into the cavernous recess. Opening the driver's door she slid into the seat, and felt a slight tingle of excitement run through her as her skirt rode up and the backs of her bare thighs made contact with the cold leather. She adjusted the mirror, turned the key, and the big V8 roared into life. Another button on the dashboard, and the big up-and-over door of the stable rose silently, as she slipped the car into gear and allowed it to roll smoothly forward. The gravel of the yard crunched beneath the tyres as Judi braked to a halt watching the stable door shut automatically behind her as the electric hood rose and stowed itself neatly away with only the faintest clicks and whirs. She removed her sunglasses from the top of her head and lowered them over her eyes. She could feel the heat of the sun on her body, and a tingling excitement rising within her as the big car started forward and she sensed the power available beneath her right foot. With a growl from its twin exhausts, the big car swung out of the yard and down the gravel drive.

Suzi and Helen walked slowly up the lane that ran beside the Coach House. The heat of the sun was tempered by the arch of foliage that hung above them and they walked in a dappled green world heavy with the scent of flowers and the hum of insects. Suzi could not honestly remember when she had last been so happy; she felt so gloriously alive, so in love, so sexually satisfied, every sense heightened to extreme as if the colours really were brighter, the smells stronger and the sense of touch more extreme. She continually shot quick glances at her lover walking beside her, drinking in the way she looked and moved, savouring the thought that Helen's glorious body was pledged to her, to possess and devour, explore and delight. Almost unconsciously Suzi reached out and took her hand.

Helen felt the hand slide into hers, and was surprised to find she savoured the sensation of physical contact with her lover, instead of instinctively worrying about such a public display of intimacy. She squeezed Suzi's hand, and was rewarded with a radiant smile of delight. So we're holding hands – it's no big deal. She remembered the foreign students who she encountered in her home town every summer: French, Italian, and Spanish. The girls often held hands, sometimes even walked arm in arm. This must be my repressed English side coming out, she thought with a grin.

“What are you grinning about?” Suzi enquired.

“Just happy,” she replied truthfully.

“Oh Baby – so am I” Suzi stopped in her tracks and turned to face Helen, pulling the taller girl towards her as she did so. Her face tilted upwards, and their lips met as their arms wrapped around each others bodies, moist lips parting and tongues dancing. There was a real passion in their embrace, a repression of sexual desire in the strength with which they held each other, a suppression of the primeval urge to give in their mutual lust. Unseen in the idyllic setting of the middle of a leafy lane the two girls exchanged a kiss in which both of them lost all sense of time and place. For all the naked moments of wanton desire they had experienced in the previous twenty four hours, none compared to that eternal moment of mutual understanding and love. When it ended, they stared into each others eyes with the intensity of unfulfilled desire. Then, without a word they continued to walk, still hand in hand.

Neither of them spoke – they had no need to. Both of them were aware that the Rubicon had just been crossed, that from here on they could never return to their previous existence and expect things to be just the same.