The Heatwave - The Sisterhood of Sappho (Part Two)

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Judi's evening really begins...

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The Sisterhood of Sappho (Part Two)

At the top of the stairs leading down to the main hall she encountered Jo, wearing a short black dress and carrying a tray of drinks, her sun-streaked hair now freed of its leather clasp, flowing freely down her back and reaching nearly to her buttocks. As Judi approached Jo looked her critically up and down and nodded appreciatively.

“Looking good!” she grinned. “Someone’s in for a treat tonight – makes me wish it was my turn to serve as Acolyte, instead of serving the bloody drinks!”

Judi smiled back at her, mindful of how great a compliment this was in this den of youth and beauty. “Thank you. You’re very kind.”

“Don’t mention it. Oh, do you want to leave your key with me? Miss Chamberlain asked me to collect them all and give them to the desk at reception in the hall. That way you can pick it up at any time. They’ll be someone on duty all night.”

“Yes, that would be great. Thank you again.” Judi dropped the key onto the tray Jo was carrying.

“Well, I guess I better not keep a High Priestess away from the party.” Jo grinned again. “See you around.” With that she walked off along the landing, the swaying movement of her hips accentuating both how long her legs were, and how short her skirt.

Judi took a brief moment at the top of the stairs to collect her thoughts and compose herself, and then started to carefully descend, extremely mindful of the height of her heels, and the potential indignity of a High Priestess announcing her presence by arriving head first. Already she could hear the subdued hubbub of female voices, and as she rounded the bend in the staircase she was able to look down and survey the scene that unfolded below her in the hall. It was a long time since she had

attended a meeting, so she had no way of telling if this was a normal level of attendance but her first glance told her that the room was packed solid with well dressed women, mostly holding drinks, standing around chatting in groups of varying sizes. As she arrived safely at the foot of the stairs and accepted a drink from a pretty tray-wielding red-head in another exceedingly short black dress, Judi turned her attention to the assembled women to play her usual game of spot the celebrity.

As usual, it didn't take her very long. Over by the main entrance she recognised a children's TV presenter chatting animatedly with a member of a popular girl band. In front of the huge fireplace another member of the same band (who had recently hit the headlines for boldly walking out on her unfaithful footballer husband) was listening interestedly to the conversation of a former supermodel turned environmental campaigner, and in a discreet corner, half-hidden by the banisters of the great stairwell, a popular TV weathergirl was locked in an amorous embrace with a woman who Judi thought was one of the UK's foremost conceptual artists, although she couldn't actually remember her name. Her thoughts were interrupted by a discreet touch on her elbow, and she turned to find Suki at her side, dressed in a diaphanous toga-style dress which covered everything but left nothing to the imagination, and bowing her head deferentially.

"Judi is waiting for you in the Conference Room", the Asian girl said without raising her eyes. "If you would like to follow me?"

As they picked their way through the crowd towards a door that opened off the far end of the hall, many of the women they passed lowered their heads in tacit acknowledgement of Judi's High Priestess status, and she responded in a similar fashion. Such was the crush of femininity that it took them some time to reach their goal, and Judi was silently relieved when she heard the tall oak double doors closing behind her.

The Conference Room was another large room with a high ceiling, the light blue walls bedecked with elaborate plaster mouldings picked out in white. The long conference table had been banished from its usual pride of place in the centre of the room and was pushed against one wall, piled high with food and drink. Dotted around the room were a number of sofas on which were sat the other five High Priestesses of the Sisterhood and several other women. As she gazed around Judi recognised Kayti, wearing a dress identical to the one Suki wore, standing by the fireplace at the far end of the room. Aware that all eyes were now on her, Judi swayed the full length of the room, employing her very best catwalk strut. Kayti watched, hands on hips, as she approached.

"You are still one sassy bitch when you want to be!" she said, admiringly.

"Takes one to know one," Judi countered.

Kayti laughed and moved to one side, revealing a woman in a black dress standing behind her. “May I present your Acolyte for this evening, Miss Fiona Bayliss?”

Judi felt her stomach do an elaborate double back flip. Fiona Bayliss was the poster girl of the BBC news team, a short, athletic sports fanatic with a degree in politics, who was equally at home posing in a skimpy bikini for a glossy magazine as she was making politicians twice her age squirm with discomfort at her relentless questioning. Her fine elfin features were emphasised by her thick straight dark hair, which she wore in a short and funky style, and her piercing blue eyes, which even now were gazing at Judi with rapt attention. Fiona wore a black sheath dress which clung tightly to her small but toned frame, and Judi could not resist an inward purr of pleasure at the promise of what lay beneath it.

“I hope you don’t mind that I asked to be your Acolyte?” Fiona’s voice still carried a faint sing-song trace of her native Newcastle. “I’ve wanted to meet you for a long time – I’m a big fan of your work.”

Judi was stunned. “No, I’m incredibly flattered. You mean my stories?”

Kayti laughed again. “You’ll have to forgive her, Fiona. She’ll never accept that because she writes about sex it’s anything less than throwaway nonsense. Whereas we know better.”

“Oh yes,” Fiona was deadly serious. “Your work is wonderful, deeply sensuous and sexual.” The blue eyes fixed themselves on Judi’s, and she moved close, allowing her lips to brush the older woman’s cheek. “You’ve made me cum so many times,” she whispered in her ear. “I wanted to return the favour.”

Judi was unable to prevent a faint shudder of anticipation running through her, and knew Fiona felt it too. Before she could say anything more, a bell rang loudly in the hall outside, signifying the ceremony was about to begin. Immediately an air of urgency spread throughout the room as drinks were finished, clothes adjusted, hair and make-up checked for the hundredth time in the mirror. Judi looked at her Acolyte.

“Do I look OK?” she asked.

Fiona took her arm, and Judi seemed to feel her youth and vitality flowing into her own body, almost as if she was radiating health.

“You look amazing!” the younger girl said. “The other girls are going to be so jealous of me.” She was speaking softly so that only Judi could hear. ”This is the first meeting of the Sisterhood I’ve been to since *it* happened.”

With a sudden flash of realisation, Judi remembered that a few months ago Fiona's name and face had been all over the papers after it was discovered that her fiancé of four years, a prominent TV producer, had been arrested for kerb-crawling in one of the seedier streets near London's Kings Cross railway station. Although she had refused to allow this crisis in her private life to interfere with her work, and had immediately broken off the engagement and moved out of their shared home in Notting Hill, she was still unable to escape the nastier elements of the tabloid press who continued to speculate as to what might have been wrong with their relationship to cause a man living with a woman generally regarded as one of the most desirable in the country to prefer the attentions of a fifty quid hooker. Judi, who had had her share of unwanted attention from the tabloid press in her youth, could only sympathise. She placed her hand over the arm that rested on hers.

"That's the reason why we exist" she said quietly. "To provide strength to our Sisters when they need it."

Fiona edged her body closer and smiled. "And to provide comfort…" she placed a soft kiss on Judi's cheek. "We'd better get in line".

Arm in arm, they took their place in the queue that waited by the door, the Six High Priestess's on the right with the younger Acolytes on their left. In accordance with her role as most senior of the four founder members of the Sisterhood, Judi was granted the place immediately behind Kayti as they waited by the double oak doors that led out of the Conference Room and into the Ballroom, the others falling into line behind. From beyond the door came the sound of a deep rumbling bass note, accompanied by a simple drum beat. Kayti nodded her head almost imperceptibly to the two girls stationed one on each side, and they moved seamlessly to swing the heavy wooden doors wide open, as the procession moved out into the high ceilinged splendour of the Hall Ballroom.

As they moved through the open doors Judi could not help reflecting that whatever faults her old friend might have had, the lack of a sense of ceremony was not one of them. As the sinuously sensual rhythm of the pulsating electronic bass swirled around them, projected from a number of speakers hidden around the room, the column moved slowly down the centre of rows of padded benches arranged on either side, on which sat the massed ranks of the attending members of the Sisterhood. Tiny beams of light swept rapidly back and forth over the assembled women, swirling and weaving in time with the music, adding to the hypnotic atmosphere generated by the repetitive melody, and at the far end of the room twin spotlights focused on a dimly lit stage on which were placed a number of small sofas, arranged in a broad oval facing out towards the audience. As she walked slowly towards the raised dais, keeping perfectly in step with Kayti in front of her and relishing the presence of the beautiful woman on her arm, Judi was struck by the sudden thought of how much the Sisterhood had grown since her own induction into it nearly twenty years ago.

In those days the ceremonies had taken place at Kayti's flat in St. Johns Wood and been rather low key affairs, although even then her friend had ensured that they were conducted with the utmost seriousness. Judi had had an inkling of what to expect when she rang the doorbell on a chilly November evening, as Kayti had warned her that the "initiation" was designed to symbolically represent the concept of giving yourself sexually to the Sisterhood, and this coupled with her previous knowledge of her friends fondness for pushing the boundaries of her carnal appetites left her under no illusion that she would be allowed to remain clothed for long – something which she found somewhat daunting given the struggle she felt she had undergone to lose the weight she had gained while carrying her daughter.

The door had been opened by a woman Judi did not know, a green–eyed beauty with luxuriant auburn tresses, who made an elaborate show of placing a finger against her bright pink lips, before beckoning her to step into the elegant hallway. The door was closed and bolted behind her and her coat taken in silence, before a soft felt blindfold was slipped over her head from behind and she was led forward gently by the arm. Passively Judi allowed herself to be guided slowly into what felt like another, bigger, room where she detected the presence of other people. Several pairs of hands carefully turned her and guided her until she was standing in a particular spot, and she heard Kayti's voice say softly:

"Prepare her."

A hand gently tugged at the zip of her dress, and as it slid down other hands helped ease it over her shoulders and hips. Her bra was unfastened from behind and the straps eased down her arms by a pair of soft feminine hands which then moved gently back up to caress her exposed breasts. Judi swallowed hard as the nails were dragged across her nipple with just enough force to cause them to stiffen. Fingers were hooked into the waistband of her panties and eased downwards, hands helping her to raise each foot in turn as she was encouraged to step out of them, while other hands supported her and gently explored her exposed flesh.

"Oh my, she's lovely!" a woman's voice murmured from behind her.

"Gorgeous!"

Judi heard Kayti's throaty chuckle.

"I told you she was perfect for a High Priestess, Sisters. Do I ever let you down?"

There was a general moment of appreciative noises and consent.

Judi felt hands touch her face. After a moment, Kayti spoke.

“Judi Breakspeare, we wish to initiate you into our Order. To do this you must give your body willingly to the Sisterhood – do you consent to this?”

Judi nodded dumbly. She knew now what was going to happen to her, and the anticipation of pleasure rose wildly inside her. She felt herself growing moist.

“Say yes if you agree.”

Judi swallowed hard. “Yes.”

There was a soft, collective exhalation of breath. Judi judged there were three other women in the room aside from herself and Kayti, who then spoke again.

“Lie down and prepare to give yourself to the Sisterhood.”

Judi only just managed to stifle a giggle at the serious tone her friend adopted, and allowed herself to sink slowly down. Willing hands guided her backwards, where a low padded bench seemed to have been placed and she allowed herself to be carefully positioned sitting a slightly raised padded section. Hands pressed her shoulders back and more hands grasped her arms and legs, stretching her out and forcing her to lie back and before she had time to realise what had happened her wrists and ankles were secured by padded shackles, rendering her helpless.

In retrospect it had been one of the most incredibly erotic experiences of her life; lying naked, prone on that low bench, her arms fastened above her head and her legs spread wide apart secured in their clasps. The padded section she had initially sat on was she realised, designed to tilt her pelvis in such a manner that her pussy was magnificently exposed, and another such pad lay beneath her upper back, causing her breasts to jut upwards as if begging for attention. Prior to that moment Judi had never considered herself particularly submissive, but as she lay there trembling with an exquisite mixture of nervous anticipation and suppressed desire she realised that, not for the first time, Kayti had helped to further unlock the secrets of her sexuality.

For over two hours Judi was helpless at the hands of four highly skilled and sexually adventurous women. She had no choice but to submit totally to their will, to allow her body to become their plaything, and they in turn were remorseless in their desire to bring her to orgasm again and again as they oiled, massaged, lubricated and penetrated her ceaselessly, until the boundaries of pleasure and pain blurred, her pussy and anus begged to be left alone and her voice was hoarse from her continual

cries and screams of pleasure. When finally she was released from her shackles and the blindfold she was sweating, shaking and unable to stand. Her lovers and tormentors helped her to her knees where she was formally welcomed into the Sisterhood as a High Priestess and presented with her badge of office, the black velvet choker that she now wore.

As the procession neared the stage, Judi reflected on how impractical such intimate initiations would be now. The Sisterhood had branches (or “covens” as Kayti was wont to call them in her less guarded moments) all over the world and a number of Priestesses needed to be created to administer and officiate at these, although only the six original founder members (one other had been initiated after Judi) were accorded the title of High Priestess. Over time the initiation process had become increasingly formalised, and through the years Kayti had refined the process, making it more and more of a spectacle, constantly tweeking and polishing aspects as the Sisterhood grew bigger and wealthier, and yet retaining the basic concept and sexual emphasis. As it was impractical for the initiate to physically give herself to the Sisterhood as a whole, these days it was done symbolically – each Priestess being assigned an Acolyte whose job was to make love to her during the ceremony, while the initiate was brought to orgasm by other Acolytes assigned to that task. Even more recently Kayti had embraced the relentless march of technology and begun using mechanical devices to pleasure the initiate – and judging from the presence of the black leather saddle-like device that sat in the centre of the stage, this was going to be the case this evening.

Fiona led Judi to the sofa on the far right of the stage and gestured her to sit down. The older woman did as she was bid, ensuring that she positioned herself so as to have a good view of the stage and the main body of the ballroom which was now full of women sitting on similar sofas facing the stage. There was an anticipatory buzz of conversation in the air and the air was heavy with the scent of expensive perfume.

Fiona settled herself on a small leather footstool at Judi’s feet and looked up at her.

“Is everything alright?”

Judi smiled at her. “Yes fine – I’m just a little nervous, that’s all. It’s been quite a while.”

Fiona held up a hand, palm downward. Judi could see it was trembling slightly. “God, I’m nervous too! I’ve been in a state all afternoon. This is my first time as an Acolyte.”

“Darling, you’ll be fine. I’m sure I won’t have any complaints.”

Fiona reached out and touched Judi’s knee. “I’ll do my best, I promise…is there anything particular you’d like me to do?”

Judi reached down and caressed her sleek black hair. “Just fuck me like you mean it darling, and I know it will be wonderful.” She lifted Fiona’s chin so she could drink in those piercing blue eyes and smiled reassuringly. “You wouldn’t have been chosen if you hadn’t come with the highest recommendation.”

Fiona smiled back and taking Judi’s hand beneath her chin gently kissed her fingers before sliding one gently between her moist lips. It was a wonderfully erotic gesture that caused Judi’s nipples to stiffen immediately and a tiny electric shock of desire to course through her belly.

She cast a quick look around the stage, wondering how much longer it was going to be before the ceremony got under way. All six High Priestesses were now settled comfortably on their respective sofas, with their Acolytes at their feet. In pride of place at the centre of the crescent she could see Kayti with Suki at her feet. The Asian girl was positioned facing forward between her employers parted legs, her head thrown back into Kayti’s lap and the toga style dress she wore had already been shrugged off one shoulder, exposing a petite breast which was cupped by Kayti’s hand. As Judi watched, Kayti raised her head and gave her a salacious grin, her left eye drooping in a theatrical wink. Judi grinned back: yes, she thought we’ve both come a long way from two working class girls who took their clothes off for a living, but however we look at it we still have to acknowledge that sex is the dominant force in our lives! She tapped her acolyte on the shoulder and indicated the saddle in the centre of the stage.

“What is that thing, exactly?”

“Don’t you know?” Fiona looked surprised. “It’s a Sybian.”

Something stirred in Judi’s memory. “I think I read about it – you sit on it, yes?”

“Well, straddle it anyway. That’s the most comfortable position. The plastic bit on top goes inside you and rotates and vibrates. It’s powered by a big electric motor, and it can go very, very fast.” Fiona rolled her eyes. “It’s a bit frightening at first, but if you let yourself go with it it’s incredible.”

“You’ve ridden it?”

“Oh yes, at my initiation. It’s pretty much standard these days. Beforehand the girls preparing you let you know that it’s a point of honour not to get off it until you really can’t stand it anymore. I came four times but that was all I could manage – my pussy just got too sensitive”, Fiona giggled. “I made a bit of a mess…”

Judi stroked her hair. “I bet you did. I’m sure I would have done too.”

“You should try it though – I know some girls adore it. A matter of taste, I suppose.”

“Perhaps I will.”

“If you do, let me know…I’d love to come and operate the controls for you.”

This time the bolt of sexual desire hit like a physical blow. Judi closed her eyes and drew a quick shuddering breath. Fiona’s hand tightened on her leg.

“Are you ok?”

Judi opened her eyes and smiled. “Of course, darling. It’s just that you painted such an incredibly sexy picture.”

Fiona smiled back and placed a delicate kiss on the outside of Judi’s knee. “I’m glad you liked it. And the offer still stands.”

At that moment the lights suddenly dimmed and a single spotlight illuminated a curtained archway at the rear of the stage. The murmur of anticipation from the congregation in the main body of the ballroom died away as the music faded and at a gesture from Kayti the six High Priestesses rose to their feet. As she did so, Judi felt Fiona rising beside her, her arm sliding around the older woman’s waist, the athletic firmness of the young body pressed close to hers triggering a mounting wave of desire so physically intense that she was once again forced to close her eyes and control her breathing. How old was this girl beside her she wondered? A little older than her daughter certainly, but not much. For a brief moment her mind wondered if Suzi had got her message, but then the archway curtains drew back and all such thoughts were banished.

At that precise moment in time her daughter was furiously rummaging through a box that she had taken down from the top shelf of the walk-in closet of her mother’s bedroom. Suzi was a little surprised that her mother had chosen to go and visit her old friend at such short notice as this was uncharacteristically impetuous of her, and if she hadn’t been so wrapped in the events that had so recently and speedily overtaken her own life she might have pondered on it more, but right now she was just grateful for the fact that she wouldn’t have to explain her reasons for wanting to search her mother’s closet, and seized the opportunity to do so.

She had received the text from Judi during one of the brief periods in which she had her phone on shortly after she and Helen got back to the Coach House that afternoon. Neither of them had made

any attempt to contact their former boyfriends since the events of the previous afternoon, and both of them had turned their phones off by tacit agreement, apart from occasional times to pick up messages and skip hastily past the voicemails and texts that covered a spectrum of emotions from angry to loving, to pleading, and usually back to angry again. We're really going to have to grasp that nettle soon, she thought. But not now, not this evening. Maybe tomorrow – I'll have to talk to Helen about it.

After collecting Helen's things from her house in town and stowing them in the boot of Suzi's white Mazda sports car, they had driven to the small supermarket in the village and stocked up on essential groceries before heading back. Once they had unloaded and unpacked, the exertions of the morning coupled with the relentless heat of the day caught up with them and they flopped on the bed and slept in each other's arms until the early evening, when they woke, showered and made themselves a meal of pasta and salad. Suzi mentally pictured the sight of Helen's sleeping face nestling in the crook of her arm which was the first thing that she had seen when she awoke, and her heart did a violent backflip. God, I've got it bad, she thought. I really bloody love her – this isn't just sex – although that's pretty mind-blowing as well. The thought of her lover's body generated a surge of lust and she bit her lip as she felt the familiar feeling in the pit of her belly.

At that moment she saw what she was looking for at the bottom of the box and with a grunt of satisfaction she pulled out two coloured cartons and surveyed them with smile of pleasure. Carefully she opened both cartons and removed the contents, placing the cartons back in the box and the box back on the shelf in the closet. Looking around her to check that she had not left anything obviously disturbed, she left the bedroom, closing the door behind her, and having checked the rest of the house doors and windows were locked she made her way across the gravel yard to the Coach House, clutching her acquisitions. Quickly climbing the outside stairs, she let herself in and stowed the items in a cupboard, before walking to the bathroom and stripping off her dress and underwear and loosely buttoning one of her favourite granddad shirts. Having checked in the mirror and satisfied herself that her appearance was suitably provocative, she gathered a bottle of Pinot Grigio from the fridge, grabbed two glasses and headed down the stairs that led to the garage below.

The double doors at the end had been thrown open to allow the light from inside to wash out into the warm night and illuminate the gravel just outside the open doorway, where she and Helen had dragged a large wooden double sun lounger from the depths of the garage. As she approached she could see the dark haired girl reclining on it, reading a book held high to catch the light spilling from the building. She was wearing a loose olive green shirt and a pair of camouflage shorts which complimented her athletic physique to such an extent that Suzi had commented earlier that all she needed was an automatic weapon and she'd be the best recruiting poster the Army could dream of. After she said it she was a little disturbed to realise she found the idea terrifyingly erotic.

Helen looked up from her book as she heard the other girl approach.

“Hi babes, mmmmm…” she broke off as Suzi bent to kiss her. “God, it’s hot tonight isn’t it?” She broke off to survey the blonde girl appreciatively. “You really do look good enough to eat, as usual.”

Suzi handed her one of the glasses and poured her a large glass before repeating the process for herself and settling herself on the lounger beside her lover. Carefully she placed the bottle on the ground beside her and raised her glass.

“Cheers, beautiful,” she said. “To us! Anyway, I think it’s your turn, not mine.”

Helen blushed as she raised her glass in acknowledgement, the full meaning of the words dawning on her. “Suzi, you are so rude!” She giggled. “Anyway, why to us, exactly? Not that I mind being toasted, of course…”

Suzi nuzzled closer to her. “Because the night is hot and made for lovers, and we are young, gorgeous and hopelessly in love!”

Helen pulled her close and pressed her face into Suzi’s blonde curls. “Oh Suze…”

Suzi looked up at her. “What’s the matter babe? Not having doubts again?” She nibbled Helen’s chin affectionately.

The dark girl laid her book to one side and sipped her wine. “No…yes…well… Oh Suzi, I don’t know. I’ve got so many emotions, thoughts and passions running around my head I don’t know what to think.”

“Don’t think too much, darling. Just feel.” The blonde girl took a sip from her glass. “Do you feel around me like I do around you?”

Helen smiled as she raised her glass to her lips. “How come when you put it like that it all seems so simple?” She took another sip of wine, swirling around her mouth. “Mmm…this is good stuff.” She looked past her glass into the blue eyes that studied her face. “You mean do I feel like everything’s alright when you’re around? Like this is so right that it can’t be wrong whatever anyone says?”

Suzi nodded, sensing there was more to come.

“Like all that really matters is you and me? Because I’ve never in my life met someone who understands me better? Never met anyone who came anywhere close to knowing what my body

wants and needs in the way that you do? I've only really known you for two days and already I've told you more about my feelings and desires than I told Pete in six months. I don't have to show or tell you anything – you just instinctively KNOW. Just thinking about you makes me horny, but that isn't the whole story…with you I'm just so COMPLETE." Helen put heavy emphasis on the last word, paused for a moment as if waiting for a response. When none came she took a large gulp of wine and continued. "The thing is this is all so sudden. Two days ago I thought I was a normal straight girl, now all the rules and boundaries I thought were set in stone have moved. Sex with you is like nothing I've ever had before – frighteningly intense in fact, and I certainly don't want to lose either that or the love that comes with it. And I'm certain that it is love; as certain as I am now that everything I have known before is just a pale imitation of something like love, because I have NEVER felt anything like this intensity before." Helen paused and drained her glass. "It's not that I'm worried any more about labels – I don't really care if I'm lesbian or bisexual or whatever label people want to put on me. But do care, care passionately, that there are outside forces that will try to stop us being this happy. For the last couple of days we've lived in this weird bubble – we've hardly seen anyone, even your Mum has conveniently disappeared – but it won't be like this for ever. Sooner or later the big bad world will come crashing in and this will come to an end. Just like this heatwave; I mean, how long is it this hot for this long in England for God's sake? Any day now the weather will break, just like sooner or later we are going to have to explain to our families and friends about us. And I may be worrying over nothing, but I'm terrified of that, Suzi. So afraid." She paused. "And I was thinking – we are going to have to deal with Pete and your bloke soon, we can't put it off for ever. And I am really NOT looking forward to that."

Helen paused. She proffered her glass to Suzi for a refill. The blonde girl fumbled over the edge of the lounger to locate the bottle in the dark, and when she turned to pour Helen was shocked to see two small tears rolling down her lover's cheeks.

"Oh Suzi! What's the matter darling?"

Suzi gulped as she filled Helen's glass. "Nothing. Absolutely nothing at all. I'm just so fucking crazily in love with you that I always think you're going to have second thoughts, so when you tell me what I'm dying to hear I get all emotional!"

"Oh Suzi – you have no worries on that score. I'm crazily in love with you too. Nothing's going to change that."

Suzi suddenly realised her glass was empty. She had no memory of consciously drinking it, but she could already feel the alcohol coursing through her veins. She put her glass down carefully and pulled Helen to her. Pressing her mouth closer to the dark girl's ear she whispered:

“Babe, I know exactly what you mean – and I know you think I’m more experienced in these things than you, but this is uncharted territory for me too – I’ve never declared undying love for another woman in my life either. I know we have to face reality and I know we can’t keep hiding from Jason and Pete. I’m not pretending it’s going to be easy. In fact I know it isn’t, but I also know that what we have is so strong and wonderful that it is worth really fighting for, and I’m prepared to fight if you are. And I know we’ve been lucky these last few days, and I know that this heatwave won’t last forever, but when it does let’s hope it ends in one huge thunderstorm, and then I promise to take you dancing naked in the rain, just like I promise to help you dance through all the thunderstorms other people will throw at us. As long as you do the same for me. Deal?”

Helen turned her head and managed to get the word “deal” out in the fraction of a second before Suzi’s mouth closed over hers and her tongue slid inquisitively between her parted teeth. Her wine glass clattered to the gravel beside the lounger as she pulled her lover to her, hands cradling and caressing the smooth tanned skin of her shoulders where they met the kiss of her long blonde curls. They kissed deeply for several minutes, exploring, savouring and gently teasing each other’s tongues, lips and teeth. Suzi shifted position on the lounger, sliding one leg over Helen’s so that it rested in between them. Breaking off the kiss, she propped herself up on one arm and looked down lovingly at her partner’s face, tracing the line of her cheekbones with a pink fingernail.

“Let’s agree to sort those idiot blokes out first thing tomorrow,” she said, mentally registering that on their current form “first thing” meant any time before midday. “Well, when we get up, anyway. Then we’ll go swimming at Jo Brabhams. Sound good?”

“Well, the swimming bit does, anyway.” Helen sighed. “We’ve made things pretty complicated for ourselves, haven’t we?”

Suzi wrinkled her nose. “Other people are making things complicated for us, but we’re strong enough to get past all that. I suppose I’m going to have to tell mum sometime, too.”

“Will she be ok about it?”

“I think so. I’m pretty sure she’s been with a woman in the past – she writes about it too well for there not to be some personal experience in there!”

Helen pulled a face. “I wish I could be that confident mine would be cool about it.”

Something in her voice caught Suzi’s attention, but she decided to let it go for now. She bent and kissed Helen on the forehead gently, beginning a slow procession of little kisses that travelled around her lover’s face. Helen smiled up at her in the dark, her words punctuated by Suzi’s delicate assaults.

“Where has you mum gone, anyway?”

“Oh, up to see a friend in Surrey - my Godmother, actually. They were models together, back in the day. She does this from time to time, always stays overnight. Too sozzled to drive home, I expect.”

“She must be a good friend to put her up all the time.”

Suzi grinned in the dark. “Kayti can afford too. I expect she puts mum up in one of the guest suites at Aldrington Hall. She probably even claims the cost of it back against tax.”

Helen’s mouth dropped open. Suzi took the opportunity to plant a kiss on her lower lip.

“Suzi, are you trying to tell me that your Godmother is Kayti Chamberlain?”

“Well, yes, I suppose so.” Suzi looked surprised. “You’ve heard of her?”

“Of course I’ve heard of her! I did Business and Politics at Uni, remember? She’s one of the most successful businesswomen in the UK.”

“Actually, I don’t think you ever told me what you studied at Uni.”

“Well that’s your fault for not asking.” Helen’s lips sought Suzi’s to take the sting out of the words. She bit the blonde girl’s lower lip gently. “You are full of surprises, aren’t you?”

“Well, I wouldn’t want you to think I was boring.”

“Darling, that is one thing you most definitely are not.”

“So do you have ambitions to be a Captain of Industry?” Suzi’s left hand toyed with the top fastened button on Helen’s olive shirt.

“Actually I have ambitions to be a political journalist.” The button opened and the hand moved lower, arriving at the next port of call with sensual grace.

“Very laudable”. A low snort of laughter. Lips met and tongues entwined briefly. Another button opened and again the hand move inexorably downwards.

“And you?”

“At Uni? English. And Creative writing.” Another button parted. The hand continued its journey towards the last remaining fastening.

“So do you have ambitions to be an author?”

The final button parted. Helen’s shirt slid open exposing her small firm breasts. The hand made its way languidly towards an exposed nipple.

“Eventually, I hope. But right now my sole ambition is to be the instrument of exquisite sexual pleasure for the beautiful Miss Helen Chapman.”

Helen drew a shuddering breath. “God, you make me wet when you say things like that.”

Suzi sat more upright and gently worked the shirt over Helen’s shoulders, gently lifting her head from the lounger to enable her to do so.

“Good. Because I’m so desperate to fuck you that I’m going to explode if you don’t let me. And before you start fretting no one can see us here, and I locked the gate at the end of the drive. So come here and let me show you just how much I love you, you gorgeous, sexy bitch.”

The curtains swung back with measured slowness, and as they did so a hum of appreciation rose from the congregation assembled in the main ballroom. Beside her, Judi felt Fiona stiffen and the arm around her waist tighten, as she let out a soft exhalation of breath at the sight that greeted them.

Standing in the centre of the archway was a young woman of Afro-Caribbean descent, obviously the initiate, flanked by her two acolytes. She was wearing a black satin cloak emblazoned with the insignia of the Sisterhood which fell almost to her knees, her lower legs were encased in high-heeled black leather boots, trimmed with fake leopard skin, and on her head she wore an elaborate headdress of black and purple feathers. But it was not so much the unusual outfit that caused Judi to stare in astonishment (for she understood this to be another example of Kayti’s love of the theatrical and dramatic) as the sheer size and splendour of the vision before her.

Even without the boots and headdress, Judi estimated that the woman must be significantly over six feet in height, with broad shoulders and well-muscled arms, and yet despite this there was nothing even vaguely manly about her. Her flawlessly smooth skin was the colour of burnished mahogany, and her hair fell in a great curtain of black satin, straight down her back to her waist, shimmering as she turned her head from side to side to acknowledge the appreciation of her audience. But above all it was her face that really drew the attention. Months later Judi would read her described as looking

like *“a black Nefertiti, possessed of looks so extraordinary that they could be the erotic fantasy of an ancient master sculptor”*, and she had to admit that it was a pretty good description, but even that did not do full justice to the majesty of those exquisite almond brown eyes with their heavy sensual lashes, and the unusually slender, faintly regal nose and the wide, generous mouth with the full lips, which currently glistened with crimson lipstick, hiding the perfect white teeth that lay within.

Judi felt Fiona turn to bring her mouth close to her ear.

“Oh my God, she’s amazing, isn’t she? Her name’s Francoise…she’s Seychellois – from the Seychelles? Part Indian, part African.”

Judi nodded appreciatively. “She’s fantastic,” she whispered back, remembering her telephone call to Kayti earlier that day and the mention of “something a bit special” for this evening.

As she watched the two attending Acolytes moved close to the dark skinned girl and with a dramatic flourish they removed her cloak and headdress. Once again an appreciative hum rose from the assembly and in places a spontaneous scattering of applause broke out, for Francoise possessed the most perfect female muscle tone Judi thought she had ever seen. Certainly this was enhanced by the beauty of her glistening flawless skin which emphasised every curve and dimple, but even so the sheer sense of power, strength and athleticism which radiated from her was astonishing. And yet she was at the same time almost palpably sensual and feminine, with her extraordinarily beautiful face, magnificent firm breasts capped with prominent nipples so dark they were nearly black, and her finely muscled belly which curved gently down to the point between her legs where a tiny patch of glossy black hair had been carefully shaped into a tiny triangle. Realisation suddenly struck Judi that she was staring at the closest thing she was ever likely to see to a living example of the mythical Amazons, the race of warrior women, and at once she understood the significance of the elaborate costume the girl had worn at her reveal. Doubtless her friend had followed the same line of thought and sought to exploit her discovery’s exotic looks for maximum effect.

The applause died down, and the two Acolytes led the black girl slowly downstage towards the Sybian. Judi felt Fiona’s hand reaching to where the clasp of her dress fastened at the back of her neck. She could feel it trembling slightly, although whether with nerves or anticipation she was unsure, but she flashed her Acolyte a quick smile of reassurance and then drew herself up to her full height to wait for Kayti’s signal. There was a two-beat pause, then she saw her friend give a quick nod and felt Fiona’s hand squeeze the clasp. The fabric slid to the floor around her and she was naked.

Helen sighed with pleasure as Suzi’s tongue gently teased the tip of her nipple. She had no idea how long she had lain here, naked to the waist in the moonlight, as the blonde girl fondled, squeezed,

licked and sucked her breasts, but she knew for certain that she never wanted it to stop. With every skilled touch her lover caused little electric currents of pleasure ran from each nipple to the pit of her stomach, and from there to the damp folds of her pussy.

“Oh God, Suzi…” she reached up behind her head to grip the top of the lounger, the action causing her back to arch and thus pressing her breasts towards the willing mouth. “Why is it so good, when you do this?”

Suzi raised her head and grasped a wet nipple between thumb and forefinger, rolling it gently, teasing it with a fingernail.

“Because I know what you like,” she replied softly. “Because I know how lovely it is having your boobs played with. You can feel this in your pussy right now, can’t you?” She tugged gently on a nipple. Helen let out a soft breath.

“God, yes. Oh Suzi, you’re amazing!”

“You’re not so bad yourself.”

Suzi pulled herself upright, her legs straddling Helen’s. Without releasing hold of the nipple she began to unfasten her shirt with her right hand, working her way down the buttons as she had with her lover’s until it was open. With a quick movement she shrugged it off her shoulders and paused for a moment, her tanned skin illuminated by the moonlight and the spill from the garage. Helen lay beneath her, drinking in the wonderful sight of the naked blonde above her, watching her breasts jiggle provocatively as she slid a little lower down the lounger, her hands reaching for the waistband of Helen’s shorts, unfastening the button, slowly drawing down the zip and beginning to gently ease them over the slim hips, all the while gently kissing the toned bronze belly. Helen arched her back to raise her bottom up from the lounger to make it easier for her clothing to be removed, raising and bending her knees as her shorts and panties progressed down her legs to her bare feet, where Suzi removed them delicately and dropped them onto the gravel. Gently the blonde girl grasped her ankles and gently placed them so that her legs were spread apart, either side of the naked girl who knelt between them.

Helen lay back on the raised head of the lounger and waited with glorious anticipation. Almost unconsciously her right hand stimulated her own nipple as she watched Suzi’s position herself carefully and then slowly lower herself down with her head between the open thighs of her lover. She shivered as she felt the gentle touch of Suzi’s tongue on her inner thigh, traversing slowly up and then down, little kisses placed ever closer and closer to her expectant sex.

“Oh Suzi, please don’t tease…lick me baby…I want you so bad…”

Suzi gave another husky giggle. “I know baby, I can tell…”

Helen felt her lovers tongue gently touch the tip of her clit and she moaned softly. Another touch, then a slightly firmer flick, then the tongue travelled the length of her slit and she cried out softly. At the base of her belly a glorious sensation began to build, oh so slowly at first as her clit and pussy was teased with the gentlest and softest of exquisitely skilful touches, but then with increasing intensity as her lover began to allow her touch to become firmer and more demanding. Helen felt Suzi open her mouth to take in as much of her pussy as she could, humming softly to send little vibrations of delight racing up all the sensitive tissue of her sex, and she could not stop herself from crying out loud, little gasps of delight as her hands reached down and buried themselves in the mass of blonde curls, pulling her lover’s head to her. Sensing her lover’s increased urgency, Suzi changed tactic, stiffening her tongue and beginning to gently thrust it in and out of Helen’s pussy. Above her the dark girl writhed and moaned louder, responding by bucking her hips to push her pussy forcibly into Suzi’s face. Aroused in equal measure by the intensity of her lover’s passion, the blonde forced her hands under Helen’s thighs and reached round to grab her hips firmly, all the while maintaining her tongue-fucking, her face wet with fruits of her labours.

For Helen, nothing existed in that moment other than her pussy and the delightful touch of her lover. Her entire being was focussed between her legs, the pressure in her belly growing with each thrust and flick of tongue that was so expertly filling a powerful and animal need, as the wave of intense pleasure within her grew and grew, rising to the point where it would burst out with unstoppable force. She was crying out rhythmically, a series of little whimpers and moans that were rising in volume, her breath coming quicker and quicker. Suzi knew this was her cue, that Helen was about to come, and so she moved her mouth so that it covered the clitoris, sucking firmly and using her tongue on the tip as she did so.

For Helen the sudden increase in intensity was all she needed to send over the edge into orgasm. Inside her the wave rose and this time did not recede, but exploded out in all directions, causing a series of shuddering convulsions to course through her body. She screamed and moaned as the climax rocked her body, her hands in Suzi’s hair gripping and pulling painfully as she smashed her pelvis into her lover’s face with animal desire.

And then it was done, the ecstasy subsiding into a few small aftershocks. Helen felt her body relaxing, and tugged gently at the head between her legs, wanting to kiss the mouth that had just given her so much pleasure. But as she did so she felt the tongue once more slide over her clit, causing the now massively sensitive organ to send a jolt of intense sensation through her, and agonising mixture of pleasure and pain which made cry out and lifted her buttocks clean off the

lounger.

“Oh no Suzi, please, I can’t, I’m too sensitive!”

Frantically she tried to pull herself away from the head between her legs, but the blonde girl responded with an indistinct grunt and another flick of her tongue. Again Helen squealed and jumped, and again Suzi remained grimly holding herself in place, maintaining the pressure of her tongue on Helen’s pussy. She knew that if she could coax her lover through the brief post-orgasmic phase of hyper-sensitivity, then she could get her off again with increased intensity, and she desperately wanted to take her lover to a level of pleasure that she had never experienced before.

Helen felt herself literally caught between agony and ecstasy. Although she had never had any problems in coming more than once she had always considered that she needed to rest between orgasms to allow the intense sensitivity to subside, but it was quite clear that Suzi had no intention of allowing her to do so on this occasion. Once again the tongue flicked her clit and once again her body bucked and she cried out involuntarily, but this time the sensitivity was slightly less, and with astonishment she realised that her body was starting to tense again, the muscles of her pelvis beginning to clench in a strong and powerful rhythm. Again the flick, and this time it was pure pleasure, a surge of delight so strong she was unable to stop herself crying out, only this time it was not to beg her lover to stop, but to exhort her to continue.

“Oh fuck Suzi...yes…yes...oh yes, there…oh God, please don’t stop…please…”

Suzi had no intention of stopping. She wanted to deliver an orgasm that Helen would never forget, and she knew she was already over the hardest part. Once again she took the clitoris into her mouth, her lips and tongue aching from the effort they had already expended as she sucked firmly on the firm little bud, tapping the tip of it with her tongue in a rapid tattoo.

Above her, Helen stiffened. The wave that had begun to subside within her had now risen again, this time with increased intensity. This time there was no gradual build up, no rising and falling, instead the wave grew swiftly, climbing, climbing, higher and higher until there could only be one outcome. Every muscle in her body tensed, she reached frantically behind her head to grasp the wood of the lounger as the pressure rose and rose, and once again her buttocks lifted clean off the bed of the lounger as she trembled and shook towards the orgasm that finally exploded through her.

Suzi clung on desperately to her lover’s bucking hips while a writhing and screaming Helen twisted and bounced as her second orgasm wracked her body, but this time the sensitivity was too great, and Helen clamped her strong thighs on either side of Suzi’s head as she rolled sideways and pulled her legs up, forcing her to wriggle clear from the unintentional head-lock.

Helen lay curled on her side, still trembling from the force of her climax. She reached out a hand and pulled Suzi down beside her. The blonde girl put her arms around her naked body and held her close, feeling the sweat of her exertions faintly cooling on her skin.

In a small voice, Helen said: “God, I love you. That was incredible, I had no idea I could do that.”

Suzi nuzzled her neck. “That’s because you’ve never trusted anyone enough to let them do that to you before. You could have stopped me if you really wanted – when you came you nearly broke my neck!”

“Oh God babe, I’m sorry…I just sort of lost control. Are you ok?”

Suzi bit her neck gently. “You were meant to lose control that was the whole point. And I’m fine – although I did think for a moment I was going to die between your legs rather than in your arms.” She giggled.

Helen stretched out languorously. “Oh Suzi, you make me feel so wonderful. Will you promise to make love to me like that every night we’re together?”

Suzi pressed her pelvis into her lover’s bottom. “As long as you make sure you save enough energy to return the favour.”

Helen gave a little push back. “Well, obviously I’m now totally spent…but I suppose I could just about summon up the energy if you absolutely insist…”

Suzi smiled in the dark. “Good,” she said. “Because I’ve got a little treat for you”.