Two for Tennis

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Two girls discovering a new side of their relationship

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Two for Tennis -Episode One – Discovering the unexpected

On Wednesday afternoon, I usually take off to play some tennis with friends at the local sports club. It's a nice group, we usually have lots of fun and its great to get the body in shape and fit again. One of the girls I play tennis with often is Elin. Elin is a beautiful young blonde girl, unfortunately straight. She lives together with a hunk of a boyfriend and they are having plans to get married and have some kids.

One Wednesday last year she strained her back while hitting the ball too hard. Knowing that I am a physical therapist, she asked me to have a look at it. I offered to give her a massage to relieve the pain. We first took a quick hot shower at the club and then we walked to my apartment, which is close by to the club. We always showered together and although I must admit that my eyes now and then could not help to admire Elin's beautiful body, nothing sexual ever happened; we were just a bunch of girls showering after sports. Elin knew of course that I was an active bi-sexual with lesbian relationships, but she did not have any problems with that.

When we reached my apartment, I took her to my bedroom. She undressed except for a very sexy white v-string. Right away I started to do a back rub-massage, which I knew would relieve the pain. She acknowledged that it felt good and relaxed completely enjoying her massage. Knowing that the pain was over, my playful mind took over from my professional one. I continued massaging her, but gradually shifted to a different gear and pace, softly stroking her back from her head and neck down to her tailbone, the entrance to the spinal cord, which feeds the sexual energy up to the brain. I noticed from her reactions her short chokes, quick breathing and some movements in her bottom that my scheme was working; I was trying to seduce her ….

To my surprise, a few minutes later I realized that it worked much better than I expected: apparently she was so tensed with sexual energy, eager to be released that she suddenly started to shake and

spasm having a full body orgasm. I held her in my hands lovingly, knowing exactly how I liked my girlfriend to hold me while I was having a big “O”.

Elin’s orgasm lasted for a few minutes and she then burst out crying.

“Oh Beaux, what have I done? I am not gay, I am not a lesbian, I’m not allowed to do this!”

I comforted her, telling her that having an orgasm from a massage was not a sign that she was gay, but just a sign that she had a lot of sexual energy built up in her, and that her body was eager to release that energy, giving her a lot of pleasure. She was still sobbing, but stopped crying. I continued massaging her back and her lovely ass.

To my surprise she then slipped off her V-string and moved herself in a half kneeling position so that I could she her perfectly shaven naked pussy, sticking out to me, eagerly asking to be caressed. I did not hesitate and smoothly moved both my massaging hands to her ass and to her love lips. She gasped and let out a sharp shriek when I entered her with two fingers. She moved her hips like she was eager for me to start fucking her and that is what I did. It did not take long for her to come again, this time laughing with pleasure.

By then I was so horny, that I needed to do something fast. I quickly undressed and I lovingly turned her around on her back positioned myself over her in the 69 position. I dove between her lovely thighs and searched with my tongue for her magic clit. She was very excited and her clit was firmly erect, nearly an inch. I often say that the clit is like the female penis, once excited and hard, you can do a lot with it! So I sucked it into my mouth and licked it with my tongue. Elin was now panting heavily and shaking all over. I could not believe it, but she came again and my mouth filled with her love liquids ejaculating copiously from her pussy.

What about me? Finally I felt her fingers on my ass and her tongue licking my pussy; it did not take long for me to have an orgasm either; by then I was so excited that even a slight touch would make me explode. We continued in the 69 position for a few more minutes still having some “aftershocks”, enjoying the orgasmic waves still shivering our bodies.

What had happened here?

Elin told me about her relationship with Karel her boyfriend. He was as I noted quite a hunk, and she loved him a lot, but their heavy work schedules (She studying to become a doctor, He a young starting accountant) did not leave much time and energy for sex. Usually the only sex they had was Friday night or Saturday morning. Even then it was often not so satisfying for Elin. Karel was not very creative in fore-play nor love making itself and often also suffered from premature ejaculation. His

favorite position was to have her on hands and knees so he could take her from behind holding on to her gorgeously formed (B-cup) tits. Usually it took only a few strokes before he came in her, shooting his load into her before she could reach her own orgasm. Although she did not complain, she told me that only on a few very rare occasions she really reached a kind of orgasm, and only then by fantasizing and touching her self while Karel was doing his thing. No wonder that this poor girl was so full of sexual energy that she could have more than three orgasms in less than an hour of time.

She assured me again that she was not gay, nor wanted to be gay. I told her not to worry about this and that releasing all this sexual energy might even help her to get her relationship working better. I promised her that I would teach her some “tricks” how to cure or alleviate Karel’s premature ejaculations. There was no time for that then, as she had to leave for the hospital. She would be working evening shift that day, but we agreed anyway to meet again next week for some Tennis and some more girl talk.