

A Wealthy Woman Takes an Interest in Me

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How another woman showed an interest in me!

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For me, that summer was a very busy time. I was working hard, determined to succeed. We were making new friends, through our clubs, friends who shared similar interests. After the first threesome Catherine and I enjoyed together with Joan, word leaked out about our participation. Not surprising really, as there were others there who were also enjoying a rather taboo time with others. Another private film night came up and again we were invited. This time it was in Marlene's house. As before, there was a lot of socializing over drinks in her kitchen and living room, and again I got to meet Lilly. I was surprised to see her there for some reason; she had seemed so quiet and reserved before. She made a point of saying 'hello' to me, then saying 'hello' to other ladies she knew, but obviously hadn't seen for some time. She moved so easily, from one person to another, like it was something she was used to in her social life. Not offending anyone, yet taking the time to say a few words to everyone she knew, as well as talking to others to whom she was introduced. I found it interesting how she managed to do that. Perhaps something I could learn too. Once everyone had arrived, the door was locked, blinds drawn and we all retired to the cellar to watch the films. Catherine, Marlene and I sat together, while Ruth stayed by the light switches. Once the lights were out, it was pitch dark, except for the light from the projector. The films were projected onto the far wall of the room and, as it was very crowded, we were all bunched together. This time the films were mostly involving bondage and punishment, with feminine domination being the common thread through them all. There were a lot of bisexual and lesbian themes, with women being in control. The films were all in black and white that was normal for those times, and where there was sound, it was mostly in a foreign language. There was a lot of audience participation; some of the ladies were quite vocal about the activities being portrayed. Offering advice and making suggestions, as if what was happening on film was for real. There was no holding back on their language either, it seemed like they could outdo a bunch of sailors or soldiers, with their vulgarity and crudity. As before, for me it was a heady time. I was on the edge of my chair, eyes glued to the pictures, loving every scene and participating in the cat calls. After almost two hours, we took a break, while the films were being rewound, returning upstairs to refresh our drinks. The talk now was about what we had seen on the films; obviously many of us had been excited by it. Once the films had been rewound, we were called back down to watch a couple

more. Topping up our drinks, we settled back for the second half, flushed now from the drinks, as well as the atmosphere. It was even rowdier than before. Some of the scenes in the second half were even more explicit than the first. With close-ups of arses being strapped and caned, tits being bound and flogged and tear streaked faces. The highlight of the evening was the final film; the language was in English, which added to the thrill of it. Female voices making demands, others pleading and begging, moans and gasps of pleasures as the women enjoyed themselves and each other. After it was over, again we went up to the living room, to enjoy more drinks. A few of the ladies said their 'goodnights' and hurried out, either to go home to husbands or enjoy one another, or both I suppose. Still, there was quite a crowd of us left, in Marlene's living room, totally relaxed, as one can be among friends with similar interests. For some reason, I looked for Lillian, wondering how she had responded to the films. As I said, she was so quiet and she hadn't arrived with a partner, I wondered what she got out of it. I found her in the kitchen talking to a couple of other ladies, and I noticed she had on a dress that buttoned down the front. The way she was standing against the counter, leaning against it with her hip, one leg crooked and poking out of her dress, she showed a bit of thigh. I realized the lower two or three buttons were undone. I couldn't help but smile, as it didn't seem to be like her. She caught me looking and realised what I was looking at. I blushed, and looking away, she set down her glass and retied the buttons. To save her embarrassment, I returned to the living room and rejoined the others. Marlene saw the smirk on my face and asked me what was so amusing, so I told her what I'd seen. At this she laughed, "I guess you don't know." "Know what?" I queried "She's a voyeur," she went on with a smile. "While we were all watching the films she was not only watching them, but enjoying herself too." "You mean..." I couldn't find the right words. "Yes, she's a wanker," Marlene smiled. I was flabbergasted, "She didn't seem the type." "What is the type?" She went on, "One thing we all have in common here, is that we all have inner feelings and desires, and all of us in this room have our secrets which we can only share with others like ourselves." Now I felt stupid, as I realised I was not the only one turned on sexually by what we saw in the films, but that some of the ladies were happy to relieve themselves by masturbating. "One thing," Marlene went on. "Don't say anything stupid like, did you enjoy the films, or what did you like most? Just let it be, when you talk to her." Others started to leave shortly, as it was now after one in the morning, and before she left, Lillian came over and thanked Marlene for inviting her. Next, she shook Catherine's hand then turned to me, "It's a pleasure meeting you again," she said, as she took my hand and held it for a moment. Now summing up the courage I replied, "Yes, me too and I hope we will see you again, sometime." "Thank you," she replied and with that took her leave. One day, I had been out of my office for some reason, and when I returned, was given a message that someone called Susan had called for me. I couldn't think for a minute who this could be, as I didn't recognize the number, but she had left a number for me to call her back. I called the number and a female whose voice I didn't recognise answered. I asked to speak to 'Susan.' I heard her call out, "Sue, it's for you." As soon as she came on the phone, I recognized her voice, it was my friend Sue, from my home town whom I had hardly contacted since we had been together at Christmas. I had been concerned about her shooting her mouth off about my private life, and had made a point of avoiding her. After the usual pleasantries about what we had

been up to since then, and of course I told her about my promotion. She told me she had moved into a more spacious flat, with a friend of hers called Sylvia. She invited me to drop over to meet her and have a few drinks. The other bit of news, and reason for the call, was to inform me that her brother, Duncan, was getting married. Of course, I was invited to the wedding, but they hadn't known how to contact me. After chatting for some time, I agreed to drop in one evening after work, at a mutually agreeable time. Now, as before, I picked up a bottle of Scotch when I went to visit her. I did not bring Catherine, as I didn't particularly want Sue to meet my new friends. I know I was being snobbish, but then again, she was a hooker, and I really wanted to distance myself from her for that reason. I always felt obliged to her, for she had helped me out when I first came to the city. Now, I did wonder if she had turned queer as well. Being in her business, perhaps she had to service women as well as men, or possibly couples. As it turned out, that wasn't the case, she had teamed up with this woman for business purposes. Sue told me they had gone from 'hooking' to offering a dating service, and it gave an air of respectability working as a pair. I noticed her clothes were more conservative and better quality than they had been before. I put this down to her friend having had an influence on her. Her friend was a very attractive brunette, in her late thirties. She was a very pleasant woman, with a nice figure who was easy to talk to. Sue and I talked a lot about home, her brother and his girlfriend. She (Duncan's girlfriend) was an overweight woman about 5 years his senior, who worked in a library and, with him being a bit slow, it seemed they got along quite well. My problem was, now that I had been promoted I couldn't afford to take much time off work, but said I would let her know if and when I could make it. Although I was quite sure I could con Mr. Gordon into the giving me the Friday and Saturday off, as I would like at least one day at home as well as the Saturday wedding. Marlene asked if I thought I would be able to see Ms. Sharp when I was home. I told her that I wouldn't have much time, but that I would try. She went on to say, "Well I have some photographs here from our University days and I can give you a couple to show her. I picked the pictures up from her and they weren't too revealing, but enough to show Ms. Sharp in a lesbian embrace with a woman called Thelma McBride. Now that I knew more about her affairs when she was in University, I would at least attempt to talk and hopefully meet with her again. Marlene had managed to obtain her phone number, as well as her address, so I was determined to contact her one way or another. I borrowed Catherine's car and drove home the Thursday night before the wedding. This would give me the Friday to visit my family and others. Sue had gone home a few days before, as she was in the bridal party. I dropped in on them in the morning for about an hour, for tea, and then left them to their wedding preparations. As school was out for the summer I hoped Ms. Sharp would be at home, although she could have been on a vacation. I called her in the morning and got no answer, then later at lunch time, I tried again and this time I was delighted to hear her voice. When I identified myself, I'm sure she groaned. "What do you want?" She asked, rather sarcastically. "Now, that's not a very nice way to greet an ex-pupil, is it?" I replied. "And, before you think about hanging up, I have your address, so will be willing to drop in for a visit if you do." I swear I might have heard her sob over the phone and, seizing the opportunity, asked, "How is the Headmaster, is he aware of all your accomplishments at university?" Then, before she could recover from what I had said, I went on, "By

the way, Thelma sends you her regards." "Thelma?" She whispered, "Thelma who?" "Thelma McBride," I went on. "You and she were especially close friends in school and I have a couple of photos of you and her, which you might like to see." I could tell from her voice that I was getting through to her, she was scared and not sure what to do about it. Anyway, we ended up arranging to meet in the lounge at the Oakwood Tearooms at three in the afternoon; this would give me time to do some shopping beforehand. I got there a few minutes after three and was happy to see that she was already there. Smiling, I walked over to her table and sat down. "How are you Margaret?" I said in a loud voice, as if we were old friends. "Been a while since we last met." I kept this smile on my face, it wasn't hard as I felt in control, and I saw her eyes dart around quickly as if to see who was within earshot. "Fine thank you," she whispered. "What do you want from me?" "Why should I want anything from you other than your friendship, Ms. MacDonald? Thelma and Janice all send their regards." "Janice?" she whispered. "Yes, from your days at University. They showed me some lovely pictures from those times." We were interrupted by a waiter coming over and I ordered a drink. I reached into my hand bag and removed the photos I'd been given and showed them to her. She was as white as a ghost; I swear I saw her lower lip tremble as I placed them on the table in front of her. She gathered them up quickly, as if others might see them; she looked at them not knowing what to say. She didn't say much at all after that, just sat and listened as I retold some of the stories which Marlene had told me about her. She didn't say it, but I could read in her eyes what she might be thinking. "What's this going to cost me? That bitch has never been nice to anyone in all the years I knew her in school." I went on telling her how well I was doing in Glasgow. Now the manager of a classy restaurant in the city. Reaching over I placed a hand on her wrist and in as sweet a voice as I could muster said, "If it hadn't been for the interest you and others took in me, to show me the correct way, I'd never have been able to succeed. You must be proud of me, and please tell others how well I'm doing." I told her about my socializing with the others in Glasgow, and how I came to meet her 'old friends.' "I have to go now Margaret" I said, as I gathered up the pictures and put them back in my handbag. "But we must keep in touch. You must come to Glasgow and let me treat you to dinner at my restaurant." Getting up to leave I suddenly thought of something, "Do you still have that old strap you used on me when I was in your class?" "Well, yes," she said. "Why?" "I want it as a souvenir of our days in school together." "I can't do that," she went on. "It belongs to the school." My tone changed now to be more like the real me, "Well get it, so that next time I see you I can get it from you." And with that I turned and walked out. The next day was my friend's brothers wedding. Sue was home for it of course and it was good to see my old friend Sarah again. Agnes and their father were as nervous as hell worrying over everything, but all went well. Dressed up, Duncan looked very handsome, after all he was a very good-looking man. His bride was dressed in white, of course, a rather fat jovial woman a few years older than Duncan. Mother and Father didn't go; in fact I don't even know if they were invited. They didn't get along, after mother blamed them for some of my troubles growing up. Aunt Liz came with me and we had a good time at the reception, where we both got a little under the weather, as the saying goes. I left after lunch the next day and drove back to the city. As usual Catherine was glad to see me back and she quizzed me about how the wedding went. I knew she had some regrets about

that, so I was kind to her answering her questions, without going overboard about it. Later that summer, in late July or early August, a picnic was planned at one of the lochs in the Highlands, outside the city. I was later to learn this was an annual event, something lots of ladies looked forward to. Catherine packed a picnic basket with sandwiches, a couple of bottles of wine, a couple of towels and a nice, big blanket to sit on. It was a lovely spot. We drove down a dirt road for a few minutes, until we came to a large clearing, overlooking a huge Loch. It was a beautiful sunny day and we were well sheltered from any breezes, by the slope of the hill and trees. It was a nice site with grass that went down almost to the water and then there were a few feet of nice sand. There were quite a few women there already, in their swim suits, sitting on blankets sipping drinks and chatting away to each other. We spread the blanket out, and quickly disrobed and put on our swim suits. Mine was a brand new one piece, picked up for me by Catherine, as I'd never had one since I'd arrived in the city. Catherine placed the hamper on it and opened a bottle of wine, the other she placed in the Loch to keep it cold. With a glass in hand we went and joined the others. The sun actually felt quite hot from the cloudless sky and as I said, we were sheltered from any breeze. Shortly after, we heard another car arrive, looking up, I saw it was a Jaguar. Now, of all the cars in the country, I thought the Jaguar was the most beautiful of all. Particularly the Mark 10 with its sleek lines, the same as the one which had just pulled in. Curious, I watched to see who owned such a luxury when out came Lillian from the driver's side, then Marlene from the other and they walked over to join us. Ruth followed moments later, with a blanket and hamper and spread it on the grass beside us. Marlene and Ruth changed, as we had, but Lillian just kept her dress on. She was wearing a rather large-brimmed hat, sun glasses, a lovely floral pattern frock that hugged her figure nicely and not wearing any hose. She accepted a glass of wine and we all settled down to enjoy the afternoon. Soon some of the hardier women ventured into the Loch for a swim. A ball was produced and a version of water polo was played as they tossed the ball to one another. We were encouraged to join them. At first, the water felt very cold but once we were in it was comfortable. We did a lot of frolicking, jumping on each other to force heads under the water. Splashing each other, and of course playing ball. Later that afternoon on the grass, it turned into a version of volley ball. Lilly was one of a few who did not come prepared to swim, but she seemed to enjoy the activities out of the water. She had a very athletic body and was just as active as a lot of us younger ones were. When we settled down to enjoy our sandwiches and wine, I noticed her legs. Well-shaped, blemish and hair free. She sat with her feet tucked under her, very much the lady. She seemed to come out of her shell more, talking with Catherine and me, asking about our interests, family etc. and she told us a little about her life. Hers was one of wealth and splendour, yet she talked about it as if it was the norm. Before we left, all six of us went for a stroll part way around the Loch, admiring the beauty as the sun was setting. We wrapped up and went to our cars together and before getting in, gave each other hugs and kisses. Lillian held me for a split second longer than others and said what a lovely time she'd had and that she hoped to see me again. Later that week when talking to Marlene, she asked how I enjoyed the afternoon. I told her how much I'd enjoyed it and how Lilly had talked to Catherine and I so much. That, from what little I knew of her, it seemed unusual. Marlene laughed at this. "Well, I think I told you she was a Cougar," she said.

"Enjoys the company of younger women, as well as men. Don't be surprised if you and Catherine get an invite to some occasion or other soon." It came sooner than expected. Lilly phoned Catherine to invite the two of us to dinner at some plush resort, I'd never heard of. Catherine told her that she would let her know after talking to me and that night after work she told me about the invite. Now, as gently as I could, I asked Catherine how she felt about it and of course she said fine. "Now, Catherine. How do you really feel?" I asked, sure there would be some jealousy. "Well, Miss. I feel you've always been honest with me and often sought my opinion. I think you're proud of me and how much I please you, please each other really. We've shared with Marlene, Ruth and Joan, something we both enjoy. Besides, Lilly's married and her husband is still alive, so, from what I've gathered about her, she's not likely to steal you away from me." Her answer surprised me in a way. So what could I say, other than to agree to Lilly's invitation. Excited, I finished by telling her, "You better make sure I'm dressed appropriately for the occasion," and left it at that. It was on a Saturday night and Catherine bought me a new dress for the occasion. I took time off in the afternoon, to go to hairdressers and get my hair done and then left work early, to take the time to bathe and dress. I was as nervous as hell and I admit to being a little intimidated, as well as excited. I kept quizzing Catherine about it, with her family being wealthy; she had experience in socializing with really wealthy people before. She kept assuring me I would be fine, after all she had taught me so much about etiquette. I insisted that we leave in lots of time to get there. Of course, as a result, we arrived early and I insisted that Catherine drive around slowly so we could arrive right on time. We checked our coats and headed for the ladies' room to check our makeup. Butterflies were doing a number in my stomach. After we entered the dining room, the Maitre'd' said something to Catherine and I heard her say, "Mrs. Lloyd's guests." "Ah yes," he replied, as if he was expecting us and led us to her table. Lilly was there, sipping a drink, as we arrived. The gentleman held the chairs out for us to sit down and said, "Enjoy your dinner." A waiter appeared immediately. Lilly asked us what we would like to drink and we ordered. We made small talk, as we studied the menu (for this I relied on Catherine's advice on what I should order) then, when we were all ready, we ordered our meal. There was quite a crowd there, with most tables occupied, from what I could see. A hubbub of conversation was going on and waiters were scurrying around. Some nice, light music was playing in the background and I was soon able to relax and begin to enjoy the experience immensely. We took our time dining, as we had all evening, with lots of wine and after dessert, enjoyed liqueurs. Most people around us were smoking and I realized that Lilly didn't smoke. I hadn't noticed that before but fortunately I did and as we were her guests, I didn't light up either. Thankfully, I'd never been a heavy smoker and it helped me realize the hold the addiction can have on people. After the meal, we retired to the lounge for drink. There, Lillian said how she had to go to Edinburgh for a meeting. I don't know what it was about, but it had something to do with her husband being too ill to attend, so now it fell upon her to take care of some family business. Turning to Catherine, she said, "I don't like driving that far, to a strange city. Now, as you have family there, why don't you drive us?" Lillian was obviously not aware of the strained relationship between Catherine and her family, due to her sexual orientation. Catherine shocked me by agreeing to this, saying how nice that would be and to let her know when she wanted to go. At this

Lilly, suggested that perhaps she could arrange her meeting for a Friday, so we could drive down on the Thursday evening. In the car, as she was driving us back home, I asked her about that. Turning to me she said, "I won't go, but you can. I'll explain to her later, so as not to disappoint her. I'd like you to drive her. Besides, it will give you a chance to drive her Jaguar. You've told me often enough how much you like those cars." At times like that I often felt that Catherine could read my mind.