

Adventures of Kristof and Marci, Marci's Story

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Marci tells Krissy the story of how she got into lesbain loving

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We sipped our wine in the evening sun as Marci began to answer my question about how she had got into girl on girl loving. I will tell it from Marci's point of view... It happened not long after my husband and I separated. I had always been curious about lesbian sex; a school friend and I had had a few fumbles in our teens, but in physical terms, that was about it. I have always loved looking at lesbian porn and I thought it might be time to take a break from men. One Friday I decided to pop into town and get myself some sexy undies, so I went to a shop where I knew the owner did a bra fitting service and I had a pretty strong idea that she was lesbian, or at least bi. I had gone there once before with my husband and he had said that he watched the way she looked at me and he was certain that she had been mentally undressing me the whole time. I couldn't be sure if she would be there, or if she really was into girls, but it was as good a starting point as any! I prepared the ground by wearing a fitted button through dress which showed a decent amount of cleavage. Underneath I had on nylons and suspenders and a bra that didn't fit too well; it was a touch too tight, but did really push my tits together, enhancing the cleavage effect! I arrived at the shop late in the afternoon, went in and began browsing. After a few minutes the owner approached me, asking if there was anything specific I wanted, or did I want any help. She was gorgeous, with an even tan and a shock of wavy auburn hair which came to her shoulders. She was wearing a dark grey pencil skirt and a cream lace blouse open to her cleavage, with the collar turned up. I could see her cream balconette bra and the curve of her full breasts through the lace. Below the hem of the skirt her shapely legs were clad in seamed full fashion nylons and she wore a pair of black stilettos. I told her that I was not sure exactly what I wanted just yet, but that I would appreciate her advice. I also mentioned that I would like to take advantage of her fitting service. She looked at my bust, her eyes lingering on my cleavage and said that she could see that I might need some assistance there. Then she looked at her watch and said 'Oh, I really need to get to the bank before it closes and I am alone here today. Would you mind coming back.' I felt disappointed, particularly given the way she had looked at my chest, I was certain I had detected more than a professional appraisal in her look. I didn't get chance to answer as she turned towards the counter saying 'Here, I have some vouchers for the coffee shop across the street. Would you mind terribly? I will only be 10 minutes then I will give you my full attention.' 'Oh' I said 'I thought you meant you'd be closing and to come back another day.' She smiled and said 'Don't

worry, if you can wait, I will open up again, just for you .’ I took the vouchers and laid a hand on my arm, saying ‘Be a darling and get one for me, then we can have a chat when I get back. That way I can better understand what you are looking for.’ I headed off to the coffee shop as she locked the door and went up the street. I ordered the coffees and sat pondering the previous few minutes. She had certainly appeared to be “eyeing me up” and the way she had emphasised the words in some of what she had said; “... full attention...” and “... just for you ...” it seemed to me that there was a double meaning. I told myself that I was imagining it and not to be so silly. I found myself looking at my watch and gazing up the street to see her approach. She really was a strikingly attractive woman and my mind began to wander to what might be. ‘Penny for them.’ I was brought back to reality with a shock; I had let my mind wander and had not noticed her walk into the coffee shop. She was now taking the seat opposite me and I flushed with embarrassment. She brushed her hand over mine and said ‘Thank you for waiting and for getting the coffee, I have hardly had time to get one this afternoon.’ Her touch was electrifying and I felt an involuntary shudder run through me. She leant forward as she sat and I had a full view down the front of her blouse. I looked up and saw her watching me and flushed with embarrassment; she just smiled. She introduced herself properly then, saying her name was Tanya and I replied telling her mine. She took a sip of the coffee then said ‘So, what are you looking for, Marci?’ I told her that I wasn’t absolutely certain, I just wanted some new underwear, ‘Something that fits properly, some for every day but some for, um...special occasions, you know, a little more racy.’ She laughed and said ‘I specialise in racy. So, something for the special man in your life, eh?’ ‘Huh!’ I said, ‘After nearly 20 years, the special man is now in someone else’s life and I don’t have anyone at the moment, but you never know.’ ‘Oh, sorry, I just assumed... Still, you are still young and look great, I would never have assumed that you were old enough to have been married for that long. We must be about the same age.’ she said. ‘Oh, don’t worry’ I replied We chatted on for a while as we drank our coffee. We discovered that we were almost exactly the same age, 38, within a few weeks of each other. I told her about my daughter, Stacey who was just turned 18 at the time. She told me that she was also divorced, but no children. Then she said she had given up on men long ago, just the occasional fling for fun now and then. So, I thought, perhaps she bats for both teams; though she gave no more indication then. She asked me a few more questions about my choice of underwear as we finished our coffee. The street was busy with commuters as we crossed to her shop, people heading home at the end of the day. When she had left earlier, she had lowered the blind on the door and she left it down as we entered, locking the door behind her. ‘Don’t want anyone coming in unexpectedly.’ She said. The window displays had backdrops; ‘We’re safe from the prying eyes of the outside world. You’d be surprised at the number of blokes who try to ogle.’ She added, with a laugh as she flicked on the lights. She led me round, pointing out the various features of different bras, I told her which styles I liked and she collected a few for me to try. After a few minutes she said ‘Right, let’s get you measured properly. You’ll have to take off your dress and bra, you aren’t shy, I trust?’ I pointed out that she had already collected a half dozen bras and she told me that she was fairly confident about her estimate, but we’d see soon enough. She led me to the fitting room and picked up a tape measure. I stepped through the curtain into a reasonable sized room with full length

mirrors on 2 walls. The room was tastefully decorated with subtle colours and drapes, rather like a boudoir, though not over the top. There was a sofa with a throw over it and a straight backed chair. She perched herself on the arm rest of the sofa as I unzipped the dress. I slipped it off and hung it on the hook. As I was unclasping my bra she commented on my stockings and suspenders. 'Ah, a woman after my own heart, it is so rare to see women in proper stockings these days and I just adore your suspender belt, where did you get it.' As I draped my bra over the back of the chair I told her I had got it from a popular online dealer in stockings and associated items. She stood and approached me. 'You have certainly taken care of yourself, you have nice firm boobs, despite the fact that they are quite big.' I blushed a little as she slipped the tape around me, touching my breasts almost imperceptibly; I felt her hand brush my nipple on more than one occasion as she unhurriedly measured me. 'Just as I thought.' She announced. She moved behind me and cupped my breasts, pushed them up and moved them apart saying 'Now, lift and separate, sexy cleavage,' with which she pushed them together, 'or voluptuous vamp?' as she flattened her hands squashed my boobs like a tight corset. 'Mmm, sexy cleavage please.' I said. She picked up a bra and handed it to me. I slipped it on and, as I did up the clasp, she stood in front of me and ran her fingertips under the front, positioning it, then along the edge of the cups, making sure my boobs were seated properly. She stepped away for me to check in the mirror. 'Wow, amazing the difference a well fitting bra can have!' I said as I looked at my reflection in the mirror. 'Hmm, try this one then.' She said. I change into the one she was offering and again she adjusted it, this time she ran her hands under the sides of my tits, pointing out the very subtle padding. This bra was altogether more revealing, so her fingertips once again just brushed against my nipples as she again slipped her fingers into the edge of the cups, seating them. When she stepped away I just smiled and said 'I can hardly believe those are my boobs!' 'As you said just now, a well fitting garment can transform even the firmest round bust.' She said, then added 'You look lovely.' I said I would take one of each, but I also wanted something altogether more sexy; a corset, preferably cupless. She thought a moment then said I think I have just the thing and led me into the shop. It seemed really strange to be browsing in a shop wearing only underwear and shoes, but it also turned me on a bit. Tanya was lifting a couple of corsets from a rack. 'Long line or short?' she asked, then qualified the question Long tend to have suspenders, whereas short rarely do. Short tend to be more comfortable for regular day wear, but the longer ones tend to take a bit of getting used to. If it's just for sex, that won't matter too much!' She giggled. It's a shame there isn't something in between.' I replied She thought a moment then went and took another off the rack; it was a pale cream with vertical black stripes and had detachable suspenders, there was also a matching lace and satin thong. She pointed out the little triangle at the back which had black crisscross ribbon laces, matching the corset. 'This one might suit, but it is back lacing, so you will need someone to help you into it, at least the first time, then tie it off and use the metal clasps at the front to get it on and off. We could do that now, if you aren't in a hurry?' 'I'm in no rush, but what about you?' I replied. 'No problem for me, at all. Besides, this is my job and I love my work!' We returned to the fitting room and I removed the bra while Tanya loosened the lacing on the corset. She wrapped it round me and began to tighten the laces, checking that I didn't find it too tight. Once she

was satisfied that it was about right, she instructed me to sit on the chair to make sure that it was still comfortable. 'You should be able to sit and stand again without a struggle.' she advised, warning that it may take a bit of getting used to. I told her that it felt fine; adding that I had a couple of corsets already, though none quite as lovely as this one. 'I'll take it, but I think I would like to wear it now, to get used to it.' She suggested that I transfer the stockings to the corset's suspenders, rather than wearing my own belt. I agreed and began undoing them. 'Here, let me help.' Tanya offered, crouching beside me and working the metal clasps. That done, she stood beside me, the two of us looking at my reflection in the mirror. There I was wearing that sexy cupless corset, my breasts on full display and feeling very horny. 'What about this?' she asked, holding the thong in a hooked finger. In for a penny... I thought. 'Oh, um, yeah, I guess I should put that on as well, to finish it off. I hooked my fingers into the waistband of my own knickers and began to slip them off. Tanya crouched beside me and said 'Here, let me help. You might find it a little tricky bending all the way and I don't want you getting your heels caught up and falling over.' Her eyes were firmly fixed on the mirror as she slipped my panties down, then offered up the new thong for me to step into. 'Mmm.' she breathed approvingly, her eyes clearly taking in my hairless pussy. 'Waxed?' she asked. 'Yes. I had it done this morning. I do have a trimmer for in between times, but it just isn't the same.' 'I prefer mine that way, too, though I actually like to keep a Brazilian strip.' she giggled as she brought the thong up. 'I must say you look good enough to eat. It's a shame you don't have anyone to wear it for at the moment, but when the right person comes along, I'm sure they'd be more than happy to have you dressed like this for them. I know it would get my pulse racing.' She was fussing with the sides of the thong and I thought "it's now or never". Before I could stop myself I blurted out 'I'd love to wear it for you if you'd like.' She looked at me in the mirror, her hands on my hips then she dropped her left hand and ran it up the inside of my thigh. Her fingers fleetingly brushed my pussy as she pushed her hand between my legs. She stopped with her open palm against the front of the thong, as her right hand gently caressed my outer thigh. 'I'd like that very much.' she replied in a husky whisper then withdrew her left hand slightly so that it was cupping my pussy and lowered her head to kiss my right buttock. Slowly Tanya withdrew her left hand, brushing her fingertips along my pussy, then stood, turned me so that I was side on to one of the mirrors. I began to speak, but she placed a finger on my lips then moved her face towards mine and we kissed. Her right hand moved over my left breast, her fingertips brushing over my now stiff nipple. Then she lowered her head towards my left breast. She extended her tongue and ran it over the nipple then, tongue still extended, she encircled the nipple with her lips. She began to gently suck the hard bud of dark flesh and slowly she drew her tongue back into her mouth; the feel of it drawing across my nipple was electrifying and I let out a soft moan. Meanwhile she was rolling my left nipple between her thumb and forefinger, tweaking it firmly. I let out another moan and she lowered her hand to rub my pussy through the little thong. My legs began to quiver and I let out a grunt as she pushed her fingertips into the soft folds of my pussy. Tanya withdrew her mouth from my breast and stood again, running her hands over my buttocks as she kissed me deeply, her tongue probing my mouth; I responded in kind and our tongues searched the inside of each other's mouths. Finally, she broke away and said 'Would you like to continue this at my place?' I

could barely speak and just nodded meekly. She gathered up the underwear as I put my dress back on and shoved my own discarded stuff into my bag, then I followed her out into the shop. She asked where my car was parked and I told her it was in the small car park behind the shop. Hers was there too and she told me to wait for her while she locked up. I waited in my car, my heart racing, was I really doing this? I almost had to pinch myself to make sure it was real. Soon Tanya came into the car park, carrying a large bag, then said for me to follow her home. We cleared the town and headed into the countryside. After a short while Tanya turned into a lane then into the gates of a large old house, with one car parked in front. She parked her car and I parked alongside her. Getting out I said 'Wow, impressive place.' 'Yeah, I was really lucky, a friend wanted to buy it for his business, but it was too big. So I agreed to buy it with him and live in part of it. I have the top floor and he has the ground. It's mostly offices, so there is no one there in the evenings or at weekends. It is really private and the security is good, so I have no real worries.' She glanced towards the other car and said 'Hmm Peter's working late.' Just then a handsome guy came out of the front door dressed in chinos and a polo shirt. 'Hi Pete.' He smiled at her and came over, they kissed each other on the cheek and she said 'This is my friend, Marci. We're having a girlie night in.' He shook my hand and said 'Oooh, want any male company?' Tanya laughed and said 'Naughty, you go home to that disgustingly gorgeous, sexy wife of yours.' 'Yeah,' Peter replied 'apparently she was in your shop this week and told me that I would be in for a special treat tonight if I behave.' 'Oh yes, you are in for a very special treat, I think.' 'Well you two have fun.' he said then slapped Tanya's arse and with a cheeky grin on his face nodded towards me and said 'Be gentle with her.' Tanya slapped him on the shoulder and said 'Cheeky, go on with you and give my love to Jenny.' She led me to a side entrance hall and we climbed the stairs to the upper floor. As we went she said that she and he had been fuck buddies at one time, then he met and married Jenny. They had had a couple of threesomes, more fun than serious, so he knew Tanya's weakness for a pretty girl. At the top of the stairs was a spacious landing with several doors and a hallway leading off. There were a couple of pieces of erotic art on the walls, relatively tame, more sensual than anything. She led me into the kitchen, got out a couple of flute glasses and then opened the fridge and took out a bottle of champagne and a dish of strawberries. She led the way out of a side door onto a large balcony overlooking the garden and countryside beyond. The balcony was bathed in early evening sunlight, at one end was a cane sofa and chairs, in the middle a dining table and chairs and at the far end a large sun lounger, wide enough to comfortably accommodate 2 people. She walked to the far end of the table and put down the bowl and began to open the bottle as I looked at the view. She popped the cork and poured two glasses of champagne. Joining me at the railing she handed me a glass, I turned to face her and we raised our glasses. Holding my gaze she said 'Here's to beautiful loving.' We touched glasses and I repeated the toast then sipped the chilled wine. I love it out here; it is totally private and gets the sun all afternoon, so it's great for sunbathing. It was a beautiful, warm summer's evening and everything felt good. We chatted as we sipped our wine. Draining the first glass she held up the bottle to offer more. 'Oooh, are you trying to get me tipsy so that you can take advantage of me?' I asked coyly. 'I think it is a little late for that.' she laughed. 'Besides, empty champagne bottles have other uses, too!' she said with a wicked grin. 'Mmm, we'd

better get on with it then!' I responded. Tanya filled the glasses and we took a mouthful. She moved closer to me and ran the back of the fingers of her free hand over my cheek, down my neck then over my breast. She put her glass on the table, took mine and put it down, then took me in her arms and kissed me full on the lips, her hand cupping my breast; she sucked my bottom lip into her mouth, gently tugging at it between her teeth. I let my hands wander to her firm buttocks, feeling her suspenders through the material of her skirt. All at once our hands began to roam over each other as our lips opened and tongues entwined. After a few minutes we separated, breathless. 'I have a confession.' I half whispered. 'Mmm, so do I, but there will be time for confessions later.' She replied. She picked up her champagne, selected a strawberry from the bowl, dipped it in the wine, then raising it to her lips, she ran the tip of her tongue over the fruit, before sucking the tip gently. 'Fruit can be so erotic, don't you think?' she asked as she dipped it again and offered it to me. I mimicked her actions and she bade me eat the fruit. I bit it and she discarded the stalk. 'Oh God, I want you.' she said hoarsely. 'Then take me, I am yours.' I responded. She put her glass down, unzipped my dress and peeled the straps off my shoulders, letting the garment slide to the floor. Her fingers went straight to my nipples which were quickly stiffening; she rolled them firmly between her thumbs and forefingers and I let out a moan. Cupping my breasts in her hands, she ducked her head and flicked her tongue over each nipple, then raised her head and kissed me again. She picked up another strawberry and dipped it in her champagne, this time she ran it over my nipple before sucking it, then ate it, her eyes firmly fixed on mine. I reached out and cupped one of her breasts, feeling its firmness in the palm of my hand. Then I began to unbutton her blouse, my hands nervously quivering. All the while Tanya was stroking my nipple with one hand, while her other ran over my hip and stocking top. Once I had got the buttons undone, she dropped her arms so that I could push her blouse back off her shoulders. It slipped to the floor as I undid her skirt and pushed it over the curve of her hips. She wiggled her legs and the skirt dropped to the ground; she flicked it away with her foot. I reached out, placing my right hand into her cleavage and gripped the clip of her front fastening bra. As I pressed it clicked and the bra sprang open, Tanya shrugged it off and it joined the other clothes on the floor. I stood there looking at her gorgeous firm, round breasts; I was so nervous, I was quivering like a jelly. Tanya placed a hand behind my neck and gently pulled my head towards her. I dipped my head and began to suck on one of her nipples, flicking my tongue over the hard dark flesh, while my hands were stroking her hips and buttocks. After a few moments Tanya pulled my head back. She held another strawberry in her fingers and dipped it in her glass, then rubbed the fruit over her nipple. Her eyes did all the talking and I read what was wanted. Dipping my head again I ran the tip of my tongue over her breast, tasting the wine, then flicked at her nipple. She intervened with the strawberry again, this time crushing the fruit and smearing its flesh and juice onto her nipple. I opened my mouth and extended my tongue, copying her actions back at the shop. Pressing my mouth against her breast, I encircled the areola and drew my tongue in, before sucking the strawberry from her skin. Tanya drew a sharp breath and moaned 'Oh yeah, Marci, that's soooo good, suck by nipple hard.' She pulled my head in tight and I sucked harder, causing her to moan again. She moved her hand from my head and began stroking my buttocks. I raised my head and she kissed me again, gently pushing me back

so that my bum rested on the edge of the table. As we kissed, one hand cupped my breast and the other moved across my hip, working round until her fingertips were on the front of my knickers, where they began to rub my clit; I moaned and she rubbed harder. Sensing I was on the brink she began to squeeze my nipple as the other hand worked its magic. I gave out a little cry as I came and felt the moisture spread across the satin of the thong. 'Mmmm, it seems as if you enjoyed that. I want to taste that lovely pussy of yours.' she said softly. Tanya began to kiss her way down my body, flicking her tongue over my nipples then tracing a line down across my belly. She was kneeling in front of me now and I could feel her breath on my thighs as she moved closer. She ran her tongue across the front of my knickers, licking at the damp patch and then reached out, pulling the front of the thong aside. I leant back on the table and parted my thighs as she moved her head forward, flicking her tongue over my clit then she lifted my leg over her shoulder and ran her tongue along my labia, sucking the folds of flesh. Returning to my clit, she sucked into her mouth and began tugging it with her teeth, almost chewing on the ultra-sensitive little bud. I pulled her head closer and encouraged her 'Oooohhh yesss!' I hissed 'that feels sooooo good!' She carried on, pushing her tongue between my pussy lips, alternately with working my clit. I was soon panting again when she suddenly stopped. She slipped my leg off of her shoulder, stood and kissed me. The taste of my pussy on her lips was heavenly. She suggested that we get more comfortable, motioning at the sun lounger. We picked up our glasses and drained them. 'I wouldn't want to make a mess of the cover.' I said as she poured more champagne 'Don't worry, it's removable, so can get washed.' she replied. Then she looked at me questioningly and asked 'Does that comment mean that you cum a lot? I do hope so!' I told her that I had been known to squirt when really aroused and she promised she would do all she could to get me that way. She raised her glass 'Here's to a gushing pussy!' 'I'll drink to that!' I said as our glasses chinked together. We took another draft of the wine and she topped up once more. Then, picking up the bowl of strawberries, we stepped over to the sun lounger. We placed our drinks and the fruit on the side little side table and sat on the edge of the lounger. She took me in her arms and we kissed, our hands exploring each other's bodies once more. Gently, she laid me back and swung my legs straight up, then reached down and slipped my thong off, sliding it up my legs and dropping it on the floor. She parted my legs, and ran her fingers over my pussy. She picked up a strawberry and began to rub it up and down my pussy lips, then she pressed it against my clit, crushing it; I could feel the cool juice running over my labia. Tanya moved her position, lowering my legs; she spread my thighs and knelt between them and lowered her mouth to my crotch, licking, sucking, cleaning up the fruit. This was so erotic; my eyes were fixed on this gorgeous woman's face between my thighs. She looked up, smiling at me with her eyes and I reached out to pass her another strawberry. 'Some for me, please.' I said She rubbed the fruit against me then pushed it into my pussy, before raising herself and feeding it to me. She kissed me then lifted her glass and poured a small amount of champagne over my pussy then proceeded to lick that up. Finally, she lowered her head once more and began sucking my clit. She spread my labia and I felt her fingers enter me, slowly easing in and out then she began stroking my g-spot as she sucked harder on my clit. I was panting now and gripping the mattress as I felt an almighty orgasm approaching. I had been pretty well in control up to that point, but then I lost it as she

brought me off. I was almost screaming at her to keep going. 'Ughhh fuck, yeah, don't stop, just make me cum!' Encouraged, she increased the pressure and speed of her fingers and sucked harder, chewing on my clit. I suddenly felt the release 'Oh God, yessss! I'm cumming!' She withdrew her head as I began to cum, my whole body racked with spasms. My juices erupted in a torrent which sprayed over her waiting face. As my orgasm subsided she moved back in and began licking my thighs and crotch once again. When I had calmed down enough to look again, I remember seeing her glistening face between my thighs, as she licked me. Pulling her face away, she gave me a big grin and said 'Fuck yeah, baby, that was just so good, you taste amazing!' Then she moved up, embraced me and we kissed deeply. We lay there for what seemed ages, kissing and gently touching each other. Tanya ran her fingers over my body and whispered to me 'Now it's your turn.' She wriggled out of her little knickers as I lowered my head to her breasts and began licking and sucking at one nipple while my hand tugged gently at the other. Tanya urged me to treat them harder, telling me that she loved the sensation of pain in her nipples. 'I think they are directly connected to my clit!' she exclaimed with a little giggle. I increased the pressure of both fingers and mouth and she let out a moan. Then she picked up her glass and tipped a little of the champagne over one of her breasts. 'Just lick it off, no sucking.' she said. I did as she instructed, my tongue describing long strokes over her firm breast, drawing it over her nipple at the end of each stroke. I moved my hand down over her flat stomach and slid it over her hip feeling her stocking tops and suspenders under my fingers. My hand was trembling and she must have sensed that I was nervous. 'Don't worry,' she said 'just do what you would like to have done to you and I will guide you if necessary.' I continued to run my hand over her then made my way to her pussy, running my finger tips along the soft, moist slit, coming to rest on her clit. She still had the glass in her hand and poured some of the wine onto her pussy, bidding me lick it up. As I did this, she took a strawberry, removed the stalk and crushed the fruit. Then her hand intervened in my tongues ministrations and she rubbed the fruit into her pussy, pressing the flesh of the fruit inside her. Removing her fingers, she held them up for me to lick clean then withdrew her hand. I knew what was expected and began to push my tongue into her, eating the fruit as I went. By the time I had got it all she was moaning and writhing on the mattress, her hand tugging at my hair, pulling my face harder against her. I alternated between pressing my tongue into the folds of her now wet cunt and sucking her clit. I pushed my fingers into her and began to stoke her to orgasm. She was soon panting and begging me not to stop. Finally, with a shout of 'Oh fuck meeee. Yesssssss!' she too sprayed her cum over my face. As her orgasm subsided I continued to lick and suck getting as much of this nectar as I could. After a short while Tanya told me to move up so that she could taste herself on my mouth. I did as she said and she began to lick my cheeks, wet with her cum, then pushed her tongue into mine and we kissed passionately for some time, our tongues entwining like two mating snakes. Breaking away, she said 'So, you said something about a confession?' 'I..um..well, I came to the shop late for a fitting because I was hoping that it might lead to something more...' I replied and went on to tell her what my ex had said about her watching me and that I had hoped she had lesbian tendencies. 'But I never imagined it would lead to something as wonderful as this!' She chuckled and said 'Well, I am glad you enjoyed it. Your ex's perceptions were right. But I too have a confession. I

didn't really have to go to the bank, I could have just used the night deposit later, but I had a feeling about you and, besides, I wanted you, so I thought I would do that so we could come back after locking up time, then I would have you all to myself in the shop. We discussed this point and she confessed that she had seduced a few women in the changing room; one or two had gone on to become friends and occasional lovers. But it was the first time she had employed the bank excuse. I told her I was glad she had and that I had really enjoyed her seduction. Well, there's plenty more fun to be had yet, if you want to stay?' 'It would take wild horses to drag me away from something this wonderful.' I replied. 'Good.' she said 'I have to open the shop for a few hours tomorrow morning, but the rest of the weekend will be devoted to total pleasure! Now, perhaps we should get cleaned up and change into some fresh clothes. I have plenty for you to borrow. I'll order a takeaway, there is a great Chinese who deliver, then we can go and take a nice erotic shower.' She kissed me, her tongue fleetingly exploring my mouth again. Tanya broke away and lifted herself from the lounge, holding out her hand to help me up. Picking up the strawberries and champagne she headed off to the kitchen and put them in the fridge. I followed with our glasses. She called in the takeaway order, then we drained our glasses and she took me by the hand and led me along the hallway to her bedroom....
To be continued