

Dinner at the Athelstan - Part 2

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Continuing the story of me, Sam and Judith

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Judith was attentive during the meal but her mood seemed to change as we finished. Abruptly she stood and told me to follow her into the sitting room of her suite. I stood, holding my dress in place but she said I should leave it behind so I slipped it off and, in stockings, heels, suspenders and knickers followed her – she did not once look back at me. I stood uncertainly in the large, well-appointed room and then she did turn and held me in her gaze. ‘My – how very delicious.’ She sat in a soft chair and told me to come closer. When I was standing right in front of her she spread her legs. ‘Now, you’re going to come and sit astride my leg,’ her legs opened, ‘facing me and we’re going to get a little closer.’ I crouched over her leg and settled on it. The soft silk of her stockings felt warm between my legs. Her hands roamed over my face, my tits and my body then she took my face in her hands again and pulled me to her mouth. She kissed me. There is a school of thought among some whores that kissing is a no. Not for me because, first, I love it and second, when you consider some of the other things I do it seems churlish to deny the client that. It wasn’t an option anyway. Her tongue hungrily invaded my mouth and I responded quite naturally. My hand moved to cup her breast through the soft pale blue of her dress but she abruptly pushed me away. ‘When I say and what I say, got it?’ I had got it quite clearly and she resumed kissing me. Her fingers squeezed my nipples quite hard and I could tell she enjoyed the little moan of pain I gave as she did so. Her kissing was intense, a certain urgency to it and when she gave a stinging blow to my arse with her hand I almost jumped but she held me fast. This was repeated a couple of times and then she told me to bend across her lap, my hands on the floor. She caressed my buttocks and then to my astonishment ripped my knickers away. I was about to say something but she silenced me by cupping my mouth with her left hand while her right delved between my legs and stroked me until the familiar wetness allowed her to enter me which she did quite gently with one finger. She released my mouth and said, ‘You can afford to replace them with what I am paying.’ Then she began an onslaught with her hand on my bum. She spanked me really hard and I cried out a couple of times but she said to shut up or she’d gag me. I knew she was becoming increasingly aroused, I could hear it in her breath and occasional little noises. She told me to stand and, when I was upright, my arse feeling extremely hot, she stood and removed her dress. Her eyes had a fire in them that spoke of lust. Her body, now revealed except where covered by black panties of exquisite cut and fabric, was a joy to behold. The nipples were, as I had imagined,

large and now erect. Her legs were covered in the sheerest silk stockings held in place with a black suspender belt. 'Come with me.' This time I followed her to the bedroom, passing on my way the remnants of £40 worth of silk knickers she had hurled to one side. The bedroom was equally large and dominated by a massive bed. She told me to lie on the bed, face up and legs spread wide. As soon as I had assumed that position she knelt, between my feet gazing at my trimmed pussy before almost literally diving down onto it and spending a good while licking it, kissing it and, ultimately, sliding a finger into me. Her free hand reached up and squeezed my nipple so hard she made me gasp and this clearly she loved. She lavished attention on me and I began to feel an approaching orgasm. She must have sensed it too because she suddenly stopped and told me to get off the bed and kneel on the floor. She stood in front of me and rather ceremoniously slipped her panties off. Now, a woman in my line of work sees many different pussies but this one was something to behold. To say her clitoris was large would be an understatement. It was no penis but it literally peeped out between the folds of her lips and she smiled at the astonishment on my face as I alternated my gaze between her eyes and that protuberance. 'Time was I was embarrassed by this little girl,' she said, stroking it gently, 'but she gives me a great deal of pleasure and right now you two are going to get acquainted.' First she went to the wardrobe and took out a long, black silk nightdress which she put on – it covered her in a diaphanous, almost transparent film to the waist from where it fell in a very full skirt to the floor. Her nipples poked through the fabric and she rolled them between her fingers. She then sat on the edge of the bed and spread her legs, lifting the skirt of her nightdress and with a harsh yank on my hair pulled me to her, pushing my face into her crotch. Suddenly I was covered in the silk of her dress and her hand stroked my head more gently. 'Now, girl, give her some good loving.' In the half-light I could see but other senses worked better. I lapped around her extraordinary clit, licking the wetness that ran from her. I didn't touch it at first, teasing her by licking between her lips almost to it then slipping down and away from it. She almost purred. Her hands continued to stroke my head and finally I touched the tip of her clit with my tongue. It was almost electric the way it made her gasp. This spurred me on and I took it between my lips and rolled it, my tongue tipping the end. I sucked it and she gripped my head under the dress and rocked as I stroked her legs and lavished attention on that amazing piece of anatomy. 'Fingers – two.' Obediently and gently I slipped two fingers into her, curling them and crossing them within her and licked all around them but always returning to suck that clitoris. I felt her tighten around my fingers, her fingers tighten their grip on my head and her pelvis pushed forward and she let go an animal groan as she obviously and very wetly came. Her juices didn't squirt, they flooded. Her orgasm seemed to last forever. I licked her all through it, lapping up her wetness and easing my fingers out of her. At last she tapped my head and stood. 'Bend over the edge of the bed.' She walked out of my sight and returned to stand behind me. I felt a finger, slippery, circle my dark star and enter it. She pushed the lubricant deep inside me, then some more, then some more again and I felt grateful for the consideration. I felt the firmness of a dildo at my entrance and she very slowly and gently eased deep into me. She ended up with her legs touching mine and I knew the nightdress was still in place. She lifted it so it covered my back and I couldn't help wondering why – perhaps she liked to pretend it wasn't me or wasn't a woman or whatever. It

takes all sorts. She fucked my arse then, starting slowly and building to a breakneck speed of thrusts. She folded her body over mine and reached under me to squeeze my nipples cruelly. When I made any sort of noise she pushed my face down onto the bed. She came again and this time it was wetter, her hot fluids running over my back and down both our legs. She made no sound this time but her mouth was at my ear and I could sense a release of breath as the orgasm rose and subsided and her body became a dead weight on my back. She pulled out of me and slapped my arse almost playfully. She sat on the bed and indicated I should lie in her lap and then she held me to her breast and fed me her nipple. As I suckled she stroked my face and very gently used her fingers to caress between my legs. She whispered, 'You can cum if you want to now.' 'Get dressed girl, that's you for tonight. I'm in town for a few days – if I have time I'll call the agency again – I have some other ideas for you.' I went out to the room where we had eaten and retrieved my dress. I threw the ruined knickers in a bin and grabbed my bag. As I approached the door she stopped me and kissed me. 'You did well.' She handed me an envelope which, without opening, I placed in my bag. I wished her goodnight and left. Sam was waiting for me in the Merc. Satisfied I had come to no harm she kissed me and in her easy, competent way, drove me home. She always asked me what had transpired between me and the client and I always told her absolutely truthfully. This was a ritual for us and meant that she knew I kept nothing from her and that I could always be totally open. There are no secrets between me and Sam – she once told me that ever she found I kept a secret (apart from things like birthday presents etc) she'd whip me and I never doubted that she would. Back home we showered together and Sam carefully checked my body. She always did this and it was another part of our ritual. You cannot imagine how safe it made me feel. You will remember that Dee and I had coffee together earlier that morning (well, the day before by now). Sam, as she towelled me off, asked me if I had seen her. I told her about our coffee. 'Did she fuck you?' 'No, you know I always tell her to ask you first.' She nodded and led me to the bedroom. She reached into a cupboard and pulled out a long leather single tail. My eyes widened and I started to say something. 'I just wanted to remind you about our secrets rule, right?' Sam's hitherto fierce expression transformed into a wide, warm grin. 'Did you piss yourself?' She looked down at my thighs but they were dry. 'Shame. Let's get to bed.' Sometime during the long dark night I felt the caress of that leather slide over me like a snake and heard her stroking herself. I knew she'd cum imagining that leather kissing my skin but I rolled between her thighs to help her anyway.