

The Heatwave - The Bentley and the Barn

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Judi sets off on a journey, Suzi and Helen go riding...

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The Bentley and the Barn Just after three in the afternoon a dark blue Bentley Mulsanne Turbo Convertible, top down, the driver's face hidden by a mass of blonde curls and sunglasses, turned off the M23 south of London and cruised down the slip road onto the west bound M25 London Orbital. As she navigated the big car through the endless stream of vans and lorries in the two nearside lanes, Judi savoured the effortless power that lay beneath her right foot, feeling a surge of almost sexual excitement at the harsh growl of the twin exhausts that accompanied each frenzied rush of acceleration. In the outside lane she set the cruise control to something the wrong side of ninety and, cosseted in her leather upholstered splendour, settled down to enjoy the combination of speed and bright sunshine. As the powerful car ate up the miles, Judi's mind wandered to thoughts of her oldest friend, Kayti Chamberlain. It seemed hardly credible now that it was over twenty years since they had first met: she, the shy, uncertain miner's daughter from Yorkshire, and Kayti, the brash, confident daughter of a Shropshire butcher. The venue had been a draughty photographer's studio in a Balham attic, where they had both been booked to pose topless for a well-known Fleet Street tabloid. They had hit it off immediately, a shared sense of the ridiculous, coupled with the innate and unconscious sexuality they both possessed had them both laughing and posing until the photographer (who couldn't believe his good fortune) called a halt on the grounds that he had run out of film. As they dressed in the tiny bathroom attached to the studio, Kayti asked Judi where she was living, and on hearing that she was currently lodging with an aged Great-Aunt in far away Walthamstow, Kayti was quick to explain that she had recently lost her flatmate and would be eternally grateful for the help with the rent should Judi prefer to move closer to the centre of London and it's many attractions. She may have omitted to mention that her "flatmate" was also her boyfriend, (who she had recently dumped) and that the flat had only one bedroom - indeed it essentially only had one room - but Judi was so delighted to find someone with which she had so much in common that she moved in the next day. The initial response to their first shoot was very good, and the two girls found themselves more and more in demand for topless and nude modelling, until they were both regularly working three or four days a week. On a regular basis they were asked repeat their debut and pose together, which led several photographers to comment on the apparent sexual chemistry between the two, an effect a number of tabloid editors saw reflected in a boost in sales on days which featured them both, usually

nipple to nipple, on the inside pages. Despite their popularity, it took a while for either girl to be able to command a decent fee for their shoots and appearances, so they continued to live in Kayti's tiny rented flat, forming a deep and lasting friendship as the weeks flew by. One night, returning more than a little drunk from an evening at a nightclub just off Sloane Square, Judi tripped and fell against the door to the flat at the exact moment that Kayti finally succeeded in getting the key in the lock. Without warning the door flew open under their combined weight and deposited them both on the floor of the narrow hallway. Lying prostrate with Kayti on top of her Judi started to giggle drunkenly, until she suddenly became aware that her friend had gone very still. She was just about to ask what was wrong when she felt a mouth close over hers, and a tongue slide cautiously into her mouth. In an instant Judi felt a wave of intense sexual desire wash over her as she responded eagerly, and in that brief moment she and Kayti ceased to be friends and became lovers. In later life Judi often wondered how different her life might have been had they not both got drunk that night, but she usually arrived at the conclusion that it was bound to have happened sooner or later anyway. She and Kayti lived and worked in close proximity to each other, in an environment where their naked bodies and sexual allure were constantly being scrutinised and examined, a world where sex was a major force. They were both aware of the effect that they had on the men that they came into contact with (and extremely adept at fending off unwanted advances) and consequently equally aware of each other's sexuality. And of course, they were young, fit, beautiful and eager to embrace and explore new experiences. When Kayti made love to her, Judi realised that no sexual experience she had had in her life thus far came close to what she experienced that night; that she had never been touched so skilfully, nor brought to orgasm so powerfully. When she timidly and with some degree of trepidation returned the favour, she was delighted at how naturally she knew what to do, and how enthusiastically and noisily her labours were rewarded. When they finally lay drowsily in each others arms watching the dawn light slowly flood across the cloudy sky through the skylight above the rumpled bed, they promised each other that, whatever happened, they would never let sex get in the way of their friendship. And nor did they. Although they enjoyed an intense sexual relationship for the next six months which they lived together, when their earning capacity had reached a point where they could both afford to move into bigger accommodation on their own, they parted amicably and moved on to new addresses and new relationships, although they had never lost touch, and remained in frequent communication over the next twenty years. Judi's train of thought was interrupted violently as a small hatchback suddenly swerved out into her lane, causing her to brake suddenly. The big car wobbled momentarily as the impetus through its weight forward, and then the traction control kicked in and it steadied back into a straight line. Judi swore quietly; she hadn't realised quite how fast she had been travelling. She dropped back from the hatchback in case the driver chose to perform another deranged manoeuvre, and set the cruise control to a slightly more sedate (and legal) speed.

_____ Two hundred yards up the lane, the two girls turned right through a large wooden gate and into a wide concrete stable yard. As they left the cool shade of the tree-lined lane, the full heat of the summer sun hit them like a physical blow. Helen felt the prickle of sweat on her exposed back, and she realised suddenly that Suzi dropped her hand, leaving her vaguely and

irrationally disappointed. A blond boy in his mid teens, wearing a sweat-stained grubby t-shirt and torn jeans tucked into his boots, was shovelling straw into a wheelbarrow at the entrance to one of the loose boxes. At the sound of their footsteps he looked up and leant with forced casualness on his shovel, the sweat from his exertions shining on his brow. "Hi Suze," he said. "Looking for Jo?" He adopted a pose that he obviously thought came across as cool and adult, but actually just accentuated his air of adolescent sexual uncertainty. Suzi smiled back. She stopped in front of the youth, standing just a little closer to him than was really necessary in the circumstances. "Hi James, how's it going? Yes, is she around?" "Over in the office. Do you want me to get Tyler out for you?" "Oh would you? Please, that would be wonderful. And could you find something suitable for Helen?" "Yes, sure." "Nothing too lively," Helen said anxiously. "It's been a while since last did anything like this" She noticed that the boy was struggling to drag his eyes away from Suzi's chest, and felt another sudden stab of irrational jealousy. For God's sake Chapman, she thought to herself, get a grip. "Oh, I don't know," said Suzi with a wicked grin, "I've seen you do something pretty similar quite recently." Helen giggled "You're rude!" she said. She was suddenly aware that James was staring at them both, and looked away embarrassed. "Come on," said Suzi, "Let's go and get you toggged up. See you in a minute, James" They set off across the yard towards the building at the far end, where a sign above the door indicated that the office was located. "I can't believe you said that!" Helen shook her head. "That poor kid couldn't believe his ears." Suzi grinned. "Or his eyes. In his mind he had us both undressed in nanoseconds, I bet. I just thought I'd give him something to add to his fantasy." "He certainly had a good look at your boobs! Mind you, you made sure he couldn't miss them." "He always does. It's his age I expect. I often wonder how many wanks I've fuelled!" "Suzi!" Helen was shocked again, more by the use of the word than the concept. "What? I think it's rather flattering, in a way. I get quite a kick out of it." Before Helen had a chance to reply, they reached the office door. The interior was dark and cool, after the bright heat of the day, and heavy with the smell of leather, polish, dust and horses. It was several moments before Helen's eyes adjusted to the change of light. "Hello Suzi". A tall handsome woman in late middle age, dressed in well worn riding clothes emerged from the gloom. "We haven't seen you for a couple of days; I was starting to wonder where you'd got to." "Oh the usual hectic social whirl, you know." Suzi grinned. "No unfortunately I don't." The woman smiled. "All I ever seem to do is spend my entire life in this place." "Which you absolutely love, and you wouldn't go anywhere else even if you could, would you Jo?" Suzi turned to Helen. "She always pretends she'd rather be somewhere else, but this is Jo's life, and she'd be lost if it wasn't there." "It must be wonderful to do a job you love," Helen said diplomatically. "I suppose I can't complain. I'm Jo Brabham, by the way. I assume you're one of Suzi's unfortunate friends?" "I am. Helen Chapman. Nice to meet you." "Right now we've got the pleasantries out of the way, do you think you could kit Helen out, Jo?" Suzi was investigating a row of riding hats hanging on the wall. "What size are you, babes?" "What, head? I've no idea. I never wear hats." Jo Brabham intervened. "Why don't you take her through to the back, Suzi, and help her try some stuff on? I'm sure you can find something in there that'll fit. We always have loads of spare outfits for hire," she explained to Helen. "Only the die-hards like Suzi and I buy them, these days." "Thanks, Jo, that's great." Suzi started towards the rear

of the office and then suddenly stopped. "Oh, by the way – did you mean that about the pool, last time we spoke?" "Yes, of course. No one ever uses it now, not since the boys left home. George and I never seem to have the time. Feel free to come over whenever you like – it seems a shame not to make use of it in this weather." Suzi thought for a moment. "Tomorrow afternoon?" she asked. "No problem. I won't be there, George and I have to go up to town, but you know where the pool house key is? Feel free." "Thanks ever so much, Jo, I'm looking forward to it. Like you say, it seems a shame not to use it in this heat. Come on Helen." Suzi propelled her towards a door at the back of the office. "Let's see what we can find for you to wear." Jo Brabham stared after the two girls as the door swung closed behind them. Something not quite right there, she mused. Just a few too many glances at each other, a hint of intimacy that others might miss, but was abundantly clear to someone with her long experience of human nature. Oh well, as long as they're both happy, she reflected, and cocked an eyebrow as the sound of a barely stifled giggle emanated from the next room. Very happy, it would seem. "Suzi! No, for God's sake! Get off!" Helen was struggling to get into a pair of jodhpurs while at the same time fend off Suzi who was making a determined effort to grab her breasts under the top she wore. "You're worse than a bloke," she said, exasperatedly, collapsing onto a bench a struggling to pull the tight material up over her thighs. "You could at least give me a hand." "If I get too close to you at I time like this I shan't be responsible for my actions," Suzi wandered over to the other side of the room to investigate a row of boots. "You are just too damned horny for words. Especially when your clothes are falling off." "They're not falling off, I'm putting them on," Helen pointed out. "Any of those a size six?" "These are, I think." Suzi handed them over and watched as Helen struggled to force her feet into them. "Are they ok?" "Yes, fine. Just bloody tight, like these jodhpur thingy's." Helen shifted uncomfortably, tugging at the tight material around her crotch. "Positively cystitis inducing!" Suzi slid an arm around her waist. "That's because last night you were fucked by a true expert." Their lips met, and tongues gently explored each others mouths. "And this morning," Helen reminded her. "My poor body doesn't know what's hit it." "And what a body!" Suzi pulled back to admire her lover from a distance. "Give me a twirl, babes." Helen pirouetted gracefully, arms outstretched. Suzi looked longingly at her. "You have an arse to die for," she grinned. "Shall we go and see if Master James has saddled our steeds?" "As long as you can promise me that my arse isn't going to end up making violent contact with the ground." "Don't be silly, James will have picked you something sweet and docile. He's besotted with me. Well, probably us, now. I expect even now he is constructing an erotic fantasy in his head." In fact Suzi was a little late. Ever since the two girls had disappeared into the office James' fevered sixteen year old imagination had been furiously running over a wide variety of sexual possibilities in which they both featured heavily. Only a week before he had called at friend's house to find a group of boys from his school watching pornographic movies they had downloaded from the internet; in particular one which consisted entirely of lesbian sex. To James this had been a revelation. It had never occurred to him that two girls making love could look as beautiful. Somehow it lacked the faintly comic element of heterosexual coupling, and seemed in a way gentler and more loving – even at his tender age he understood that the women involved were actresses and that some of the apparent pleasure might have been faked, but a part of him secretly hoped not; that what he

had seen on the computer monitor was that which he so desperately wanted to see in real life, a beautiful woman in the throes of a magnificent orgasm. Ever since he had hit puberty, Suzi had been his ideal girl; and he constantly wondered what she would look like at that moment, the knowledge that she was so much older than him had never once dimmed his admiration or desire for her. Alone in his bed at night he had tried to conjure up in his mind a vision of what she would look like naked, the swell of her breasts, the curve of her belly, the wetness of the crevasse between her legs, how she would respond to his touch, her moans, her cries of lust and pleasure..... With an effort he put the image out of his head as he watched the two girls walking towards him. Did they, he wondered? He vaguely remembered reading somewhere that all women were essentially bisexual. Something to do with them being better able to appreciate the attractiveness of other women than men, the article had said. And God, those two are more than attractive, especially dressed as they were, a symphony of fawn jodhpurs and black leather, walking towards him positively radiating sexuality. His cock was hard and uncomfortable in his jeans (not to mention horribly exposed) as he stood there trying to keep his eyes fixed on their faces, holding the two horses – on the one hand a big chestnut gelding, and on the other a smaller grey mare. “Oh James, you are wonderful!” Suzi circled the two horses, casting over them with a practised eye. “Is this Trudi? Ginny’s foal?” “Yes.” James struggled hard to get the image of a naked and writhing Suzi out of his head. “She’s ever so gentle – a perfect ladies ride.” “There you go then, Helen,” Suzi grinned at the taller girl, “No danger at all of you ending up on your arse.” She grinned lasciviously. “Unless you want to, of course. Give me a leg up will you, Jim?” James stood beside the larger of the two horses, legs slightly bent, and Suzi grinned at him as she put her boot into his waiting hands. With a grunt he heaved her skywards, taking full advantage of the magnificent view of her jodhpur clad buttocks he was afforded. He turned to offer the same service to Helen, but she had already swung herself athletically into the saddle. Jo Brabham’s voice called from the office door. “Do try to keep your hat on, Suzi. I don’t want to have to tell your mother that we found you unconscious in a ditch.” “Of course, Jo.” Suzi’s horse was stamping its feet impatiently. “Don’t I always?” “No, frankly. Keep an eye on her will you, Helen? She needs to be in the care of a responsible adult.” Suzi blew a good natured raspberry. “Ready Helen?” “Lead on, Suze,” Helen replied. “And for God’s sake don’t go to fast.” Suzi grinned back at her. “Anything for you, gorgeous!” She kicked her heels back and the two horses trotted out of the yard their shoes crunching on the gravel and then dying away as they swung out into the lane. James turned and walked swiftly back into the open stable. In his mind’s eye he saw Suzi and Helen making love together as clearly as he had seen the girls in the movie. He couldn’t get the image out of his head, the pair of them somewhere on silk sheets in a passionate sixty nine, Suzi on the top so her breasts swung as she looked up at him, her face contorted with pleasure at what the other girl was doing to her.... In the darkness at the back of the stable he tugged frantically at his jeans, struggling to release his cock from its captivity. With the picture of the two girls making frantic love burning into his brain, his right hand worked furiously at his erection until he came with a grunt, supporting himself against the wall as his cock bucked in his hand, and his semen spurted into the straw. _____ With the hatchback safely passed, and the traffic thinning slightly, Judi found her thoughts returning to her

oldest friend. From the heady days of sharing a flat in the early eighties, their lives took very different paths as the decade progressed. She, of course, had fallen pregnant with Suzi, and her modelling career had ground to a halt by the time her bump became apparent, leaving her desperately searching for alternative sources of income. Kayti, on the other hand, had gone from strength to strength, her striking looks, combined with chestnut hair and hazel eyes (not to mention several breast enhancements), making her one of the most popular glamour models in the country. Shortly after Suzi was born, Kayti caught the eye of Sir Robin Morris, a man nearly twenty years her senior, and millionaire proprietor of the Morris Newspaper Group, in whose publications she was frequently featured in a state of complete or semi nudity. After a whirlwind courtship, they were married on a beach in Barbados and returned to London where they were rarely out of the society and gossip pages. At first it seemed to Judi that, improbable as it seemed, the unlikely couple actually seemed to be making a go of the marriage, but within a year the cracks began to show. All manner of salacious rumours began to circulate: there were stories of weekend long drink and drug fuelled orgies at the couple's country retreat, it was suggested that Sir Robin had a string of mistresses around the capital, that he regarded his new wife as little more than attractive trinket, and even that he was physically abusive to her. What finally had sealed the fate of the ill-starred union was when a newspaper from a rival group published a series of photos taken with a telephoto lens, which showed Sir Robin relaxing by his pool, whilst clearly enjoying the oral attentions of a woman who was equally clearly not his young wife. For Kayti, this was the final straw; she packed her bags, moved into a rented flat, and instigated divorce proceedings. Throughout the long, protracted and high profile divorce case, Kayti maintained a dignified silence in the press while the sordid details of her married life were publicly aired in court, in stark contrast to her husband who used the full power of his many publications to take every possible opportunity to besmirch the reputation of his wife. However, on this occasion it backfired on him horribly. Try as they might, the team of astronomically expensive lawyers hired by Sir Robin failed to find evidence of a single incidence of adultery or unreasonable behaviour on the part of Lady Morris, while Kayti produced a string of witnesses to her husbands regular incidences of excess, abuse and infidelity. Quite how she managed to pull it off, Judi never fully understood, but after five months of legal wrangling Kayti emerged triumphant with a large proportion of both her former husband's fortune and his publishing empire, her sole concession being to renounce her claim to the title of Lady Morris. For many women, that victory alone might have been enough, but Kayti had a serious point to prove, and she set about turning the motley collection of top-shelf "Lads mags" and tacky tabloids that she had inherited as part of her divorce, into a successful and hugely profitable publishing empire, and in the process she showed herself to be an astute and intelligent businesswoman. Very early on in her tenure as CEO of KaytiCo ("I pinched the idea for the name from Joan Collins' company in Dallas" she once confided to Judi) she quickly saw a gap in the rather staid existing market for women's magazines. She changed the orientation of several of the titles that she owned towards a female audience, and was gratified to find that the more she pushed back the barriers of what was acceptable, the more she sold. Within two years "Boudoir" was one of the biggest selling women's magazines in the country, it's combination of graphic erotica (with the

emphasis on the female sexual experience), intelligently written articles, and sensitively photographed erotic images made it essential reading for liberated nineties women of all ages. Sensing a change in the attitude of women to sexually orientated material, Kayti also realised that the Internet was the perfect medium for this, enabling female customers to buy without the potential embarrassment of having to deal directly with another human being. Her intention of selling high quality pornography aimed at the female market initially ran into difficulties when she realised how little suitable material there was in available, but undaunted she simply invested a little money in equipment, and set out to make her own. But her real genius lay in her employment policy. Having been one herself, Kayti was acutely aware that models, particularly the glamour type, have a very short shelf life. Paid by the shoot, they took work where they could get it, and faded into obscurity when their faces or bodies no longer fitted. But, Kayti reasoned, being attractive and having a good body wasn't automatically a barrier to intelligence, expertise or drive, and she remembered with anger her own experience of the demeaning and patronising way she had often been by (mostly male) photographers and managers during her modelling career. Disgusted by an industry which treated the very people who provided it's lifeblood as little more than attractive ornaments, devoid of feelings and personality, from the outset Kayti devised a completely new approach to recruitment. All of the models that she took on were signed to an exclusive contract which guaranteed them employment within the KaytiCo organisation for a specified period, and every girl was assigned another job role as well her modelling. Those who showed no immediate aptitude for any aspect of the business were encouraged to attend courses (funded by the company) to provide them with skills which Kayti could use within her organisation. Before long, she had an almost entirely female staff where in every aspect of the business, photographers, make-up artists, sub-editors, even accountants had served their time in front of the camera. Within five years the staff of KaytiCo had a reputation as being a unified hard core of devoted employees for whom their CEO could do no wrong, and probably the most beautiful workforce in the world. Judi grinned to herself at the thought, and pulled into the left hand lane as she neared the turning off the M25. Cruising gently up the slip road, she negotiated the roundabout with care and began making her way at a sedate pace through the leafy Surrey lanes towards Aldrington Hall. _____ By the time they had travelled the mile or so of track from the stable yard to the foot of the Downs, Helen had found her initial fears unfounded, and was starting to enjoy herself. Her mount was as wonderfully placid and responded happily to her bidding, following eagerly in the wake of Suzi's excitable gelding, but in a solid dependable manner, with none of the prancing, snorting and side-stepping which marked her partner's progress. She watched the way Suzi controlled Tyler, clearly revelling in commanding such restrained power. She rode as naturally as she made love, Helen thought, and as she watched the way her lovers body moved in total harmony with the animal beneath her, she couldn't help remembering the way that same body had moved beneath her touch in the dark of the Coach House the night before. The track opened out into an expanse of grassland at the foot of the downs. To their left the slope rose steeply towards the cobalt blue of the summer sky, and in front of them stretched a seemingly endless vista of grass burned brown by the relentless heat of the previous few weeks. In the far distance Helen

could just see a stone building, almost lost in the haze. Suzi reined to a halt and waited until Helen came up alongside, Tyler stamping the ground and champing at his bit impatiently. "I'm going to have to let him have a bit of a run. You ok to follow at your own pace?" Helen grinned. "Well I'm not going at yours and that's a fact!" "Great. I'll wait for you up at the barn. Here, hold this, will you?" Suzi pulled off her hat and handed it to Helen. She reached up and pulled the hair band out of her blonde curls, shaking her head to allow them to fall loose across her shoulders. She flashed a radiant smile at her lover and was gone in a flurry of dust and pounding hooves, her hair streaming out behind her. Helen watched her breakneck progress along the foot of the down. Suzi's reckless impatience was an aspect of her personality that she was only just beginning to come to terms with, but clearly it was going to be a major aspect of their relationship. Relationship. God, that sounds weird, she thought. I'm having a lesbian relationship. Not sure I'll ever get used to that. She dug her heels into the mare's flanks and followed Suzi's progress at a stately trot. It took her a good ten minutes to make her own way to where the ruined stone barn sat, squat on a spur of level ground that jutted out from the foot of the down. There was no sign of Suzi, but she found Tyler tethered to section of broken fencing that ran alongside one wall, chewing contently on the long grass that grew alongside it. With some relief Helen slid from the saddle and fastened her own mount in a similar manner. She gingerly took a few steps to gauge the effect that the unaccustomed exercise had had on her thighs and buttocks, and was generally pleased to find the stiffness wearing off quickly. The lack of movement made her acutely aware of the heat, and she unfastened her hat and balanced it carefully with Suzi's on top of a fence post, as she took a good look at her surroundings. The barn had presumably been built originally to house animals in the winter when this area of the downs had been common land and pasture. Now that it was all part of a National Park it had fallen into disuse; the roof was gone, and although the two longer walls remained standing, the one which looked down the valley up which they had just ridden had collapsed outwards, leaving a the slope in front littered with flint scree. "Hey, Helen!" Suzi's voice came from somewhere above her, near the remnant of the fallen wall. "Up here!" Helen shaded her eyes against the glare and saw a blonde head peering around the stones some ten feet above her. "Come on up and see the view. Not that way," Suzi called as Helen started up the slope towards her. "There's a doorway in the wall round to your right." Helen made her way along the foot of the standing wall, following Suzi's pointed finger. The slope was much gentler this way, and she soon saw a large gap in the wall, topped by an enormous stone lintel. She passed through it and into what remained of the barn, turning left to make her way up to where Suzi stood admiring the view back the way they had just ridden. And some view it was, Helen had to admit. Perhaps the ruined walls of the barn provided a frame that presented it better than if one had simply been standing on the side of the down, but whatever the reason, the glorious vista of rolling grassland that fell away before them, baking in the blazing sun, was truly a memorable sight. In the distance it was just possible to see the dark smudge that was all that was visible of the village where Suzi lived. For a moment the two girls were silent as they both drank in the panorama before them. Suzi spoke first. "I know it's been said before, but England really can be the most beautiful place. When the light's right and the weather's good, I can't think of anywhere on Earth I'd rather be." Helen grinned. "It's just that those

circumstances only occur about once every hundred years.” “Well let’s make the most of them while we can. Fancy a swim tomorrow?” “I suppose I could be persuaded. What makes you think I’ve not got anything planned for tomorrow?” “Because I had, and that’s all gone out of the window since yesterday.” Suzi grinned, teeth white against her tan. “Here’s my plan. When we get back to my place I take you over to your house and you can tell them you’re coming to stay with me for a bit. Collect some clothes, make up and stuff, and off we go. Your folks won’t mind, will they?” “I shouldn’t think so...but isn’t it usual to ask your partner if they want to move in first?” Suzi looked shocked. “Oh God, I hadn’t thought of it like that. Am I being too presumptuous?” Helen laughed. “No, not at all. As long as you accept that I have an equal claim to that gorgeous Coach House of yours.” “You can have anything you want, baby.” “You don’t mean that.” “How do you know?” Helen was silent for a moment. “I mean you shouldn’t. We’ve only just met. All sorts might happen.” Suzi looked at her seriously. “If everyone adopted that point of view no one would ever get married. Or have children.” “Suzi, you are hopelessly impetuous, but undeniably gorgeous!” Helen lent forward and kissed her on the lips, Suzi responded, and their embrace quickly became passionate, bodies pressed together, tongues dancing. Suzi broke away first. “I have a little surprise here.” She worked loose a flint from the foot of the wall, and groped behind it. “I know I left it here somewhere....ah!” She sat back on her heels, grinning, holding a flat tin in her right hand. After briefly wrestling with the lid, she produced a neatly rolled joint and a plastic lighter. “I’m crap at rolling them,” she explained, “So I used to get Jason to do me a few at a time, so I could leave them ready at my favourite haunts.” She applied the lighter to the tip of the joint and puffed furiously. “I suppose I shall just have to get some practice in at rolling my own now.” Helen watched her with an amused look on her face. “You never cease to amaze, do you?” “Well, I try not to be boring.” Suzi exhaled a long plume of smoke, and offered the joint to Helen, who took it with a grin. “I take it this is another of your frequent outdoor pursuits?” Suzi looked puzzled. “Another?” “Along with giving yourself a good seeing to al fresco.” Suzi giggled. “Sometimes I do both. That’s the trouble with good weed, it always makes me really horny.” Helen took a deep pull on the joint and held the smoke in her lungs, and exhaled slowly, handing it back to the blonde girl. “Mmmm, that’s nice.” “Isn’t it?” Suzi sat down on a pile of fallen masonry, booted legs spread, head back, blonde hair crushed against the wall, the joint hanging slackly from the corner of her mouth. To Helen she looked like an iconic image from a cult movie; a crazy, sexy, mixture of cultured and coarse, sophisticated and slatternly. Suzi saw her staring. “Babe, you look absolutely bloody amazing in that outfit”, she said with a giggle. “Why don’t you come over here and have your wicked way with me?” Helen did her best to look stern. “Don’t you ever think about anything else except sex?” she enquired. “Nope. Not often anyway. Especially not when it’s hot, and I’m getting nicely stoned in the company of a beautiful sexy girl.” Helen leant over and took the joint from between Suzi’s lips, and transferred it to her own mouth. She sat down opposite her lover on a section of the fallen wall and idly started drawing patterns in the ground with the handle of her riding crop. For a while they sat in companionable silence, smoking contentedly, each lost in their own thoughts, gazing out down the valley, over which the heat hung like an almost physical presence. After a while Suzi looked up at Helen, her eyes squinting against the sunlight. “Penny for them?” Helen coloured. “You’d be

shocked.” “I doubt it. I’m unshockable – especially where you’re concerned.” “I was thinking about that thing you did this morning.” “What thing?” Suzi asked vaguely, slumped back against the wall, fanning herself with her hand. “God, it’s hot.” “You know. What you did with your finger...” “Oh, you mean when I put it up your bum?” Suzi looked concerned. “Didn’t you like it?” “Yes, of course I did, it was...I mean...I haven’t...” Helen’s voice tailed off uncertainly. “What never?” Suzi looked surprised. “Oh Babe, I’m sorry! Did I shock you?” “No...I mean yes, but I don’t mind...it was...good. I...” “Came harder?” Suzi giggled. “Sometimes you can be so unbelievably coy Helen, it’s hard to believe you have Latin blood.” Helen pulled a face. “It’s all diluted by the other half of me which is firmly Anglo-Saxon. Do you want me to do things like that to you?” “Hmmm?” Suzi seemed stupefied by the heat. “Well, I won’t complain if you do. But I wouldn’t force you to do anything you didn’t want to.” Helen smiled. “I want to do anything that will bring you pleasure,” she said, stretching out her hand to run her fingers slowly down the outside of the blonde girl’s thigh. Suzi’s answer was a soft throaty chuckle. “That shouldn’t be too hard for you to do.” For a few minutes they sat in silence, the smoke from the joint spiralling straight up into the cloudless, windless azure sky. Then Helen took a deep breath. “Tell me your deepest, darkest sexual fantasy?” “That’s easy. You”. “Besides me”. “Besides you? That’s a tricky one.” Suzi thought for a moment. “OK...doing it in public is a big turn on. Maybe in front of an audience...maybe on film. I’ve often wondered what it’s like to be a porn star.” Helen laughed out loud “I’d never have guessed you’d be in anyway exhibitionist! Is that all?” “No.” Suzi stubbed the butt of the joint out on a stone. “You want me to get really deep and dark?” She paused for a moment. “Stripped naked, tied up, strapped down and fucked by a machine.” “A machine? That’s weird! Do such things exist?” “Oh yes,” Suzi was serious. “I saw them on the internet.” “OK, I guess I did say deep and dark! What is it about that that does it for you?” “That it’s totally centred on me. Someone else getting off on watching me get off...and to having complete control over me, not being able to move...” Helen stared at her, wide eyed. “Wow. I never saw you as the submissive type.” Suzi smiled. “I really am. Even the sight of you with that crop in your hand is getting me excited. More than the sight of you does normally, that is.” She giggled. “I think I’m a little bit stoned!” “Really?” Helen lifted the crop and tested the weight in her hand. Gently she brought it down, and let the leather switch at the end trace the line of Suzi’s chin. Suzi stared at her, pupils dilated. Helen let the tip drop to Suzi’s throat, and then down to where her blouse was buttoned. “Take your blouse off”, she said softly. Suzi’s eyes widened suddenly. “Oh God, yes,” she said breathlessly, her right hand already tugging the blouse out of her jodhpurs and working on the buttons. Helen allowed the crop to drop to where Suzi’s breasts were revealed contained in a white lacy bra, as the blonde girl shrugged the blouse off her shoulders and laid it on the stones beside her. “Now the bra”. Suzi reached around behind her back to unfasten the hooks and slid the bra off her shoulders. Helen collected it on the end of her crop and dropped it next to the blouse. Naked to the waist, Suzi rested her back against the wall, never taking her eyes from Helen. The dark girl allowed her eyes to roam over the body exposed before her, drinking in the wanton nakedness, savouring the glorious curves, the stiff nipples and the fine droplets of sweat that were forming between the breasts that rose and fell with every breath her lover took. She slapped the crop gently against one boot, and then gently tapped Suzi’s hip, where

the jodhpurs zipped up the waist. "Strip", she said, quietly. Suzi shuddered with delight and slowly unfastened the side zip, tugging the tight fitting material down and exposing a white thong. She looked questioningly up at Helen, who nodded and motioned that the thong should join the tangle of material around her knees. Meekly, Suzi obeyed. Both girls were now oblivious to anything except each other, and game they were playing. Suzi was revelling in this new facet of Helen's sexuality which seemed to so perfectly compliment hers, and she wondered what her lover intended to do now that she virtually naked. Helen, for her part, found it hard to believe she was behaving in this manner, and yet the role playing seemed to come so easily. With a jolt she realised that this was the nature of her relationship with Suzi – this was love, unequivocal, unquestioning, love. Nothing between the two of them could ever be wrong as long as they were both enjoying the experience, and each new exploration could only serve to heighten the physical and emotional pleasure they felt in each other's company. Perhaps it was the drug coursing through her veins, but at that moment the sheer intensity of the feelings she had for the girl sprawled before her made her feel dizzy and weak. With an effort she forced herself to speak. "God, you look so unbelievably sexy, my gorgeous little slut." Helen raised the crop again, and gently flicked one of Suzi's nipples. "Play with yourself, baby. I want to see what you do when you're up here on your own." Suzi's hands cupped her own breasts. "Do you want to watch me?" she asked softly, her eyes fixed on Helen's. "Do you want me to make myself cum for you?" Helen allowed the crop to travel down Suzi's belly. "Yes" she said, "but not until I say you can". Suzi's right hand travelled slowly down between her legs, and began a slow circular motion. A soft sigh of pleasure escaped her lips as she allowed a finger to slide into her moist pussy, while her left hand gently fondled her left nipple. Helen watched with a mixture of joy and wonder as Suzi played her own body as excellently as she had earlier played hers. Her riding boots prevented her from sliding her jodhpurs any further down her legs, and forced her to keep her knees much closer together than she would normally, forcing her to stimulate herself with a simple up and down action, penetrating herself with the tip of her middle finger and keeping up constant pressure on her clitoris. Her breathing quickly began to speed up as she found her rhythm, and Helen sensed that her lover was already heading rapidly towards orgasm. She leant close to Suzi's head, savouring the beauty of the closed eyes and parted lips, listening to the ever quickening breath. Reaching over, she grabbed the blonde girl's hand from between her legs. Suzi gave a moan of frustration. "Oh God, please don't make me stop!" Helen took the middle finger of Suzi's hand between her lips and bit it gently, savouring the taste of sex with the tip of her tongue. Suzi writhed beside her, pressing her thighs together in an effort to give herself the stimulation she so desperately craved. "God, you want it badly, don't you gorgeous bitch?" Suzi shuddered "Yes", she moaned, her eyes imploring Helen to let her touch herself again. Slowly, the dark haired girl lowered the hand back between her lover's legs causing Suzi let out a cry of pleasure as she returned to stimulating the sensitive tissue of her pussy. Helen kissed her deeply, allowing her tongue to probe firmly into Suzi's mouth. She pulled back slightly and studied the face beneath her, the closed eyes, the open mouth, each breath coming a little harder and faster, beauty in the pursuit of ecstasy. "Tell me what are you thinking of when you're doing that," Helen whispered. "You", Suzi hissed between breaths. Helen kissed her on the lips. "Tell

me what I'm doing to you" she breathed, "I want to know what your fantasy is." "You're fucking....me...hard". The words came between gasps for breath. Suzi's naked stomach was tensing, her thighs trembling slightly. "With a strap-on." Helen felt her own stomach flip as the image Suzi painted sprang vividly into her mind. An electric charge seemed to run from her pussy and spread violently throughout her body. Her right hand closed over where Suzi's was now working frantically between her legs, the blonde girl's hips starting to buck as her muscles tensed, her face screwed up in the last final seconds of beautiful agony before her orgasm hit her, and she let out a long shuddering moan of pleasure. Above them a barn owl, startled by the sudden and unfamiliar noise, hurtled upwards in a flurry of furious wing beats and dived away from his roost in the crumbling masonry sweep majestically away across the combe. _____ On the outskirts of the village, Judi turned the Bentley into a gravel lane, overhung with a canopy of trees, which bore the sign "Aldrington Hall Only. Private Road." After half a mile the trees gave way to an expanse of parkland and Judi reduced her speed to walking pace as she approached the imposing gatehouse, beyond which she could just see the Hall itself, shimmering in the baking heat. A very attractive uniformed female guard approached the car and asked her for her name and ID, which Judi duly produced. Having satisfied herself that Judi's name was on the list attached to the clipboard she carried, the guard signalled to an unseen person in the gatehouse, and the gates swung smoothly open. With a gracious wave, Judi powered the big car through the gates, and swept up the hill towards the Hall. _____ It was nearly an hour later before the barn owl returned to his roost. Cautiously he circled the ruin, looking for the source of the noise that had disturbed him, but finding none he fluttered down to resume his interrupted slumber. In the distance, down the valley, his keen eyesight alerted him to the two figures on horseback, moving slowly through the afternoon heat. Satisfied he was safe and secure, he closed his eyes and went back to sleep.