

# The Heatwave - The Sisterhood of Sappho (Part One)

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Published on Lush Stories on 05 May 2011

*Judi arrives and prepares for her evening*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/the-heatwave-the-sisterhood-of-sappho.aspx>

## The Sisterhood of Sappho – Part One

Judi allowed the Bentley to coast gently up the drive towards where Aldrington Hall lay nestling regally in a verdant fold in the Surrey hillside. It was hard to imagine a more quintessentially English scene, she thought, as she drank in the imposing façade, slumbering gently in the golden light of the afternoons lengthening shadows; the great British stately home, glorious residence of generations of landed gentry. Actually, she knew this to be an illusion – the Hall had actually been built in the middle of the nineteenth century by a local railway Baron – but that made it no less impressive, and the mock Georgian style the builder had employed fooled all but the keenest student of architecture.

With a crunch of gravel, Judi brought the Bentley to a gentle halt near the base of the steps that ran from the gravel drive up to the impressive portico that topped the main doors, and pushed her sunglasses up on top of her head. In the sudden silence, devoid of engine and wind noise, she could hear the metronomic ticking of cooling metal. Alongside where she was parked was a bright red convertible Ferrari which bore the number plate “KT 69”, which caused her to allow herself a wry smile at this evidence that the passing years had not diminished her old friend’s irreverent sense of humour. As Judi reached for the door handle, she saw a smartly dressed woman of Asian appearance, wearing a demure ensemble of dark blue skirt and short-sleeved blouse, sweep gracefully down the steps and across the forecourt, arriving by the open door as Judi swung her legs elegantly out of the car. She waited politely as the blonde woman straightened up and then extended her hand with a small inclination of the head and a broad smile.

“Hello.” Her voice was soft and husky, with just a trace of an accent. “You must be Judi, Kayti told me to keep an eye out for you. I’m Suki, her P.A.”

Judi shook the proffered hand with a smile, her practiced eye sizing the other woman up in an instant. Immediately she saw that her initial assessment had been wrong, Suki was dressed in an

outfit that would not have been out of place in any office around the world, but for the fact that the skirt was just a little too short, the heels just a little too high, and the blouse unbuttoned just a little too low. Added to the impossibly pretty face, with almond eyes and flawless bronzed skin, and the promise of the curves beneath the elegantly cut cloth, the overall effect was stunning.

“Pleased to meet you”, Judi smiled. “I hope I’m not too early?”

“Not at all. Kayti asked me to offer her apologies, but she will be with you shortly as soon as she has finished her meeting. Can I show you too your room?” Suki held her hand out. “If you let me have the keys I’ll get Jo to park the car for you, and arrange for you luggage to follow”.

A tall suntanned blonde in another short dark skirt, low cut blouse and heels appeared at Suki’s side and smiled broadly at Judi. Not for the first time on visiting Kayti, Judi had the feeling she had inadvertently wandered onto the set of a Bond movie. While the tall girl wrestled with controls of the electric seat mechanism prior to settling herself behind the wheel of the Bentley, Judi followed Suki up the stone steps to the main entrance of the building. Behind her the engine roared into life, and with rather more revs and considerably more redistribution of the gravel than were strictly necessary, the big car disappeared towards the adjoining stable block.

Having visited Aldrington Hall on several occasions previously, Judi was familiar with the general layout. This being the centre of Kayti’s business empire as well as her home, the two wings which extended at right angles to the rear of the front of the Hall accommodated offices and studios, while the downstairs of the main building was given over to conference and entertainment facilities, including a restaurant and ballroom. The floor above contained guest suites, with Kayti’s own substantial apartment to the rear, and above that, in the old servants’ quarters, were the rooms currently occupied by live in staff. Passing through the high wooden front double doors and into the sudden coolness darkness of the tiled hallway, Suki led Judi up the imposing luxuriously carpeted main staircase to the landing above and then to dark wood door opposite, which she opened with a small Yale key.

“Kayti said you were to have the main suite.” Suki smiled another devastating smile. “I hope you will be comfortable. Jo will be up in a moment with your luggage”. She held out the key and gestured towards the phone on the bedside table. “If there is anything at all you require, dial zero and ask for me.”

“Thank you” Judi took the key and returned the smile. “This is lovely. Thank you very much”

Suki gave another inclination of the head, this time closer to a bow. “If you’ll excuse me I have some things to attend to. Kayti won’t be very long, I’m sure.”

“That’s fine; I need to freshen up, after that drive.”

The door closed silently behind Suki, and Judi slipped the key into her pocket as she took a slow look around the room. It was a substantial size, big enough to accommodate a large wooden four-poster bed, and still have room for a seating area with a leather sofa and chairs grouped around and enormous flat screen television. The décor gave off an air of understated luxury, the dark wood panels of the walls offset by the burgundy leather of the sofa and chairs. Only the television seemed slightly out of place, jarringly sleek, modern and monochrome against the organic beauty of the rest of the timeless furniture. She investigated a door in the far wall and found a beautifully equipped modern tiled bathroom, complete with hot tub. Returning to the main room, she stood by one of the three windows that ran nearly the full height from ceiling to floor, and gazed with pleasure across the parkland to the front of the Hall, savouring the wonderful golden light of late afternoon. Behind her there was a gentle tap at the door.

“Come in.” The tall blonde Suki had called Jo appeared, pulling the small suitcase Judi had packed her few overnight things in behind her.

“Hi, do you want this anywhere particular?” The voice had a strong Australian accent, and her whole demeanour suggested a healthy outdoor life style. She wore little make-up, and radiated a fresh, athletic, clean limbed beauty; a mass of straight sun-streaked blonde hair pinned on the back of her head with a leather clasp. Tall, too, Judi observed. With her heels and her long tanned legs she must have easily topped six feet.

“No, just there is fine thanks.” Judi smiled at her. “Did you manage to get the seat far enough back?”

“You what?” Jo laughed revealing a mass of white teeth. “Oh yeah, right! Sorry about that getaway – I don’t get much chance to drive that amount of power very often. Miss Chamberlain’s pretty fussy about people messing up her gravel drive.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll say I did it.” Judi noted her use of her employer’s formal title, and drew an instant comparison with Suki’s familiar use of her first name. “Thanks for bringing that up.”

“No worries.” Jo smiled at her. “Anything else I can get you? Drink, maybe?”

“Thanks but no – it’s a little too early for me.”

“OK, no probs. Let me know if you want anything.”

“Thanks, I will,” Jo gave her another flash of white teeth and left, closing the door behind her. Judi smiled to herself and bent to lift the bag up onto the bed. As she did so she noticed for the first time the design embossed in the wood on the headboard of the bed: two touching adjacent circles, each containing a cross, the emblem of the Sisterhood of Sappho.

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Thirty miles to the south, Judi’s daughter Suzi was standing idly in the hallway of the large Victorian Villa where Helen’s family lived, peering with casual interest at the framed photographs that sat on the table by the door. After they had returned from their morning ride, and their mounts had been returned to the stables, the two girls had gone back the coach house to change, and then spent several hours enjoying a leisurely lunch and each others company in the garden of a country pub. As a result it was nearly four o’clock by the time they headed off to Helen’s house. Not that it mattered, Suzi thought, as she picked up a silver frame, surveying with amused interest the image of a dark haired girl with pig-tails, proud in her school uniform. Helen had already spoken to her mother on her mobile and explained that she would be staying with a friend for a few days, and when they had arrived they had found the place unoccupied. She was surprised by the size of the house, though. Knowing the area, she had expected a large detached house of significant value, but this rambling three story Victorian edifice set on the side of a hill within it’s own substantial walled grounds and with views sweeping down to the sea must be worth at least a couple of million, not the mention the opulent furnishings she could glimpse through the open door to the living room. Well protected too; the substantial wrought iron gates had been closed when they arrived, and Helen had had to get out of the car to enter a code into a numerical pad mounted on the wall, at which point they had swung silently open. Then there was another alarm in the porch as they came through the front door.

“Dad’s a bit obsessive about security” Helen had muttered apologetically as she entered another code.

Suzi laughed at her. “Don’t tell me, it’s to keep all those blokes from trying to get at you!”

Helen smiled back and took her hand, “Well, he hasn’t got any worries on that score any more, has he?”

Perhaps not, Suzi thought, replacing the frame on the table, but she had a strong suspicion that not all fathers would be necessarily overjoyed at the revelation that their daughter was having a lesbian relationship. Come to think of it, she wasn’t completely sure her own mother would necessarily approve, but that was a bridge she’d cross when she came to it. She turned and called up the banisters:

“Come on babe, can always come back if you forget something! It’s not like we’re going abroad or anything.” Her voice rang hollowly in the empty hallway.

“Hang on, I’m coming. Honestly Suze, you have no patience.”

Helen appeared at the top of the stairs in a simple yellow sun dress that coupled with her slender tanned limbs somehow conspired to make her look demure and sexy at the same time. She was dragging a sizable wheeled suitcase behind her.

“Are you sure you’ve packed enough stuff?” Suzi queried, eyeing the suitcase.

Helen raised an eyebrow. “And this from the girl who can’t go more than two hours without changing her outfit!”

“Touche” Suzi looked at her approvingly. “God, Miss Chapman, you are lovely.”

“Thank you Miss Breakspeare, you’re not so bad yourself.”

Suzi slid her hands around Helens waist and kissed her gently on the lips. She felt the soft material of the dress feel cool against her hands, and the warmth of her lover’s lips moist against her own, and once again she fought down a shudder of desire that threatened to consume her. For a moment the two girls remained frozen, locked together in the pose, each lost for a moment in the other. Then Helen broke away, looked at the picture frames on the table, and raised her eyebrows.

“Oh God, I hope you haven’t been having a good giggle at all the ones of me with pigtails.”

“Certainly not. I had a good chortle at all of them actually.” Suzi indicated a large frame which contained a photo of a good looking, dark haired, middle aged man. “Is that your Dad?”

“Yes”. Helen started towards the door trailing her suitcase. Suzi turned to follow.

“He looks ever so familiar. What does he do?”

“Oh, he works for the Government, up in London.” Helen said, over her shoulder. She struggled to negotiate the suitcase down the step and through the door into the porch. “Everyone says that though. He must have that kind of a face. Come on Suzi, I can’t set the alarm with you standing there.”

The two girls made their way out into the porch, slamming the panelled door behind them. For a

minute or two the dust eddies swirled and danced in the twin shafts of afternoon sunlight that streamed in through the stained glass, and then slowly they settled back down to floating gently in the rich beams to the monotonous tick of the big grandfather clock by the living room door.

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The Sisterhood was entirely Kayti's idea; she had conceived it, she had drawn up the rules and code of conduct, and it was she who had seen it grow from a few friends meeting informally, to an organisation with members all over the country, and for all Judi knew, all over the world. Its genesis lay in the few months following her divorce from Sir Robin Morris, when her former husband vented his fury on his ex-wife via medium of those titles in his newspaper group that he had retained. Articles and editorials appeared in droves, branding her as a gold-digger, a prostitute, and a sexual deviant, although never in a manner that would enable her to pursue a successful libel action against them, even if she had cared to. All this was water off a ducks back to Kayti, who had already decided that she had better things to do than give her former husband the satisfaction of a reply. It was not until an article appeared in a normally liberal broadsheet written by a well-known and outspoken feminist, entitled "*The backwards trend*", that Kayti found herself galvanised into action.

The article, which was written in a rather acerbic tone, implied that Kayti (and women like her – several other names were mentioned) were setting the cause on feminism back fifty years with their willingness to become the chattels of wealthy men and by allowing themselves to become little more than sexual playthings. It went on to suggest that such a use of female sexuality implied a lack of ambition and intelligence, and that no truly intelligent woman could possibly enjoy the libertine lifestyle that was so widely reported to have been lived by the former Lady Morris.

Kayti was incensed. It was bad enough being the target of attacks from her ex-husbands cronies and business partners, she complained, but to be attacked by those purporting to represent her own sex was treachery of the highest order. Frustrated that she had no real way of retaliating or answering the accusations levelled against her, she vowed to do everything she could to promote her own unique and radical brand of feminism and to assist and protect those women who subscribed to it.

Kayti firmly believed in the sexual superiority of women over men. Just as she had no problem with accepting that men were physically stronger than women, she espoused the view that women were sexually stronger than men. She backed this view up by pointing out that in most primitive cultures women were revered for their sexuality and fecundity, their ability to bring forth new life – the concepts of Mother Nature and Mother Earth reflected this. It was male dominated organised religions, she argued, which had gone out of their way over the last thousand years to suppress the glory of female sexuality, quite simply because they were terrified of the potential power wielded by the sexually confident female.

“A man cums once, and he’s asleep in two minutes snoring his head off”, she had explained to Judi, as they lay in bed one sunny spring morning, “Whereas a liberated and sensuous woman can keep on making love for as long as she wants, as you have just proved. A woman can cum longer, harder and more frequently than any man. I’m not saying that all women can right now; too many of us are still held back by repressive male attitudes, but we all have the capacity to.”

Brought to a head by the traumatic events surrounding her divorce, Kayti began refining her beliefs into an organised form, and in doing so laid the foundations of the Sisterhood, a secret society dedicated to protecting, promoting and assisting women who shared her views.

“It’s going to be like the Masons, only female, and much sexier and more fun,” she told the initial group of five friends who were to become the founder members. “Sisters will help and protect each other in any way they can, in business or their private lives – and of course, celebrate the beauty of our sexuality by helping each other have lots of lovely orgasms!”

Judi had no idea how large the Sisterhood of Sappho had grown from that initial meeting of six women, but she was pretty sure that membership now numbered several thousand, divided into a strict hierarchy. The six founder members, including Judi, were High Priestesses, with pivotal roles at ceremonies and some administrative responsibility; although in practice this latter was mostly handled by Kayti’s business organisation. Below them were the Priestesses who organised and officiated at local meetings, and then the vast body of members who were referred to as Acolytes. New members had to go through an induction period as Neophytes before they were fully initiated into the organisation. Membership was by invitation only, and all potential Neophytes were carefully screened by Kayti prior to acceptance. Essential requirements were a certain standard of attractiveness, discretion, sexual confidence, and to be either bisexual or lesbian. Central to the creed of the Sisterhood was the right for its members to have guilt-free safe sex with each other, and the belief that a woman’s sexuality could only be truly understood by another woman. No member of the society could reasonably refuse the sexual advances of another, provided that the correct phrase, prefaced with the greeting “Sister...” was used, unless they were already in a lesbian relationship recognised by the Sisterhood. Judi was aware that the vast majority of the Sisterhood’s membership, like herself, enjoyed heterosexual relationships in the public eye – many were also married – but indulged in clandestine liaisons at secret locations with other Sisters to satisfy their secret desires and fantasies. And naturally, Kayti had designed the ceremonies and rituals which members of the Sisterhood were required to attend, with a strong emphasis on sex.

But the benefits of Sisterhood membership weren’t entirely sexual. Like the Masons the Sisters looked after their own, giving preference in recruitment and business dealings to other Sisters. Almost all of Kayti’s employees, and certainly all of those who “lived in” at Aldrington Hall were members, and

Judi was aware of several other female run businesses where similar policies were adopted. To identify themselves to other members, many Sisters wore jewellery which displayed the emblem Judi could see reproduced on the headboard of the bed in her room, two adjacent circles, each containing a cross. The design was Kayti's own, based on the universal symbol of the female, the circle with the cross beneath it. She had overlaid one on another "in a sixty-nine" as she put it, to provide a symbol that was both highly appropriate and suitably discreet. Judi wore it on a silver locket around her neck which contained a lock of Suzi's baby hair, and on several occasions it has stood her in good stead, gaining her access to places and work she might otherwise have been refused.

Breaking off from her reverie, and wondering how long she had been lost in thought, Judi quickly unpacked her bag and hung the clothes in the wardrobe. As she tucked the empty suitcase away on the stand at the foot of the bed, there was another gentle tap at the door. This time Judi elected to open it herself, and found Suki waiting outside.

"Hi. Kayti is free now; she's asked me to show you down to her study. Are you ready, or do you want a little more time?"

Judi moved out into the hallway and closed the door behind her. "No, I'm fine. I'll have plenty of time to get ready for the ceremony later."

Suki performed another of her small bows. "Of course. If you'd like to follow me?"

The Asian girl led the way along the corridor and down a narrow flight of stairs that had obviously been part of the servant's access in the Hall's heyday. At the bottom of the stairs was another door, and here Suki paused and knocked politely. A female voice from within said: "Come in."

Suki pushed the door open and led Judi through into a magnificently panelled room with an elaborately corniced high ceiling and a row of magnificent French windows, currently thrown wide open to reap the benefit of the gentle early evening breeze, which looked out across a magnificent vista of rolling parkland.

"Judi, darling!"

Kayti Chamberlain had been stood beside the magnificent oak desk which dominated one end of the room. As the door opened she tossed the papers she had been reading carelessly to one side and hurried across the room to embrace her old friend, kissing her warmly on both cheeks.

"Darling it's so good to see you again! Let me look at you."



Kayti pulled her head back from Judi, keeping her hands on her hips.

“You’re looking well.”

“I you’re not looking to bad yourself!” Judi was examining her old friend in turn. Kayti was still stunningly beautiful, the chestnut hair and brown eyes still shone, her skin was still smooth with only a few betraying wrinkles around her eyes, and her figure would have been the envy of many women half her age. The simple elegance of the short fawn dress she wore screamed wealth and showed off to their best advantage her finely toned bare legs, which assets were further enhanced by the high heels she wore. Next to her, Judi felt almost dowdy by comparison.

“Well, I bloody well should do,” Kayti laughed, “It costs a fortune to look this good at my age!”

“Money well spent, if you want my opinion.”

“You know how much I value your opinion, darling, so I shall take that as an enormous compliment.” Kayti slid her arm around Judi’s waist and guided her in a one hundred and eighty degree pirouette. “Look what I discovered, lurking in the archives of a certain well known Daily.”

Judi’s jaw dropped. “Oh my God! Where on earth did you get that?”

On the wall facing Kayti’s desk was a huge reproduction of a page from a tabloid newspaper. Down one side there was a two column article under a block headline, but on the other side, dominating the page, was a photograph of two smiling topless girls, one blonde, one brunette, standing nipple to nipple.

Judi stared in amazement. “Is that what I think it is?”

Kayti was laughing. “It certainly is. Our very first appearance as glamour models. Taken in a not very glamorous and bloody freezing attic studio, if I remember correctly. I came across it almost by accident in the archives of a competitor I recently acquired.”

“God, we look so young!”

“We were. Probably best not to look at the date of the paper, it’ll only depress you.”

Judi pulled a face. “Too late for that, I think!”

“Rubbish!” Kayti gave her waist a squeeze. “You still look fabulous. Anyway, I’ve had one of these

made up for you, if you want it. I'll have it put in the boot of your car for you. I'm going to keep that one there to remind me where I started. I don't think a little humility will do me any harm, do you?"

Judi looked thoughtful. "Not a word that I generally associate with you, Kayti. You must be mellowing with age."

They both laughed out loud, each conscious of the easy familiarity of a long standing friendship. Kayti turned to the Asian girl, who had been standing deferentially by the door during this exchange.

"The sun is properly over the yardarm I think, Suki. Do you make that Pimm's o'clock?"

Her PA flashed another brilliant smile. "If you say so, Kayti."

"I do indeed. We'll have it on the terrace I think," she said, indicating the open French windows. "Fix yourself one and come and join us, won't you?"

Judi watched the exchange between the two women, noting the smile each had for the other, and the look that lasted just a little too long for the normal employer/employee relationship. She followed Kayti out onto the terrace; past the gossamer curtains that billowed gently in the light movement of the warm air, and seated herself opposite her friend at the wrought iron table, shielded from the setting sun by a floral parasol.

Gazing out across the rolling parkland, she said conversationally: "I take it Suki is a very personal assistant?"

Kayti looked up sharply. "Is it that obvious?"

"It is to me."

"I thought I was being discreet!"

"She's beautiful. You're very lucky."

"She's a genius in bed," Kayti said simply. "She's opened my eyes to a lot of things."

Judi took a moment to try to contemplate what new pleasures the Asian girl could possibly have introduced a woman of Kayti's age and acknowledged carnal appetites to, but gave up.

"What does Bruno make of it?" she asked. Bruno Salvatori was a world renowned fashion designer

based in Milan, with whom Kayti's name had been regularly linked over the last few years.

"Bruno doesn't really approve. For all his *avant-garde* posturing he's really quite a conservative catholic boy at heart. Not, of course, that his conservatism extends to stopping him screwing his models whenever the fancy takes him."

"Oh dear! Sorry, is he a sensitive subject?"

Kayti's peal of laughter rang across the golden shadows of the expanse of parkland. "Sensitive is most definitely *not* the adjective I would use when describing Bruno! No, we have arrived at an understanding, I think. We're useful to each other, but I think we both realised long ago that there wasn't really much mileage in a relationship."

The chink of ice on glass heralded the arrival of Suki bearing a tray of drinks. She set it down on the table, and handed a glass to each of the women. Kayti gently touched her arm.

"Darling, before you sit down, could you get me that folder off my desk?"

"Of course." Suki executed another small bow and disappeared back into the study.

"I assume Suki is your Acolyte for tonight?"

Kayti nodded. "Don't worry; I have someone quite special for you too."

Judi felt a shiver of sexual anticipation. "Am I allowed to know who?"

"No." Kayti grinned. "Except to say she asked for you personally."

"I'm surprised anyone can remember me."

"It has been a while, hasn't it? But then you've had a lot to contend with over the last few years."

There was a moment's awkward silence. Both women knew that Kayti was alluding to the death of Judi's husband, the only man she had ever really loved, and for a brief second both were lost in thought.

"He was a wonderful man," Kayti said gently. "I'm glad he made you so happy."

Judi smiled. "He did. And he was the closest thing to a father Suzi ever had."

The click of heels on the terrace announced the return of Suki, carrying a clear plastic wallet. Handing it to Kayti, she sat daintily in a spare chair and raised her glass silently to the two women. Kayti acknowledged the gesture, and then turned back to Judi.

“I’m glad you mentioned your gorgeous daughter. I wanted to talk to you about her.”

Judi raised her glass in turn to Suki. “Really? In what way?”

Kayti put her glass on the table and picked up the plastic wallet from where Suki had placed it. She held it for a moment, as if trying to decide if she were making the right decision, and then handed it across to Judi. The blonde woman looked at her friend questioningly, and then looked down at the wallet, her eyes widening with surprise. Contained within the plastic sheath was an A4 colour print of a beautiful blonde girl reclining in a leather armchair, back arched, her arms raised behind her head. She was naked except a white blouse which had fallen open far enough to allow her magnificent breasts to jut provocatively upwards, although she was posed demurely enough to protect what remained of her modesty. Her head was thrown back, her face framed by a sea of blonde curls, and her eyes stared out of the picture at the photographer, an image of wanton abandon.

“Poses just like her mother, doesn’t she?” Kayti said. “Those amazing ‘come fuck me’ eyes.”

Judi tore her eyes away from the image of her daughter. “I don’t know if I should be shocked or proud. Where did you get this?”

“If you ask me, you should be very proud. She really is quite astoundingly beautiful, and a natural model.” Kayti sipped her drink. “Don’t worry; she hasn’t followed in your shoes just yet.”

Judi was still staring at the picture, waiting for Kayti to continue.

“Every spring I have a recruiting team go round a few selected Universities looking for potential employees, you’d be surprised how hard it is to find the right calibre of staff these days. Anyway, Suzi came along to one of the seminars. She would have had no idea it was my company, we use a subsidiary with a different name. She shaped up well at the interview, and one of my more enterprising members of staff saw that she had obvious potential in the modelling department too, so they asked her if she wanted to do a trial shoot, which she agreed to do. The photographer was very, very impressed with her, said she couldn’t believe that she’d not done anything like that before. ‘Radiating sexuality’ was her exact phrase, I believe.”

Kayti picked up her glass and swilled it around. “If she wasn’t your daughter, I’d have offered her a

job by now," she said. "Remind me what subject she studied?"

"English literature and creative writing."

"And did she get a good degree?"

"Very good", Judi said emphatically. There was brief pause, then she continued: "You'd really want her to come and work for you?"

Kayti looked up interestedly. "Do I take it from that that she has no definite plans at the moment?"

"I don't think she's really thought about it, no. She only finished University a couple of months ago, and since then she seems to have been involved in a non-stop round of parties."

"Well, the offer's there. Of course, she'd have to join the Sisterhood." Kayti was studying her friend's face intently. "She'd need to live here for a while, and all the girls here are Sisters. It gets too complicated otherwise."

"I can imagine," Judi said, dryly. "Isn't it a complete nightmare, having all these women living under one roof? It must be a sea of raging hormones!"

Kayti grinned broadly. "It was at first, especially trying to enforce the 'not speaking ill of another Sister' rule. But it's been a lot better since we made the working hours a lot more flexible. The girls have a lot more time to make love with their chosen partners, and there's a lot less sexual frustration. And every girl gets an extra three days off in every twenty eight, so they don't have to suffer too much with their monthlies. Hardly any of them take them, though. In fact, I think we have one of the healthiest and most efficient workforces in Europe, as well as the most beautiful. I can't imagine many other companies taking a leaf out of my book, though!"

Kayti glanced sideways at Suki, who was surreptitiously looking at her watch. "I know darling, we have to go and make ourselves even more unbelievably beautiful for the ceremony." She put her glass back on the tray and looked at Judi. "Can we talk more tomorrow before you leave? I can't imagine you'll be up that early, so perhaps around lunchtime? There are quite a few things I'd like to discuss."

Judi felt another sudden twinge of excitement at the thought of what delights the night might hold. "That would be fine; I'm in no rush to get back. Suzi can look after herself."

Kayti smiled. "I have no doubt about that." She paused. "Forgive me...I have to ask...has she

discovered the delights of her own sex yet, or she too wrapped up in this new man?" She made as if to rise, but then something in her friends' face caused her to pause and fix the blonde woman with a delighted gaze.

"She seeing a girl, isn't she? Come on Truscott, dish the dirt! You can't keep secrets from me; I've known you too long."

Judi laughed sheepishly. "Yes, she is."

Kayti subsided back into her chair with a delighted look on her face. "Revenge!" she crowed. "Should I ask how you can be sure about this stunning revelation?"

Judi coloured. "I've heard them..."

"Really? Is she as demonstrative of her affections as her mother?"

Despite the warmth of the evening, Judi felt the heat rising further in her cheeks. "It's hot...we both had a lot of windows open," she said lamely.

Kayti gave a snort of laughter. "Well, we can all relate to that over the last few weeks. Some nights it's almost impossible to get any sleep around here – in some ways I shall be glad when this weather breaks."

Judi cast an eye up to the cloudless evening sky. "Doesn't seem much chance of that happening any time soon," she observed. "The forecast is set like this for another week at least."

Kayti rose from the table. "I suppose we ought to be making a move if we're going to get ready in time. Suki, will you show Judi back to her room?"

Judi slid her chair back and got to her feet. "Do I meet you in the main hall when I'm ready?"

"Yes that would be perfect – I'm looking forward to introducing you to your acolyte."

Judi was unable to suppress a grin of excitement. "I can't wait!"

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Ten minutes later Judi was back in her suite, the door closing softly behind her. As she rummaged in her bag to find her mobile phone she made a quick mental list of things she needed to do to prepare

herself for the evenings entertainment. Already she could feel the hollow pit of excitement in her stomach, like the feeling of peering over the parapet of a very high building. Her body tingled slightly with anticipation from her fingertips to her very core, and all her senses seemed super heightened, the images sharper and more in focus, colours heightened, sounds clearer, smells more intense and heady.

Trying briefly to keep her mind focussed on practical matters, she dialled Suzi's number, and pulled a face of annoyance when she heard the greeting message of her daughter's voicemail, although it came as no great surprise to find that her phone was switched off. Quickly, Judi composed a short text message, and to be on the safe side sent it several times. Satisfied, she put the phone back in her bag, and studied her watch gauging that she probably had just over an hour to get ready. From her modelling days she knew that if she wanted the marks left by her underwear to have faded by the time the ceremony started, she would need to get undressed pretty much straight away. Without any further ado she unbuttoned the short-sleeved blouse she wore and hung it in the closet. She had brought a summer dress with her for the return journey, but her fastidious soul rebelled against the idea of unnecessarily creasing her clothes. She reached behind her back and unfastened her bra, sliding the straps down her arms and hanging it over the back of a convenient chair. She was unable to resist the temptation to raise her hands to her naked breasts, and weighed them gently in each hand, savouring the release from the constriction of her underwear. She let her thumbs drift gently over the tip of each pink nipple, and felt them stiffen immediately in anticipation. Tutting at her own inability to resist temptation she unfastened her skirt, allowed it to fall, and stepped out of it. She hung it in the closet, alongside the blouse, and then hooked her fingers into the waistband of her panties and tugged them downwards. Naked except for her heels, she surveyed herself critically in the full-length mirror, flexing her legs and arms to examine muscle tone and posture. Reasonably satisfied with the image that stared back at her; she sat on the trunk at the bottom of the bed and removed her shoes.

As she had spent a considerable sum of money earlier that afternoon having a fairly extensive session at her beauticians, Judi had already attended to her manicure, pedicure, hair and bikini wax, so she was content to do little more than have a relaxing shower and re-touch her make-up prior to getting dressed. She piled her blonde hair onto the top of her head, and careful to avoid getting it wet, turned on the shower. Having tested the temperature of the water with her hand, she stepped over the lintel and pulled the door to behind her. For a few minutes she stood under the powerful jet savouring the refreshing kiss of the water on her skin. Although she had had a bath only that morning, such was the heat that summer that even the hour's drive from the south coast had left her feeling sticky and gritty. Judi soaped herself thoroughly, and allowed the shower to wash away the lather as she rotated slowly; ensuring that every inch of her body below the neck was doused and cooled. After ten minutes she finally gave in to the temptation she had been resisting, and turned to offer her breasts up to the stinging kiss of the water. Arching her back slightly to thrust her nipples into the jets,

she parted her legs a little, leaning back to push her pelvis towards the water which cascaded down around the tops of her thighs and small tuft of dark blonde hair which surmounted her pubic mound.

With a sound that was both a sigh of disappointment and a groan of pleasure Judi turned the shower off and stepped out of the cubicle. Retrieving a towel from the rail by the tub, she dried herself slowly, carefully avoiding any unintentional stimulation of erogenous zones. Folding the towel back onto the rail, she walked naked back into the bedroom, and sat at the dressing table to attend to her make-up. The face that gazed back at her from the mirror was calm and collected, that faintly aquiline features betrayed no suggestion of the raging torrent of sexual desire and anticipation that she felt coursing through her. But the hand that applied the mascara to her lashes trembled slightly, her stomach felt empty and slightly queasy; her nipples were stiff, and very slightly uncomfortable, and between her legs she could feel the tell-tale dampness forming.

She hadn't felt like this for a very long time, she thought. Her sex drive, dormant for so long, had suddenly been switched on over the course of the last weekend, and seemed determined to make up for lost time. Well, that was what she intended to do this evening, no doubt about that. Satisfied with her make-up, Judi blotted her lips, and threw the tissue into the bin. Selecting a bottle of her favourite Dior perfume from her bag, she sprayed it liberally around her neck and wrists, down across and under her breasts, and finally up the inside of each thigh. Standing slowly, she walked to the closet, and took out the black Armani dress she had chosen to wear for the occasion.

Dress code for a High Priestess of the Sisterhood was straightforward. Only a dress could be worn, and nothing must be worn underneath, but there was no restriction on style or colour, other than it must be possible to remove it quickly and elegantly. Judi's dress was a halter neck, cut low front and back to expose her cleavage and the dimple at the top of her buttocks. When the clasp at the back of the neck was unfastened, it would fall in dark shimmer around her feet. Laying it on the floor, Judi stepped into it, and adjusting it carefully, she manoeuvred the folds over her breasts and fixed the clasp. Sliding her feet into a pair of matching backless heels much higher than she would ordinarily wear, she investigated the final effect in the mirror. Under normal circumstances she would have considerable misgivings about wearing this dress in public, as it was very easy for the wearer to reveal rather more than they might intend to, but on this occasion Judi judged it to be pretty much perfect. She twirled left and right to see exactly how revealing it could be, judging how well it framed her exposed back, and checking to see how visible her erect nipples were through the thin material, and smiled with satisfaction at the result. For the first time in quite a long time she savoured the powerful electric charge of the feeling her own sexual attractiveness.

"Well, I'd fuck me," she remarked to her image.

From the dressing table she picked up a choker with a black velvet strap and the symbol of the



Sisterhood, studied with diamonds, her badge of office. Fastening it around her neck, and making sure that it wouldn't interfere with the clasp of her dress, she took and final look in the mirror. With a broad wink at her reflection she opened the door to her room and stepped out into the hall.