The Interview - From 'Investigative Journalism'

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Reporter Dawn interviews a female escort who makes fantasies come true for other women

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(I hope the shifts in POV in this story won't be confusing. After the introduction, each of Denise's adventures are told in third person, as though they have been transcribed after the interview to that point of view.)
The young red-haired woman looked dubiously at the tape-recorder resting on the coffee table in front of her. "Why do you have to record all of our conversation? I know you want to use the incidents you asked me to relate but I thought you said that everything I told you concerning me would be 'off the record'."
"No, I said what you told me about yourself would be background material. I promise not to use your name or any details that might reveal your identity. I am planning one or more of the stories that you tell me will be in the book I'm hoping to write along the lines of 'Women on Top'." Dawn Garth, the prize-winning morning anchor of the early news reassured the other woman.
"I use the tape recorder to make sure I don't miss anything. Once I've had it transcribed I will destroy the tape so that even your voiceprint will be gone. However, if it would make you feel more comfortable, I'll try to take notes instead."
"No, that's okay, I guess. If I didn't trust you I wouldn't have agreed to this whole thing."
"Okay, great." Dawn smiled. "I'm going to call you 'Denise' from now on, since its not even close to your real name. Alright?"
"Alright." Denise returned Dawn's smile. Just for a moment she let her eyes travel over the reporter's slender body, lingering on the firm legs that were shown to their best advantage by the moderately short skirt and the heels. Those legs were crossed at the ankles and tucked slightly back as Dawn leaned forward to turn on the recorder. Denise savored the little rising of Dawn's skirt as she did that. She swept her gaze over the remainder of the attractive blonde sitting beside her, then abruptly brought her attention back to the moment at hand as Dawn began to speak.
"Denise, if I understand correctly, you are a third year college student. You're twenty-one and you, for reasons we need not go into, need to be completely self-supporting. To make ends meet and still attend classes, you found a job with, well, to be honest, an escort service."

"Yes, that's true, Dawn." The younger woman refused to blush as she met the reporter's eyes.
"But a very special escort service. One that caters only to women. And in your case at least, in very special ways." Dawn noted.
"True again. Instead of being someone to cling to an arm on a night on the town or simply being a bed-partner for a weekend, we specialize in fulfilling fantasies. Women contact us when they want to live out something they've always dreamed about but never dared to do."
"And you are willing to share a few of those experiences, those fantasy fulfillments, with me?"
"Oh yes." Denise smiled.
(First story)
"Sometime the woman who is availing herself of my services is specifically interested in my assuming the role of a certain person." Denise laughed wickedly. "Usually its someone famous. I've been Britney Spears more than once, although I can't imagine why. I also do a good Kate Beckinsale from 'Underworld' and a pretty good Gretchen Wilson. When that is the case I go by whatever name they want me to answer to. 'Caroline' was the name that Sandy wanted me to use."
Sandy was a middle-aged divorcee. Still attractive, she and her husband had split amicably several years before when it became obvious they had grown too far apart and neither had the will nor the desire to try to put things back together. They had carried on together until both their daughters were out of college and then quietly parted. The divorce surprised no one, especially their daughters.
Sandy's fantasy had arisen when her younger daughter was between her sophomore and junior years in college. She had brought home her roommate Caroline. Years later, Sandy could still see the young woman in her mind's eye. Caroline had been of medium height with long straight brown hair and dark brown eyes. Long firm legs accentuated a tight bottom just as a flat stomach made her small proud breasts stand out.
Sandy knew all this because of an accident. She had been cleaning up the house and doing laundry one afternoon and had forgotten to restock the towels in the guest bathroom. A plaintive call from that room had reached her ears.
"Ms. Sandy, there aren't any towels in here!"
"Oh my goodness Caroline." She had called back. "I'll be right there. Hastily she had gathered up some fluffy terrycloth towels and hurried to the door, pausing to knock.
"Come in." There was a pause and then Caroline added in a half joking, half serious tone, "Please!"
Sandy turned the door knob, balancing the towels with her forearm and her other hand. Backing in, she nudged the door closed behind her with her hip to try to keep the cool air from the house AC out of the room. Turning to present a towel to Caroline, she stopped and swallowed a gasp of surprise.
"Thank you, Ms. Sandy," the dark haired girl acknowledged gratefully, taking two of the proffered towels. It wasn't the courteous reply that stopped Sandy in her tracks, it was the fact that the young coed was standing on the rug by the tub, quite nude, and quite unabashed about that fact. Taking the first towel, Caroline proceeded to wrap it around her, but not before Sandy found herself, to her great surprise, drinking in the view.
Nor did the moment stop there. Propping one foot on the bathtub, Caroline used a second towel to

dry her leg, then switched to do the other one. The juncture of the towel opened and Sandy stared at the dark patch between the young woman's legs.
Caroline then carefully hung that towel up and bent over the tub to dry her hair with yet a third towel. Sandy's eyes riveted on the cheeks of the girl's firm ass and the lines of its cleft.
Never before had Sandy had such a reaction to another female. She couldn't stop looking. Her mouth was dry. Unbelievably, she was attracted to this young woman. No, more than that, she wanted Caroline, wanted her sexually.
Sandy actually took a step towards Caroline before pulling herself together. Hastily she slipped back out through the bathroom door, closing it behind her. Mechanically she walked to the linen closet and put the remainder of the towels away. Then she went down to the kitchen, made a cup of tea and tried to make sense of the whole thing.
She had never been attracted to other women before, beyond the usual noticing that someone looked very attractive. Certainly not someone as young as her daughter. Well, there was that one time back in college when she had some of the same feelings about one of the cheerleaders but she had never been really tempted to act on those feelings.
For the rest of that summer visit Sandy tried to resume acting towards Caroline as she had before the bathroom incident. Caroline herself unknowingly helped because her attitude had not changed at all. Apparently the sexual attraction Sandy had felt towards the coed had not been apparent.
Months and then years went by. Occasionally Sandy thought of Caroline and wondered what would have happened if she had allowed herself to follow up on her sudden attraction that day. Then one day, while idly reading the classifieds in the paper she had seen a discreetly worded ad that had led her to engage the services of the young female escort now in her house.
So here she was sitting in her kitchen again. She could here the water running down the hall. The sounds of the shower stopped and she heard the voice call. Just like years before she went to the linen closet and took some freshly laundered towels in her arms. Once again she entered and drank in the sight of the slender young body before her. Her heart seemed to lodge in her throat as the towel fell away from the dark triangle between the young woman's legs as the visitor ran another towel down her leg.
This time Sandy didn't have to resist her urge. This time she couldn't. She dropped the excess towels and took three eager steps forward. Before the surprised girl could react, the older woman had pressed her against the wall and was raining kisses all over her face.
"Ms. Sandy! What are you doing?" protested Caroline for an instant before Sandy wrapped her arms around the coed and silenced her with a deep, passionate kiss. The young woman seemed to struggle for a few moments. Her hands pushed feebly at Sandy. Then she flung her arms around the older woman and returned her kiss, sucking the searching tongue deep into her mouth.
Sandy's hands roamed over Caroline, searching and exploring. One slipped inside the now gaping towel to find the flat stomach. Sandy broke her lip-lock with the girl to kiss and lick over the bare shoulders and neck before settling on the soft hollow of the white throat before her. The questing hand slid further, slid down over Caroline's mound and then cupped a pussy that was wetter than

even the just finished shower could explain.
Caroline moaned deep in her throat. "Ms. Sandy, Ms. Sandy. Stop. You shouldn't... Oh God." The young hips pushed forward, grinding herself onto Sandy's hand. At the same time, the older woman's free hand caught the top of the towel and pulled it
away from the firm body. First one, then the other, small breast tipped with an erect nipple was exposed. Then the towel fell to the floor and Caroline stood nude before Sandy.
Almost whining in her excitement, Sandy fastened her mouth onto Caroline's left breast. She licked at the pink nipple, swirling her tongue over it before her lips parted and she sucked all she could of the firm orb into her mouth. Once her hand had tossed the towel aside, she cupped the other breast and began to tweak and roll the nipple there.
Caroline gasped loudly. Her hands were flat against the bathroom wall as though only its support held her up. She arched her back slightly, pressing her breasts into Sandy's eager mouth and fingers. Sandy's legs gave way as she sank down before the young woman.
Now on her knees, Sandy could not get enough of Caroline's tight body. Her hands ran up and down the slender legs before her,
pausing here and there for gentle squeezes and caresses. She kissed the firm stomach she had first touched, darting her tongue into the navel before resuming her march, her lips never leaving the smooth skin. Then her tongue was touching the fine hairs that marked the top of Caroline's pussy.
Sandy shivered. This is what she had dreamed of for ten years. Two hands touched her head, fingers entangling themselves in the older woman's hair. She looked up. Caroline looked back down at her, need smoldering in her eyes.
The young woman whispered. "Please Ms. Sandy, please. You don't know how long I've waited for you to do this. Do me now." The hands on her head gently pushed her face between the wide-spread legs before her.
Sandy needed no further urging. Her hands settled on the tight little ass she had thought about for years. She parted the wet curls in front of her with her tongue and slipped her tongue tip into Caroline's pussy.
"Oh, GOD, yes." moaned the young woman. Her head tipped back and her eyes closed blissfully.
Sandy flattened her tongue in Caroline and began to lap up and down the open slit in front of her. Reaching the top, she flicked the hard pearl that was exposed before her before lapping down again. Her mouth closed over the swollen labia and she sucked them into her mouth, savoring the taste of the college girl's pussy. She plunged inside the young woman, her head reeling at the taste she had dreamed of for so long.
Caroline's hips were jerking. Her hands pressed harder, rubbing the older woman's face into her. Her breath came faster, in gulps and gasps. Now she was pleading with Sandy.
"Please, yes, oh my God. Fuck me Ms. Sandy. Oh God it feels so good."
Sandy's tongue found Caroline's clit again and lashed it. The younger woman squealed. Then the kneeling woman took the hard nubbin in her lips and began to suck it. Caroline's face twisted and she screamed. Sandy drove two fingers up inside the dripping pussy, spreading them and pumping her

arm as she continued to suck Caroline's clit.
The young woman went wild, crying out in abandon, screaming her older lover's name over and over as she reached a series of nearly violent orgasms, flooding the older woman's face with her juices, who eagerly lapped them up. After the young woman finished shaking, she leaned against the wall, looking down at the other woman, who rested her head on Caroline's stomach and hugged her close.
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"Goodness, Denise."
"Indeed," replied the other woman. "Sandy was great fun. She had engaged me only for the afternoon, but I ended up spending the entire weekend with her. It was rather one-sided though." At Dawn's raised eyebrows Sandy nodded and continued. "She didn't care about my reciprocating. She just wanted to perform oral sex on me, all over and on every part of my body."
"Goodness again." commented Dawn. Denise noted that the reporter had shifted back and forth during the recital, while leaning forward as if to make certain she didn't miss a single word. Her right hand had lifted to touch her breast just for an instant before pulling it back down as though she had just realized what she had done.
(Second Story)
"Now more common is someone who wants a particular scenario. The person I role play isn't that important its what she does that is the main point. Jacquie's fantasy was to be seduced by a neighbor into her first lesbian experience. It didn't matter which one. In fact the name I used was not that of anyone in the area that she knew. The idea of a neighbor and acquaintance was the key as she wanted someone she could feel safe with who wouldn't reveal what happened. She did have a few wishes about her seducer. I didn't mind dyeing my hair but its a good thing I was taller than her already, I don't think I could do anything about that. And I used a great deal more make-up than I usually do as she wanted someone older than her but then the essence of role playing is to pretend anyway. By the way, it was also my first time with a married woman."
Jacquie was a normal everyday housewife and mother. She loved her family, she loved being a stay-at-home mom. She made great meals, attended every school function and kissed her husband every morning when he went to work and every evening when he got home. They had sex every Saturday night, and sometimes on Sunday afternoon. She enjoyed it immensely.
But Jacquie had a fantasy. She wanted to be seduced by another woman. Not by a stranger, not in some bar. She wanted it to be someone that she knew, but not so close a that it would ruin a friendship or perhaps lead to complications. Another married woman would have been perfect, but she just didn't know anyone. Then she saw the ad.
The doorbell rang as she was vacuuming the Living Room. Shutting off the appliance, she answered the door. She was wearing her usual "work around the house" clothes; a pair of jeans with a much washed and shrunken t-shirt, its once bright colors now faded. Her brown hair, which normally reached halfway down her back, was caught up in a hasty twist.
"Hi Ginger."
"Hey there Jacquie," smiled the woman from down the street. She was older than Jacquie, right

around forty and a couple of inches taller. Her red hair hung to her shoulders. Like Jacquie, she was wearing jeans. Her top was brief, two thin straps holding up an abbreviated shirt that made no attempt to cover her midriff.
"Come on in." Jacquie stepped back and motioned for her friend to enter. As always, she felt a little twinge of something or other in the pit of her stomach at the way Ginger's gaze seemed to linger on her. Somehow, the attention the other woman seemed to pay her did something to her, something that charged the air between them. Glancing down for a second, she confirmed what she already knew. Her nipples had hardened slightly as Ginger's eyes fastened on them. Her friend gave her a little smile, which was both unsettling and exciting.
"So what are you doing today?" asked the pretty brown-eyed hostess as she led her neighbor into the kitchen and poured them each a cup of coffee.
"Absolutely nothing," responded her visitor. "I have all my chores done, for the morning anyway, and thought I'd drop by for a chat."
"Well, I'm glad you did." Jacquie turned and rummaged through the papers spread over one corner of the kitchen table. "I want to show you something here, as soon as I can find it, that is."
Ginger stepped in close behind her. Jacquie shivered slightly as the other woman's hands touched her hips. The taller woman looked over her shoulder, almost resting her chin on Jacquie's shoulder. "What is it?"
"Nope," laughed Jacquie. She shifted her weight back and forth, her attention more on the closeness of the woman behind her than on the papers in front of her. "Its a secret."
"Can I tell you a secret?"
Jacquie was distracted by the gentle pressure of the hands resting on her hips. Because her shirt was too short to reach the top of her jeans, the taller woman's thumbs and index fingers were touching her bare skin. She wanted to jump as those fingers began to move, making slow, soft strokes on her skin.
"What," Jacquie had to stop and swallow, her throat was so suddenly dry. "What secret is that?"
Ginger was so close that she could feel her breath on the side of her neck. The creeping fingers at her sides were moving, moving up, moving under her shirt, moving around to her tummy. They were warm and made her feel something strange and exciting all through her body.
"You mean you've never guessed?" The words were whispered right into her ear. Ginger's lips were so close that Jacquie could feel them brush the shell of her ear and yet she had to strain to hear the other woman's words.
"Guessed what?"
A throaty laugh blew warm air into her ear. "You can't tell it even now?" The hands that had been rubbing her tummy and crept up further and were brushing the bottom of Jacquie's breasts. She was conscious that Ginger was pressed right against her and she could feel the taller woman's breasts against her back. Two thin cotton shirts were not enough to prevent her from telling just where Ginger's hard nipples bored into her.
"I, I, Oh God Ginger, what are you doing?" As though they had a mind of their own, Jacquie's hands reached back to grasp the other woman's hips. She felt the woman behind her press forward, her

jeans rubbing against Jacquie's denim covered butt.
"Guess how I feel about you." This time Jacquie DID jump as the other woman's lips touched the side of her neck.
"What do you mean?" Jacquie gasped. "Ginger, you're acting like you, like you want to..."
"To make love to you." Ginger finished the stammering question. Her hands slid up, cupping the married woman's breasts.
Jacquie wanted to protest, to pull away. But she couldn't. The gentle squeezes on her breasts, the fingers rolling her already stiffening nipples and the hunger growing deep inside her would not allow her to pull away. Her eyes closed and her hips began to move in response to the woman behind her.
Ginger slid one hand back down Jacquie's tummy, coming to rest at the top of the shorter woman's jeans. A quick twist and the top button was undone. Jacquie arched slightly, not only allowing the other woman to unzip and begin to pull the levis down, but also gave her room to reach between them and unfasten the visitor's jeans.
Somehow the sensation of the often washed denim and her cotton panties sliding down her legs was as thrilling as anything Jacquie had ever felt. That is, until she stepped out of her clothes and Ginger again pressed against her. The feel of the other woman against her bare bottom, sliding slightly up and down, a trickle of wetness and the caress of damp curls on her ass fired her desire.
Ginger's hand was around her again. This time it cupped her mound and one finger parted her already puffy labia. Jacquie moaned and began to rub her ass back onto the wet pussy grinding against her. The hand on her breast squeezed gently, as gently as Jacquie could ever recall being touched. Deft fingers teased her nipple, even as another finger parted her labia and slipped inside of her.
Jacquie turned her head, whether to protest or beg for more she never was sure. For as soon as her lips parted to speak, Ginger's mouth found hers and the resulting kiss left the married woman gasping for breath, her body on fire. When the kiss finally broke, Ginger turned Jacquie around and in one swift motion pulled the shorter woman's shirt off. Tossing it aside, she kept her arms in the air.
"Take mine off," she instructed.
Her eyes aglow, Jacquie pulled the loose top up. Small, firm breasts fell into view, the nipples already hard. Jacquie could not resist. Even as she tugged the top up, she leaned forward and for the first time in her life fastened her mouth onto another woman's breast.
Jacquie reveled in the feel of Ginger's pink tipped orb. She ran her tongue over its entire surface and then returned to the nipple, sucking it and feeling it become rock-hard in her lips. She darted to the other breast and repeated her actions. The soft but deep moans coming from over her head inspired her to leave no part of Ginger's breasts untouched. She licked between them, under them, let her tongue dance along their sides. Her knees tried to buckle, but the other woman pulled her back to her feet and embraced her.
"Ginger," gasped the housewife. "I want all of you."
The visitor replied at first by crushing Jacquie's rounded body against her leaner frame. A slender thigh parted her legs and began to rub against her already soaking wet pussy. Two hands fastened

on her ass and am eager tongue invaded her mouth. Step by step Ginger moved her backwards until Jacquie felt the edge of her exercise mat touch the back of her heel. The two women, still clutching each other, sank down together.

Ginger broke the kiss and looked into Jacquie's eyes, alight with desire. "I want all of you too," she whispered. Pushing the married woman down onto her back, Ginger kissed her once more, then turned her body around, moving the two women into the classic 69 position.

Jacquie stared up at Ginger. The shapely legs were parted and the older woman could not tear her eyes away from the neatly trimmed bush above her. A bush that was already sparkling with droplets. A bush that seemed to be giving off a scent generated by the heat she could feel coming from it. A bush that was slowly lowering towards her.

She could not wait. Even as she reached up, grasping Ginger's hips and pulling her down onto her face, she felt the other woman's hair fall across her legs and a questing tongue glide over the fine wet hair covering her pussy. Jacquie shuddered from the excitement, and a bit of fear. Her face only inches away from Ginger's, she hesitated for an instant. She had convinced herself this was what she wanted to try. Could she? Could she go back from this? What if this meant she was really a lesbian? Then Ginger's tongue entered her and she waited no longer.

Her head tipped up, she pulled Ginger right down on top of her face. Her mouth opened and her tongue tasted another woman's sweetness for the first time. She lapped the length of the open slit above her, her tongue stroking deeper into the mysteries of another woman's pussy. Juices flowed from Ginger to her and she let them run down her throat to the safety of her belly. Her hands tightened on the taut ass above her.

Ginger was not letting Jacquie have all the fun. Her own tongue drove deeply into the married woman's pussy, rasping in and out before withdrawing to search out the clit now peeking from under its hood. Her lips fastened on the hard pearl, sucking her and grazing her with her teeth, making Jacquie give a muffled cry from underneath her. With a hidden grin, she repeated her actions. She felt the other woman squirming desperately underneath her and moaned herself as Jacquie speared her pussy with a rolled tongue and began to fuck her with it.

Both women were lost in each other. Jacquie tried to copy some of Ginger's actions at first but then moved to treat the older woman's pussy as though it was her own, doing to her what she loved to have done to her. Both of them ran their hands wildly over the other's body. Faces pressed deeply into soaking womanhood, tongue and lips and teeth licked and kissed and gently bit.

Jacquie's body tightened and she cried out into Ginger. The woman on top jammed herself right down onto the eager mouth below her. In a surprise move, Jacquie suddenly pushed a finger from hr right hand beside her tongue and stuck her left index finger into Ginger's ass. Ginger squealed in delight and lashed Jacquie's now swollen clit until the other woman exploded, matched by her seducer's own orgasm.

After the spasms and aftershocks had subsided, the two women turned again and snuggled close. Ginger pulled the tousled head onto her shoulder and Jacquie slid her leg over Ginger. They relaxed, calming and murmuring little nothings to each other before the visitor had to get up, get dressed and

leave after giving her hostess one long soft kiss to let her taste herself on the other woman's mouth.
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"I saw Jacquie twice more. The second time she used a strapon to fuck me. The third time I ended up giving her the money back." At Dawn's look of surprise, Denise nodded. "You see, the third time we just sat and drank coffee and talked. She confessed she had fulfilled her fantasies and decided that as much as she enjoyed girl/girl sex, it simply wasn't something she thought she wanted to pursue anymore, but rather return all her energy to her husband and children."
Dawn nodded. She had scooted forward on the couch and closer to the other girl. Her skirt had ridden up, exposing her firm tanned legs almost to the junction of those legs.
"And this third story?" she requested with poorly concealed excitement.
(Third story)
"Sometimes I get a request on behalf of another person. That can be very interesting, but at the same time has to be done with extreme care. I'm not talking about popping out of a cake or being the surprise birthday gift a husband is offering his already known to be bisexual wife. I mean situations where there is no relationship between the two parties or when the relationship has no sexual overtones. Generally, I decline those. I have no wish to be slapped silly or have the police called when someone doesn't react as expected."
"Cara and Meredith's case was different. I was intrigued by the care and concern a young secretary had for her driven and workaholic boss. Cara was able to get me on as a temp in the same shared office so I could get to know Meredith before I decided I could fulfill the request. After watching her for about a week and fortunately coming up with some personal information about her, I decided I would be able to provide satisfaction. So one weekend Cara 'got sick' and Denise had to take over."
Meredith Thackerry apologetically said, "Denise, I'm so sorry to keep you this late, but this report has to be done this weekend and once again it seems like I'm the one who has to do it. And to do it I need your help."
"Its okay Ms. Thackerry," Denise reassured her temporary boss. "This doesn't conflict with any plans I had for the weekend."
"Well, I'm glad about that. I was really hesitant about asking you, but Cara assured me you wouldn't mind. I feel terrible about her getting ill. I know she's worked so hard since she's been here. I've worried that I'm asking too much of her and contributing to her getting run-down."
Denise touched Meredith's arm, just above the wrist, where the smooth skin was exposed below the gray jacket of the suit the businesswoman was wearing. "Cara thinks the world of you Ms. Thackerry. She'd do about anything for you."
Meredith placed her hand on top of Denise's and squeezed it. "I think the world of her too. And please Denise, call me 'Meredith'."
"Sure," the younger woman agreed. They plunged back into the work. Both women scurried around the office, Denise making trips out to her work station to dig up required files while Meredith doggedly compiled the report. At 10 PM they took a short break, devouring a delivered pizza and two salads before returning to their efforts.

Well after midnight, Meredith shoved herself back from her desk. She had long ago shed the well cut jacket of her gray suit and opened the top two buttons of the no longer pressed white blouse that had been under it.
"Oh golly my eyes are trying to cross," she moaned.
"We need a break." said Denise. "Yes we do," she insisted as Meredith looked at her. "You can only go full throttle for so long before you start losing your focus. I've read several articles on that subject in some of my college business courses."
"Okay, well, I wouldn't want to argue with that." There was no sting in Meredith's voice or the smile she bestowed on the younger woman. "I do confess that coming up for air for a bit would be welcome." She moved around in her executive style chair. "Now that I took a breath I can feel aches where I didn't know I had places."
Denise laughed in agreement. She was already somewhat rumpled, her blouse pulled free from her skirt and her shoes kicked off
in a corner. She stretched, her arms over her head and leaned forward and back, then side to side. As she came back up she caught Meredith's eyes on her. Feigning ignorance of the other woman's appraisal, she pulled up a deeply padded chair to Meredith's side of the desk and settled into it.
"Sit back in your chair and face me," instructed Denise. When the other woman complied, she reached down and lifted first one, then the other of Meredith's feet into her lap. She ignored the rather startled expression on her temporary boss' face.
"My God Meredith, its nearly two in the morning, the building is vacant probably except for the security officer in the lobby and you STILL have your heels on. They have to go. Yes, they make your legs look even better but for goodness sake, I already appreciate them." Suiting her actions to her words, Denise plucked the shoes from the feet resting in her lap and tossed them aside.
"That does feel better," Meredith admitted, stretching her legs a bit and wiggling her toes.
Denise smothered both a sigh and a little gasp as she felt Meredith's legs and feet move. "And it will feel even better in a bit." With that, Denise lifted Meredith's right foot and began to firmly massage it through the dark stockings the older woman was wearing.
"Oh MY, Denise!"
"Just smile and take it Meredith," grinned Denise, as she squeezed and rubbed the foot in her hands.
"And for heaven's sake, relax! You need to start doing that a little bit more," the younger woman scolded in a light tone of voice as she moved onto Meredith's left foot.
"There's so much that needs doing." replied Meredith. Even so, she leaned further back into her chair, her hands on the armrests. If she noticed the skirt of her gray suit had ridden up slightly she did nothing about it.
"Yes, but you need to delegate some of it. And some of it you should send back to the people who send it to you to do for them." Denise had squirmed until her own skirt was up around her hips. Meredith's feet rested against her thigh and Denise savored their touch. She leaned forward slightly, still talking in a soothing voice as her hands slipped up first to the other woman's ankle, then her calf.
"Some of those people take advantage of you." Denise massaged the tight calf muscles of one leg,

then the other. "They get you to do work that doesn't belong in this department and probably take the credit when you work all weekend while they go play golf or something." She leaned forward, her busy fingers stroking the soft sensitive spot behind Meredith's knee. The older woman's feet slid almost right between Denise's legs and she barely stifled a deep gasp when nylon covered toes brushed over the front of her pantyhose.

Denise watched as Meredith slide slightly down in her chair and parted her legs. The older woman was breathing a bit faster

now and seemed to be getting warm as one hand toyed with the buttons of her blouse. She debated with herself. Was the moment right? Was Meredith ready to be taken further, to the conclusion of the plan she and Cara had worked out? "If you have to ask yourself if she's ready, then she's not." The words of the woman who had first seduced her sprang up in her memory.

A bit more, the younger woman decided. She ran her hands up Meredith's thighs, squeezing gently as she went. The executive never opened her eyes, nor shied away, even when Denise's fingers brushed the tops of her stockings. Those eyes did come open when Denise slipped from her chair, carefully resting Meredith's legs on the padded leather where she had been sitting.

"Now that we have your legs a bit better, I bet I'm going to find that your back is in knots. Standing behind the other woman

Denise rested her hands on the silk covered shoulders there, her thumbs touching the back of Meredith's neck.

"Goodness, Meredith, I bet this hair gives you headaches. Denise released the tightly wrapped dark hair from where it was piled and smiled as it fell in waves around those same shoulders. She brushed the now flowing hair to one side and began to rub Meredith's back.

Denise worked her hands up and down Meredith's back before settling on her shoulders. Making a light mention of too much in the way, she worked the older woman's blouse out of her skirt. That was followed by a "Darn it, I caught my finger" remark that saw the unsnapping of Meredith's bra.

The older woman was breathing rapidly now. Her hands had abandoned the armrests of her chair. One rested on her stomach, the other on the very top of her thigh, above the top of her stocking. Her eyes were closed and the expression on her face showed she was falling under the younger woman's spell.

Now it was time. Denise leaned over and turned Meredith's face to hers with her left hand and kissed the other woman on the lips. At the same time her right hand slipped inside the partially unbuttoned blouse and into the now loosened bra to cup the rounded breast there.

Meredith moaned into Denise's mouth. Far from resisting, she kissed Denise back. The nipple in Denise's fingers was already hard. The fingertip that found it rolled it gently in tiny circles. Lips parted and tongues touched, dancing over and around before Denise thrust her tongue into Meredith's mouth. She pressed the older woman back into her chair, kissing her deeply.

Reaching blindly behind her, Denise's questing hand found the intercom, right where she had carefully positioned it. She tapped the call button three times. She fixed her attention back onto Meredith, unbuttoning the rest of her blouse and sucking the older woman's tongue. Even so, she

heard soft footsteps cross the rug,
Meredith, on the other hand, never suspected a thing until two other hands lifted her legs, spread them and lips and a sliding tongue began to kiss the inside of her thigh just above her stocking. Her eyes flew open with a gasp. Breaking the kiss she stared down between her legs.
Framed by blonde curls, a familiar smiling face, already showing traces of Meredith's wetness, met her startled gaze.
"Cara!"
The young secretary blew her boss a kiss, then frowned. "Those panties are lovely Meredith, but they HAVE to come off. Raise your hips." When the older woman complied, Cara reached up and slipped the black satin panties down. Tossing them up on the desk, the blonde girl buried her face into her supervisor's soaking wetness.
Meredith squealed, then squealed again as Denise opened her blouse, pushed her loose bra out of the way and fastened her mouth onto a dark brown nipple. The other one received increasing attention from the temp's fingers, rolling and gently pinching it, then pulling it. At the same time, Denise's teeth closed carefully on the first hard nubbin and stretched it as well.
Meredith's hips were already bucking wildly. Cara pulled the businesswoman's legs up over her shoulders and gripped the still firm ass to help her ride out the storm as her tongue drove deeply into her supervisor's wet pussy. Denise jerked her head back and forth whipping the nipple and breast around. Meredith smothered a cry of pleasure. Unwilling to only be the object of the other two women's ministrations, she ran her hand up the inside of Denise's leg and under her skirt. There she found the younger woman had worn nothing under her pantyhose. She began to finger the temp, rubbing the soaking material against an unhooded clit and up and down the open lips of Denise's pussy.
Cara was the first one to break. The others found out later that she had been peeking through the doorway and masturbating as she watched Denise seduce Meredith. She dipped two fingers beside her tongue, wetting them thoroughly in Meredith's juices before returning them to her own pussy. Frantically strumming her clit, she cried out into the mature channel before her and bit down on Meredith's throbbing clit.
The older woman went off like a firecracker at that. She ground the heel of her hand between Denise's wide spread legs and jammed her fingers so hard against the pantyhose seam that it tore and allowed her to plunge deeply into Denise, who screamed and swallowed the full breast to muffle the sounds of her orgasm.
When all three of the women had stopped shaking, Cara rose and helped Denise pull Meredith to her feet. The three of them exchanged kisses, both of the others paying particular attention to Cara in order to savor the taste of Meredith's nectar.
The older woman attempted to fix the younger ones with a stern gaze. "And who's idea was this?"
"Mine." stated Cara, defiantly.
"Well," the stern look melted into a smile. "Thank you."
Cara smiled happily and kissed her boss. "You're welcome."

"Now then," interjected Denise. "There's a couch over there that is calling to us. If you would stretch out there Cara, I have a feeling that Meredith would like to return the favor you just bestowed on her."
"Indeed. But where will you be, Denise?"
"Right behind you, in more ways than one," winked Denise.
.....
"We actually did manage to find time to finish that report before Monday. Cara and Meredith 'relaxed' each other quite often after that for some time. Eventually they both found other relationships and settled down. Still friends and co-workers, Meredith takes time for herself now and always encourages those working for her to do that themselves.
"WOW," commented Dawn. Denise grinned to herself. The reporter didn't even seem aware that her own hand had slipped under her skirt several times during the story.
"Very interesting, but I do have one question."
"Which is?"
"You seemed to indicate that you were confident that Meredith would be well, seducible is the only word I can think of, assuming it is a word. How did you know?"
"Remember I mentioned that I came up with some personal information?" When Dawn nodded, Denise continued. "I found a copy of a letter that Meredith had written to an old college classmate. This classmate was now a lawyer who had recently left a big firm to set up her own practice. Apparently the change was occasioned by the friend becoming involved with a much younger fellow employee at the firm. Meredith congratulated her for 'following her heart' and mentioned that she wished she could have that kind of good fortune in her own life."
"But how did that let you know Meredith would be receptive to a pass from another woman?"
"Well, of course the letter didn't go into specifics. But I noticed the name at the top of the letter." Denise smiled happily. "You see, the lady lawyer's special one was a younger woman. I knew that, because that same charming young woman had arranged for me to be a birthday present for her lover. A wonderful time was had by all three of us."
"My goodness." Dawn leaned forward and started to turn off the recorder. Denise intercepted her.
"Why my goodness?"
"Its just that, well, I suppose I'm rather surprised at all these things," Dawn said, somewhat lamely. Denise smiled, having noted that the reporter was flushed and had been breathing somewhat rapidly. It wasn't all she had noticed about Dawn as she had watched the other woman squirm and move around during all three recitals.
"Surprised?" Denise slid next to Dawn, laying a hand on the shapely knee closest to her and allowing her fingers to drift slowly up the firm thigh. "Or excited?"
"Excited? I don't know what you mean." Dawn looked down at the fingertips that were disappearing under the hem of her skirt. She swallowed, but made no move to back away.
"I mean this." Denise leaned forward, her body touching Dawn's, and kissed the female journalist. Denise gently pushed Dawn back onto the couch. Her hands both went up under the reporter's skirt, bunching it around her waist. Then they reversed and slid back down, taking a pair of pale blue

panties with them. meanwhile the young escort continued to rain kisses over the surprised interviewer's face.

"Denise! What are you doing?" Realizing how silly that sounded, Dawn tried to rephrase her question. Her hands tried to pull down the skirt over her now revealed pussy, even as her body responded to the woman sliding on top of her. "I mean, I know WHAT you're doing, but why? I mean, how do you know, I mean, think you know that I'm..."

"Interested in other women?" Denise's fingers were busy at Dawn's blouse and at her own. She had already unzipped her skirt and let it fall, revealing that she had worn no panties to the interview. She shrugged out of her blouse, showing a bra wasn't part of the day's wardrobe either.

"I've watched you while I talked." A yank pulled Dawn's blouse free and opened it. A second pull on the now exposed bra revealed her breasts. "You've been squeezing your legs together so hard I'm surprised you haven't cum already at least once."

Denise grasped Dawn's wrists in her hands as the TV anchor attempted to cover herself somewhere, anywhere and lifted them up over the now barely struggling woman's head. Denise's knees pushed Dawn's legs apart and she fell onto the other woman, pinning her against the couch.

"Besides," whispered the coed, as Dawn gasped and involuntarily lifted her hips to meet Denise's wet pussy as it touched her own. "I saw you at 'The Other Side' kissing that bank girl." She began to rotate her hips, grinding and pushing against the woman under her.

"So ever since then, I've had a fantasy of my own, and now I'm going to fulfill it." Dawn cried out for a moment before Denise stopped her squeals with a kiss. "I'm going to fuck a TV Reporter..."

(Transcriber's note)

... The tape becomes very hard to understand after those last remarks. In fact, nothing can be discerned except a great deal of moaning and some wordless cries before the recorder is abruptly switched off.

(The End)