

# Trusting Rebekka - Ch 2

By Julie\_Julia

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*The Perfect Ones - Julia meets Rebekka's 'employees'*

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To my amazement, and a certain relief, Rebekka did not take me back to her home, nor to a gingerbread house deep in the dark, dark woods. No, she took me straight to my apartment, escorting me as far as the main entrance.

"I need to see you again soon Julia. Come and stay at the weekend." She gave me no opportunity to decline, continuing, "My weekends start on Thursday evening; my driver will collect you here at 5, OK?"

"Well, why yes, I, erm ..." I feigned slight indifference whilst my mind raced, imagining what a whole weekend spent with this exciting and stunningly beautiful woman might be like. "Is there anything special I need to bring, or to wear?" I asked, realising what a leading question that was.

Rebekka reassured me that a few casual clothes would be fine, continuing, "Anything else you need I am sure we will be able to provide."

Rebekka kissed me on the cheek and I waved as her car glided noiselessly away.

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During the next few days I had difficulty concentrating on anything much. Everything I wrote was rubbish and I was having the weirdest dreams in the night. I was dressed and ready to go by 3. I'd made sure my phone was fully charged and had posted messages for close friends, that I might not be around until Monday.

Her car pulled up at exactly 5; I was already waiting out on the pavement. The driver took my bags from me and opened the door to the empty back seat. The smell of soft hide was comfortingly familiar. The journey only took about 10 minutes, out into the sophisticated suburbs passing high walls, railings and gates. We swung into a wide entrance and crunched up a long, curving gravel drive before stopping outside a very large, opulent but tasteful mansion.

Rebekka was waiting at the top of the steps; she kissed me on both cheeks and led me into a large simply-furnished entrance hall. Two slender young women stepped forward, dipped slightly and shook my hand in polite welcome.

"Laisha and Nassri will look after you the whole time you are here," Rebekka explained. "They will call you 'Miss Julia'. But you will rarely find it necessary to ask for anything, as they will always know exactly what you want. Call it body language if you like. They will provide a level of personal service most people would never dare to imagine possible."

They could easily have passed for sisters, but not twins. Both women were of similar height to Rebekka and looked lithe and leggy in their matching short white coatdresses. Think: nurses' uniforms designed by Coco Chanel. Their faces were captivating, with well-defined cheekbones and jawlines, straight slender noses, full lips and large brown eyes. They wore their straight black hair in similar 'Cleopatra' styles; full precision-cut fringes and below-shoulder length at the back, and with subtle rich brown streaks. Rebekka referred to them using a word in her native language that I translated as 'the Perfect Ones'. I could see why.

"Nassri is the one with the star tattoo on her neck," Rebekka explained conveniently, and continued, "They have other distinguishing features that you will discover later. Oh, and in case you were wondering, they are both 19." They could easily have passed for 23; damn right I didn't dare to imagine...

Rebekka led me through two large living areas out onto the terrace and Laisha and Nassri followed discreetly. The house décor was modern and very simple, almost minimalist, with clean lines and neutral shades of white, greys and pale ochres. Our heels clattered on the polished floors and echoed through the corridors. Outside was a large paved patio with breathtaking views across the river to the old city. Wide steps led down to a circular pool and secluded gardens.

"Julia darling you are free to go anywhere in my home," Rebekka explained. "You can use both the pools (one of the Perfect Ones politely explained in her unidentifiable but alluring accent that there was another pool in the basement) as well as the gym and sauna. You can go through any door - unless of course it's locked - I trust you, Julia." She went on to apologise that she would be busy for the rest of the evening meeting her senior investment advisor and suggested that The Perfect Ones

could serve me a simple meal on my private balcony. Laisha and Nassri smiled at me, and at Rebekka who kissed me warmly.

My immaculate companions led me up a wide frosted glass staircase and took me to my 'room'. My jaw dropped as they showed me the sitting room, balcony, dressing room and bedroom. "We'll show you the bathroom later," Nassri added.

My bags had already been unpacked and everything neatly hung and stored away. "Please, try to relax," Laisha suggested. "If you need any other clothes for the weekend, Miss Rebekka will buy them for you when you go out shopping tomorrow. She has something special planned."

Nassri popped a champagne cork and filled one of the three glasses on her lacquer tray. I only looked at her briefly and she read my message instantly, filling the other two; but neither of them drank until I did.

We chatted slightly awkwardly and I discovered they were from one of the small states north of Turkey. It seemed they had been trafficked to Europe when they were 16 but Rebekka had found them at the train station and spirited them away from their minders, giving them work and paying for their education. "We owe a lot to Rebekka and we repay her well in any way we can," Nassri explained.

Laisha suggested I take a bath before my meal, which sounded ideal. The Perfect Ones excused themselves for a moment and slipped out through a door I hadn't noticed. Whilst they were gone I finished my fizz, kicked off my shoes and wandered onto the balcony where the early evening air was warm and filled with birdsong masking the distant hum of the city.

I hadn't heard them return and was surprised when Laisha began to brush my hair while Nassri refilled our glasses. Not as surprised as when I looked round and saw they were now dressed in simple long white gowns that covered them from head to foot in delicate semi-sheer cotton. These wafted as they moved and allowed me to see only the outlines of the bodies they concealed, but I could just make out tantalising silhouettes of pert nipples. Naughty me.

Nassri stood in front of me and asked, "Ready for your bath?" then began to undress me. Her fingers were long and slender and were adept at unfastening buttons, clips and hooks. Soon I stood in only my rather ordinary bra and panties, but Laisha sensitively and skilfully removed these too, unclipping my bra and peeling it off my 34C boobs before sliding my panties over my hips and effortlessly down my legs. I stepped out of them trying unsuccessfully to appear nonchalant and she returned to brushing my hair.

Feeling like being naked in front of two fabulously attractive young women was as natural as breathing, I followed them into the bathroom. And oh my, what a bathroom! It was enormous, with a big sunken bathtub in the centre full of bubbles with rose petals floating on top. Surrounding this was a wide area with dark wooden slats on the floor, a larger tiled area strewn generously with soft rugs, a wide marble counter-top with two hand basins and a long couch under the window. The air was filled with exotic aromas of spices and floral notes and soft jazz music played subtly from unseen speakers.

Nassri guided me down two steps into the warm scented water and I sunk down under the soothing bubbles up to my neck. Laisha dipped in a toe, and for a moment I missed the cue then, realising where this was leading, invited them to join me. The Perfect Ones stepped down into the deep warm water, still wearing their thin cotton gowns, and slipped like two mythical nymphets into the sea of foam.

Soon they began to wash me, running their soft hands along first my arms and legs then all over my upper body. Laisha spent several minutes lathering my boobs and relieved my embarrassment by commenting quite openly on the effect she was having on my nipples. When I rather cheekily lifted them out of the water with my hands cupped under my boobs she flicked my nipples with her manicured nails until they were hot and hard. Personal service indeed! I liked this.

Nassri meanwhile had been soaping up a big natural sponge and plunged it into the water. She washed me all over, and yes I mean everywhere, meticulously reaching into every corner, fold, crease and crevice and making my whole body tingle. As we grew more comfortable with each other's company the three of us giggled like naïve girls, splashing each other, throwing handfuls of bubbles and ducking our heads under water as long as we could hold our breath. Yes it was silly and our hair was a mess, clinging to our faces and backs but we didn't care, we were having too much fun.

But Laisha changed the mood entirely when without warning she slowly and gracefully rose, goddess-like, out of the water and stepped out of the tub. She stood facing me, illuminated by the warm evening sunlight and still in her gown, with rivulets of water cascading off her. The thin fabric was of course now almost transparent and it clung to her every curve. She looked amazing and I wanted to see her naked, and to touch her.

Nassri reached up a hand and her friend helped her out of the tub. Again floods of water ran off her sheer clothing and it clung to her, faithfully outlining the enticing shape of her body.

They watched me intently, as though they were gauging my reaction, and assessing whether I was entitled to be taken the next step.

I left them in no doubt. From the way I was gazing at these two intimately-sheathed females they

could tell exactly how aroused I had already become.

They began to put on a show for me, standing side on and pirouetting, whilst I struggled to make out the sizes and shapes of their concealed breasts. Then, suddenly, Nassri pulled the other woman close to her and grasped the neck of her gown. "Is this what you want to see, Miss Julia?" she purred as she ripped it right down the front as far as her navel, then wrenched the torn edges of material wide apart.

I didn't reply; I couldn't speak. The sound of the yielding fabric rung in my ears and I was shocked and awe-struck. Laisha's breasts were beautiful. Small but rounded, they sat firm and high on her ribcage, with cute little nipples perched right in the middle. I guessed at 32B, maybe only an A. "You like them?" their owner enquired almost rhetorically as she cupped her hands under them enticingly. I was still struggling to find the right words when Nassri knelt down and, taking hold again, ripped her friend's gown the rest of the way down to the floor. Laisha peeled the damp fabric off her arms and shoulders and wriggled out of the shredded soaked remnants to stand majestically in front of me.

Now totally nude, she looked absolutely stunning. Her evenly-tanned skin was virtually unblemished, and completely hairless. Her underarms, her legs and every curve of her pussy were waxed, zapped or otherwise depilated leaving only perfectly smooth skin clearly on show. I complimented her on her fastidious attention to detail and she thanked me with a blown kiss then enquired, "Would you like to do that to Nassri?"

I could have died.

I began to get up from my kneeling position in the tub but Nassri had a better idea: "Stay there - why not start from the bottom this time?"

How could I turn down such an invitation. I grasped the delicate wet material and tugged. It ripped easily and in one movement I'd opened up a wide gash as far as the tops of her thighs. Standing up now, I pulled again and the tear reached within inches of her neckline. Nassri congratulated me and pulled the ruined gown off over her head with a flourish, then led me by the hand up the steps and onto the slatted wood to stand next to her.

"You like my body too, Miss Julia?" she teased in her enticingly exotic accent, posing provocatively for me with one hip jauntily raised and her hands on her waist.

Nassri's boobs were also small, but almost perfectly conical such that the shape of her much larger, dark and prominent areole and long suckable nipples continued almost uninterrupted from the natural points of her breasts. Luscious.

As my eyes followed down her long lean body I concluded that Nassri's waist was even narrower than Laisha's though her hips were a little wider. Her skin was similarly perfect but, delightfully, she had left an exquisite long narrow triangle of rich black curly pubic hair.

Both women stood tall on long, firm legs topped by cute, tight, rounded ass-cheeks and their feet were immaculately pedicured. How could you ever choose between them? I didn't need to.

Oh yes, the only other distinguishing feature, to which Rebekka was no doubt alluding earlier, was that Nassri wore a large red ruby in her navel whereas Laisha's was filled with a clear blue sapphire.

My eyes and brain were still in voyeur-meltdown when Laisha turned away momentarily and picked up a stack of huge soft white towels. We busied ourselves drying each other's bodies and towelling our hair. Nassri pulled my damp locks up on top of my head and secured them with combs and the girls pulled each other's back into rough ponytails that I thought quite suited them.

We wrapped up in soft sumptuous bathrobes and Laisha excused herself, to return only moments later with a tray of chilled white wine and a big pot of hot coffee. We sat together on the long low couch and chatted as we drank. I complimented them on their beautiful bodies and thanked them for their sexy show. They both admitted to being exhibitionists at heart, and explained how much they enjoyed turning me on and how good it made them feel when they did. "I had noticed I was not the only one with erect nipples," I remarked, and they smiled.

As the two Perfect Ones sipped the last of their wine they whispered to each other, occasionally glancing across at me, obviously plotting something. Then they stood up, each putting a hand on my shoulder to indicate I should stay seated.

Laisha put their glasses down on the countertop whilst Nassri walked confidently across to the other side of the bathroom, selecting a large coloured glass bottle from amongst several on a shelf. She slowly and deliberately untied her bathrobe and slipped it off, then beckoned her friend over to her and removed hers too, peeling it back off her shoulders and down her slender arms.

I sat motionless as I watched them pour some of the aromatic oil into the palms of their hands and begin to smooth it over each other's immaculate naked bodies. Alternately they massaged their partners' necks, their backs and all the way down the backs of their legs. Turning to face each other they smoothed more oil over their arms and shoulders then, tipping copious amounts direct from the bottle onto each other's skin they massaged their breasts and down to their firm flat abs, following the trickling trails of escaping oil right down their thighs all the way down to their ankles.

Making sure I was watching her, Laisha turned her back to me and leaned over, giving me a thrilling view of her firm bum and a glimpse between her thighs of her smooth pussy and her opening slit. She ran her hand up the inside of Nassri's leg, brushing the back of her middle finger along her friend's pussy lips, repeating the process all the way up alternate legs and each time spending longer on her pussy, gradually working her finger deeper into her opening. Nassri moaned quietly, then gasped when Laisha turned her hand over, cupped her mound and slipped her middle finger deep into her vagina. She squirmed and rode the invading finger until Laisha withdrew it and ran it up through her black triangle of tight curls leaving a wet sticky trail. Then Nassri moved round to stand beside Laisha, thoughtfully not blocking my view, and poured some more oil into her palms. She reached under one of her partner's cute rounded boobs with one hand and slid her other between her parted legs. Nassri massaged Laisha's hairless pussy and pinched her small nipple, eliciting squeals of pleasure and deeper moans that confirmed her increasing arousal.

From where I was sitting I could not see if Nassri had inserted any fingers in her partner's pussy, but there was no doubt when she moved her hand up between her bum cheeks and after mercilessly running the tip of her oily index finger around and around the pink puckered edge of Laisha's anus, she finally plunged it deep inside her, making her yell and squirm.

I continued to watch them play, tease and massage each other sensually and provocatively. Their alluring bodies glistened wetly under the sparkling recessed overhead lights and they made purring sounds which confirmed their enjoyment. In fact, I was unsure whether this was another show for my benefit or whether the Perfect Ones were simply delighting in their own pleasure.

Meanwhile I'd slipped a hand inside my bathrobe and was unconsciously pinching one of my nipples until Laisha startled me when spoke: "Miss Julia, we are ready for you know. Undress and come over here."

I swallowed hard.

Dropping the robe behind me and acutely aware of how horny I was now feeling, I picked my way over to where they were standing in their irresistible nudity. Laisha guided me to a position where I was directly facing her, with Nassri standing behind me. She poured oil onto my left breast, then my right, and I shuddered as I felt it drip off my erect nipples, run down my tense body and creep between my legs. Then Nassri took the bottle and poured what felt like a torrent of oil over my back. Some ran down the backs of my legs whilst the remainder invaded the crack between my bum cheeks. I felt liquid collecting between my thighs but I could not be sure whether this was oil, or my own juices oozing from my increasingly aroused pussy.

I closed my eyes and waited in anticipation of the imminent sensual touch of four expert female hands

on my skin, but gasped when instead I felt two warm slippery bodies press self-assuredly against mine.

Initially Laisha and Nassri stood perfectly still, trapping me and allowing me to appreciate the wonderful yet simple pleasure of skin against skin. They then began to move, almost imperceptibly at first, and the sensations were incredible. Laisha made rotating movements with her upper body, rubbing her tangibly hard nipples over my slippery boobs and brushing them against my own aching nipples over and over again. I loved it; so did she, and our oily bodies made deliciously sex squelching sounds as they slithered and slapped together. She put her hands on my bum and pulled me against her, wedging her well-lubricated thigh between my legs and encouraging me to ride it whilst she pressed her pussy against me.

Nassri meanwhile was gyrating her boobs against my back and nibbling my earlobes. I felt her take the combs from the top of my head then to my surprise she poured masses of oil all over my raven-black hair. Normally I'd have gone mad if anyone did that to me but I found the feeling of my mane sticking to my face and back as it cascaded down between our bodies to be incredibly sensual and erotic.

Lost in a sea of sliding bodies and exploring hands, I did not feel it coming. My orgasm arrived gently, nothing like my usual rising crescendo and crashing release. Instead, I felt a beautiful wave of intense pleasure wash through me. It was so unexpected yet they made me feel safe and protected. I savoured the wonderful sensations of gentle release, unlike any orgasm I'd experienced before, followed by a warm satisfying wave of contentment. Fabulous. Nassri pressed her torso hard against my back, pinning me against Laisha who locked my gaze intently with her deep searching eyes. They held me like that until my feelings subsided and, and far from seeing it as a culmination, an ending or a result, to them it was merely a moment to be enjoyed on a continuing journey.

Nassri released me when she was sure I was OK and would not fall without her support. She gently turned me to face her and kissed me passionately. Her lips tasted of the sweet nutty massage oil and her tongue searched out every corner of my mouth. Her hands roamed sensually over my body and toyed with my ultra-sensitive nipples making me moan and beg her not to stop. So focussed was I on the attention she was giving me, I did not notice Laisha reaching one hand around my waist and slipping it in between me and Nassri, nor the other hand that she slid down my abdomen and onto my pussy mound. Like hers, mine was smooth and hairless and she eased her fingers deftly over my bare oily skin until she had one finger buried between my swollen labial lips. And I only half noticed when she eased first one finger then two into my gaping vagina. Nassri held my attention with her kisses, soft words of encouragement, compliments on my body, my face, my kissing and my expressive sighs, as her accomplice fingered me to a second orgasm that also crept up on me stealth-like and washed subtly yet deliciously through my aroused body.

I moaned quietly and sighed whilst the Perfect Ones' attentive hands continued uninterrupted. Laisha, still standing behind me, slid hers up to my breasts and focussed her attention on my throbbing hard nipples whilst Nassri crouched in front of me and looked up at me with those inviting, seductive brown eyes. Neither had spoken for a while; it had not been necessary, but Nassri now whispered three simple but very exciting words: "Open your legs."

Unhesitatingly I shifted my feet apart and she placed one finger directly on my clit. I bucked my hips and she smiled. "You have a very beautiful pussy, Miss Julia, and your clitoris is so smooth and so hard. I think you like me," she giggled.

I squirmed as she expertly brushed her finger up and down, around in circles and from side to side over my aching clit. I soaked up the incredible sensations between my legs and felt another climax rising in me. I threw my head back and tilted my pelvis up to meet her teasing touch and within moments a third, more powerful orgasm coursed through me. My legs buckled under me, but Laisha supported my weight until I regained my self-control, only for the attention she was still paying to my engorged, throbbing nipples, alternately brushing them with the palms of her hands then pinching, pulling and twisting them, to tip me over the edge into another even more intense orgasm even before the delicious warm sensations of my previous one had subsided.

This time the girls allowed me to gently slide to the floor where I sat cross-legged with my head in my hands, bewildered by the erotic intensity of the evening so far, and a little scared by the powerful yet welcome effect my companions were having on me.

Laisha noticed I was shivering. She helped me into a bathrobe and led me slowly over to the long low couch under the window. Nassri poured us coffees from the insulated pot and we sat for a while. Both girls constantly held and squeezed my hands, kissed my cheeks and helped me to describe my feelings and emotions. They shared their own thoughts on the unique beauty of passionate lovemaking between sensual women, even though they struggled to express themselves in what to them was still a foreign language. We had a few laughs when they sometimes used the wrong words, but they thanked me for my patience.

Laisha stood up first and took my cup from me, remarking to her friend: "Hey, I'm feeling so horny, and seems like Miss Julia's been having all the fun so far!" and pulled her to her feet. They began to kiss and cuddle right in front of me, running their eager hands all over their tanned bodies. Soon they were in the floor wrapped in a torrid 69, their mouths exploring each other's pussies. Shocked by their intensity and easy intimacy I watched as their movements became more urgent, expecting them to build to simultaneous climaxes. This time they seemed genuinely to be lost in their own passion for a while, but Nassri pulled her face away from between Laisha's legs and looked across at me. "Miss

Julia, Laisha's pussy tastes so good. You want to try?"

I could see how engorged and very wet and inviting it was, but I protested I wasn't sure if I had the energy. Not willing to take 'No' for an answer, the girls stood up and Nassri helpfully lifted my legs up onto the couch so I could lay back along its generous length. Laisha positioned herself astride the top end and I looked up to see her immaculate, irresistible pussy directly above my face. Her labial lips were full and very pink and her slit was open and glistened wetly with her juices. My nostrils were filled with the unmistakable aroma of a woman in an advanced state of arousal; how she had managed not to cum even once so far that evening baffled me. She parted her legs wider and her tiny pink clit emerged from under its concealing hood. This I knew was going to be amazing.

Laisha crouched down and planted her cunt directly on my mouth. Instinctively I darted out my tongue and lapped her juices, licking along first one lip then the other and savouring the delicious flavours of nature's gourmet lubricant. She tasted divine and I wanted to please her so badly. She steadied herself with her hands on her knees and rocked in perfect rhythm to my licking.

Her movements grew more intense and controlled; I knew she was already desperate and must have been so, so close to cumming as it didn't take long. Almost immediately that I moved my tongue onto her clit she let go with a long low growl of pleasure and release. She dropped forward to grip the bench either side of my waist and her body shook as her climax took her over. She cried out repeatedly and I struggled to breathe as she ground her still-pulsing cunt into my face. I sucked her clit hard into my mouth to intensify every last moment of orgasm until she slid off me and sat back on the bench above my head, shaking.

"Oh wow Miss Julia," she sighed, "You are so good!" She was being too kind. I think she'd have climaxed then even if I only so much as blew on her pussy.

While Laisha collected herself I pushed up on my elbows to see what Nassri had been doing whilst I was busy. To my great delight I saw her standing watching us, one foot up on the bench, one hand holding a nipple and the other between her legs gently fingering her clit. Somehow I find it incredibly sexy when a woman watches me and masturbates when I'm making love. I don't quite know why, but I love it.

"Come here, Nassri, you don't need to do that, " I purred, filled with fresh energy and desire. "Let me taste you now; it's only fair." I wanted to tease her and please her. My mind was in overdrive again and my body was ready for more.

Nassri smiled and reached down, slipping the knot of my bathrobe and letting it fall open. Her ruby sparkled as she straddled my waist and began to ride me. She grasped my boobs with an

uncharacteristic urgency and her small breasts looked amazing when she leaned forward, their lovely firm conical shape becoming even more exaggerated. Her nipples were hard, and grew even longer when I pulled and fingerflicked them; I was in ecstasy again.

"Don't make me wait, Miss Julia," she pleaded, "Make me cum like Laisha did. I need to, you have to release me."

I was beginning to see a picture emerging. It was like they were testing me. My stamina, my style, my self-control and my love-skills. And I'd concluded it was against the rules for them to cum unless I made them or at least allowed them to.

"Let me taste you, sweet Nassri," I purred again, "and give you what you want."

I put my hands on her firm cheeks and drew her up so her pussy was over my chin. Hers was quite different to Laisha's. Larger and longer, with dark exotic inner labia which, whilst not particularly swollen, protruded invitingly well beyond her outer lips. I reached up one hand and dragged my nails through her long triangle of tight dark curls and she bucked when I used my finger and thumb to lift her clit hood. Underneath I found the secret of her oyster; an exceptionally large, smooth, round and deep pink pearl that just begged to be licked.

Nassri grasped a convenient towel rail on the wall to steady herself.

"Please Miss Julia, don't make me wait!"

She lowered herself onto my mouth and I flicked her clit with my tongue. She gasped. I flicked her hard bud again and she reacted more strongly. Again and again I lapped at her pearl and we settled into a rhythm, each time the pitch and urgency of her response a little higher.

I was becoming aware of my own growing feelings of excitement and through the mental fog of having an exotic, highly-aroused pussy right above me I realised that Laisha had buried her face between my legs and was now expertly licking my outer labia and teasing the insides of my thighs. The combination was incredible and I felt the start of another orgasm building in me.

I stabbed more urgently at Nassri's clit and lapped along her fascinating dark lips. Reaching under her I plunged a finger into her vagina and it slid in easily. I added a second, then a third and she fucked down on my hand like she wanted to swallow it whole. Reaching around with my other hand I thumbed her clit in circles and she begged me not to stop.

I felt my climax getting closer and ground my own aroused pussy onto Laisha's searching mouth. She

expertly licked all along my engorged inner lips then began to probe between them, rhythmically stabbing deep into my hole with her long searching tongue. I felt her lapping my juices all along the length of my open, swollen, craving slit, then sucking my sensitive clit and making me buck and writhe. She was taking me higher and drawing me out longer than I thought I could stand. I found it hard to believe I could feel like this after what the Perfect Ones had already subjected me to, and wondered at how we women manage to find hidden inner energies when yet another orgasm beckons.

The intense feeling in my cunt grew stronger and deeper; I felt so open, so debauched, so filthy, so slutty and so totally consumed by my desire for these two women, and I was loving every second. I was becoming frantic, even scared at my sheer wanton depravity. I knew I was going to cum very, very hard and I needed it to be soon.

I concentrated, not wanting to lose focus on Nassri's needy pussy, but Laisha was driving me wild. I was truly desperate and she knew it, working every hidden crevice of my pussy and tormenting my twitching, aching, throbbing clit. I felt my climax build to that almost unattainable level of excitement, that ultimate excruciating peak where you think you will pass out if you don't cum that second, and Laisha knew exactly what she was doing to me. From the sounds Nasree was making I seemed to have her under the same control and she begged me plaintively to let her go.

Then Laisha slipped a finger between my bum cheeks and dragged it down to touch my puckered anus. That was more than I could stand and I came instantly, which tipped Nassri over the edge too and the room was filled with the shouts and yells of two women cumming hard whilst a third added shockingly explicit words of encouragement. An incredibly powerful orgasm consumed me; my cunt pulsed and my legs shook uncontrollably. I wanted to scream and shout obscenities, but Nassri was grinding her pussy against my face and soaking me with floods of her delectable creamy cum juice. I gasped for breath and bucked my hips but Laisha pressed her hand down on my abdomen, which intensified the sensations and drove my long satisfying orgasm deeper into my body and filled my mind with wave after wave of incredible pleasure-rush.

Nasree collapsed onto me and we held each other until the feelings subsided whilst Laisha gently soothed and calmed us. We held each other and kissed. We had no energy left for anything more.

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Sitting together, talking quietly about our amazing time we'd spent together and looking at our shattered selves in the mirrors, we agreed what we needed most was a long hot shower followed by something to eat and drink.

We soaped and shampooed our wrecked hair and aching bodies in the huge glass walk-in monsoon shower and towelled each other dry.

"I see why Rebekka calls you the 'Perfect Ones'," I mused as I dried Laisha's glossy legs. But she explained: "There is another reason too. Rebekka says we are very special, because both of us, we are- how to say it - we never had a man inside." I quizzed them about the time when they were trafficked and they seemed comfortable to talk about it. "No, even then no. Rebekka tells us we were lucky, because the evil men who brought us to this country planned to sell us, and we were worth much more if we were - how she says - 'undamaged'."

"Yes, you are very lucky, and very special."

Laisha threw on a robe and went to fetch my meal while Nassri apologised for pouring so much oil in my hair. It had not all washed out but she combed it through and told her not to worry as actually it had given it a nice rich sheen, and kissed her. She showed me where she had unpacked my purple silk cami set in the dressing room, helped me into it commenting on how soft it felt and adjusting the spaghetti shoulder straps. I put on my long silk kimono and she wrapped a fresh white uniform coatdress around her amazing body, quickly fastening the buttons down the front. I wondered if they were always naked under those coats, and I began to fantasise...

Shortly Laisha returned with a huge tray of immaculately presented cold meats, fish and cheeses together with fresh fruit and tiny sweets.

"We can leave you to eat alone if you like, beautiful Miss Julia," she suggested, which was exactly what I'd hoped, "or, we can stay, and feed you..."

"No no, that's not necessary," I insisted, needing some time to myself to recover, and imagining exactly where being fed delicate morsels by these two goddesses would inevitably lead.

Nassri pointed out the large fridge in the sitting area which was stocked with wines, champagne, beers, juices and soft drinks. "Help yourself," she invited, going on to explain in her endearingly sexy accent; "We are here all the time, to look after you in every way, even during the night you can call us if you want us or anything at all. We do not mind if you wakes us up. We take care of you Miss Julia." They smiled at each other then me before kissing me on both cheeks and leaving through the unmarked door, adding: "there is a lock on your side of the door if you prefer private, but not on the our side."

I sat out on the balcony watching the lights of the city and picking over the food, and the events of my first evening in Rebekka's house. I typed up some brief notes on my thoughts and feelings,

recognising the possibility of a magazine article in the making. I did not need to record the events themselves; I was certain they would stay in my memory in intimate detail for some considerable time.

I climbed into the huge bed, my soft silk sliding luxuriously between sumptuous Egyptian cotton sheets.

Shopping tomorrow, apparently.

I knew I had not locked that door and I drifted into a deep sleep with Rebekka's words in my ears: "Trust me."