

# THE FURNITURE STORE

***Briterotic***

*Can Selina find fulfilment with a woman?*

Lesbian

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Every aspect of Selina's life was in a rut. Dull routine, and a stale marriage, had left her feeling like she was sleep walking through what should have been the best years of her life. She'd met Greg in 2001, and when they got married in 2003, life seemed full of possibilities. That was six years ago, now she was twenty-nine and had begun to feel like she was just treading water.

Her dull, and all too familiar husband, seemed happy to plod along as an accountant, with a large well known firm that provided audit, tax and advisory services. He worked average hours for an average wage, and had less than average ambition. Selina worked as a finance clerk for the local branch of a large charity, and had come to dislike the job intensely. Not least because her line manager had passed her over for promotion when she failed to respond positively to his 'strings attached' career development path.

Selina and Greg had not had children, and had not really discussed the possibility, except to agree some years ago that they would both know if and when they were ready to start a family. Selina was an only child and neither of her elderly parents were in good health. They lived a couple of hundred miles away, so she saw them infrequently. The less she saw of Greg's family the better as far as she was concerned. Greg's passive aggressive mother, who doted on her only son, never missed an opportunity to put her down.

Her sex life was uninspiring, and had tailed off considerably. When they were first married, sex took place on a Tuesday and Saturday as regular as clockwork. Soon after their first wedding anniversary, Greg announced that he was always too tired in the working week. Now, five years later, they had sex once a month, which she always initiated. She was a very attractive woman and she'd always liked sex, but it had become just another of their many routines. The worst part was that she felt that Greg was lazy, he always managed to become erect, and to lay on top of her, until the deed was done but, for the last eighteen months, she only had orgasms that were self induced. Greg seemed oblivious and she had no intention of faking it.

As she sat at her desk on warm Friday afternoon in June, she thought about how things had become much worse since Linda, her friend and now ex-colleague, had handed in her notice. Linda was a strong character, she was middle aged and experienced in life. She had protected Selina from the worst of her creepy boss's bullying, but now she had to fend for herself. She hated confrontation, found it difficult to be assertive with people and knew she had to find another job. She wasn't unhappy about it, she saw it as the kick up the pants that she needed. She'd already applied for several jobs, and was waiting to hear whether she had managed to get any interviews.

When Selina arrived home that evening, she picked up the post from the door mat and put it on the kitchen worktop. She poured herself a large glass of Pinot Grigio and carried the post into the lounge where she started to look through the bills and junk mail. One envelope stood out, it was white and had her name and address neatly written on the front. As she opened it she hoped it was a response from one of her job applications. Greg came in through the front door just as she unfolded the letter.

"Yes! I've got an interview, Dimbleby and Jones, on Monday afternoon at four o'clock."

"That was the accounts and admin job wasn't it?"

"Yes, a bit of a long shot but I'll give it my best."

"You probably won't get it, after all, it is your first attempt."

"Oh great, now I feel so much better, thanks for the pep talk."

Dimbleby and Jones was a traditional furniture store in the city centre. It was popular and thriving, despite the challenge from the cheap flat pack options that seemed to have sprung up everywhere.

"I'm going for a bath, put the pizza in the oven in half an hour, there's a bottle open in the fridge."

Selina sank into the warm water and sipped her wine while she thought about the interview. She decided to get more information about the company from the internet, so that she could be as well prepared as possible. As was often her habit when she bathed, she had locked the bathroom door, so that she could play with her pussy and relieve her frustration. This time she had a strong orgasm, and murmured her delight into a face flannel, so that her moans and groans were muffled. She was sure that Greg knew nothing of her tendency to pleasure herself in the bath. He certainly didn't know that he was often the subject of her suppressed anger at his complete lack of attention and adventure between the sheets.

After they had been married a year or so, she had suggested to him that they might spice things up in the bedroom with a little mild BDSM. She'd even asked him to tie her arms behind her back with his dressing gown cord. His shocked negative reaction left her feeling dirty and perverted, so she'd never mentioned it again. She exacted her revenge on him in her fantasies. She would often imagine herself, seated in an armchair and masturbating, while watching two strong shapely women strip him naked, make him erect then take turns to ride him teasingly until he begged to be allowed to come; his plea was never granted.

She realised that she'd lost respect for him in the bedroom. A thought occurred to her that, if she got the job on Monday, she would call in to Ann Summers on the way home, and buy a vibrator as a present to herself. She knew Greg would be horrified at the idea, so she'd have to hide it, and use it when he was out of the house. She'd been a faithful wife so far, but the idea of a secret affair with a vibrator appealed to her enormously; it didn't count as actual infidelity.

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Selina checked her appearance in the mirror one last time. She had butterflies in her tummy as she left the staff toilets and set off for her interview at Dimbleby and Jones. The furniture store was only a ten minute walk from the charity offices, so she set off fifteen minutes before her appointed interview time, so that she could arrive five minutes early.

She looked smart in her best business suit, it was light grey and fitted her well. The trousers were snug around her shapely thighs and buttocks. She wished her breasts were a little larger, they were firm and nicely shaped and of about average size; most women would have been very satisfied with them. She'd considered wearing her high heels, but she stuck with her smart comfortable flat shoes. Her thick long blonde hair bounced along in her wake as she made her way to the interview.

The furniture store was on a busy shopping street. It occupied two floors of a three storey building, the ground floor was about sixty feet by fifty feet, and the first floor was slightly larger. The

manager's office and admin office were together on the first floor. Selina gathered herself and strode confidently into the store. She was soon approached by a very attractive woman in her thirties, with long dark hair, wearing a tight dark blue pencil skirt suit and high heels.

"Can I help you madam?"

"Ah, yes please, I've come for an interview for the finance and administration job. I'm a few minutes early"

"No problem, please go up the stairs to the first floor. The offices are on the left, there's a seat outside the door, Ms Jones will call you when she's ready for you."

"Thank you."

"Good luck," said the attractive sales assistant, who's name Selina could see was Marilyn from the badge on her lapel.

Selina climbed the stairs and made her way across to the offices. There were several customers looking at beds and dining tables. She noticed another attractive sales assistant in the same blue suit, but with a shorter, even tighter skirt and high heels. Her hair was short and fair, and she was wearing stockings; the suspender straps and clips were just visible through her skirt. Selina noticed that the name on her badge was Annette.

It seemed clear to Selina, from what the shapely Marilyn and Annette were wearing, that sex sells in the furniture trade.

Just as Selina approached the office two women came out.

"Thank you for coming in Daphne, I expect to be making a decision about the job today, so you'll be hearing from me quite soon."

"Thank you Ms Jones, it was a pleasure to meet you."

Daphne was probably in her mid forties, she was a little overweight and wore a smart but frumpish summer dress with flat sandals . Selina thought she looked a picture of reliability and competence, her heart sank a little. Ms Jones, on the other hand, was a tall, charismatic, sexy looking woman, with long dark hair and an athletic figure. She wore a tight black pencil skirt suit and high heels. Selina could see from the reinforced heel of her hosiery that she was wearing stockings too. Glenda Jones was also in her mid forties, but, in reality, she looked a good fifteen years younger than Daphne.

The Dimbleby side of the firm had died out over fifty years ago, and Glenda was the great granddaughter of the other co-founder. The store was well known and respected so, Glenda thought it best to leave the name unchanged.

"Ah, you must be Selina?"

"Yes Ms Jones."

"Please call me Glenda, come through to my office and take a seat."

They walked through what Selina guessed was the admin office and into Glenda's office. Glenda closed the door behind them, and they sat facing each other over a low coffee table, she eyed

Selina up and down in a way that made her feel even more nervous.

"Would you like a drink? I've got tea, coffee or water?"

"Er, no thank you, I'm good thanks,"

"Relax Selina, I don't bite. Make yourself comfortable, and we'll get started when you're ready."

The interview was pretty routine and Selina felt it wasn't going too badly when Glenda suddenly brought it to a halt.

"Look Selina, it's four fifteen now, and I've got lots to do before we close. I've been interviewing all afternoon so I need to get on. I like you, you've got the job if you want it. Before you answer, there are certain things I expect from my staff. Although you will mostly be office based, you will be seen in and around the store, and I expect all of my girls to be well turned out. I won't beat about the bush, sex sells, you probably saw Marilyn and Annette on your way in, Karen and Hansa, my other two members of the sales team, are just as well turned out and just as appealing to look at.

If you want this job, I will expect you to wear the same blue skirt suit, it will be provided for you, with a knee length skirt and a short skirt. You will also wear heels, four inches minimum, and you will be encouraged to wear stockings, the male customers love to see a suspender bump or reinforced toes and heels. It makes them horny, and ready to open their wallets. There will be an allowance of two pairs of stockings per month, but if you insist on wearing tights, you'll have to provide those yourself. You will also get two pairs of black heeled shoes per year; sandals or court shoes. Together with a competitive wage and a pension, I think it is a very generous package. What do you think?"

Selina was a little stunned. She'd thought Glenda had cut the interview short to tell her she hadn't got the job. She had no idea that Glenda had made her mind up as soon as she laid eyes on her, that she would appoint her. Glenda liked women, she liked the look of Selina, she sensed that she was straight, but there was something intriguing and very appealing about her.

Despite all she had read about effective selection processes, she always went on gut instinct, and she hadn't regretted it yet. Selina liked the thought of having her work attire paid for, she readily accepted; she was titillated by the thought of wearing stockings every day, they always made her feel sexy when she wore them on a evenings out.

"Well, yes, thank you, I'd love to work here."

"When can you start?"

"Is next Monday soon enough?"

"Yes, that's sooner than I could have hoped for. I'll see you at eight o'clock, I'll show you the ropes first, then we'll order your suit. I've got an account with Gracie's shoe shop across the road, and with Penny's Lingerie on High Street. Oh yes, I didn't say, you'll also get two suspender belts a year."

Selina passed Marilyn and Annette on the ground floor sales area as she left the store.

"Did you get the job?" asked Marilyn.

"Yes, it was a bit of a surprise actually."

"Not to us it wasn't," smiled Annette, "we're looking forward to working with you."

Selina felt happier than she'd felt for a very long time. She had been a little overawed by Glenda, but the sales staff seemed very friendly and very attractive. Her nipples hardened as she made her way to Ann Summers, a confusing mix of thoughts left her feeling horny. Was it the prospect of buying a vibrator, or had she been beguiled by the charismatic Glenda and the excitement of getting the job.

She'd never set foot in Ann Summers before, the sales assistant was very helpful, and made the process of choosing her 'weapon' light hearted and fun. She left the shop with a spring in her step and a damp patch on her panties. She couldn't wait to hand her notice in to her line manager and she composed it in her head as she strode along to the bus stop, clutching her handbag containing her new seven inch, realistic vibrator.

She texted Greg to tell him that she'd got the job, and to ask him to pick up a bottle of champagne on the way home. When he arrived home, Greg was matter of fact about her success, but impressed at the package she had been offered which included work attire and a pension. He turned his nose up at Glenda's 'sex sells' philosophy, and ignored Selina's seductive teasing remark that she would be wearing stockings every day. Nor had he bothered to pick up the champagne, or her hint about a celebratory fuck when they went to bed. As she drifted off to sleep, a frustrated Selina promised herself a date with her new vibrator at the first opportunity.

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Just after lunch time on her first day in the new job, Selina was asked by Glenda to come into her office and close the door.

"I've got a few minutes to spare, so let's get you measured for your suit."

"Oh, you don't need to measure me I'm a classic size ten."

"Where's the fun in that Selina," joked Glenda, "come on, stand here and I'll do your chest waist and hips."

Glenda had never measured any of her staff for their suits before, she had decided to do it to Selina on impulse. Selina didn't object even though she thought it unnecessary. Glenda stood in front of her, she was very close as she slipped the tape measure around Selina's back, under her arms and around her breasts. Glenda brushed her nipples with the backs of her fingers and they immediately became erect.

"Oh dear, I'm sorry, clumsy me, don't be embarrassed, you should be proud of your breasts, they're lovely."

Selina felt uncomfortable, but a little aroused at the same time. It was a strange new feeling and it confused her. She breathed in Glenda's intoxicating aroma as she bent forwards to put the tape measure around her waist. Glenda noted the measurement, and lifted her alluring green eyes to stare straight into Selina's blue eyes. Then she got down on her knees and put the tape measure around Selina's hips. As she did so, she made a performance of measuring in exactly the right place, and took the opportunity to lightly press her palms and fingers along the side of Selina's thighs.

"Oh good, I see your wearing stockings already, I knew you were right for this job," said Glenda with a conspiratorial smile.

"I thought I might as well get into the habit as soon as possible."

"Good girl. Okay, right, that's that then. Leave an hour early today and you can call in at Gracie's and Penny's, they're expecting you."

Selina went back to her desk and carried on with her work, she couldn't understand why she felt so elated and uncomfortable at the same time. Glenda had invaded her space by getting unnecessarily close to her, she would normally have seen it as completely inappropriate behaviour and backed away, but, after the initial surprise, it had felt intimate and even quite pleasant. Glenda sat in her office wondering what had made her so forward and uninhibited with her new member of staff, she was relieved that Selina hadn't objected to what had been close to sexual harassment.

Marilyn and Annette visited the office from time to time to pick up catalogues and order forms. They exchanged friendly words with Selina and made her feel welcome. They asked how things were going, and gave her a knowing smile when she told them that she had been measured for her suit.

"Don't worry, she's harmless" said Marilyn with a wink.

Glenda liked to be surrounded by attractive women, not just because of her philosophy that sex sells. She'd known that she was a lesbian since her early teens. As attitudes had changed and relaxed, she'd gradually stopped hiding her sexual preferences from people but she had never 'come out' as such. She was careful not to abuse her position of authority over her staff. She'd attempted the gentle seduction of three of her sales team. Marilyn and Annette were married and straight, and Glenda had merely given them an open invitation along the lines of "let me know if you ever feel like coming up to my place." Karen was straight, single and had a boyfriend, she was twenty five and hadn't given the slightest hint that she was into anyone but him.

Hansa was thirty seven, single, unattached and had had a fling with Glenda, none of the others knew about their steamy six week affair. It had begun two and a half years ago after a Christmas party. Glenda had given Hansa a lift home and had ended up in bed with her, after correctly reading the signals and sliding her hand up her dress and over her stocking tops, whilst parked in the street outside Hansa's apartment.

After the initial burst of intense, passionate sex had subsided, the two women had realised that their relationship had flowered briefly and would not last, so they had called it a day. They remained friends though, and Hansa, having made the leap from fantasies of fucking women to doing it in reality, joined a lesbian dating site. She'd come out to her colleagues over a ago and was pleasantly surprised to find how accepting and supportive they all were.

Glenda had had numerous relationships before Hansa, and a couple of flings with married women since. She was unattached at the moment and had begun to feel, at the age of forty four, that she would never find love with a long term partner.

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Sitting on the bus on the way home from the first day in her new job, Selina received a text from Greg to say he was dropping in to see his mother. She hurried home from the bus stop, dropped her shoe and lingerie shopping in the hallway and went straight upstairs to the bedroom. She took her carefully wrapped vibrator from the old shoe box, at the bottom of the wardrobe where it was hiding, angled the full length wardrobe door mirror so that she could watch herself, laid back

against a pillow, lifted her skirt and, being grateful for the immediate access that stockings gave to her pussy, played the strong vibrations against her soaking wet cunt.

Within half a minute its full length was inside her and her body felt alive with arousal. She had it turned up high, and was surprised at how easily it took control of her cunt, she was completely at its mercy and couldn't have stopped now if she'd wanted to. She knew she would come quickly, so she cut to the end of her favourite fantasy of sitting in an armchair masturbating while Greg was being held down by two women and forcefully fucked. This time, instead of two anonymous women subduing Greg, it was Glenda, Marilyn and Annette. She imagined they had overpowered him, stripped him and Glenda had sat astride him while Marilyn and Annette pinned him to the floor.

As she rapidly approached orgasm, her fantasy changed to Glenda kissing her up against her office wall, with her hand up her skirt and inside her panties. That forbidden erotic thought sent a pulse of kinky arousal through her pussy; she watched herself in the mirror with her back arched, the hem of her skirt around her hips, thrusting her pelvis upwards and being subsumed by the best, most intense orgasm she'd ever had.

Selina lay in a state blissful arousal as she considered what had just happened to her. There was no denying it, she'd just imagined being kissed and fingered by a woman, and it had turned her on immensely. She'd previously felt a twinge of arousal at the sight of a very sexy woman, in a film or on tv, and she'd wondered fleetingly what it would be like to go to bed with a woman. She'd even felt a warm sensation in her pussy whenever she'd watched lesbian sex scenes, but she'd played these moments down in her own mind. This time though, a real disturbance had taken place in her sense of who she was, and she allowed herself to contemplate further exploration of her sexuality with her vibrator.

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Glenda and the rest of the team were very pleased with Selina's performance in her new job. She'd picked things up very quickly and was proving to be highly competent. On the Friday afternoon of her first week, Glenda had called her into her office and told her how she had impressed everyone.

"Thank you Glenda, I really like working here, being with such positive friendly people is like a breath of fresh air."

"Monday will be busy for you, you'll have to pick up all of the admin and accounts work from the weekend sales, so it can be a bit manic."

"Don't worry, I like a challenge."

"Good. Your new work attire is here, I picked it up this morning. I want you to try it on so that we can be sure it fits."

"I could take it home to try it," said a suddenly nervous Selina.

Glenda had always asked her new female appointments to try on their new suits to check the size was right, but she'd always left her office so that they could get changed in privacy before 'modelling' for her. This time though, she had an overpowering urge to watch her new girl remove her skirt and try on the new attire.

"Look, I'll flip the engaged sign on the door so that we're not disturbed, no one will barge in on you while your half naked if that's what you're worried about."

Selina was more concerned about revealing the small damp patch that she knew would be visible on her panty gusset. For reasons that were becoming clearer to her, it felt erotic to be trying clothes on in front of Glenda. Selina's mind flashed back to her fantasy of being kissed by Glenda and the damp patch grew.

"Try the skirts first."

Selina wriggled out of her black pencil skirt and, revealed a white six strap suspender belt that Penny's Lingerie had talked her into buying. She stepped out of the skirt in her new four inch high black heels. Her damp panty gusset clung to the hills and valleys of her labia, Glenda couldn't hide the arousal in her eyes as she handed Selina the new blue miniskirt. Selina quickly pulled it on and zipped it up.

"Wow, very nice, what a gorgeous fit, you'll turn even more heads than you do already when you walk through the sales floors."

Selina looked stunning in the tight short skirt. It finished an almost respectable six inches above her knees, and showed off her shapely legs.

"Let's see if you can sit down comfortably in it. How does it feel?"

Selina sat down and the mini skirt rode up revealing a glimpse of stocking welt.

"It's lovely, I feel quite sexy."

"You look very sexy sitting there showing a mile of leg, you'll have to leave your office door open so that our male customers stick around longer," said Glenda in a light hearted manner with suggestively raised eyebrows, "try this one."

Selina slipped off the miniskirt and replaced it with the tight knee length pencil skirt.

"My oh my Selina, you look utterly stunning in that, absolutely gorgeous, how does it feel around your thighs?" asked Glenda.

She knelt in front of Selina and made a meal of ensuring that the skirt fitted properly, by pulling at the hem then lightly brushing her fingers over the front. Selina felt alluring and sexy in the tight fitted skirt and high heels. It clung to her curvaceous buttocks and swept sexily underneath them, showing off her backside to perfection. Her suspender clips were just visible through the skirt material, she felt very pleased with her new clothes, and her pussy glowed at the compliments that Glenda heaped on her.

As Glenda got back up in her very high heels, she overbalanced and fell toward Selina. Selina put her hands out to catch her and accidentally pushed the flat of her right hand into Glenda's left breast. Glenda's lips brushed Selina's forehead just above her right eyebrow. The two women steadied themselves with Selina's right arm now around Glenda's waist and Glenda's hands on Selina's shoulders. Their faces were inches apart and they gazed at each other's inviting red lips. Glenda's mobile phone buzzed on her desk and broke the spell between them.

"Oh God, I'm sorry Glenda, I didn't meant to touch your breast."

"Don't worry, it was my fault and I haven't touched a drop yet. Here, let me get that lipstick mark off your forehead," said Glenda, ignoring her phone and pulling a wet wipe out of her handbag.



Glenda tenderly removed the scarlet smudge from Selina's forehead, as she did so, Selina's nipples set hard and protruded through the gossamer material of her bra and her white shirt.

Glenda tried to ease the sexual tension, "There, it's gone, I was actually aiming for your mouth," she laughed.

"Better luck next time," retorted Selina.

Now neither of them knew who was kidding whom. They were both aroused, but Glenda didn't want to frighten straight girl Selina off, and Selina was in completely new territory and didn't have the right map. Selina was utterly confused by the strong impulse to kiss Glenda that she had felt, she had no idea whether Glenda was trying to seduce her, or was just being nice to her. Whatever Glenda's motives, it suddenly struck Selina that she had been very nice to her, nicer than anyone had been to her for a long time. Glenda made her feel good about herself and she loved the feeling.

When Selina arrived home after work, Greg was already there. She had kept her new work outfit on and she felt good about herself as she greeted her husband.

"Well, what do you think, do I look smart and sexy?"

"Huh."

"Oh come on Greg, show some enthusiasm. Don't you think I look hot?"

"That skirt's a too tight, you ought to dress a little more conservatively."

That set the tone for the evening, any hope Selina had that he might be aroused by her new look, and might want to fuck her, disappeared completely. A frustrated Selina realised that she would have to wait until Sunday, when he went to visit his parents, before she could get her vibrator out.

Selina was still in her pyjamas on Sunday morning while Greg was getting ready to go to his parents.

"I assume you're not coming again?"

"Tell her I've got a headache, she'll love having you all to herself."

As soon as Greg set off, Selina dug out her vibrator, stripped off her pyjama bottoms and played the sex toy across her mound. She kept trying to start a fantasy where Greg and his friend had come back from a few beers at the pub. Greg slept in an arm chair while she let his friend fuck her on the sofa. She couldn't get it going properly because there was another more potent fantasy in her mind.

Eventually, she gave up on the Greg and friend fantasy, and imagined Glenda in a sexy black basque and stockings, slowly stripping her down to her suspenders, stockings, panties and heels in her office. She pushed the vibrator into her cunt as she dreamed of Glenda kissing her warmly and passionately, while slipping her right hand down inside the front of her panties and massaging her clitoris, then pushing three fingers inside her. Her body glowed with arousal, being finger fucked by Glenda felt dirty and forbidden, and she loved the thought of it. Her orgasm exploded loudly into the room and she kept on fucking herself with the vibrator until, to her surprise, she had another smaller orgasm.

Greg was gone for two and a half hours as usual, so she fingered herself dreamily for ages then inserted the vibrator again and came for a third time; still fantasising about Glenda. She'd gone beyond curious now, she had got the hots for another woman, she couldn't stop thinking about making love to Glenda. Glenda, together with her new vibrator, had taken her orgasms to another level.

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In the middle of her second week in her new job, Glenda asked her if she'd like to accompany her to the annual chamber of commerce dinner in seven days time. Selina was thrilled, it would mean long dresses, stylishness and sophistication. Marilyn and Annette had been the previous two years and Karen and Hansa had accompanied Glenda in the past. They had enjoyed the glitz and glamour, but found the business talk a little dull. This year it was only Selina that wanted to go. Glenda was pleased that she would be able to get Selina on her own.

Selina had asked Greg to give her a lift to the event, which was being held at the best hotel in the city. He'd not been enthusiastic about the idea and had said that he had to work late in the hope that she wouldn't be able to go. When Glenda found out, she arranged for Selina to be picked up by taxi.

"We can't have you getting on the bus in your long evening dress."

"Oh thanks so much Glenda, that's really kind of you."

"Don't mention it, I don't want to go alone and you'll turn a few heads, it could be good for business."

Selina took her time getting ready, she wore a long red dress, off the shoulder, with a long slit that revealed her left leg to mid thigh. She had bought the dress several years ago to wear to her mother-in-law's extravagant sixtieth birthday party. Her father-in-law had called her 'Jessica Rabbit' and had spent the evening making a fuss of her. It was a low point in her already strained relationship with Greg's mother. Greg told her later that her mother had referred to her as a cheap slut. When she asked whether he had defended her honour, he was unable to say yes.

She also put on the six inch red stilettos that she had bought with the dress. The only difference to the first and only time she had previously worn the dress, was that she replaced tights with hold up stockings. The first inch of the pretty lace patterned stocking top was just visible as she strode out to the taxi, but when she sat down, she exposed almost all of it. She looked utterly stunning, and she drew covetous glances as she walked into the reception room at the hotel. Glenda had already arrived, and was holding court in a sexy long green dress that was cut on the bias and matched her eyes. She noticed her acquaintances looking over her shoulder, so she turned and saw Selina approaching, followed by the eyes of everyone in the room.

Glenda's pussy and nipples tingled, and she felt a pleasant sensation in the pit of her stomach. She caught hold of Selina's right elbow with her left hand and kissed her cheek in greeting. Selina put her right hand on Glenda's waist then, as they withdrew from their tentative embrace, Selina's right hand caught hold of Glenda's left and gave it a squeeze. Glenda introduced her to her associates and Selina sparkled, with her blue eyes and luxurious blonde hair.

"Where did you find her?" whispered a captivated woman called Teresa, an old flame of Glenda's, as Selina made conversation with the group of guests, "she's an angel, are you...?"

"No, she's straight, unfortunately."

"Well you may be losing your touch, because she's obviously besotted by you."

"Do you think so?" said a slightly surprised Glenda.

"God yes, I saw her squeeze your hand and she keeps looking to you for reassurance."

"Well that's natural, she looks fabulous but I know she's nervous, she hasn't been to anything like this before."

"Well look after her and you might strike lucky. Does she know that you're a dyke?"

"Teresa, you know I don't like that word."

"That's why I used it girlfriend," grinned Teresa, "I'll rephrase the question, does she know that you're a lipstick lesbian? ...Well?"

"I'm not sure, I really like her though, I've only known her two and a half weeks and... well, I like her a lot."

Selina and Glenda sat next to each other on a large round table with eight of the other guests. Conversation flowed and Selina managed to hold her own, despite her nerves and inexperience. After dinner, both women circulated and Glenda made sure that she was never far from Selina, so that when she needed rescuing on a couple of occasions from amorous middle aged businessmen, she was there on hand, like her knight in shining armour.

Selina had drunk enough to feel uninhibited, and had been able to spend some time talking to Glenda about her frustration with her husband and their faltering marriage. She left out her sexual frustration, but Glenda put two and two together. Glenda felt like a schoolgirl with a crush, she was falling for Selina and she wanted to tell her how she felt, but it was too soon, and she didn't want to make a fool of herself by being rejected by a shocked straight girl.

As the night drew to a close, Glenda phoned for a taxi for her companion and went to wait with her in the foyer. Selina complained of having an eyelash in her eye so Glenda went into the ladies toilet with her and used a tissue to carefully extract the offending hair.

"There, it's out, is that better?"

"Gosh yes, thank you Glenda, you're a star," blinked Selina.

Still standing close together, their eyes met and they held each other's gaze for several seconds, neither of them bold enough to make a move. As Glenda considered inching her lips toward Selina's mouth, the door to the toilets opened, and a group of three loud women in high spirits entered. Glenda and Selina departed feeling slightly embarrassed,

although, Glenda was thankful that the interruption had prevented her from making what could potentially have been an unwise move. There was no way she could have known just how right the move would have felt to Selina, who was now tingling with arousal at the thought of almost kissing another woman in the ladies toilets.

The taxi arrived and they hugged each other close. Selina felt Glenda's lips brush her right ear and her warm breath on her neck as their breasts squashed together, and their thighs pressed into each

other's mounds. As soon as Selina left, Glenda fantasised about inviting her to stay the night with her. Selina closed her eyes in the taxi and imagined Glenda kissing her neck, just below her right ear, where she had felt her warm breath.

When she arrived home, she checked that Greg was asleep in bed and then sat quietly on the sofa for a few minutes, reliving the wonderful evening she'd had with Glenda at the dinner. She'd realised that she felt a considerable warmth and fondness for her. Glenda had been tender, considerate and supportive, she felt real friendship and arousal in her company. It was almost like she used to feel with a new boyfriend.

At the same time, in her apartment above the store, Glenda kicked off her high heels, stepped out of her long green dress, and sat on the bed to unclip her suspender straps from her stockings. Her thoughts were full of Selina. She knew now that she was unhappily married, and she felt slightly guilty at entertaining thoughts of seducing her away from her husband. She realised that Selina probably didn't know she, Glenda, was a lesbian; she wanted to support Selina and be a friend to her but she was also very attracted to her. It was going to be a difficult tightrope to walk and perhaps she'd already let things go too far.

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The next two days at work passed uneventfully, both women wrestled with their thoughts, without realising how they felt about each other. The store was busy so they worked hard and found little time to talk.

By the following Tuesday, the fourth week in her new job, Selina had begun to think that she had misinterpreted Glenda's interest in her. She got on quietly with her work, and exchanged conversation and banter with her other colleagues. Glenda seemed a little distant, she was busy in her office, or dealing with customers. As Selina came back earlier than usual from lunch, the door to Glenda's office had been left ajar and she could hear voices.

"If you'll spend the night with me again, I'll buy a new sofa from you, how's that for a deal?"

"I would have been tempted once Monica, but I'm looking for something meaningful now, I've had more than enough one night stands over the years."

"I see, so who's the lucky woman?"

"There isn't one, yet."

"You've got someone in mind though, I can tell, come on spill the beans, who is she."

"There's no one," protested Glenda.

"Glenda, how long have we known each other? Don't try to kid me."

"Alright alright, I've become a little too enamoured for my own good with a straight, married woman, she's fifteen years younger than me, so it's a ridiculous fantasy, and I feel embarrassed even telling you."

"You never know, does she know that you've got the hots for her?"

"No, I'm sure she'd run a mile if she did," said Glenda ruefully.

But she wasn't sure really, she'd thought she'd sensed mutual attraction and a connection with Selina. What held her back was that Selina was struggling with her marriage, and she was her employee, Glenda was in a position of power over her, a position that would be all too easy to abuse.

The door opened and an elegant, glamorous woman in her mid fifties came out ahead of Glenda.

"Well it was a pleasure doing business with you as always Glenda. Oh! Hello, is this your new recruit?"

Glenda's face flushed with embarrassment and Selina looked uncomfortable for a moment then, she rescued the situation.

"Yes, hello, I'm Selina, pleased to meet you."

"My, I can see why Glenda hides you away," said Monica with a chuckle in her voice, "I'm Monica, my company produces beds and Glenda has kindly been selling them for many years now."

"Now Monica, please don't tease Selina, she's been an excellent appointment and we want to keep her," said Glenda in the best light hearted tone she could muster.

Monica raised her eyebrow and said goodbye to them both.

"I'm sorry Selina, I hope you didn't find that embarrassing."

Selina had no idea whether Glenda was referring to Monica's salacious intonation, or the conversation that she had inadvertently overheard.

"Oh, no, I mean it's okay, I'm not embarrassed."

Both women felt awkward, Glenda excused herself saying she'd got some correspondence to deal with, and asked Selina whether she had finished producing the sales figures for the second quarter.

"Almost, they'll be on your desk in half an hour."

"Good, thank you Selina."

Selina pondered what she had just overheard, it could only mean one thing, Glenda was a lesbian. Of course, it all seemed obvious now, or did it? The revelation didn't seem to make anything clearer at all, it just raised more questions, not least who was the straight married woman that Glenda had taken a liking to? It couldn't be her could it? No surely not, Glenda hadn't come on to her, or said anything to indicate that she was interested in her sexually.

Selina had to put all of those thoughts to the back of her mind, and focus on the sales figures. When she finished them, she took them into Glenda's office and put them on her desk, Glenda stopped her on the way out of her office.

"Selina, wait please... would you mind closing the door for a moment?"

Selina closed the door and turned to face Glenda with a nervous smile. Glenda's juices seeped from her pussy as she looked at the highly desirable, but endearingly vulnerable woman standing in front of her, in her tight pencil skirt and high heels; the perfect mounds of her breasts pushing against the material of her white shirt.

"Had you been back in your office for long when Monica and I, er... when Monica..."

Now it was Glenda that was nervous.

"It's okay Glenda, it doesn't matter, I'm okay with it, honestly, and it's none of my business."

"I don't shout it from the rooftops, but I don't try to hide it either. I hope it won't make any difference to..."

"No, it's fine Glenda, honestly, I love working here and you've been so good to me, I look forward to coming in every day, it doesn't matter if you, well if you..."

"Like women?"

"Yes, and I don't gossip."

"Don't worry, the other girls know already."

"I mean I think it's great, it's, well... I don't see why it should affect our relationship, I mean our working relationship..."

"Yes, good, well... thanks for the figures Selina, they should make good reading, we've been doing really well this year."

Selina went to sit back at her desk, her pussy felt warm and moist. She wished she'd been more supportive and articulate, she wished she'd been able to say that she was glad that Glenda was a lesbian. She wished she'd been able to tell Glenda how she felt about her, but it would probably have been in vain, Glenda had obviously got her eye on someone else.

Glenda was sure that Selina had come to the obvious conclusion that it had been her that she had described to Monica. She felt embarrassed, Selina had not given her any sign that the feeling was mutual, so she resigned herself to her new young straight, married employee being out of her reach.

When Glenda eventually settled down to look at the sales figures, she was delighted. It had been their best Spring quarter in years. She rushed out to Selina's office, "Selina, these figures are even better than I expected, get all of the girls together when we close for the day please."

Selina delivered Glenda's message and her colleagues gathered in her office at five thirty.

"Ladies, great news, you've really excelled yourselves, the sales figures are brilliant, Annette, I don't know how you do it but you've beaten your own record again and you two are not far behind," she said to Marilyn and Hansa.

"I'm inviting you all to celebrate at the Diamond Lounge on Friday night. I'll book a table, we'll eat, drink and dance the night away and it's all on me, what do you say? I hope it's not too short notice for any of you."

"I'm in," said Annette.

"Me too," said Marilyn.

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," said Hansa.

"Likewise," said Selina.

It was Karen's day off.

"Great, I'll check with Karen and hopefully we'll all be there. Seven o'clock on Friday girls."

When Selina got home she told Greg that she would be out with her workmates on Friday night.

"What again? Can we afford all of this?"

"It isn't costing us a penny. Glenda's treating us, she paid for last week as well. Besides, we never go out anywhere do we? Anyway, I've decided that life's too short, I'm enjoying myself making new friends."

"They're sluts, using sex to sell furniture, whenever I've been in that shop it's all tits and arse and how can I help you sir," said Greg attempting to mimic a girlie voice.

"Fuck off Greg, they're my colleagues and they're decent, kind women."

Selina and Greg's relationship had hit a new low since she had started her new job. He felt that she dressed provocatively, she thought she looked smart but sexy. He begrudged her new friendships and thought that Glenda was a bad influence, she loved working with her new colleagues, and told him that Glenda was the best boss she'd ever had. They had gradually grown away from each other over the years, but now the distance between them had become a chasm. Neither of them were interested in saving their ruin of a marriage.

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All of the staff were in good spirits on Friday at work, they compared notes about what they would be wearing to the Diamond Lounge that evening, and reminisced about previous nights out that Glenda had organised when the company had similarly prospered. Selina went home in good spirits, she hadn't bothered to ask Greg to take her back into the city centre, she knew there would be no point so she decided to get the bus in, and a taxi home later.

As she came in through the front door she realised Greg was in the downstairs toilet. He'd left his mobile phone on the kitchen worktop and, just as she put her shopping bags down next to it, she noticed a message from his mother flash up on the screen.

"How many times have I told you that she's not right for you? Now you know what sort of people she's mixing with, lesbians and such like, I think you'd be best out of it. Don't worry, if things get even more difficult there's always a bedroom for you here."

Selina scrolled up to read Greg's message to his mother.

"Hi mum, tried to ring you but it went straight to answer machine. Just found out today that Selina's new boss is a lesbian. She going out with them all tonight, they'll probably end up in a gay bar, it's disgusting. Don't know how much longer I can put up with it all."

Selina heard the toilet flush, she put Greg's phone down quickly and busied herself putting the shopping away. He came into the kitchen, picked up his phone and put it in his trouser pocket.

"So what time will you be home tonight?"

"Late, don't wait up for me," she said coldly.

"I wasn't planning to," said an irritable Greg as he went upstairs.

Five minutes later he was back downstairs and had obviously read the message from his mother. Now he was looking for a confrontation.

"I don't want you to go tonight, those women are a bad influence on you, and I've found out that your boss is a dyke."

"What?"

"If you go out with those sluts and lezzies... I just don't know who you are any more," he said with a trace of anger in his voice.

"Well don't worry, it seems that mummy's got your bedroom ready if you'd rather not be tainted by your harlot of a wife."

Greg knew that she'd seen his mother's message. Their antipathy towards each other was out in the open.

"Well she's been right about you all along, you were always loose, now you're just a fucking slut."

He stormed off upstairs and came back down with an overnight bag, then, without saying a word, got into his car and drove off. Selina was taken aback but also felt a huge sense of relief.

She was late now so she didn't have time to dwell on what had just happened. She took a quick shower but didn't have time to wash her hair.

She put on a clean white bra and panties. It was a warm July evening so she debated with herself whether to wear stockings, or go bare legged. She chose long hold up stockings with the lace patterned welt at the tops of her thighs, so that she could wear a short, sleeveless, pink body con dress that clung to all of her curves. She'd only worn the dress once before, because Greg thought it was too revealing.

She rolled seven denier natural stockings up her gorgeous legs and stepped into her pale pink shoes, five inch high stilettos with pointed toes. Then she wriggled into her dress and applied pink lipstick. She put on gold earrings, flicked her blonde hair back, picked up her clutch bag and hurried to the bus stop.

The other passengers on the bus were mostly young people on their way for a night on the town. They were bantering and flirting with one another but fell silent when they laid eyes on Selina. There was a long exhalation of breath from a boy in his late teens who had been flirting with a group of girls. The girls looked on with envy and realised they'd been outclassed. Another young man of about twenty was told by his girlfriend that, "she'd eat you for breakfast," as he watched her take her seat with his mouth hanging open.

Selina strode, with a confident sway of her hips, along the short distance from the bus station to the Diamond Lounge, turning heads as she went. Her well formed breasts sat like two perfect orbs, her toned shoulders tapered to a slim waistline, the dress fitted perfectly around her buttocks, before curving underneath her bottom and swathing the top half of her thighs, where the hem stretched tight across her thighs with each sexy stride.

Her colleagues were already seated at their table, with their drinks, laughing and joking and in high spirits. They welcomed Selina with cheers and smiles, showered her with compliments on her



appearance, Glenda asked her what she wanted to drink. She repayed the compliments, asked for a margarita cocktail and joined her friends at the table.

They all looked stunning in their short or knee length dresses and high heels. Glenda took Selina's breath away, she couldn't keep her eyes off her while she watched her at the bar. Glenda wore an expensive sleeveless, knee length, pencil cut red dress with barely black stockings, black lacy underwear and red high heels. Her long black hair was up in an elaborate, sophisticated, low, braided bun. Long dangling black and gold earrings, and a simple delicate gold pendant necklace, with a small heart shaped locket, sparkled together with her green eyes. Selina felt a flutter of desire as she watched the tall, lithe figure of her boss confidently dealing with the attentions of two young men at the bar.

As Glenda returned with Selina's drink, she spotted Valerie, a woman she had picked up in the same bar almost exactly a year ago. Valerie's husband had been away on a business trip at the time, and she'd gone back with Glenda to her apartment, where she'd been filled with strap on cock until dawn broke. Glenda had lost count of Valerie's orgasms, she'd used a two way strap on, so that she could join in the fun. Instead of greeting Glenda, Valerie looked away. She was with her husband and she didn't want to have to explain how she knew the statuesque, raven haired woman.

The group of colleagues had a great time, they ate and drank, then drank again, then they danced to their heart's content. Annette and Marilyn danced suggestively together for fun, like the two straight women that they were. Hansa dragged Karen onto the dance floor to stop her drinking too much. Selina and Glenda joined in the fun and, Selina pushed all thoughts of Greg out of her mind.

Selina didn't want the night to end but, alas, Annette and Marilyn eventually announced that they were leaving, "Don't go yet," said Glenda.

"I promised John that I'd be home before midnight, if I'm not, the car will turn into a pumpkin."

"Will you be okay to drive?" asked Hansa.

"Yes, don't worry, I've only had two glasses of wine all night."

"Can you take Karen home please Annette?" asked Glenda, "I don't think we should let her get a taxi on her own in this state."

"No problem," said Annette.

Goodnights were said and Glenda asked Selina and Hansa if they wanted a drink. While she was at the bar, Hansa hit on Selina.

"How are you getting home? Hubby picking you up?"

"God no, it's a taxi for me, he's had a hissy fit and run off to his mummy for the night."

"You can always come home with me," whispered Hansa, almost kissing her left ear, with her right hand resting near the top of Selina's left thigh.

"Thanks for the compliment Hansa but I'm a straight girl through and through."

"Well, you can't blame a girl for trying."

Glenda returned from the bar with a beer each for her and Selina, and a vodka and tonic for Hansa who knocked her drink straight back.

"Right, I'm going to leave you lovely ladies and try my luck at finding a naughty girl to play with at the Duke."

The Duke of Cumberland was a gay pub around the corner from the Diamond Lounge. After Hansa had gone Selina was worried that she was holding Glenda back.

"You don't have to stay with me Glenda, you can go with Hansa if you like, I'll get a taxi home."

"I don't want to go to the Duke Selina, I want to be here with you," thought Glenda

"Hey, come on, this is one of my favourite numbers, let's dance," said Glenda as the opening bars of 'Crazy In Love' sounded.

They danced to several upbeat numbers then 'Make You Feel My Love' by Adele played serenely out of the sound system.

"Oh my God Glenda, we must to dance to this, I mean do you mind?"

"No look, there's a couple of women over there slow dancing together, no one will bat an eyelid in here. They might look twice if we make love on the dance floor, but otherwise we should be okay."

They laughed together and leaned into each other, the laughter stopped, suddenly it was serious, the sexual tension was palpable. A wave of nervous arousal washed over Selina and settled in the pit of her stomach.

Glenda placed Selina's left hand on her right shoulder, and put her right arm around her waist, then she took Selina's right hand and wove their fingers together. Selina put her right cheek against Glenda's right cheek as they swayed together in a slow dance. Glenda pulled Selina into her so that their breasts were pushed together, and their right thighs pressed, with cosy arousal, into each other's mounds.

Glenda's lips brushed Selina's ear, sending a sensuous tingle down her spine, and a trickle of pussy juice into her panties. She emitted a soft moan and Glenda pulled her in harder. Now they were locked together, smooching like lovers. Selina breathed onto Glenda's neck, Glenda felt a warm arousal spread from her pussy, up through her abdomen and into her breasts. Her nipples hardened, Selina could feel them poking into her breasts, her own nipples responded in kind.

Selina could feel the warmth of Glenda's pussy on her right thigh, and hoped that her hot little pussy was warming Glenda's thigh. Glenda's right hand strayed down onto her dance partner's buttocks; Selina felt highly aroused, the feel of Glenda's warm hand on her bottom produced another trickle of vaginal fluid into her already damp panties. She removed her left hand from Glenda's shoulder, and grazed her right nipple with her knuckles; Glenda sighed with pleasure at the gentle stimulation.

As the number came to an end, Selina whispered, "kiss me... please," into Glenda's right ear.

Glenda responded, "Not here, but please come home with me."

"Oh God yes, there's nothing I'd like better."

"I didn't think you were interested in me."

"I thought you had got someone else in your sights."

They hugged each other in a tight embrace for several seconds, their pussies pressing together, then Glenda led Selina through the dancing couples, across the lounge and out into the street.

Glenda's apartment, above the store, was only a ten minute walk away. She led Selina by the hand through the crowds of revellers spilling out onto the street from the pubs and bars, many of them making their way to night clubs. Selina felt dizzy with excitement and anticipation. She watched Glenda's athletic body sway sexily in high heels, just ahead of her as she followed her through the throng. In a few minutes, she would be lying next to that body, she would be making love to another woman. She could hardly contain herself at the thought of Glenda's tongue in her mouth and her fingers inside her.

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The top floor of the furniture store building had been made into four apartments. Glenda owned them, and she lived in the largest apartment at the front of the building. She unlocked the street door and they made their way into the foyer. There were nine flights of stairs which surrounded an old lift with sliding metal grille doors. As the solid street door closed, Selina pressed Glenda up against it.

"I can't wait any longer, kiss me."

They watched each other's lips closing in; a tangle of warm tongues, an exchange of saliva and sweet breath filled their mouths. Selina's pussy was on fire, she pushed it hard against Glenda's right thigh and Glenda could feel the heat radiating through her dress. She slipped her right hand down to the hem of Selina's dress and pulled it up over her hips exposing her lacy stocking tops.

"Yes please," breathed Selina into her mouth.

"Good girl, stockings, I love stockings, easy access to your pussy,"

"Touch me please."

Glenda pushed her right hand inside the waistband of Selina's panties.

"Like this?"

"Oh yes, yes, oh God."

She circled Selina's clitoris with a light touch several times, then forced her hand down between her legs and shoved three fingers into her wet cunt.

"You've never been with another woman have you."

"Only in my dreams," gasped Selina, "and only with you".

The fire inside Selina's pussy spread into her groin, from there it swept along her thighs down to her toes. It burned in her abdomen, and blazed through her breasts, hardening her nipples before filling her senses with hot, sensuous arousal. Her orgasm came hard, fast, and completely overwhelmed her; it hit her hard like bolt of lightening then pulsed through her body. For several seconds, she felt sheer elation, she felt as though she was floating up to the ceiling.

Selina was breathing hard. Glenda felt so turned on by what she had just caused to happen, she couldn't wait to get her new lover into her apartment, she pulled her into the rickety old lift and closed the grille gate. She pressed the button for the top floor and the lift clanked into life. As it rose, slowly, Selina looked at Glenda alluringly through hooded eyelids and closed the space between them forcing her, accidentally, against the lift control buttons.

The lift came to a halt between the second and top floors. Selina kissed and licked Glenda's left ear, a flow of cunt juice trickled down Glenda's leg and into Glenda's stocking top. They kissed forcefully again and Selina reached around to unzip Glenda's dress. She got the zip down while still kissing her passionately, the dress fell to the floor and Glenda stepped out of it while Selina feasted her eyes on Glenda's body.

Selina got down on her knees and pulled Glenda's panties to the floor. She looked up at Glenda leaning against the metal grille lift wall in just her bra, suspender belt, stockings and heels. Glenda looked magnificent, her pussy juice glistened along the inside of her left thigh. Selina bent her head down between Glenda's legs and forced her tongue inside her stocking top then, with a slow deliberate upwards movement, she removed the musky deposit with relish until she reached her prize.

Selina placed her hands on Glenda's buttocks and pulled her slick, warm, shaved pussy toward her face. She buried her nose in Glenda's scent and kissed her cunt lips. This was the first time that she had eaten a succulent pussy, she'd never been eaten herself but she knew instinctively what to do. She knew her own pussy intimately, she knew what turned her on, she knew without thinking about it how to please another woman.

Selina let her tongue trace circles around Glenda's clitoris, then she sucked at her bud and teased it with her teeth. Glenda's back arched and she reached behind to hang onto the metal grille for support, she thrust her pelvis forward. Selina moved the tip of her tongue up and down the valley between Glenda's labia, whilst rubbing her perineum with the middle finger of her right hand.

Glenda moaned with delight, "Oh fuck me, make me come, I want to come, make me come."

Selina pushed the middle finger of her right hand into Glenda's hole, she curled it up and found her sweet spot. Glenda felt her orgasm building inside her, Selina's gentle probing with tongue and finger sent ripples of warm delight through her clenching pussy. She marvelled at how Selina could please her so well, without ever having been with a woman before. With her lips still kissing Glenda's clit, Selina brought her to a long, thrusting orgasm.

Selina stood up and kissed Glenda again, her saliva and Glenda's cunt juices mingled on her tongue and lips and Glenda tasted herself in Selina's mouth. Glenda pressed the lift button and it slowly creaked the remaining few feet to the top floor.

Glenda's apartment was huge with a polished wooden floor and solid pillars to support the roof. They made their way slowly to her bedroom, stopping frequently to press each other against walls and pillars whilst they kissed and fondled each other's breasts and pussies. Once inside the bedroom, Glenda removed her bra, exposing her large firm breasts. Then she unzipped Selina's dress and helped her wriggle out of it, before removing her bra and taking her nipples in her mouth one after the other.

Glenda led Selina over to the bed and asked her to lie on her front. She peeled her panties off leaving just her hold up stockings and heels in place. Then she encouraged Selina to raise her arse up so that she was kneeling but with her face on a pillow. Glenda moved in behind her and started

to kiss and lick her perineum. Selina groaned into the pillow as Glenda licked her cunt hole and pushed her tongue inside her. At the same time, she reached around and massaged her clitoris. Selina gave way to a second overwhelming orgasm, and squealed her pleasure and delight into the pillow.

"Oh fuck, Glenda, I hope that's not the last time you do that to me. I want to try a sixty nine with you, I've imagined doing it so many times these last few days."

"Your wish is my command," said Glenda as she turned and lay on her back with her feet on the pillow next to Selina's head.

Selina eased herself over Glenda's prone body, she placed her knees above her head and lowered her lips onto her cunt lips. Glenda opened her legs wide, placed her hands on Selina's buttocks and pulled her pussy onto her face. They started slowly, licking, sucking and kissing each other's cunts. Glenda's experienced tongue gradually brought Selina to a trembling arousal, and kept her there for a long time. Every time Selina felt the warm tingle of an approaching orgasm, Glenda eased off and softly kissed around her labia, then gently probed her vaginal opening. Selina was in cunnilingus heaven, her pussy buzzed with anticipation, and sent arousing sensations to her inner thighs, toes and nipples.

Selina copied Glenda's every move, learning from the experienced woman who's head was between her legs. She played Glenda at her own game and brought her close to orgasm several times, she was a little too eager, Glenda had to ask her to slow down so that she didn't bring her too soon. After twenty minutes of glorious cunt licking, Glenda took hold of the middle finger of Selina's right hand, and pushed it into her vagina. Selina understood what was required and started probing Glenda's cunt with her fingers. Glenda did the same to Selina and sucked on her clitoris at the same time.

Selina felt a rush of warm blood through her loins, she started to breath faster into Glenda's cunt. Glenda fingered her rapidly and Selina's juices oozed out over Glenda's face. Glenda sucked Selina's fluid into her mouth as she listened to her scream out her gratification.

When Selina's orgasm had subsided, Glenda sat on the end of the bed and asked Selina to kneel between her legs and finish her off. Glenda lay back on the bed and came spectacularly, she lifted Selina's face up to hers and cleaned it with her tongue.

"I'm going to pour us a glass of wine each, we can sit up in bed and touch each other for a while until you're ready for what I know will be a completely new experience," said Glenda, "are you hungry?"

"Only for you, what new experience?"

"Ah now that would spoil the surprise wouldn't it."

By now it was one o'clock in the morning as Glenda came back with two glasses of claret. As they sipped their wine, Glenda asked about Greg.

"What time did you say you would be home tonight?"

"I didn't."

"How were things between you before you came out tonight."

"It's over Glenda, he went off to his mummy because he didn't like the people I hang out with. He said that he'd found out that you were a lesbian, and he said some unpleasant things. I've realised that he's a misogynist and quite frankly, I'm better off without him. You won't mind if I take a couple of hours off on Monday to see a solicitor will you?"

"No, of course not, and if there's anything I can do to help, you only have to ask."

"Thank you Glenda, you're amazing, do you want me to stay the night?"

"Yes, I haven't finished with you yet. Selina, I know this is a difficult time for you, and I don't want you to think I'm taking advantage, but I'm starting to fall for you, can you handle that at the moment?"

Selina threw her arms around Glenda, "Yes Glenda, I want you, I want to be your lover."

They hugged each other tightly, tears of happiness streaked their faces.

After embracing and stroking each other's faces for several minutes, Glenda asked, "Will you let me fuck you with a strap on?"

"So that's the surprise, I thought you'd never ask."

Selina laid back on the bed and watched Glenda fit a large double ended vibrating strap on cock to herself. She was mesmerised and hugely turned on by the sight of the fit, shapely woman in high heels with a large cock between her legs. Glenda smeared it with gel and eased it slowly into a willing Selina, stretching her cunt walls wide open, then she fucked Selina for a while before switching the vibrations on.

Selina loved the feeling of being penetrated by such a strong, toned woman, she had previously thought that Greg's cock had been about average size but this made him seem small by comparison. When the vibrations started she wrapped her legs around Glenda's waist and clung to her shoulders. She came almost immediately and Glenda followed closely behind, their sweaty bodies writhing, bucking and thrusting as their mounds clashed together.

"Oh that was mind blowing, I've never been fucked like that in my life."

"Then I'll just have to do it to you again in the morning, so that you'll know that it wasn't a dream."

Selina fell asleep, spooned by Glenda, but she awoke at four thirty feeling very horny, her breasts tingled and craved attention.

"Glenda," she whispered, "Glenda, are you awake?"

She was now.

"Mmm, yes, what is it darling?"

"Please suck my tits, I want your mouth around my nipples, I can't sleep for thinking about it."

Glenda turned her onto her back, and circled the areola around her right nipple with the fingers of her right hand. Selina's nipple set rock hard, so Glenda squeezed it and moved onto her left nipple. When this became hard, she closed her mouth over Selina's right nipple and licked around the areola before sucking hard. She squeezed her left nipple between the fingers and thumb of her right hand.

Selina felt intense arousal in her breasts, she felt as though she could come just through Glenda stimulating her nipples, but her very wet pussy cried out for attention. Her right hand strayed down between her legs and she played with herself. Her arousal grew rapidly and before long, she was on the edge of an orgasm. Glenda sucked her left nipple and squeezed her right nipple hard. Selina flinched, then cried out in ecstasy as she came, her pelvis thrusting upwards as she finger fucked herself.

Selina was wide awake and highly aroused again, she picked up the strap on, turned Glenda onto her back and fucked her by hand with the large false cock. She fucked her so vigorously that Glenda thought she been taken by a whirlwind. In no time at all, she had Glenda crying out as she came.

"Oh, no more, no more Selina, I can't, oh God I... oh Selina, oh SeIIllinnna."

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It was eight thirty on Saturday morning, Glenda had to open for business by nine o'clock. She got showered and dressed quickly, having had Selina's fingers inside her again.

"Stay here darling, I'll open up shop, then I'll leave Annette and Marilyn to it, and I'll come back and fuck you."

"Mmm, can't wait, in the meantime, I'm going to fuck myself, I hope you don't mind."

"God no, of course I don't mind, I wish I could stay and watch. You'll find a couple of vibrators in that drawer if you want an easy ride."

At ten thirty the store was quiet, so Glenda went back up to her apartment. Selina was wearing a towelling robe, stilettos and nothing else. A very horny Glenda untied the belt to the robe, pushed it over Selina's shoulders, and let it fall to the floor, before turning her around, bending her over the dining table, and fucking her from behind with the strap on.

Later on, the store became busy and Glenda had to go back to the shop floor. At the end of the business day, Glenda came back to the apartment, to find Selina wearing a pair of her old skin tight jeans and a t-shirt. She'd made a chicken caesar salad, set the table beautifully, and had a bottle of Chablis on ice. They enjoyed a leisurely meal and watched a film reclining together on a very large sofa.

Selina had been out during the day to buy candles, and now she filled the bathroom and Glenda's bedroom with them, and lit them one by one. They had sex in the bath together, then made love on the bed into the early hours. It was physical, it was tender and it was emotional; above all, it was the moment that two women fell deeply and hopelessly in love with each other.