

GRACE AND MRS. MILLER

Briterotic

Lesbian love and lust in 1950s England.

Lesbian

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Carol entered the small smoke filled room and gave a cough. She could cope with the permanent lingering smell of cigarette smoke out in the large newsroom, but she disliked the impenetrable haze that hung over meetings in the editor's office.

"I'm going to open a window and let some fresh air in before we all choke to death."

"Morning Carol, glad you could join us."

"I'm not late so don't start."

Carol Miller was a tall, attractive, athletic looking woman of 42, she'd been a reporter at the Middlesex Chronicle for twelve years. She covered fashion in the main, but also wrote about weddings, garden fete's and household tips as well as occasional family matters. It was a job that she enjoyed most of the time, and she'd been doing it since she'd left her role in the Publicity and Information Section at the War Office in 1945.

She'd been married for twenty years to Patrick Miller, a successful banker, fifteen years her senior. Her loveless, childless marriage had been a huge disappointment to her, but she had resigned herself to her fate and had made the most of the trappings of her husband's wealth. They slept in separate rooms in their large house in the suburbs of London. She knew that he'd had several affairs but she played the role of dutiful wife so that, to everyone else, they appeared to be a contented if somewhat boring married couple.

Carol sometimes thought that she ought to start an affair. She hadn't had sex with anyone but herself for almost a decade. Whilst she was fond of some of her male acquaintances, she didn't find any of them desirable. At 42, she knew there must be more to life, but she didn't know where to look to find excitement and affection. All of that was about to change.

Her parents had both died in the last couple of years. Her father had been a distant, cold man and her mother had been unhappy. According to the many doctors that had seen her, her mother had suffered with her 'nerves,' and had been prescribed a cocktail of medication, that left her dull and listless. Carol had benefited from their demise, she was an only child and they had left her a modest house worth about three thousand pounds, and a similar sum in savings. Patrick earned a high salary, and she had independent means and didn't need to work, but she thought she'd go out of her mind if she didn't have a job to keep her occupied.

Reg, the Chief Editor, called the meeting to order, "Right, let's get started, there's lots to do this week. Bob, how's that case of yours going? Are you expecting any significant developments this week?"

"God I hope so, the judge adjourns proceedings at every opportunity, probably needs to nip out to the pub for a refill. Should be over by Wednesday though, so there'll be time to do a big piece on the verdict for this week's edition."

"Good, It'll be front page and I'll give you a couple of columns on page three as well. Phil, how's your investigation into Councillor Smith's connections to Fred Owen's development company?"

"Nothing concrete yet boss," said Phil to groans all round.

"Well keep at it, and keep your awful puns out of anything you eventually write."

"Okay boss," said a grinning Phil.

"Carol, I've got something a little different for you this week, the English Women's National Bowls Championship is taking place at West Ealing Bowls Club on Wednesday and Thursday. Apparently Middlesex are expected to do well, home soil and all that, can you go and do something that might interest our female readers? Henry's at Lords for the Middlesex Surrey match"

"Henry practically lives at Lords during the cricket season."

"It's a tough job old girl but someone has to do it," said Henry with a smug grin.

"I can't exactly say I'm gripped at the prospect of women's bowls, but I'll try to make it interesting."

"Good girl Carol, that's the spirit."

Carol scowled at being referred to as "good girl" and "old girl" but it was 1957 and quite normal for women to be patronised in this way. She was the only woman on the editorial team at the newspaper, but she generally got on well with her male colleagues. Reg was a hard task master but, he'd taken her under his wing when she had joined the team, and had always seemed to believe in her ability.

As the meeting broke up, Carol asked Henry, the sports reporter, for advice, "Henry do you know anything about bowls? I can't remember you ever writing about it."

"Sorry old girl, dreary pastime if you ask me."

"That's rich coming from a cricket correspondent," laughed Carol.

"Greatest game in the world old girl, nothing finer than sitting with a sherry in one hand whilst recording the demise of the Aussie batsmen with the other. Look, I must dash, need to get there for start of play and all that, why don't you pop down to the library, they're sure to have a book or two about bowls."

"Looks like I'll have to," said Carol as she deliberately peered out of the newsroom windows at the sky, "Are those rain clouds gathering in the direction of Lords Henry?" she teased.

"Oh very funny old girl, the forecast is for a fine day, have fun at the library."

Henry gathered his notepad and waved a cheery goodbye to his colleagues, leaving Carol to contemplate a pile of readers' household tips, before she set off for the library.

Two days later, on a delightfully warm sunny mid August morning, Carol readied herself for her assignment as a stand in sports reporter. She wasn't sure that bowls ought to be described as a sport, and she chuckled at the absurdity of the situation in which she found herself. It wasn't that she was a complete stranger to the notion of sporting competition. Before the war had intervened,

she had, in fact, been a promising tennis player and, at the age of 24, had won the Middlesex Ladies Singles Lawn Tennis Championship in 1939.

She knew that she would be facing the critical appraising eyes of lots of other women today, so she made a special effort with her appearance. She looked cool and elegant in a lemon coloured summer sheath dress, with a large boat neck collar that emphasised her bust. It had a narrow waist, and her curvaceous hips were bound inside a pencil skirt. Carol fastened a white bead necklace around her throat, stepped into her white heels, tucked her hair into a lemon brimmed hat, and looked at herself in the hallway mirror. Pleased with what she saw, she set off for West Ealing.

Carol had grasped the basics of the game from a book that she had borrowed from the library, and she tried not to feel like a fish out of water as she entered the pavilion at the West Ealing Bowls Club. She'd phoned the County Secretary the day before, to tell her that she would be reporting on the event, and the woman had seemed delighted at the coverage that the tournament would get in the local newspaper.

"Hello, you must be Mrs Miller from the Chronicle?"

"Yes, that's right, and you must be Mrs Bell?" said Carol as she shook hands with a short, rotund woman in her mid fifties.

"Welcome to the tournament, let me introduce you to Alice Lockwood, one of our star players, and a contender for the ladies pairs championship."

Carol greeted the tall well proportioned woman in her early fifties who she thought must have been quite a beauty in her younger days. From her research, Carol knew that Alice Lockwood and her pairs partner had been runners up in the previous year's national championships held in Oxford.

"We're hoping that you go one better this year by lifting the trophy for Middlesex Mrs Lockwood."

"Thank you, it was so disappointing to loose in the final last year, we're determined to win it this year, we've got home advantage of course, I've played on these greens many times."

"Let me introduce you to my daughter Grace, we've allocated her to you for the next two days, she'll provide anything you need, and she knows about the rules and tactics of the game. Gracie darling, come and meet Mrs Miller, she's the reporter from the Chronicle that you're going to look after for us, I've got to dash now, our first match starts in ten minutes."

"Of course, good luck."

A striking young woman of 21 made her way over to shake hands with Carol. Grace certainly lived up to her name as her lithe young body glided elegantly over to where Carol was standing. Carol's pulse quickened slightly at the sight of the lovely young woman, half her age, in a high necked, tight waisted, pale blue summer dress with a loose swing skirt and white two and a half inch heeled shoes.

"Hello Mrs Miller, it's a pleasure to meet you," said Grace as the two women shook hands.

Carol thought that she bore more than a passing resemblance to Lauren Bacall, with her auburn hair, soulful hazel eyes, full red lips and a wry enticing smile. She was smitten by the young woman. A tightness arose in her chest as she stammered her reply.

"Er yes, yes, the p-pleasure's all mine, you're very...very..."

"Very what Mrs Miller?"

"Very... well, pretty."

"Well thank you, it's nice to receive a compliment from stylish, attractive woman like you, shall we go and sit outside by the green so that you can get a good view of the match? Please ask me anything you want to know about anything."

"That's quite a challenge you've set yourself," said Carol, having recovered her composure."

"Oh yes, I'm sorry, that did sound rather conceited I suppose."

"It's okay Grace, I'm just teasing you, come and tell me all about your mother and her chances of winning."

Grace explained the basics of the game, and gave Carol a quick resume of her mother's bowls career to date. She had quite an irreverent sense of humour and she clearly didn't take bowls, or her mother, too seriously. From her research, Carol already knew most of what Grace told her, but she listened politely. She felt pleased that such a charming and attractive young woman would be her 'companion' for the next two days.

"So what are you going to write about Mrs Miller?"

"Well bowls of course Grace, and please call me Carol, if we're to be working together for the next two days, I think we should drop the formalities."

"I'd love to be a journalist, it must be a really interesting job, when you're not reporting on bowls that is."

"It certainly can be, what do you do with yourself? Do you work or are you studying"

"I'm working part time at the Register Office as a secretary, I can type and I did really well in English at school."

"And you'd seriously like to become a reporter?"

"Yes, but mother wouldn't approve, she thinks I should already have been married off to a nice young man."

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Goodness no, I've tried that and I didn't like it much. I can't seem to meet any men that I'm attracted to. Mummy keeps fixing me up with the dullest men she can find, mostly sons of her friends and acquaintances. I'm resigned to being a spinster."

"Oh surely not, how old are you?"

"Twenty one."

"That's rather young to be resigned to spinsterhood."

"Are you married Carol?"

"Yes, you might call it that, anyway, I won't bore you with my less than exciting marriage. If you were reporting on this event, what would you write about?" said Carol, changing the subject.

"Oh, well I'd say something about the bowls of course, but I'd focus on the participants and the ladies behind the scenes, the spectators and so on."

"In what way?"

"Well, I'd describe what they were wearing, how competitive they were, on and off the green, how the umpires are all like stern headmistresses, that sort of thing. I'd dig around a bit to see whether there were any particular jealousies or rivalries."

"Goodness, you'll make a splendid reporter Grace, you'd be wasted on a bowls tournament though," laughed Carol.

Carol felt an unexpected warmth toward her attentive young friend. Whenever Grace got up to fetch her a glass of cordial, or sandwiches and cakes at lunchtime, Carol couldn't take her eyes off her. She watched her move with such poise and balance; the swing of her skirt, her slender, shapely legs, her pert breasts inside the tight bodice of her dress, her alluring smile and warm eyes. She was aware that Grace had made quite an impression on her, and she felt unaccountably bereft whenever the attractive young woman was occupied elsewhere.

As expected, the Middlesex Ladies Pairs breezed through the early rounds and qualified for the semi final on the second morning of the tournament. Carol made copious notes, and made sure she'd got details like names and scores absolutely right. She'd decided to bring a note of fashion interest to her piece. Amongst the couple of hundred spectators were a smattering of fashionable well dressed ladies, and she noted down details of what they were wearing. She interviewed some of the spectators to get a handful of quotes and interesting comments. As the first day came to a close, she spoke to Grace's mother about the day's play, and her hopes for the second day. She also thanked Grace for her support and assistance, and told her how much she was looking forward to seeing her the next day as she squeezed her hand.

"It's been a pleasure Carol, I've really enjoyed your company today, you're so different to all of my mother's stuffy friends; I can't wait for tomorrow."

"I'd like to interview you tomorrow, I want to include something in my report on how bowls is not as dull as some people might think when fashionable and attractive young women like you are involved. Readers like that sort of thing, they never get bored of reading about pretty girls, and in your case, I'll stress your independence and ambition. It might not go down well with your mother, but I suspect that won't trouble you too much."

Carol wondered if she had gone too far, but was soon reassured by Grace's enthusiasm for the direction of her article.

"That sounds splendid, but I'm not sure I'm all that interesting."

"Oh you most certainly are," thought Carol as she bade her new friend goodbye.

Carol took the Piccadilly line home to Hounslow, she thought about how her report might take shape, she thought about what she would make for dinner that her unadventurous husband might not object to, but mostly she thought about Grace. She wished that Grace could be her friend, that they could go for afternoon tea together, but who was she fooling? She was twice her age, but she

hoped at least that Grace had found her interesting and good company. She had no real friends of her own, long working hours and a desire to avoid her husbands 'circle' had seen to that.

When she arrived the next morning at the bowls club, there was no sign of Grace, she looked for her for several minutes before she came across her mother.

"Good Morning Mrs Lockwood, I haven't seen Grace yet, is she here today?"

"Oh dear, no I'm sorry Mrs Miller, her sister sprained her ankle quite badly this morning on a loose step in the garden and Grace is with her at the hospital outpatients department at the moment. You know how long these things can take, I'm not sure she'll make it today."

"Oh well, not to worry, she was very helpful yesterday so I'm sure I'll manage. Good luck today, I hope you win the tournament, it'll make a great story."

"Thank you so much, we've got the semi finals this morning and, if we get through, the final at three o'clock. Fingers crossed eh?"

"Absolutely, I'll see you later for an interview with the victorious captain," smiled Carol.

Carol felt disappointed, she'd been so looking forward to spending another day with Grace, that she had a sudden urge to go to the hospital just to be with her. Then she laughed at herself and her silly crush on a woman young enough to be her daughter, and took her place with the rest of the spectators. She concentrated on the bowls and became engrossed when Alice Lockwood and her partner won a closely fought semi final against Nottinghamshire. In the afternoon the Middlesex pair won an even tighter final against Surrey.

Carol wished that Grace had been there to see it, she interviewed her elated, victorious mother, and asked that her good wishes be passed on to Grace, before catching the train home.

Throughout the autumn and winter, Carol worked hard in the job she loved, Reg, the editor, knew that whenever he gave her an assignment, it would be in safe hands, in fact, he thought that her work was always thorough and often original.

She thought occasionally of Grace, and wondered what she was doing. She wondered if she was still working at the Register Office, and whether she had found a boyfriend for herself. She walked past the Register Office now and again, and managed to resist the temptation to call in unannounced, because she was afraid of making a fool of herself with a woman who might not even remember her.

She fantasised about meeting Grace on a warm summer's day in town, and going for afternoon tea with her. In her imagination, Grace was always in a swing style summer dress and heels, and looked good enough to eat. Carol started to wonder if she was sexually attracted to her, but pushed such thoughts out of her mind. She'd often admired other attractive women and was sure that it meant nothing at all. She couldn't see herself as a 'lesbian'. It was a term that conjured up butch women in tweed suits and sensible shoes and, whilst she knew this to be a false image, it was, nevertheless, powerful and pervasive in 1950's Britain.

Occasionally, every three or four months or so, throughout her marriage, she had reached such a level of sexual frustration and arousal that she would reach under her nightdress and finger herself

to an orgasm. She had one fantasy to aid her in reaching her goal. She imagined a male figure, vaguely like her husband, naked, on a bed, being ridden robustly by an Amazon like woman.

The woman would be dressed in revealing scarlet top, black stilettos, black seamed stockings and suspenders with her black flowing knee length skirt around her waist. His erection would subside during intercourse, and the offended and enraged woman would throw him out naked into a corridor of a seedy hotel. She would then lie back on the bed with her raven black hair spread around her head, raise her knees in the air, open her legs and masturbate herself to a magnificent orgasm.

The fantasy would make Carol's pussy saturated as she stroked her clitoris with her left hand and finger fucked herself with her right hand. Afterwards, she would feel guilty and ashamed, and she would quickly bury the realisation that she had been most aroused by the image of the woman in her fantasy.

One Monday morning in the following April, during the weekly editorial meeting, as she was daydreaming about buying herself some new summer clothes, she was aware of Reg speaking to her.

"Is that okay Carol?"

"What? Oh sorry Reg, I was miles away, sorry, what were you saying?"

"I asked what you thought of covering the Lockwood wedding, it's likely to be a grand affair and will be of local interest."

Carol immediately thought of Grace and her heart sank, "Yes, I know the family vaguely, I met them at the bowls championships last summer, sorry, who is Grace getting married to?"

"You really were off with the fairies weren't you? I was telling you that Fiona Lockwood was getting married to Sir Philip Baker's son. I don't know who Grace is."

"Oh right, good, I mean yes, of course I'll cover the wedding, I'd love to," said Grace trying to hide her delight at the thought of seeing Grace again, and her relief that she wasn't the one getting married, "yes, Grace is Fiona's younger sister by the way."

"Good, well I'll assign a photographer and we'll do a spread on it. Right Bob, how are you getting on with the London Airport story?"

Carol was surprised at how excited she felt at the prospect of meeting Grace again. In calmer moments she tried to tell herself that Grace probably wouldn't remember her at all, and had not thought about her since the bowls tournament last summer, but she couldn't stop excitement and expectation bubbling up now and again. Later in the afternoon, Alice Lockwood returned a call that Carol had made to her after the editorial meeting.

"Carol Miller speaking."

"Oh hello Mrs Miller, it's Alice Lockwood here, I gather you wanted to speak with me?"

"Yes, thank you for returning my call. I hope you're well."

"Very well thank you, how may I help you?"

"I don't know if you remember me, I covered the bowls tournament for the Chronicle last August."

"Yes of course, you wrote a splendid article but I'm afraid your pen picture of Grace as the attractive, trendy face of the sport rather went to her head."

"Oh, how is Grace?"

"Oh much the same, I'm hoping her sister's wedding provides inspiration for her to get her skates on, and find a suitable young man for herself. If she doesn't watch out she'll miss the boat."

"She's a delightful and very attractive woman, she can't be short of admirers."

"Dear me yes, you're quite right, she could have the pick of every eligible bachelor in Middlesex, but she doesn't show the slightest interest."

"Well it's the wedding that I was phoning about actually, I don't know if you are aware, but the Chronicle often features local society weddings and I'd very much like to report on Fiona's wedding if you'll allow me?"

"I'd be delighted, you'll need an invitation to get into the reception, I'll send one to your office."

"We'd also like a photographer to take some pictures at the church and the reception, just two or three photos to appear in the article, and he'll be careful not to tread on the toes of the official wedding photographer."

"Yes that's perfectly acceptable, I look forward to seeing you at the wedding."

"Splendid, would you give Grace my best wishes, and tell her that I'm looking forward to renewing our acquaintance."

"Yes of course, she'll be delighted, she often says how much she enjoyed the day she spent with you last summer, and how disappointed she was to miss you on the day of the finals."

"Oh! Really?"

"Oh yes, look I must dash, I'll see you at the wedding, and I'll be sure to tell Gracie that you'll be there, goodbye."

"Goodbye and thank you."

A warm tingle spread through Carol's chest and travelled down her spine as she replaced the receiver. The news that Grace remembered her and had spoken of her had reawakened Carol's considerable fondness for her. She put the wedding date in her diary and started to think seriously about a new outfit to wear so that she looked her best.

On a bright but chilly Saturday morning in mid May, Carol dressed herself in her new grey, knee length sheath dress with wide lapels, a smart red cloche hat and black heeled shoes. It wasn't acceptable for a lady to dress up and go bare legged, so she unfurled a pair of tan coloured seamed stockings along her shapely legs, and clipped them to her short waist girdle. As she did so, she became slightly aroused, wondering why she found women's lingerie so seductive and sensuous.

She got into the photographer's car for a lift to the church and showed rather more shapely stockinged leg than she intended; the photographer, who she knew well, gave a low wolf whistle followed by a cheeky grin.

They encountered heavy traffic, and arrived at the church just as the bride and bridesmaids were preparing to enter. Most of the guests were already seated. Grace, as chief bridesmaid, was bent down straightening the train of her sister's wedding dress. As she got up, their eyes met, neither woman could hide their delight at seeing each other.

"Mrs Miller, Carol, how lovely to see you. Please don't dash off before we get a chance to catch up."

"Hello Grace, you look absolutely beautiful, stunning, and so does your lovely sister of course. Perhaps we can have a chat after the ceremony?"

"I'd love that, I'll look out for you later."

During the ceremony, Carol sat at the back of the church and could see nothing much of Grace except the back of her fair haired head. Nevertheless, she kept stealing glances toward her. As Grace followed the bride and groom out of the church, her eyes met Carol's for what seemed like the longest moment. Carol felt a flutter in her breast, and overwhelming urge to embrace the young woman and shower her with kisses.

Grace managed to look fresh faced, beautiful and alluring all at the same time in her floral headdress and her large posy, setting off her expensive calf length bridesmaid dress and white heeled sandals.

From a distance, beneath the shade of a large maple, Carol watched the formal wedding

photographs being taken. Eventually, the wedding photographer reached the point where he no longer needed the bridesmaids. The morning chill had gone and it had become a fine, warm day. As Grace walked over to her, Carol excused herself from the conversation she was having with two of the guests. Not knowing quite how to greet each other, a clumsy attempt at a handshake turned into a brief hug. Grace kissed Carol on her cheek, and immediately felt that she had overstepped the normal boundaries of middle class English reserve.

"Oh dear, I'm sorry if that made you feel uncomfortable, I think I was a little over familiar."

"No, no Grace, please don't apologise, it was nice," said Carol as she took hold of Grace's right hand and caressed her forearm.

In a show of affection, emboldened by Carol's words and gesture, Grace embraced her again, just long enough for their breasts to press against each other, and for Carol's lips to brush her neck. Still holding each other's hands, their eyes met and locked together for several seconds. They gazed at each other with mutual, unspoken attraction, until they were interrupted by one of Grace's aunts, who couldn't wait to tell her how beautiful she looked, and how it could be her turn next, if only she would reciprocate the attentions of one of several eligible young men that she knew couldn't help but admire her.

"Please stay after the reception, I'd really like to talk to you," said Grace as she was led away by her aunt, to be shown off and paraded in front of some of the groom's friends.

Carol felt light headed for a moment, her breasts still tingled and her nipples hardened at the memory of Grace pressing against her. She touched her cheek where Grace had kissed it, and

watched the beautiful young woman tiptoe elegantly between the gravestones as she was led away by her aunt.

It was unusual for Carol to sit with guests at the reception of a society wedding that she was covering for the newspaper, but Alice Lockwood had ensured that she had a place at one of the tables, so she made small talk with a group of guests, and waited patiently for the formalities to be over before seeking out Grace. The reception venue boasted several large rooms, and the two women gravitated to a corner of one of these.

"I hope you won't feel offended if I tell you that I almost dozed off during the speeches," said Carol with a smirk.

"Dear me, it was so tedious, daddy especially, and the best man, where on earth did they get him from?"

They shared a chuckle at their assessment of the speeches before Carol said, "I've thought about you a great deal since we met last summer."

"Oh, me too, I'm so sorry that I let you down on finals day."

"You didn't let me down, I understood that you needed to be with your sister, I'm only sorry that you missed your mother's victory."

"Oh don't worry, my mother has plenty of victories for me to witness, she's had one today, her eldest daughter married off to the son of a knight of the realm, it doesn't matter that she was crying on my shoulder last night because she doesn't love him. Oh dear, I've spoken out of turn, you won't put that in your article will you?"

"No, don't be silly, I could have written my report on this wedding without coming anywhere near it. It's just a game really, the Chronicle gets to show the little people how the other half lives, and the families concerned get their egos massaged."

"I see, but not all of your work is like that is it."

"Well there's a fair amount of routine about it but I do get some interesting assignments now and then."

"I wanted to talk to you about being a reporter. I took English Language and Literature A levels at school and passed with distinction."

"Well done, did you go on to university?"

"No, my parents didn't see the point of sending me because I was a girl and girls don't have careers, they get married and have babies."

"What a shame, it would have been so good for you, you can settle down with a husband and babies any time but women don't get many chances to learn and develop professionally."

"I know, that's why I'm determined to get a job with a newspaper, can you help me please?"

"Why yes, I'll see what I can do. I can't promise anything, but I'll have a word with my boss and see if we can find something for you."

Grace took Carol's right hand in both of hers and squeezed it gently, "I'd be so grateful Carol, really grateful."

Carol felt a tremble of excitement, her nipples tingled again and she took hold of Grace's right forearm with her left hand, "Look, why don't we meet for lunch on Friday? It's a quiet day for me, so I'll have plenty of time to discuss it with you properly."

"Yes, I'd love that. It's my birthday on Friday, it'll be a lovely treat."

"Jolly good, we'll celebrate. Let me have your phone number and I'll ring in the week to confirm."

"No, please, let me ring you at your office, I don't want questions being asked by my mother."

"Very well, ring me on Monday afternoon, I should have had a chance to speak to the editor by then."

At that moment, Mrs Lockwood approached, "You two look as though your having a very earnest discussion. I hope you're convincing my remaining 'single' daughter about the benefits of marriage Mrs Miller."

"Something like that Mrs Lockwood, would you mind if I got a couple of quotes from you now, and allow me to check out some of the wedding details, then I can be off and out of your hair?"

"Yes, of course, let's go where it's a little quieter and I'll fill you in."

"Say goodbye before you go Mrs Miller," said Grace as her mother led Carol away.

Grace watched her mother and Carol talking to each other for five minutes or so before they shook hands and her mother rejoined the reception. Carol looked around for her but Grace was by her side before she knew it.

"It was so lovely to see you again today Carol, I really like you, can we be friends? I'd like you to be my friend."

"As far as I'm concerned, we're friends already," said Carol as they took hold of each other's hands again.

"Do you really have to go now?"

"Yes, I must, but I'll see you on Friday and we'll really get to know each other."

Grace embraced her friend and they kissed each other's cheeks before releasing their lingering hold.

"We're becoming very French with all of this kissing and hugging," said Grace.

"I've told you, I like it," said Carol with a smile as she turned to go to the taxi that she had ordered earlier.

As the Monday morning editorial meeting finished, and the reporters left Reg's office, Carol hung back to ask a favour.

"Reg, could I have a word please?"

"I can give you five minutes Carol, what's up?"

"I've got a young acquaintance who's desperate to become a journalist, I wondered if we could find an opening for her. She can type and has secretarial and office experience. We could perhaps start her in the back office, if we can find something for her to do."

"How young is she? I'd need to see a reference from her current employer."

"Of course, she's almost twenty two and mad keen. She could shadow me on assignments from time to time and we can see how she gets on."

"Hmm, okay, you know I trust your judgement, go and see Sue in personnel and tell her to draw up a part time contract on a starter's wage. She'll get the reference sorted out, and you can agree a start date with your young friend."

"Acquaintance," corrected Carol, not really sure why she was playing their emerging friendship down.

"Okay, who is she anyway, where did you find her?"

"She's one of Alice Lockwood's daughters. I met her last year at the bowls tournament and again on Saturday at the wedding."

"You are moving in exhaled circles these days," grinned Reg.

"Thanks Reg, I owe you one."

"No you don't my girl, you've amassed plenty of brownie points over the years, so it's about time you used a few up."

Carol thanked Reg again and made straight for Sue in personnel. Afterwards she worked on her wedding article, choosing the photos to accompany it. Unusually, she included a picture of the bridesmaids on their own. She sat looking at it for several minutes, running her forefinger over the image of Grace. She was brought out of her reverie by the shrill ringing tone of the phone on her desk. It was the switchboard.

"Mrs Miller, there's a Miss Lockwood for you."

"Oh good, put her on please."

"Hello Grace?"

"Yes, hello Mrs Miller."

Despite her feelings for her, Carol was glad that her young protege had the sense to address her formally in the work environment.

"I've got very good news for you, I asked Mr Moore, the Editor, whether we might find a place for you and he agreed without question."

"Wonderful, I'm so thrilled, thank you Mrs Miller."

"It's only part time at first but, if you impress, I'm sure they'll want to make it full time eventually."

"Oh thank you so much, it's a dream come true."

"We'll still need to meet for lunch on Friday, I need to be able to discuss it with you in person. Hopefully we'll have a reference from your current employer by then, and we can talk about your duties and a start date; and I haven't forgotten that it's your birthday."

"You'll be... I mean it will be a delightful present, I can't thank you enough."

"I'm looking forward to it very much."

"Me too Mrs Miller."

"Till Friday then, goodbye Grace."

"Goodbye and thank you again."

Carol replaced the receiver. She sat for a moment relishing the feeling of elation in her chest, then she detected another feeling, a faint glow in her pussy which grew into a tingle, then a twitch. Her pussy felt damp and she squeezed her stocking clad thighs together to savour the feeling. There could be no doubt in her mind now that she felt sexually attracted towards Grace.

The same evening at home, she said goodnight to her husband earlier than usual, and spent a long time playing with makeup remover and moisturiser, while she contemplated her desires at her dressing table. She felt aroused as she got into bed, so she closed her eyes and reached down beneath her nightdress. Her pussy was wetter than she could ever remember, it had only been a couple of weeks since she had last masturbated, but she felt a strong urge to have an orgasm tonight. She tried to imagine her usual scenario of a man, vaguely like her husband, disappointing a sexy Amazonian woman in bed before she threw him out and pleased herself. It was no good, she was highly aroused and her fingers were slick with her juices, but it wasn't enough.

The scenario evaporated, and was replaced by her imagining that she was slowly running her hand up beneath Grace's bridesmaid dress as they lay in a bedroom at the reception hotel, kissing each other. She saw her hand making progress, inch by inch, up over Grace's stocking tops until she reached a suspender clip. She placed her forefinger underneath the suspender strap and her thumb on top, then she slid her hand along its length, stopping level with her pussy. Next she slipped her fingers inside the leg of Grace's panties, and buried them deep into her warm wet cunt. As Carol cried out with delight at the best orgasm she'd ever had, she imagined Grace climaxing long and loud with a sexy 'come' expression on her lovely face.

That was it, that was the moment in which she could no longer pretend that she wasn't sexually attracted to women, and one woman in particular. It was a revelation, she felt a sense of relief as she realised that, whatever else happened now, there was no going back; she wanted to explore this new feeling.

Grace, on the other hand, at almost twenty two, had never had a serious boyfriend, had never been aroused by a man, had never masturbated and had only ever believed that touching herself was dirty and forbidden. She went to sleep dreaming of her new job and Carol. She felt a close attraction to Carol that she did not yet fully understand, but it felt as pleasurable as the time that her best friend at school kissed her in the science lab store room.

Grace spent Friday morning deciding what to wear, and getting ready for lunch with Carol. She had several dresses out on her bed and had tried them all. She felt as though she was getting ready for a romantic date, she wanted to impress. Eventually, she chose a summer dress with a swing skirt that swayed to and fro as she walked along the High Street in her blue heeled sandals and seamed stockings.

Carol had arrived early and was sitting at the table she had booked at the restaurant. She was sipping a gin and tonic as Grace breezed in and flashed her a warm smile. She rose from her chair and the two women hugged and kissed each other on the cheek.

Carol looked very desirable in a new navy blue halter-neck pencil dress, with white polka dots and a sweetheart neckline. The broad white belt emphasised her wasp like waist and fulsome but firm breasts. She'd lost a few pounds in weight over the last couple of months, and the shapely dress made her look younger, she could easily have passed for a woman in her early thirties. She'd already attracted several wolf whistles from her colleagues at work that morning, and from two men delivering beer to a pub that she had passed on the way to the restaurant.

She wore circular knit seamless stockings, which were quickly becoming fashionable, in beige, with a pair of white heeled sandals. With a naturally firm shapely figure, she'd decided to try out a suspender belt rather than the short waist girdle that she normally wore. She felt sexy and available with a noticeable tingle in her pussy. She didn't care for the attention that she'd received from various men that morning, but she wanted to impress Grace, and she did.

"Oh my, Carol, you look wonderful, so... so lovely."

"Thank you Grace, you look pretty good yourself, I love the dress," she said as Grace sat down.

Carol delved into her handbag and pulled out a birthday card, and a small box containing a pale blue beaded necklace, and handed them to Grace.

"Happy Birthday."

"Oh Carol, you shouldn't have."

Grace opened the card, then she opened the box and took out the necklace.

"It's beautiful, you really shouldn't have, I mean we've only known..."

"Don't be embarrassed, it's your birthday, and I also wanted to mark the occasion of you starting work at the Chronicle. Here, let me put them on for you."

Carol arose from her chair, moved around behind Grace, and clipped the necklace around her slender neck. As she did so, she ran her fingers very lightly down the nape of her neck, then rested her hands on her shoulders, before running them down her bare arms to her elbows. Grace almost swooned with pleasurable sensations, she tried to regather her composure as Carol sat down again. Carol's intention had been to see whether she could sexually arouse her young friend and one look at her face told her that she had.

Carol broke an awkward silence, "So, lets talk about your new role, we've had a glowing reference from the Register Office, so you can start as soon as you like."

The two women had a leisurely lunch as they discussed Grace's new job. It was understood that she would perform office duties in the main at first, and would shadow Carol on assignments when the

opportunity arose.

Their mutual attraction was obvious, and even Grace began to understand that this was more than just a burgeoning friendship between two women. She fingered her necklace, and Carol felt certain that whether Grace knew it or not, she could be seduced by her, but she would have to move slowly and carefully so that she didn't frighten her off.

"So, there's a Whitsuntide charity fashion event in Uxbridge next Friday evening that I'm reporting on. I'd like you to accompany me, it'll be our first joint assignment and we'll work on the report together, but it'll be a gentle way of easing you into things. The models are amateur, mostly students and office girls, but they're all very attractive and the clothes are supplied by local shops and department stores, so the whole event has quite a sophisticated air. I think you'll really enjoy it, we'll need to be dressed very smartly ourselves of course."

"It sounds wonderful, I'd love to have worked in the fashion business, but I'm afraid that I don't have a designer's brain. How did you get into journalism? Does your husband mind you working full time?... Oh, I'm sorry, please ignore me, it was rude of me to pry."

"Not at all Grace, it's high time I told you the unvarnished truth about my marriage. We're married in name only, we sleep in separate beds, have done for the last ten years, and before that we were hardly what you would call 'intimate.' The deal is that I keep house and home together, and he finds 'satisfaction' elsewhere."

"My goodness!"

"To tell you the truth, I'm becoming tired of it all, I'm forty two and if I don't do something about it soon, I'll end up a bitter old lady full of regrets at the life I never had."

"But you're still young, you're lovely and very attractive, look at you, any man would find you desirable."

"That's kind of you to say so Grace, but that's rather the point, sometimes I do still feel like a girl of nineteen, I want happiness and fulfilment before it's too late, but I've come to realise that it won't be with a man."

Carol watched the expression on her friend's face as the implication of what she had just said dawned on her.

"I... I see, at least I think I do, I'm not sure."

"Don't worry Grace, it's up to me to sort out my life, and I don't want to burden you with my troubles, we're here to celebrate your birthday and your new job."

Having successfully moved the conversation away from the state of her marriage, and the hint that she might find fulfilment with a woman, Carol returned to the subject of Grace's role at the newspaper, and how it could develop if she showed everyone else the promise that was more than evident to her.

The long, pleasurable lunch eventually came to an end. They walked arm in arm along the High Street together, turning heads as they went. Carol kissed Grace's cheek and ear on the underground station platform, and briefly pressed her pelvis into her as they shared a lingering embrace, then she waved her friend off as the train moved away.

Grace tingled and trembled as she sat on the tube train savouring the memory of Carol's breasts and pelvis pressing against her on the platform. They had only embraced for five seconds, but it had been five seconds of sheer arousal, on top of a realisation that her new workmate might be looking for a relationship with a woman.

Grace's first week in her new job was spent mostly undertaking clerical and typing tasks in the back office, but she enjoyed it, there was a buzz about the place, especially when she entered the newsroom. In fact, she caused a stir amongst the male staff wherever she went. Whenever their paths crossed, Carol and Grace maintained a professional distance and she referred to Carol as Mrs Miller. There were one or two opportunities for brief familiarity when they were alone in the toilets or a corridor. On one occasion, they found themselves alone in the lift together and Grace slipped her hand inside Carol's without making eye contact.

It was while she was delivering mail to the newsroom on Friday morning, that Carol spoke to her about arrangements for the fashion show, "If you like, I'll meet you at Uxbridge Station this evening, then your mother might not worry about you being out alone."

"Oh, thanks for the offer Mrs Miller but I need to be able to look after myself."

"I understand, here's your ticket, I'll see you at the Town Rooms at seven thirty. Make sure you bring a notepad and pencil, I'd like you to get used to taking notes."

Carol wore her new grey sheath dress and red hat that she had worn for the wedding. Her red stilettos, handbag and black seamed stockings finished off her sophisticated look. Grace looked stylish and stunning in a navy-blue pencil coat dress, with white heels and accessories. They embraced warmly and kissed when they met, and Carol led her colleague inside to find their seats. The press were allocated seats in the second row, behind the organisers and civic dignitaries.

Carol spoke to Grace in a low whisper, "You look beautiful, you should be up on that catwalk tonight."

"You look very desirable yourself Mrs Miller, I don't believe you're forty two, I think you're teasing me."

As the show progressed and more and more clothes were displayed on the attractive models, Carol took hold of Grace's elbow then linked arms with her.

"It's as I suspected."

"What is?"

"I find myself sitting next to the most beautiful woman in the room."

Carol's right hand found Grace's left hand and they interwove their fingers for several seconds, before Carol placed her large handbag on her lap, and pulled Grace's hand underneath it, so that it rested with hers on her right thigh. Grace could feel the outline of one of Carol's suspender straps and clips, her arousal grew, she'd not been so intimate with another woman since she'd kissed her friend in the science lab storeroom at school. The same yearning sensation that had flooded her pussy on that occasion returned to leave a damp spot on her panties. Both women knew that they couldn't sit holding hands for long without being noticed, so their fingers reluctantly gave up their hold on each other and Carol busied herself taking notes.

When the event finished, and after worthy speeches and interviews with the organiser, Carol was keen to keep Grace in her company.

"Shall we go for a drink? There's a nice pub around the corner that's comfortable for the likes of us."

Grace looked a little alarmed.

"Women Grace, I meant women, what did you think I meant?"

"Oh nothing, it's alright, I'd love to go for a drink with you."

"Come along then, we'll get a couple in before last orders, I'll give you a lift home afterwards."

The pub was busy, it was packed with theatre goers from the theatre next door, and a good number of the fashion show audience. Carol eventually got served and took the wise precaution of ordering four gin and tonics so that she didn't need to go to the bar again. They managed to find a place to stand wedged between a coat stand and at the end of a bench seat. They placed their drinks on a ledge and stood as closely as they dare in a public place. They managed odd tentative touches and caresses of each other's arms and hands. Grace looked over the top of her glass as she took a sip; Carol could have kissed her inviting mouth on the spot.

"Did you enjoy the show?"

"Yes, it was wonderful, I took lots of notes."

"Good, we'll work on the article together on Monday, but we're off duty now so let's relax and get to know each other."

They laughed and chatted and told each other stories about their past but they were careful to avoid any difficult questions about where their friendship was heading. The second gin and tonic started to go to Grace's head, so Carol thought it wise to take her home. As they walked to where Carol's car was parked they encountered a group of four men who had clearly been drinking heavily.

"Hello, what have we got here then," said one of the men as he obstructed Grace's path, "I wouldn't mind taking you home with me darlin' whaddya say? Fancy a bit of hard cock do ya?"

His friends jeered their approval and Grace looked frightened, "I bet she'd give you a good time Arthur, proper little raver she looks."

"Get away from her you drunken oaf, if you go near her again I won't be responsible for my actions."

"Whoa, alright missus, do you want some too?" said the man called Arthur.

He made to grab Carol to pull her in for a clinch but as he did so, she unleashed a vicious knee into his testicles, he sank down onto the pavement whimpering with pain. His friends looked too shocked to speak.

"Pick your vile friend up and take him away."

Carol led Grace around the corner to the safety of her car. She unlocked the doors and breathed a sigh of relief as they got in.

"Are you alright darling? I hope that awful man didn't upset you too much."

"Oh Carol, you were magnificent!"

"Don't worry, I've been threatened by bigger bastards than him, let's get you home."

Grace was besotted by her friend now, and desperately wanted to be kissed by her. She wanted to put her hand on Carol's thigh, she wanted Carol to stop the car and put her hand between her legs. She knew now that she was strongly attracted to her, sexually attracted to her. Her pussy clenched and tingled with the desire for attention from the woman sitting next to her. She spoke none of this to Carol, she was afraid that she might make a fool of herself, that Carol may not reciprocate her feelings. Her mind was in a whirl as Carol dropped her off at home.

"Please don't come with me to the front door, I don't want my mother asking awkward questions and judging you. She's not pleased that I've chosen a career over marriage; she's beginning to blame you for it."

"Don't worry, I'll see you on Monday and we'll work on the article together."

Carol took Grace's left cheek tenderly in the palm of her right hand, and kissed her other cheek. They sat turned toward each other for what seemed like an age, it looked as though they might kiss each other's inviting lips, but Carol eventually reached across Grace and opened the passenger door for her. She watched her friend's hips sway along the gravel driveway, and out of sight toward to front door. It didn't take long for Carol to drive home, as she arrived at the empty house, she knew that her husband would be sleeping in his mistress' bed. She went straight upstairs, got into bed without removing her makeup, and treated herself to an almighty orgasm as she imagined kissing Grace with her hand up her dress.

Grace had already performed her very first act of masturbation and was starting her second. She had gone straight to bed to avoid her mother's disapproval. She got in between the sheets, naked, and ran her hands over her breasts. She squeezed and pinched her nipples until she felt very wet and aroused, then she reached down to touch herself with her right hand as her left hand continued to massage her breasts. She felt waves of arousal overwhelming her and wondered why she had previously been scared to touch herself so intimately. Without directly being told by anyone, she'd somehow felt that it was dirty and depraved. If it was, she decided, she wanted more of it.

As her fingers massaged her wet labia and clitoris, she replayed the moment that Carol had rescued her, and easily put a large drunken man on the floor with a well placed knee to the groin. She imagined Carol kissing and fondling her, massaging her breasts and playing with her pussy; she came quickly with her back arched, and her pelvis thrusting toward the ceiling.

After savouring the afterglow for several minutes, she realised that she wanted to do it again, but this time she covered her pussy with soft, slow caresses of her fingertips. In her dreamy state of arousal, she imagined Carol making love to her on a bed, their naked warm flesh pressed together as they kissed and fingered each other. Her second orgasm started to grow inside her as she pressed harder with her fingers. Her toes started to tingle, and waves of pleasure washed over her groin, she moved her fingers rapidly now, she could feel the intense sensation of an onrushing orgasm. She came with a long lingering climax that rose quickly and broke forth, then plateaued before intensifying again and exploding inside her, leaving her spent.

She'd loved the sensation of coming, it was a revelation, she hadn't been struck by a bolt of lightening, and she knew that she would do it again at the next opportunity. For now, she lay satiated, her hand still cupping her cunt. Mild orgasmic spasms and aftershocks teased her pussy as she realised that she loved another woman in every sense possible. There was no way she could have known it, but she had just come at the very same moment that Carol had fantasised about her as she panted and groaned under the spell of her own orgasm.

With some considerable effort, the two women kept up the appearance of a professional relationship at work. It wasn't easy, Grace was shadowing Carol more often now, and they found themselves in each other's company for longer periods. They were in love with each other but it was an unspoken love, both too afraid to risk speaking it out loud and having to deal with the implications of societal disapproval.

They showed their feelings with small gestures, a hand on a shoulder, a meaningful glance, a brief hug if they were alone in the toilets, holding hands covertly on a train on the way to an assignment. Three long weeks passed in this manner, and Carol was beginning to wonder if she would ever be brave enough to seduce her young friend, then an opportunity arrived. Reg asked her one day how Grace was getting on, and he encouraged Carol to make sure that she took her to the Home Counties Press and Journal Awards that were being held in Ealing this year. He thought it would be good for her to experience the event, and to rub shoulders with more people in the news media.

It was an opportunity for them both to wear long evening dresses and jewellery. Carol booked a taxi to take her to Grace's house so that they could travel together in their long evening gowns. Grace wore pale blue to match her eyes and fair hair, Carol chose green. Both gowns had full skirts and tight bodices with a v-shaped neckline. They looked very alluring with their hair up and their cleavage on display.

The male guests were like bees around a honey pot, but none could make any impression on the two attractive women no matter how hard they tried. Carol and Grace tried to avoid showing obvious desire for each other. Opportunities for intimacy were few and far between: Carol's arm around Grace's waist, appearing to be a platonic gesture to all but themselves, as she introduced her to other guests before the dinner and ceremonies began; furtive hand holding under the tablecloth; leaning into each other as they laughed too long and hard at some of the moderately amusing speeches; and, walking arm in arm as they made their way through the crowded room to the toilets.

They had been careful, but not quite careful enough. One male reporter from a rival newspaper had tried to pick Grace up earlier, but he had been rebuffed by Carol in particular. She knew him of old and didn't like his lecherous behaviour. He was half drunk, annoyed, and felt humiliated, and he'd been watching them closely all evening. Late on towards the end of the night, he followed Grace as she made her way to the cloakroom to retrieve her wrap. Carol had been with her but, she had been waylaid by an old acquaintance, she told Grace that she'd catch her up in a short while. As Grace waited for her friend in the large foyer, the male reporter approached her.

"I've been watching you two," he sneered, "you're a pair of dirty lezzies aren't you?"

"What? No."

"Yes you are, I've seen you sneaking glances and touching each other, I bet she can't wait to get her hands on you can she?" he said as he leaned in with his stinking tobacco breath.

"Please go away," Grace said with rising alarm in her voice.

"You dirty little lesbian whore..."

By now he was very close to Grace and she tried to push him away, but he had taken hold of her. At that moment, Carol came through into the foyer and saw her friend looking tearful and frightened, and being held by the man. Grace wrenched herself free and ran out into the street as fast as she could on her heels. Carol raced after her but she reached the pavement just in time to see a clearly upset Grace getting into a taxi.

Carol was worried about her friend, but she had an idea of what had just happened. She was outraged and she went back into the foyer to confront the male reporter, but there was no sign of him. Meanwhile, sobbing silently in the back of the taxi, a confused and upset Grace couldn't shake the thought that Carol might blame her somehow for what had happened.

The next day was Thursday, Grace's day off. Carol was worried about her but, she thought it best not to phone the house in case Grace's mother was in and Grace couldn't speak freely. But when Grace didn't turn up for work the next day, Carol became very concerned, so she bit the bullet and phoned the Lockwood house.

"Thank goodness you answered the phone, how are you, can you speak?"

"Not really."

"Okay, look I'm really worried about you, what happened the other night wasn't your fault, don't hide away from me Grace, we must meet and talk about it."

"I can't stay on the phone now, mother's coming in from the garden."

"Meet me at Lloyd's cafe at one o'clock, please, will you do that Grace?"

"Yes, I must go now."

With that, the line went dead. Carol's mind was in turmoil, what had she got an innocent young girl involved in? She'd heard the words "lesbian whore" and she felt angry that Grace had been subjected to the assault. She also felt responsible, she knew that she had deliberately been trying tried to seduce the young woman. What was she doing? She was half her age, it had to stop for Grace's benefit and her own. She resolved to tell Grace that their friendship had gone too far, and they risked the wrath of society if they took it any further. She would tell her that she took full responsibility and, as she was more experienced and mature, the onus was on her to make sure there was no more improper behaviour.

Grace replaced the receiver and looked at her mother.

"Well?"

"Well what mother?"

"Who was that on the telephone? What's going on, you've been moping around like a wet weekend for the last day and a half?"

"I'm going to meet Carol for lunch."

"Oh, I see, it's 'Carol' now is it? I wish you'd stay away from her, she's a bad influence on you."

"She's nothing of the sort, she's a good friend to me."

As Grace changed into a dress and heels and got ready to meet her friend, her resolve strengthened, she was determined to speak the truth, and no longer thought of running away from who she was and what she was. How could she ever have thought that Carol would have been angry with her when she found her in that appalling man's arms. She had been scared and confused, thinking that it might have looked like she was being embraced by him, and that she was leading him on. She felt ridiculous now and was determined to put things right with her friend.

The cafe was busy, but Carol managed to find a table where she thought that they would be able to talk privately. She had prepared herself for a tearful encounter, and wasn't really sure that it was the best place to meet for an emotional heart to heart. She had prepared what she wanted to say, and as she looked up from her cup of tea, she was surprised to see a radiant looking Grace approaching her.

"Hello Carol, I'm so glad you called me this morning, I feel such a fool."

"There's no need for you to feel foolish Grace, it all my fault, I shouldn't have let things go as far as they did. I'm the one that's been foolish and I must..."

"Carol, please, let me speak, I suspect you want to do what you think is the decent thing and let me down gently, but there's no need, really. I've thought of nothing else but our friendship since Wednesday night and it's time I confessed one or two things to you."

"No, Grace, there's nothing for you to con..."

"Carol, please... do you remember telling me on my first day in the job how important truth was in our line of work, and in life generally?"

"Yes, of course, and..."

"Well I've been thinking long and hard about that, and the truth is... that I love you."

"Oh Grace, you don't have to..."

"It's true, I love you so much it hurts, I want to be with you, no one has ever made me feel this way. I dream about you, I yearn for you. When that ghastly man assaulted me on Wednesday night, I thought you might have misread what had happened, he said some horrible things that shook me, I'd never before been subjected to such hate and bile just for trying to be who I am. Then you came upon us, and I was afraid you might have thought that there was something between us and that I'd encouraged him. I've spent the last thirty six hours feeling utterly foolish, can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh my darling, there's nothing to forgive."

A tear came to Carol's eye as she reached across the table for her friend's hand, just as another couple sat down at the table next to them.

"We can't talk here, will you come home with me?"

"Yes, of course."

"Patrick will be home early this afternoon so we won't have long."

They took a taxi back to Carol's house. They had surreptitiously been holding hands in the taxi but now that they were alone in Carol's large lounge, Grace seemed nervous and a little lost as to what was expected of her.

"Do you want something to drink?"

"No thank you, I'd better not, what a beautiful house you have, I love the decor, such lovely curtains."

"Please come and sit by me darling, it's my turn to be truthful."

They sat side by side on a long settee, turned toward each other, knees touching and holding hands.

"I think I fell in love with you the moment I set eyes on you at the bowls club."

"Really?"

"Yes, it's true, me, an experienced news reporter, who doesn't believe in fairy tales and love at first sight, and I was smitten. It took me months to get over you afterwards, in fact I never really did, and when Reg asked me to cover your sister's wedding, my heart leapt with joy at the prospect of seeing you again. Since then, we've become very close friends, and I've come to realise that the love of my life is a woman. It wasn't difficult reaching that conclusion, it somehow makes sense of my life."

"Oh Carol, that's just how I feel, I know now that I could never end up with a man because I've realised that I'm sexually attracted to women, to one woman in particular, to you."

"My goodness, Grace, darling, I want you so much, you arouse feelings in me that I thought had died years ago, but we mustn't get carried away now, Patrick will be home in half an hour. He's going off with some friends to the rugby international at Twickenham tomorrow, and he'll be staying the night with his mistress. Will you come back tomorrow at one o'clock, we can spend the entire weekend together?"

"I'd love to," said Grace as she squeezed her friend's hands.

"Bring whatever you'll need for weekend, the forecast is fine but we might not be seeing much of the sunshine," said Carol with a lascivious smile, "what will you say to your mother?"

"The truth, well not the whole truth, but I'll tell her I'm staying with you and we're spending the weekend together, I'm not sure she'll be ready yet to hear what we'll be doing to each other," said Grace with a nervous laugh.

"Look, we don't have long now, are you certain that you want this?"

"Absolutely."

"Because I don't want you to do anything you'll regret, I don't want you to hate me, let's face it, a much older woman, for seducing you if it doesn't work out for you."

"I want nothing more than to be seduced by you, and you're not old, there might be a few years between us but that's of no consequence to me."

"Oh you lovely woman, you know the way to another woman's heart. Come on, I'll give you a lift home now darling."

Carol watched Grace's skirt sway sexily as she walked toward the lounge door. Desire and arousal swept over her and she wanted to kiss her newly declared lover. As they entered the large hallway, Carol put a hand on Grace's arm and eased her back against the wall, they stood gazing at each other for several seconds, both knowing that they were about to share their first passionate kiss. Carol put her other hand on her friend's waist, and fixed her eyes on her lips as she moved her head toward her, just as their lips were about to meet in a sensual union, they heard the sound of car tyres on the gravel outside.

"Oh good heavens, he's home earlier than I expected. Don't worry, he'll look you over and admire you but he's got other fish to fry."

The front door opened and Patrick came in.

"Ah, you're home darling. I say, who's this beauty?"

"Patrick, do please behave yourself, this is my assistant, Grace, I was just about to take her home."

"Your assistant eh, lucky you. Did you remember that I'm away tomorrow? I need a couple of clean shirts," he said as he disappeared into the lounge.

"They're where they always are, in your wardrobe, what time will you be home on Sunday?" said Carol, continuing the conversation from where she stood in the hallway.

"Er, I won't"

"So you're going straight to work from your 'friends' on Monday?"

"Yes, if you don't mind."

"Why should I mind, it's quite convenient actually. Listen Patrick, we need to talk, please make sure you're home on Monday night, I have something rather important to tell you."

"That sound's ominous!"

"Just make sure you're here. We're leaving now."

Carol took Grace home with a feeling of excitement and elation in her chest. They spoke very little on the journey, there was no need, it had all been said, they were in love with each other and they had planned to consummate their relationship on the following day.

On her way back home, Carol's pussy tingled as she imagined what she would do to her prospective new lover. She hadn't been with a woman before, but she had a good idea of what two women might do in bed together.

A few years earlier, a set of compromising photographs of Lady Fordingham, and an unidentified woman, had been sent to the Chronicle anonymously. Reg had decided that he would not publish the indecent images and asked for them to be destroyed. Naturally, the photos had been passed around the male staff at the newspaper, and someone left them on Carol's desk for a joke. The images were still imprinted on her memory, she now knew some of the many ways in which two

women could give sexual pleasure to each other, and she intended to make the most of that knowledge with Grace.

For her part, an increasingly aroused Grace was content to let Carol take the lead and see how things played out. She had lately become a teasing mix of innocence and seductiveness and, whilst her imaginings of sapphic love were limited, she looked forward with eager expectation to her encounter with Carol. She tapped into a previously undiscovered vein of lascivious thoughts as she masturbated that night; her sexual potential was chafing at the bit to be released and Carol might be in for a surprise.

Saturday morning was warm and humid, with the promise of it becoming a close, hot July day. Carol got up early and went shopping, both to get some provisions for the weekend and to avoid Patrick. She was relieved that he had gone when she returned home at eleven forty five. She had an hour and fifteen minutes before Grace was due to arrive, so she put the shopping away and tidied around before going to her room to get changed.

After a quick shower, she put on fresh makeup and dressed alluringly in a short waist girdle, and a sleeveless summer sheath dress in pale yellow with a buttoned front. The cut of the dress accommodated her fulsome breasts, before narrowing to her slim waist, and stylishly following her curvaceous hips and shapely thighs. She felt a nervous excitement building in her chest as she clipped her beige seamed stockings to her girdle, and stepped into her white high heeled sandals. She checked herself in the mirror in her new bra and panties that she had just bought for the occasion. Satisfied with how desirable she looked, she buttoned up her dress and went downstairs to put a bottle of German Riesling in the fridge, and await her girlfriend.

Grace, dressed in stockings, a suspender belt, a flared pale green swing skirt with white polka dots and a thin white blouse, stepped out elegantly to her taxi in her high heels. The driver sucked in a sharp intake of breath when he saw her. As he drove along, he kept sneaking a look at her crossed legs in the driving mirror. Unwittingly, Grace had exposed the erotic sight of her long right stocking clad thigh when she'd got into her seat. The welt of her stocking, pulled taut by a suspender strap and clip, was visible to the driver who enjoyed both the view and his rising erection. On arrival at Carol's house, she too was in a state of nervous excitement. She paid the driver, who made no effort to disguise his admiration for her, as he stared down the front of her blouse at her cleavage, when she bent over to pass the fare through his open window. He set off again with a rigid cock, and a strong desire to go and find somewhere relieve his pent up arousal.

Carol had been looking out of her lounge window and as Grace arrived she hurried to the front door to let her in. They hugged and kissed each other's cheeks, both nervous about what might be about to happen between them. Carol tried to sound calm and in control of herself.

"You look gorgeous darling, I'll bet the taxi driver thought it was his lucky day."

"You look rather fetching yourself Mrs Miller," said Grace with a salacious smile.

"We've got the rest of the weekend ahead of us, leave your bag here, I'll help you unpack your things later. Would you like a nice cold glass of Riesling? Just the thing for a sultry day like today."

"I'd love one."

Carol poured a generous measure of wine and handed it to Grace.

"Are you trying to get me drunk?"

"Do I need to?"

Grace sipped her wine and smiled, she was beginning to relax and enjoy the prospect of making love to her friend. Carol stroked her cheek and kissed her lightly on the lips, then she moved over to a large winged arm chair and seated herself with her legs crossed elegantly, so that the hem of her dress fell onto her knees. She looked longingly at Grace, who was by now standing at a large window, looking out at the well manicured, sun drenched back garden. Shafts of sunlight fell across her, and her firm, swathed teardrop breasts were visible in outline through the thin material of her white blouse.

"Oh it's a beautiful day today, your garden looks a picture."

"Not as delightful as the picture I'm seeing at the moment," smiled Carol.

Grace looked puzzled briefly, then she realised that Carol was referring to her. She blushed and looked shy for a moment, then she regained her composure.

"Are you flirting with me Mrs Miller?"

"Would you like me to be Miss Lockwood?"

The wine had gone to Grace's head, she felt bold and uninhibited. Her yearning to be embraced and kissed by this attractive mature woman had reached a new high, and she decided to find out just how far their obvious mutual desire would take them.

"I can think of no one else I'd rather flirt with."

"Be careful what you wish for young lady, I might just sit you on my lap and do rather more than flirt with you."

"Mm, that sounds interesting, I think I might let you."

"Well let's find out shall we?"

"Are you serious?"

"Yes, if you are."

"Oh goodness, you're trying to seduce me."

"I rather thought that it was the other way round."

Grace blushed again, the tone of their flirtatious banter had become quite serious, she was unable to find a light hearted reply.

"Well you don't deny it then?" said Carol with a lascivious smile.

"I... er, I."

"It's alright darling, we're both consenting adults and, if I'm not mistaken, we've been building up to this for some time now."

"You right, there's no mistake... lately I've done nothing else but imagine you making love to me." said Grace as she moved sensuously across the room and stood teasingly in front of Carol.

Carol took hold of her young friend's right wrist, and eased her gently down onto her lap. She looked into her eyes and saw mild apprehension mixed with excitement and arousal. Then she looked at Grace's inviting red lips and, keeping her eyes fixed on them, closed in and kissed her. The kiss was tentative at first, then more passionate as their ardour grew. Their lips pressed together and their tongues began to explore each other's mouths.

After several minutes, when Carol had satiated herself on her young lover's sweet lips, she reached down and lifted the hem of Grace's skirt. As she did so, her eyes fell on Grace's hard nipples, they were pushing against the material of her blouse like two small dark cherry stones. Then she gazed at Grace's thighs, their silky softness enveloped in fine nylon.

She moved her warm hand up over Grace's suspender clips and straps, and pressed her fingers into the gusset of her pretty panties, her lovely soft mound yielded to her touch. Grace's legs opened wide as Carol slipped her fingers inside the leg of her panties, and reached through a tangle of thick hair to feel the warm, wet contours of her perfect little pussy.

She swirled her fingers around the lips of her labia, and she stroked her bud with her thumb. Grace gave a low murmur of pleasure and her head fell back onto Carol's left shoulder. Carol's warm lips and tongue explored her neck just below her ear. She sucked Grace's earlobe and teased her tongue into the folds of her ear whilst she massaged the entrance to her vagina.

Grace felt as though her vulva and inner thighs were on fire. Waves of intense lust flowed from her cunt and travelled up her spine, and into the deepest pleasure recesses of her mind. Carol was thrilled at how pleasing and natural it felt to give sexual pleasure to another woman. She'd dreamt of this moment for months, trying to imagine how the forbidden act would feel, she'd often played with herself and wondered how different Grace's pussy might be to her own lush mound.

Now she knew, Grace's tight little virginal pussy was perfectly formed, and ripe for the penetration of her fingers. She curled three of them up into Grace's tight little hole and stroked the roof of her vagina with her middle finger, all the while dextrously circling her thumb around her clitoris. A rising wave of intense pleasure and arousal took hold of Grace, she planted her heels on the carpet, either side of Carol's high heeled right foot, arched her back, gasped in ecstasy and came like a loose shutter clattering in a gale force wind.

She came for what seemed an age, Carol held her stiff convulsing body, with her left arm across her torso underneath her breasts, and her right hand still inside her cunt. As her orgasm slowly subsided into mild twitches and soft murmurs, Grace sank back down into Carol's lap. The arousal, and it's perfect climax, had taken place without a word being uttered between the two women. It was as though they had both been afraid to break the spell of their first sexual experience together, the first time each of them had been with a woman and Grace's first time with anyone.

They sat together in silence in the afterglow of Grace's orgasm. There was still plenty of time, Carol's pussy was tingling at the thought of what had just happened, and the possibilities of what might happen in the next few hours. She wanted to take Grace up to her bed and do all manner of erotic things to her, and to have her return the compliment. She wanted to watch Grace's head between her legs as she kissed and licked her hungry pussy.

"I knew that watching you as I made you come would be arousing, but that was unbelievable."

Grace didn't reply, she looked up at Carol and gave her a sensuous smile. Then she fondled Carol's breasts through her dress, she ran her hands over their firmness and felt their rock hard nipples with the tips of her fingers. Carol gave a soft moan of appreciation and pressed her lover's hand firmly onto her breast.

"Mmm, darling, that's divine, kiss me."

Grace raised her lips to meet Carol's mouth and they kissed sumptuously as Grace continued to fondle Carol's breasts. Now Carol opened her legs as wide as her front buttoned sheath dress would allow. Grace, still sitting on Carol's left thigh, slowly unfastened the straining buttons, allowing Carol's legs to open wider and bringing her stocking tops into view. She ran her left hand over Carol's right thigh onto her suspender clip, which she gripped as she kneaded the top of Carol's thigh with her knuckles. Then she slipped her hand inside the welt of Carol's stocking, Carol looked down at the erotic sight of Grace's hand showing through her stocking top, and took quick shallow breaths. Grace, reading the signals of her lover's acute arousal, freed her hand from the stocking top, and reached up inside Carol's open bottomed girdle, where she felt the damp gusset of her expensive silk panties.

"Oh Grace my darling, are you sure you haven't done this before, ohh!"

"Only to myself, I started doing this to myself after you saved me from that drunken lout a few weeks ago."

Carol felt a surge of sexual pleasure at the thought of Grace masturbating.

"Mmm... and, oh... have... have you done it... mmm... often?"

"Yes, it's something I was always thought was dirty and depraved but now I can't stop myself."

"Ahhh... and what... mmmm... what do you... arghh, what do you think of while you're doing it?"

"You Mrs Miller."

"Ohh Grace, oh God, don't stop... ohhh."

Grace slipped her fingers inside Carol's panties and massaged her wet, slippery cunt.

"Oh there, yes there," said Carol as she guided Graces fingers onto her clitoris.

Carol had not been brought to orgasm by another person for more than twenty years, she'd never known such a sensual touch, she'd never had a woman's hand inside her panties. These erotic thoughts swept over her as she allowed herself to be taken. She had expected to have to take the lead with her young friend but here she was, her cunt in the hands of an alluring young woman, being brought rapidly to a magnificent orgasm.

"Oh my, ohh mmmmy Gracccciee, ohh put your fingers inside me and fffuck me pleassse."

Grace used the fingers of her right hand to rub Carol's bud and pushed all four fingers of her left hand inside her hole and fucked her vigorously.

"Come for me Mrs Miller."

With that, Carol gripped the chair arms tightly and came with a shuddering orgasm that lasted for half a minute. It shook her body and rolled over her thighs and abdomen, before making her

breasts tingle. She closed her eyes as she came and the bright imprint of the sun lit window did a multicoloured dance behind her eyelids before turning into colourful stars and circles that swam and popped as she reached her climax.

"Oh Gracie that was spectacular, come to bed with me, I want to make love with you for the rest of the afternoon."

Carol had never had an orgasm anywhere near as intense but she knew that she could come again, and soon. Her young lover pulled her up from the armchair, Carol kept hold of her hand and led her up the wide curved staircase to her bedroom. Her pussy tingled and spasmed at the thought of her gorgeous girlfriend naked with her in bed. Grace watched her shapely backside sway to and fro as Carol climbed the stairs just ahead of her.

When they reached the bedroom, Carol turned on her heeled shoe, dress unbuttoned from the waist down and said, "finish what you started and take my dress off."

Grace obliged willingly, she slowly removed the narrow belt and undid a button at Carol's waist. then she slowly and sensuously moved up to the next button, and then the next, until the dress fell to the floor. Carol looked magnificent in her stockings, heels, low waist girdle and brassiere.

"Now my turn," she said as she manoeuvred Grace to the foot of the bed and started to unbutton her blouse. She slipped the blouse off Grace's shoulders and unclipped and removed her dainty bra, so that she could admire her firm breasts. Then she took her nipples in her mouth, one by one, and sucked to her heart's content. Grace moaned with intense pleasure.

"Your a very desirable young woman if you don't mind me saying so Miss Lockwood."

"You can say it as often as you like Mrs Miller."

Carol knelt down in front of Grace and undid the button on the waistband of her skirt. She pulled down the flared swing skirt and voluminous underskirt and, helped Grace to step out of them. What she did next surprised and aroused Grace in equal measure. The Lady Fordingham photos had left a lasting impression on Carol, and she wanted to know what it would be like to taste a woman's most intimate treasure.

She removed Grace's panties and pressed them to her nose and breathed in the sweet musky scent of Grace's cunt. Grace, standing in just her heels, stockings and suspenders, looked startled but before she could begin to protest, Carol eased her back onto the bed and lifted her legs over her shoulders. Then she buried her face in Grace's pussy, and kissed her clitoris before forcing her tongue inside the entrance to her vagina. Grace gasped and gripped the bed spread as Carol worked on her with her mouth and lips. Before long, Grace started to moan with delight, she took hold of Carol's hair and pressed her pussy into her face.

"Ohhhhh, Mrs Miller, what are you, doing to me? Ohhh, it's wonnnddderfulllll, please don't stop."

Carol teased and tantalised her with her mouth, and brought her to the edge of orgasm, keeping her there for several minutes before Grace begged her to make her come.

"Ohhh, please make me come, please, I want to come now."

Carol felt very aroused, she reached down between her legs with her right hand and started to masturbate at the same time that she unleashed an irresistible tongue lashing on Grace's clitoris.

"Ahhh, Goddd, ohhh yes, yes, ohh fffuck me, yessss."

Carol timed her climax to coincide with Grace's orgasm. They both shook and writhed with intense gratification and, as they came to rest, Carol climbed up onto the bed and lay on top of her lover. She kissed her, inserting her juice coated tongue into Grace's mouth then she pulled away and smiled at her.

"You taste divine darling, like honeydew and salt."

"Oh Carol, you wonderful, dirty woman, kiss me and let me taste myself again."

They kissed and as they did so, Carol pushed her fingers into Grace's cunt and gathered more of her wetness. Then she fed her fingers into Grace's mouth as they continued to kiss. Grace gave a muffled moan of approval.

"I want to taste you."

"Help yourself darling, I'm all yours."

Grace reached down to Carol's cunt and scooped her juices onto her fingers and put them into her mouth, then she kissed her; they exchanged globules of Carol's flavour mixed with saliva.

"I adore looking at you in your stockings and suspenders, it's such a turn on, but please take everything off and get into bed with me," said Carol in sultry tones.

"Why don't we strip each other naked, slowly and seductively."

"My my, you're full of surprises young lady."

"I'm glad that you think so Mrs Miller," said Grace as she pulled her up from the bed.

They stood entwined and kissed sumptuously, Grace eased Carol's bra straps over her shoulders, and pulled her bra down so that she could see her naked breasts.

"Oh my, they're as beautiful as I imagined they would be."

She brushed Carol's hard nipples with the backs of her hand then took her breasts in her mouth while she unclipped the bra and let it fall to the floor. Carol felt a surge of arousal in her breasts so strong, that she would have come on the spot if Grace hadn't released her before sinking to her knees and unclipping Carol's stockings from her girdle. She rolled them sensuously down Carol's legs and unbuckled her sandals and helped her to step out of them. Still on her knees, she peeled off the girdle and slowly pulled Carol's panties down to her knees where she let them drop around her ankles. She was about to bury her face in Carol's dark bush of pubic hair but Carol pulled her up to her feet and kissed her.

"I want to be on my back when you do that too me darling."

Now Carol gazed at Grace's breasts and cupped them both in her warm hands, Grace shuddered with pleasure and pressed her pelvis into Carol's mound. Carol unclipped her suspender straps, then bent over and peeled her stockings down to her high heels, she removed her shoes and stockings with meticulous care, and straightened up to reach behind Grace, and unclipped her suspender belt.

Both women, now completely naked, got onto the bed and embraced each other. They kissed and caressed each other with considerable tenderness, lightly running their fingers over each other's soft skin, sucking and fondling breasts and buttocks, gently pressing pussies together and stroking each other's faces.

Despite all of the windows being open, it was hot and airless in the bedroom. Carol turned her lover over and licked a rivulet of sweat from the nape of her neck. Then she kissed her earlobe and pressed her breasts and pussy into her prone lover. It was uncomfortably hot and Carol slid off Grace's back as they both began to perspire. She shifted her position and 'spooned' her lover as they both closed their eyes, and enjoyed a wine induced slumber for a short while, their bodies now slick with sweat.

After half an hour or so, they began to stir and Carol suggested that they take a lukewarm shower together. Grace readily agreed, they soaped each other's breasts and pussies, and brought each other to lust filled orgasms in the shower, their fingers pushed inside each other's cunts as they came simultaneously, barely able to stay on their feet.

After towelling each other dry, they unpacked Grace's bag and hung up her clothes up. Then they put on towelling robes and panties and went downstairs to drink iced tea. They sat facing each other on two matching settees.

"When it cools off a little later, shall we go out for something to eat?"

"What a good idea, I'd love to get dressed up and go out with you on a date. Not that anyone else will know that we're on a date, it'll be our secret."

"Grace, I've never been so aroused, I can't stop thinking about fucking you. I want to have you everywhere and anywhere, I'm not sure I'll be able to keep my hands off you if you get dressed up for me."

Grace took the vulgar language in her stride, it made her feel aroused and deliciously immoral. "I want you to fuck me everywhere and anywhere Mrs Miller, I want you to dress up for me, and then I want to undress you."

"You realise that, if we were men, we could be thrown into jail after what we have just done to each other?"

"I know, the world can be such a cruel place, but I'm not ashamed of how I feel about you, and what I want to do to you... and you to do to me."

"Me neither, we'll have to be careful but this just feels so right, like I've been waiting for you all of my life... and no one is going to take you away from me. But I'm getting ahead of myself, we've only just begun, it might not be wise to look too far ahead."

"I know I'm not as worldly and experienced as you, but I'm absolutely certain that I want only you for the rest of my life, don't you feel it too?"

"Yes darling, I do."

Carol got up to join her lover, she stroked her hair as they spoke to each other.

"You heard me say to Patrick yesterday that I wanted to say something important to him?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going to ask him for a divorce, I want him to leave the house and he will, I know him, underneath he's a decent, fair man and it's not his fault that he married a woman who couldn't give him sexual satisfaction; when we married, neither he nor I realised that I would only be able to find fulfilment with a woman.

"Gosh, do you think he'll give you a divorce?"

"Eventually yes, he may balk at it at first because of the stigma, but when he knows that I'll make it easy for him, so that he can marry someone who can look after him properly, he'll agree. He's got an apartment in the City, and he's very wealthy, I'm sure he'll sign the house over to me as part of the settlement."

"Wow, I can't imagine my parents being so civilised if they ever got divorced."

"I'll ignore the implication that I'm old enough to be your mother," said Carol with a broad grin.

"Oh sorry darling, I didn't mean that at all."

"I know, I'm teasing you, oh I do love you Grace."

"And I love you Mrs Miller."

"Which is why I want to ask you something."

"Ask away."

"This is a big house, I don't want to rattle around in it on my own, would you consider moving in with me as, well, as my lodger to the outside world but as my lover as far as we are concerned. You don't have to give me an answer now, take some time to think about it."

"I've just thought about it and the answer is yes."

"Oh wonderful Grace, thank you, I love you."

They kissed passionately and then held each other close for several minutes. Eventually, Carol got up to phone a restaurant to make a reservation. Later on, when a thunder storm brought cooler air to the sweltering evening, they went upstairs and got ready to go out.

It was cool enough for them both to wear stockings, and it was all they could do to keep their hands off each other as they put on their seductive lingerie. They both wore suspender belts, rather than girdles, with their sleeveless summer swing dresses with full underskirts and high heels. The only thing that prevented them kissing each other was the carefully applied lipstick that they both wore.

The sophisticated French restaurant was twenty minutes away, so Carol decided to drive rather than take a taxi. They were greeted at the door by the owner, who knew that Carol sometimes undertook restaurant reviews for the Chronicle, so they were given very special treatment. A complimentary bottle of champagne arrived at their table within minutes, and they only had to glance in the direction of a waiter to get an immediate response.

While sipping champagne, they held hands under the tablecloth. Grace was in a mischievous mood, and she reached for the hem of Carol's dress, so that she could stroke her stocking clad thigh. She

even got as far as pulling a suspender strap and letting it go with a snap.

"You're very naughty, I'll deal with you when we get home," whispered Carol.

"Oh I do hope so Mrs Miller," replied Grace as she pressed her fingers into her lovers silk clad pussy."

"Darling stop it, they'll throw us out if you make me come at the table."

"Spoil sport."

"If you're good, I'll let you have my pussy later on in the car, I've never had sex in a car, I'd like to try it."

"Mrs Miller, you're corrupting a poor innocent girl."

"That might have worked yesterday darling, but you've taken to immorality like a duck to water, you shameless girl."

They'd only been sexually intimate for a few hours and already their carefully constructed masks of middle class respectability had slipped. They no longer felt constricted by societal norms, and were ready to celebrate their new sense of sexual liberty.

After a delicious meal and good champagne, the lovers strolled out to the car park in what was still a warm evening. Carol set off to drive them home, but took a diversion down a narrow lane, where she knew that there was small car park near a picnic area on the edge of a wood. It was dark by now and the trees were still dripping with rain from the earlier storm. Carol parked the car, looked around in the darkness to ensure there was no one else around, lifted her skirt and opened her legs wide, then turned to look at Grace.

"You wanted my pussy, take it," murmured Carol in a low sultry voice.

Grace pushed Carol's skirts up higher to reveal her lovely stocking clad legs, and pressed her fingers into the wet silky material of her panties. Carol spread her legs wider and let her lover take possession of her cunt. Grace's sensuous touch slowly teased her to the very edge of a much anticipated orgasm. She held Carol there, on the precipice, for several moments, then, with her thumb on her clitoris, she pushed three fingers into her and made her come spectacularly; Carol's head arched back over the top of the driver's seat, and she clung on tight to the steering wheel as her hips rose and fell to the rhythmic pulsing of her orgasm. When she'd finished coming, and all of the beautiful little aftershocks had subsided, they sat together holding hands as the warm dark night approached eleven o'clock.

"Take me home please, I want to kiss your vagina and make you come again," said a seductive sounding Grace.

Carol started the engine and pulled out of the car park, her pussy clenching at the thought of grace's head between her legs. They arrived home and as soon as the front door closed, Grace pinned her lover against it, pushed her tongue into her mouth, and kissed her forcefully. Carol found herself surrendering to her young friend's onslaught. Grace had her forced back against the door and used her left arm to pin her hands over her head, with her right hand, she raised Carol's skirts and took possession of her pussy again.

Carol gasped and moaned as her strong young assailant overwhelmed her.

Grace whispered into her ear, "I'm going to take you upstairs now and put you on your back, then I'll spread your legs and kiss your sweet vagina."

"Oh God, yes, do it, do it to me please."

Grace spun on her heel and pulled Carol across the hallway to the foot of the stairs, where she pushed her up against the newel post and kissed her forcefully again while massaging her pussy. By now, Carol was wild with desire, and in danger of coming before she got to the bedroom. Grace sensed that her lover wouldn't be able to hold out much longer, she felt an erotic sense of power and control as she teased her mercilessly.

"Are you going to come my gorgeous darling?"

"Yes, Oh God yes."

"Then it's time I kissed your pussy" said Grace as she removed her hand from between Carol's legs and walked her up to the bedroom.

Grace eased her lover onto her back on the bed, parted her shapely stocking clad legs, pulled her panties down to dangle sexily around one ankle, and buried her face in her pretty voluminous swing skirt and underskirts. The feel of firm wet cunt flesh on Grace's tongue sent waves of arousal into her own pussy. Carol had already been close to coming twice, and it didn't take long for Grace's novice, but energetic, tongue to take her close to the edge of an orgasm. Carol's breathing became shallow and rapid, she started to moan as she approached her climax.

"Oh yes, yes yes yes, put your fingers inside me, please, oh yes, yes yes yes yes, ahhhhhh..."

Grace remembered what had turned her on earlier in the day, when Carol had performed cunnilingus on her. She sucked and kissed her bud, licked and sucked her labia, and pushed three fingers inside her cunt. Carol came long and loud, then they lay in each other's arms still fully dressed. Grace, full of the energy of youth, encouraged Carol to strip to her suspender belt heels and stockings, she did the same, and soon they were kissing frantically against the bedroom wall.

Carol, inspired by her favourite Lady Fordingham photo, led Grace over to the dressing table and told her to lean forward on both hands and spread her legs. She crouched behind her, caressed her buttocks and kissed her inviting pink labia. She ran her tongue along Grace's perineum several times as her lover squealed with delight. Grace could feel another orgasm being drawn out of her as her breasts, cunt and inner thighs tingled with arousal.

Carol reached around Grace's right hip, and pushed her thumb into her wet opening whilst, at the same time, licking and kissing her perineum close to her anus. Grace's legs turned to jelly as she came like she'd never thought possible. Carol, with her face still pushed between Grace's buttocks, held her up long enough to finish her orgasm, then they both collapsed onto the floor completely spent.

They made love again in the early hours and spent the whole of Sunday between the sheets; only getting out of bed to eat and use the bathroom. They declared their undying love for each other many times as they made plans for their foreseeable future.

"What will you tell your mother?"

"That I'm moving in with you as your lodger, because it's much nearer to the office, and will save travel time."

"We'll have to be careful at work, some of our colleagues are quite perceptive, they pick up on things very quickly."

"Don't worry, I won't insist on taking you on top of your desk every day."

"Oh ha ha, funny girl, you know exactly what I'm getting at."

"Yes darling, I do and we'll be careful, but I will insist on having you every day at home."

"That's the least I'd expect, you were a tour de force last night, where did all of that assertive sexuality suddenly come from, you were such a sweet innocent girl when I first met you?"

"It's all your fault darling, you've corrupted me, you turned my head with your sophisticated metropolitan lifestyle, your come to bed eyes and your magic tongue and fingers."

"You've even learnt to say fuck without blushing."

"Fuck, fuck fuck fuck, there, it's easy."

"Shall we?"

"Yes lets."

"You can start by kissing my cunt again."

"Oh Mrs Miller, you've used another naughty word."

"Grace my darling, spare me the mock surprise and get you head between my legs."

"Yes Mrs Miller."

Carol had her important word with Patrick on Monday night and it went even better than she had dared to hope.

"Patrick, I'll come straight to the point, I want a divorce. I could spend hours explaining why but I think we both know that our marriage was dead on arrival. I take full responsibility, I could never give you the sexual satisfaction that you deserved."

"Carol dear, don't torture yourself, I've been expecting this for some time now. I fully understand, you're still young, perhaps you'll meet someone that you're more compatible with in bed. If it's all right with you, I'll move out tonight, it's no use pretending I've got nowhere to go, you know that I've got someone else, have had for a long time, and you've been an absolute brick for not bringing it up, and at least I'll be able to make an honest woman of her now."

"I wish you all the happiness in the world Patrick, I really do, I'm sorry it's come to this but we both know it's for the best."

"You can stay here, I mean you can have the house, I don't need it and it'll mean that you're not inconvenienced too much."

"Thank you Patrick, in the spirit of openness and honesty, I need to tell you that I'll be taking a lodger, she'll move in very soon."

"A 'lodger' eh, it's not that gorgeous assistant of yours is it? You lucky thing, she'll keep you young and satisfied I'll bet."

"How long have you known about me, about my... preferences?"

"Much longer than you've known yourself my dear, it wasn't hard to work out, but don't worry, it won't go any further."

"I'm grateful to you Patrick. If you ever need a friendly ear, you know where to find me."

"Irony isn't it, after years of tolerating each other, we decide to break up and it's only now that we realise we actually have affection for each other. I'll go and pack."

Patrick had gone within the hour, he left an address for Carol to forward his mail, and kissed her tenderly on the cheek as he departed. Carol picked up the telephone and rang Grace before his car had left the driveway.

"I've done it darling, he's gone, with great dignity too I must say. I do feel slightly wretched for turfing him out like this, but he's gone to someone who can love him, and it's for the best."

"Oh Carol, you must feel quite drained."

"I do, but I also feel relieved and quite elated to be honest."

"Do you feel up to coming to get me now darling? My bags are packed and I'm ready for you"

"Yes, absolutely sweetheart, I'll be there in about fifteen minutes, and Grace?"

"Yes?"

"I love you."

"I love you too my darling."

And so a new chapter of Grace and Mrs Miller's lives began. Their love burned fiercely in and out of bed. Six years later, Carol had joined a respected national daily newspaper and, together with a colleague investigative journalist, had won an award for a groundbreaking series of articles exposing the high level of poverty in Britain's inner cities. Not to be outdone, a mini skirted, Beatles loving Grace had become the youngest ever fashion and features editor of a national weekly woman's magazine.

Within another decade, they had both used their high profile positions to campaign for women's rights. The difference in their ages never seemed to matter to them, Patrick was quite right, Grace did keep Mrs Miller young and satisfied.