



Reluctant Press presents:

Secrets Of Suburbia

Blind Ruth



A 'NEWWOMAN' E-BOOK

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SECRETS OF SUBURBIA

BY BLIND RUTH

THE GOOD FOLKS OF SUBURBIA

Westcliffe is a quiet residential suburb of the large city of Dorchester. The good citizens tend to be upper class. This one could tell by the large mansions with their spacious lawns and the hired help employed by the wealthy residents.

The first days of spring were upon the suburb; the tree-lined avenues looked beautiful as the buds on the trees were about to burst into green foliage. When summer came, the whole place would be a Technicolor riot of blues, reds, yellows and violet, even more beautiful than it was now.

This bright Sunday morning, the congregation of the nearby church was emerging after the morning service. The Rev. Allister Dunsmuir was standing outside the church door talking to the members of the congregation as they left. Alison Dunsmuir, the minister's wife, was also talking with some of the ladies. The Reverend and his wife had arrived about eight months ago. They were in their middle twenties. Allister had applied for the position of minister when Rev. Biddle died, not really thinking he would get the position.

Allister was talking to Bruce Calloway and his young beautiful wife, Caprice. The couple had recently married and had come here to live.

Allister Dunsmuir knew exactly who Bruce Calloway was, an up and coming young lawyer, just the sort of man he wanted on the committee to raise funds for the church.

"Bruce, you and your lovely wife must visit me and Alison at the rectory some time for dinner. There is so much I would like to discuss with you and pick your brain. Caprice, I'm sure Alison would like to discuss whether you are interested in joining the women's guild. Women's matters I leave in her hands."

"Thank you, Reverend. If I can be of any help raising funds for the church, I will do my best. I am sure Caprice will be only too willing to help in the Women's Guild, won't you, darling?"

"Yes, I would be delighted to be of any help I can give," she answered in a soft low voice.

Meanwhile, Alison Dunsmuir was talking to two ladies both in their late thirties. "How nice to see you, Camille. We don't often get that pleasure often, unlike your sister Clair, more's the pity."

“I come to church with Camille every Sunday. Unfortunately, unlike her, I cannot come during the week. I have my work to attend to.”

“I understand. Your sister is a great help to me in running and organising the Women’s Guild.” Alison had to rely on Clair Baxter for many things in running the Women’s Guild. Clair was the secretary of that organisation long before she came here; she would always take the advice of the older woman in all matters pertaining to the Guild.

“That reminds me, Clair. There are certain matters I would like to discuss with you in private concerning the Guild. I think next Wednesday afternoon after the Guild meeting would be a suitable time, if that is all right with you.”

“Of course, Alison. I have no other engagements that day so it would be most suitable.”

“If you will excuse me, ladies, there is someone here I would like a word with before she departs,” said Alison.

A woman of thirty was in the process of leaving the church. Clutching her hand was a small boy of about four. Petra Mansfield a widow had waited for her son from the small Sunday school class.

“Have you been a good boy, Alex, at the Sunday school today?”

“Yes mommy. We were told all about the baby Jesus. Miss Ellie gave us all pictures of the baby Jesus in a crib.”

“Let me see it.” Petra’s son handed the picture to his mother. “Very nice, Alex. We will pin this up in your room when we get home.”

“Yes mommy.”

Petra Mansfield was about to depart to her car in the parking lot when she heard the voice of Alison Dunsmuir.

“Mrs Mansfield, Mrs Mansfield!” said Alison.

Petra Mansfield, still holding the hand of her son, answered, “Yes Alison? How can I be of help to you?”

“I wonder if I could call on you someday this week and have a few words.”

“Certainly, Alison. What do you want to talk about?”

“I would rather leave that till then. Nothing serious, just a little womanly chat is all. I will phone beforehand and we can make arrangements.” The conversation ended there and all parties made their way to their cars to depart.

SISTER DEAR?

Camille and Clair Baxter had returned to their mock Tudor home. Above the mahogany door was a brass plaque on which was emblazoned “Bella Vista,” the name given to this mansion by the present residents. The mansion was really too big for the two women but that did not worry them. In fact, only two of the bedrooms were ever used. In their living room, their maid brought a tray on which were placed two Dolton cups and saucers, a cream jug, a sugar bowl, a coffee pot and some rich tea biscuits on a plate.

“Shall I pour out the coffee, ma’am,” the maid said, addressing Clair Baxter.

“Yes, please do, Angie. No sugar for Camille. Is that right, dear?”

Camille Baxter was removing a pin from her hat that attached it to her hair. "Yes dear, I really am looking forward to a cup of tea." The small blue grey straw pillbox hat trimmed on the back with a straw bow and long blue grey feathers was now removed by Camille and placed on the coffee table in front of her.

Clair Baxter lifted the hat "That's a nice hat, Camille. I've never seen you wear it before."

"I got it on sale in Harrods. Today is the first time I have worn it, dear. I'm glad you like it."

The tea now having been served, the maid was dismissed by Camille Baxter. Turning to Clair, she said, "I know Alison Dunsmuir was going to make an offer for me to join the Women's Guild, but I just do not have the time, Clair dear."

"I know that, dear. You have the business to attend to. I will explain things to Alison. I'm sure she will understand. Besides, with one of us on the committee, I think we are doing our bit for the church."

"I know you really put yourself into it as secretary. Sometimes I think nobody really appreciates the work you put in for that guild. And it is all unpaid. When we came here, we agreed that I would work while you looked after running the house."

"I do so like the work of the Guild. I call it God's work. I have already planned out what Alison is going to talk about next Wednesday."

"You know already, Clair?"

"Of course. Alison Dunsmuir may think I don't but it is clear that funds need to be raised."

"So what are you going to do about it?"

“The ladies of the Guild will hold a sale of home-baked cakes, apple pies and scones. This will be combined with a Bring and Buy Sale.”

“I may not be able to go to the Guild meetings but I will do my bit by baking what I can.”

“That is so nice of you, Camille. Your apple pies are delicious. I think that is why I love you,” Clair said, patting Camille hand.

No more was said. The two graceful ladies retired to their rooms for afternoon rest and prepare for dinner. They had to dress properly in their lovely evening dresses even if no one else would ever see them.

In her room, Camille took off her morning dress and placed it in the wardrobe. In her petticoat, bra and knickers, she lay on top of the single bed. She removed a black satin blindfold from her bedside table drawer, placed it over her eyes and tied it at the back of her head. She was now in complete darkness and would rest, the better to restore her energy for the coming week.

Clair Baxter sat before her bureau in her bedroom scribbling notes about the forthcoming sale of the Women’s Guild. These she would present to Alison Dunsmuir although she had not as yet asked for them. Clair Baxter was already one step ahead of the young pretty wife of the minister. Clair, as an older, wiser woman, could and would teach her many things.

Clair looked at the beautiful rococo-style lacquer and bronze mantle clock on the bedside table which was now chiming four o clock.

It was time she dressed for dinner. She shut her notebook and placed it in a drawer of the bureau, then closed the bureau. Opening a wardrobe, she removed

her dress for dinner. It was a lilac silk jersey dinner dress, with a fitted draped bodice, a low V-shaped neckline, padded shoulders, long inset sleeves, and an ankle-length straight skirt with a gathered front panel. Clair held the dress against her body. Was this too young for her? she wondered as she looked at the deep V at the bodice. After all, in a few weeks she would be forty. She decided to wear it. Her hair had been styled yesterday at Marion's; she had made a nice job of dressing her hair away from her face.

Opening her jewel box, she removed a pair of gold drop earrings, set with coloured stones; this she considered would go nice with the pure gold crucifix she always wore. This crucifix hung from the gold mesh chain around Clair's neck. Depending on what kind of dress she wore, this crucifix would sometimes disappear down between her ample breasts. This being all the jewellery she wore, she commenced dressing.

Like Camille, Clair removed her more sombre dress, appropriate for the pious Christian woman she considered herself to be.

Clair Baxter stood in the bedroom in her underwear. Her underwear she had no intention of taking off, being clean and freshly put on right after her shower. Clair Baxter's underwear consisted of a pink crepe de chine brassiere with darted cups, narrow shoulder straps, back fastening, and lace trim. The lace was repeated on the hem of the matching short knickers. A white lacy garter belt was holding up the brown stockings clipped to it.

Clair, having now slipped the evening dress over her underwear, was in the process of fitting a pair of black leather tapered-heel shoes as she sat on the chair before the dressing table.

Having completed her dressing, it was time to see Camille who was worn out from her work. She drove herself too hard, thought Clair, but that was her nature. After knocking on the door of the room in which Camille was resting, she was told to enter.

Camille had instructed the maid she did not to be want disturbed; the only person who would dare to do that would be Clair.

On entering, Clair looked at the blindfolded Camille. "Tired, darling?"

Camille, who was in the process of untying the black silk blindfold, answered yes.

"Camille, you drive yourself so hard, maybe it is time we took a vacation together. It will do you good. I could give you a massage. You know how you always respond to that, darling."

"You're right but where will I find the time for a vacation? I'm up to here in work."

"You will just have to reschedule things and find the time. Do you remember what happened to Petra Mansfield's husband?"

Camille certainly did. It was three years since he died of a heart attack and left Petra Mansfield with her son Alex to bring up, the poor woman. It was all from overwork; he had so much on his plate, a rest would have done him good. If Camille didn't watch it, she could go that same way.

"Dear, whether you like it or not, I'm going to give you a massage," ordered Clair. Clair had learned that art years ago but rarely used it except on Camille.

Camille knew the routine by now so she turned to lie on her stomach, shutting her eyes to receive the relaxing massage.

Clair unzipped her dress. She put it on a nearby chair, then went to the adjoining bathroom. There she removed a bottle of sweet smelling oils from the cabinet, then came back to where Camille lay on the bed. The shoulder straps of the black satin petticoat that adorned Camille's body were eased off and delicately taken down to Camille waist. Doing so exposed the black brassiere Camille wore. Clair now undid the hook and eye at the back of the bra; Camille raised her body to allow Clair to take the brassiere off completely.

Having poured some oil on her hands, Clair laid the bottle on the bedside table. The oil she now kneaded into the shoulder blades of Camille, massaging and rubbing it in tenderly into her skin. Camille felt more relaxed and sighed as Clair eased her shoulders with the light touch of her fingers.

"You do that so well, Clair darling."

"Do I?" said Clair. She stopped for a moment. Then she planted a soft kiss between the shoulder blades of Camille. She then placed a hand underneath Camille body, to cup and caress the breasts and fondle the nipples. Camille's nipples hardened from the stimulation they were receiving and moans of pleasure emitted from her throat.

"I don't think I should go any further, Camille. It's your time of the month, isn't it?"

"Yes. That is why we sleep in separate rooms when either of us is unwell with the curse, as you know."

"I so look forward to when we can share our bed together again."

“Very soon, Clair. My period will end by tomorrow. Then we can make love again. You do love me, darling, don’t you?”

“Of course I do. How you could ask such a thing after the length of time we have been together?”

“Well, you seem to be eyeing up Alison Dunsmuir. I’ve seen that look before and it got us in trouble. I don’t want our cover blown, Clair. Everyone here thinks we are sisters although we’ve never actually said that to anyone. I know you are inclined to younger woman. I forgive you, though, because I love you so much, Clair.”

“I am not taking the full blame for that incident, Camille. You had a hand in it as you know very well. You were never caught like I was, though.”

“Caught red-handed in bed with the Vicar’s daughter. By her mother, no less.”

“She was a sweet and innocent young woman then, an easy lay.”

“That was only because you had prepared her well, but let’s let bygones be bygones. Her mother was all for exposing us to the papers if we didn’t get the hell out of town immediately. That’s what led us to come here six years ago. We changed our names and let everyone think we were sisters, all for a quiet life. If anyone found out about our past, you would be drummed out of the Women’s Guild and I would lose my good-paying job.”

“Then we must make sure it never happens.”

“Yes, so you must keep away from Alison Dunsmuir. Understand?”

To Clair, that was not as easy as it sounded; she and Alison would be in close proximity with each other during their work for the Women's Guild. Alison was like that Vicar's daughter, sweet and innocent even if she was older than her.

CLAIR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE WAYS OF SAPPHO

Having been sent by her parents to an all-girl boarding school, she was led into the ways of love between members of her own sex. Amorous feelings arise among young girls when there are no males around. Some girls would forget about their innocent fumbling with other girls and become more interested in men. Clair was not one of them; her interest in women remained. When she was at university, she found many willing partners of her own sex to experiment with. Later, after she had left university and was working, she came across one such partner in a bar she sometimes frequented.

"Well, hello there, Clair darling," she gushed. "I haven't seen you in ages. You look simply divine! Come to my place for a drink. We must simply talk over old times, sweetie."

Clair took up her offer and ended up having a tumble in bed with the woman. In the morning at breakfast as she sipped a cup of tea with this woman, she heard something of interest.

"Have you heard about the "All Girls Club," darling?"

"What is that all about, Debra?"

"It's for women of our persuasion. A better class of women go there. I've met some nice refined ladies there and I am on very friendly terms with some of the. I'm sure you would like it, Clair. Are you interested?"

Clair was always on the lookout for like-minded female company. "Yes Debra, I'm interested. Tell me more."

"Good. As a member, I can vouch for you but I must warn you, the yearly membership fee is not cheap. There is a disco every Friday and Saturday night but that may not be your style. You can even stay overnight if you wish; that is included in the yearly fee. I have stayed with a woman companion and we shared a bed together. My overseas clients have never seen anything like it for women. Are you still interested?"

"Yes, certainly. When can I join?"

"It may take a few weeks to get things moving but you have started the ball rolling."

Clair gave Debra a kiss as she left her flat. Maybe this was the place she had been seeking. She would be among her own kind, no need to seek them out anymore.

The club was situated on an obscure street near the centre of London, not easy to find unless you knew about it. There were no signs advertising the premises; from the outside it was not impressive. That had been deliberately done to keep prying eyes away; the members would not wish it to become a place that the general public could find.

All this impressed Clair. When she and Debra entered the hallway, an elderly grey-headed lady greeted them. "This must be your candidate, Debra. The committee is assembled to approve of her. If you will follow me, we shall proceed to the committee room."

The woman led them up a staircase and on to a floral carpeted corridor. As she walked along the corridor, Clair saw a number of prints of famous lesbians throughout history. The elderly woman stopped in front of a double door, knocked, and was told to enter. They entered into a room set out in Regent style, with furniture of that period to match. In front of Clair was a long narrow table with women on either side of it. One chair was vacant; this the elderly woman who led them sat down upon.

At the top of the table sat an impressive woman in her mid-sixties with strands of white showing through her auburn hair.

Above her chair on the wall was a large oil painting of a naked woman. Clair was told that it was an impression of Sappho painted by a member of the club. The painting had been evaluated at several thousand pounds.

The white haired woman rose and held her hand out to shake Clair's. "I am Francesca, chairwoman of our committee. Welcome, Clair. Do not be afraid. This is just a mere formality, your credentials have already been checked out."

"How would you know anything about me? I mean..."

"My dear, it is our business to know all about those who seek to enter these walls. Debra phoned that you wished to be admitted to our club. Contacts were im-

mediately made at the places where you were educated. I can say there is no barrier for you entering. You have the right credentials for the club. We do not want those who think sleeping with the right woman will help them climb the social ladder. That is not what this club was ever intended for."

A woman near the top of the table now spoke. "I am Abigail Trotter. Everybody calls me Abby. I am the treasurer of the club. We will have a discussion regarding club fees and rules. I know many people don't like to discuss money matters but it has to be done if our club is to survive."

"That is all right. I have brought my check book with me as suggested by Debra. No time like the present to get down to business," said Clair.

All committee members were impressed by the way this young lady went about things. Clair was left alone with the treasurer as the other committee members dispersed to go about their business. Fees were explained by Abby. Clair then made a cheque made out to the "All Girls Club."

After that, Abby said to Clair, "Follow me, dear. I will show you the club facilities." Abby opened a door to a room containing two rows of plush seats. In front of these seats was a cinema screens.

"This is our film theatre."

"Film theatre?" Clair said.

"Yes, I can see you are puzzled. During the week, we show films of a lesbian nature. We run two films a week, one on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, then another Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Sunday is a double feature. There are sometimes educational films."

“Educational?” queried Clair.

“Yes, like the history of lesbianism, famous lesbians in history and things like that. Very interesting,” finished Abby.

“Have you ever shown ‘The killing of Sister George’ or ‘The Children’s Hour,’ Abby?”

“Yes, have you seen them?”

“No, I haven’t.”

“They are not scheduled at the present but I am sure they will turn up again soon.”

Clair was led back to the hallway, then into a large room off it. “This is the club room with a bar and disco floor,” said Abby.

As Clair looked round the large room, she saw posters advertising some holiday or other.

“You said everything here is of a lesbian nature, Abby. What have these holiday posters got to do with that?”

“They are places where one is likely to meet a woman of the same persuasions as you. The Isle of Lesbos is a favourite here. I was not really impressed with it, but many members still go there. The club acts as an agent for some of the travel companies.”

On leaving the club room, Clair was shown two rooms, one converted to a beautician, the other into a hairdressing salon. There was also a fully fitted gymnasium with weights, fixed bicycles and other equipment to keep fit. A number of women in track suits were engaged in their workouts.

Opposite the club room was a small room; on the door was a brass cross. Abby explained this was the

club chapel where members could come along to pray if they wished. "There is a chaplain who comes here on Sunday and conducts a service. If you wish to talk to her about any problem you may have, she will listen and try and help," Abby explained.

Clair found there was even a kiosk that sold books on lesbianism fact and fiction. Clair quickly came to the conclusion that this was the place for her.

The first months flew by for Clair. She met many woman and shared a bed with some of them. One mid-week night while she was talking to a woman she had had a fling with, the chairwoman of the club sat down beside the two women.

"How are you finding things, Clair? All to your liking, I hope."

"Yes, Madam Chairwoman. This place is better than I had anticipated. I have met many friendly woman. There is no awkwardness between us for we all know why we are here."

"I am glad to hear that, Clair. We are all open with each other but you must not press any woman if they are not inclined. I'm sure you understand my meaning." By this time, Francesca was gently stroking the top of Clair's hand. Clair was not shocked by the older woman's advances towards her. In fact, Clair wondered what it would be like in bed with her; she surely would learn much from this woman. Francesca had kept her body in the best of condition so Clair willingly let Francesca carry on seducing her.

Francesca Harrison had a way with seducing younger women and seemingly never failed. She had taken a fancy to Clair since her introductory meeting some months ago.

“Are you staying the night, Clair?”

“I wasn’t really planning on it, Francesca. Why do you ask?”

“Oh, if you were, I would have invited you to my room for a night-cap before you retired and a friendly chat, that’s all.”

“That’s very nice of you, Francesca. I might just change my mind and book a room now. I certainly would like a chat.”

Francesca said, “Don’t bother going to the desk, dear. You can phone from my room.”

“Very well,” said Clair.

Francesca held her hand out to Clair. Then both the elder and the younger woman left the club room arm in arm as women do. Francesca Harrison’s room was on the first floor, not far from the committee room where both women first met.

Once inside that room, Francesca asked Clair, “What do you wish to drink?” Francesca was now walking over to a small cocktail cabinet.

“Bacardi and coke please.”

“No problem, dear. A gin and tonic for me.” Francesca poured the two drinks out, came over to Clair, handed her the drink and bid her to sit beside the coffee table as she took up the other chair.

Francesca Harrison was a well-known fighter for lesbian rights and had appeared on many discussion

programmes on television. Clair asked Francesca many questions about her appearances on those programmes. Francesca she was used to that since she had come out a long time ago.

But that was not what mattered at present; it was this young woman in front of her that she desired. Francesca rose and held her arms out. "Come here, my dear. I wish to kiss you."

These words did not shock or frighten Clair. She came to this room knowing that the older woman was seducing her.

Clair responded to the request and was embraced by Francesca who now gently pressed her lips to Clair's mouth. Clair returned the kiss with passion.

"I've wanted those sweet lips of yours ever since I first saw you. Give them willingly to me, sweetness." Francesca again pressed her lips to the young woman. Clair drew her breath in, overcome by passion.

Clair found the older woman slowly running her hands through her blonde hair as their lips pressed excitedly together.

The kissing ceased; Francesca offered her hand to lead her younger partner towards the French Empire-style bed with its figured walnut panels and ormolu mounts.

The nimble fingers of Francesca were already behind Clair and at the zip of her dress, pulling it sharply downwards, loosening it off Clair's shoulders so that it would fall to her feet. Clair slipped her shoes and stockings off. She was pushed onto the bed and found Francesca on top of her, hands on the waist band of the black nylon knickers she wore. Not for long as they were being pulled down by her older partner.

A red lipstick mouth was descending on the precious spot between her legs; hands and fingers were parting the black pubic hair covering Clair's cunt. Clair lifted her legs onto the shoulders of the older woman to give her easier access to the sacred spot she desired. Clair soon felt the tongue of the older woman enter inside, lapping and tormenting her clitoris which was swelling from the attention and adoration it was receiving. Francesca was a wise disciple of Sappho and knew how to get the best out of her young partaker. She stopped her ministrations for now; they would be resumed at a later time.

Francesca turned her attention to the sweet young breasts of her lover, so inviting to her roving tongue that was now flicking over them. The nipples were swelling nicely for our lustful chairwoman. She considered Clair one of the best lays she had had in a long time; this certainly would not be the last time her young companion would sleep in her bed.

The following morning when Clair awoke, she heard the running of a bath. Shortly after, Francesca appeared at the bathroom door with a white towel draped round her. "I have just drawn a bath for the two of us to freshen up after last night's activities."

Clair quickly rose from the bed to accompany her lesbian friend in the bath. When Clair entered the bathroom, she saw the bath itself was large enough to hold two persons comfortably. She had never seen a bath as wide as this before. Francesca in the soapy sweet smelling bubble bath water. The smell of lavender drifted through the room. It would indeed be a joy to be in that bath beside her lover of last night.

Clair expected more lovely lesbian play between her and the chairwoman; she was not to be disappointed.

Once in the water, she placed herself between Francesca open legs, her back to the older woman, resting her head on the chairwoman's breasts. A soapy sponge was washing down the back of Clair; every so often the older woman would stop and plant a kiss on the wet surface. Francesca placed the sponge on the wire mesh holder in the bath, leaving her hands free. And free they were to caress the beautiful breasts of her young companion. Clair could feel her mounds of womanhood swell with the movements of the hands of Francesca. Clair leaned her head back and put her hands up to embrace the neck of Francesca who lowered her head to plant kiss upon kiss on Clair's sweet mouth. Clair's was welcoming all the attention her older lover was giving her. Francesca shifted her attention to between Clair's legs. Clair approved.

"Come on, Clair, let me feel you want this. I can give you all the love you want."

The tables were turned and now Clair was at Francesca's breasts. Both women laughed and frolicked in the water hands going here, there and everywhere. Clair was learning the art of lesbian love. No better teacher could she have than Francesca Harrison.

Their ablutions over, Francesca stepped out of the bath and held a large white bath towel to wrap round the young woman who had given her so much pleasure. Clair willingly let the towel be wrapped round her. Francesca slowly dried her and intensely caressed Clair's intimate private parts with her fingers, accompanied by little giggles of delight from Clair.

Francesca stopped as her young companion was now fully dry. She pointed to a wicker chair and indicated for Clair to sit on it. Francesca placed a rubber mat in front of the chair and kneeled on it. Her hands took Clair's legs and placed them one at a time over each side of the chair. There spread out before her eyes was the wondrous sight of Clair pretty little pussy which Francesca was now about to feed upon greedily. Her fingers on each side of the pretty quim, Francesca's tongue was quickly licking the moist pink fleshy inside. Clair was wriggling uncontrollable on the chair above Francesca.

In short order, Clair had the most powerful orgasm of her entire life. Her lover had satisfied her beyond anything she had ever imagined. Their sexual encounter finished, both women departed from the bathroom to dress. There was a knock at the door and a maid entered with breakfast on a tray for both women. Francesca poured out two cups of tea. As they sat at the table, she chatted to her young companion of the night.

"Are you going to work this morning, Clair?"

"I don't think. I'll phone in that I am delayed. I can always make the time up later. What about you?"

"I've enough I can do here without being at the office," Francesca said, pointing to a number of documents lying on a desk.

Then a thought came to Francesca's mind. "Maybe we could spend the day together."

Clair replied, "Maybe we could."

The two beautiful ladies spent the rest of that day exploring all the possibilities of lesbian love.

Clair Sheppard had been a member of the "All Girls Club" for a year now and had just renewed her membership. Everyone knew she was the Chairwoman's favourite. She and Francesca spent much time together at the club and at Francesca's stately home.

Francesca had gone abroad for a few weeks on business. At the club, Clair spotted a woman on her own sitting at a corner table. She went over to the woman. "I haven't seen you before. Hi, I'm Clair Sheppard." Clair held out her hand to the woman who was about the same age as herself. The woman took Clair's hand and they shook.

"I'm Millicent Murphy but please just call me Millie. Pleased to meet you, Clair."

Clair sat down beside Millicent. "Just recently joined, have you?"

"Yes. I've been so busy with my work that this is the first time since my approval I've had time to relax here."

"Would you like some company tonight, Millie?" Clair asked Millie. She rather liked the look of this woman, about the same age as herself. It was perhaps time she moved on from Francesca. She would always consider Francesca as her mentor in lesbian love and look up to her but now might be the time for the fledgling to take up her wings and fly.

"That would be nice, Clair. What would you like to drink?"

"No, I'll get the drinks, seeing it's your first time at the club. What would you like?"

"A highball please, Clair."

"The usual for me, Betty and a highball for the lady sitting at that table. Put it on my room bill."

"Sure, Clair. I'll bring the drinks over to your table. New girl tonight? I haven't seen her here before."

"Yes, just met her. Her name is Millie."

Clair with her new friend. "What line of work are you in, Millie?"

"I'm an architect. What do you do?"

"I work as an advisor for a company that supplies supermarkets with goods, mostly clothes."

"Architect. That must be an interesting job. Designed any buildings that I may know of?"

"Not really. Most of the buildings I've worked on are not even in this country. I've just come back from Asia. Countries there are expanding to sell their wares to the West. But let us not talk work, Clair."

"What do you do for relaxation then, Millie?"

"Tennis if I can find a partner."

"Do you really? I would like to give you a game but it has been since I've played."

"Would you really? My club is on the outskirts of London. Would you like to come along, say tomorrow, or is that too soon?"

"I would but I have no suitable skirts or even a racket."

"Don't worry. I can supply all. You are about the same size as me and I have plenty of tennis rackets."

“Splendid! It’s a date. I look forward to it even though I expect you are going to thrash me. It’s ages since I was on a court.”

The following day Millie was whizzing down the country roads on the outskirts of London in her open-top MG, Clair in the passenger seat beside her. Both women made for the changing room where Millie had her own locker containing her rackets and tennis clothes.

Millie handed Clair a skirt and blouse, shoes and a racket. “Ready, Clair?” said Millie, holding out a hand to take her partner on to a court.

“How many sets, Clair? Three?”

Clair Sheppard who had not played tennis for many a year didn’t think she had enough puff to play that long and replied, “Two will be sufficient.”

Millie said that Clair could serve first. There was no doubt Clair was rusty; Millie won against Clair’s service. When it was Millie’s turn to serve, she ran Clair ragged all over the court. Clair knew she was going to be beat soundly but the sight of Millie’s flashing skirt and short panties excited her. The match over, both women made their way to the communal showers.

Clair was not going to waste any time with Millie. As soon as they entered the shower, she put a hand between Millie’s legs. There was no objection. Clair knew this woman wanted to be played with.

Giggles came from the shower as the two women frolicked merrily in that shower. Hands touched every part of their bodies.



A long relationship start with that moment. Eventually the two women moved in together. Some time later, because of a problem with a vicar's daughter, their names were changed. Millicent Murphy changed hers to Camille Baxter while Clair kept her first name and took the Baxter surname. The women moved to a town far away from where they had caused all that trouble and settled down. They let people think they were Camille and Clair Baxter, sisters. It was better that way. No hassles.

For now let us leave the two sisters who never were sisters. We will visit them again. It is time to catch up with another of the aforementioned congregation.

MOMMY'S LITTLE DARLING

Petra Mansfield arrived back from church to her home. She parked the car in the garage, unbuckled her safety belt, then her son's. Taking her son's hand, she led him into the adjoining kitchen.

"Marie, make up a salad. I'll take it on the lawn. It's such a hot day, we need something cool, don't we, Alex?" said his mother.

"Yes, Mommy," replied her little son.

"Now go to your room ,Alex and pin that picture of the baby Jesus above your bed."

"Here, Mommy," said her son, clutching the photo.

"Have you any drawing pins about the kitchen, Marie?"

"Yes ma'am," said the cook, opening a table drawer and handing a box of pins to her mistress.

"Thanks, Marie." Petra lead her son out the kitchen and up the stairs to his bedroom.