

Jenny's story –

part two, that girl!

Welcome to my latest set of stories. These ones are based around the slightly surreal life of Jenny, a British born Indian who begins to discover more about herself as she travels back to her native land of India. However it is 'home' in England that she completes her journey of psycho-sexual discovery.

Other stuff: Hey this is a story containing lesbian sexual scenes, described in detail. If this offends you or it is illegal where you live to be reading it or you are under 18 then don't read this story!!

Otherwise – enjoy the story. Not much else to explain.

!!!! I love to hear from fans/unhappy people. If you want to comment on the story in any way then that is welcome unless it is just abuse. Thank you for all the comments so far,

Anybody who sends in story line suggestions that get featured will receive a sneak preview ☺ josey.blonde@gmail.com

Stay tuned...

“Seeing the girl again Jenny was struck by her appearance. She seemed almost like a ghost. She found her aura slightly erotic yet the girl still seemed to have something against her. Jenny also noticed that she was alone; she wondered if she even needed to be at the airport. Paranoid as it sounded she wondered if this girl was following her. It really did sound paranoid, they had only met twice and both times in the same place. What was she doing to herself?”

Continued:

Jenny tried to just walk straight on. She wanted to be out of that airport and away from the girls staring eyes. That place, the airport, was the only bad thing about the whole trip.

However her hopes were smashed as the blonde girl drifted over so that she stood directly in Jenny's path. She now stood with arms folded glaring menacingly into her eyes, she clearly wasn't going to budge and so Jenny would have to walk round her. Yet as she did so she felt an iron grip grasp her wrist. She swung around but before she could react the girl's lips were already upon her own. Now a strong tongue probed itself between her lips and pushed into every corner of her mouth. Jenny's surprise was countered by a sudden warmth in her crotch area, but just as she got into it and readied herself to tongue back, the girl pulled away. This time the look on the girl's face was not of anger but disgust; "Get off me you dyke! What do you think you are doing? I know what you are, don't touch me again witch".

The blonde then stormed off out of the airport, leaving a stunned Jenny to the shocked and inquisitive stares of the crowd. Her face now burning with embarrassment Jenny rushed out of the airport; she stumbled along the paving outside and fumbled for her phone, which she dropped after two blasts of a car horn frightened her. Looking up she saw it was her own car beeping at her. It took a further ten seconds to realise that there was somebody driving it and that the somebody was her partner.

Jenny got in the car and looked across at her man. He smiled at her and kissed her on the lips before asking her how she was. She then spent the rest of the journey telling him all about her trip, leaving out most of the bits concerning Sheila and the blonde. By the time they got in however she was exhausted and, not even stopping to unpack her bag, Jenny went straight up to bed – leaving a sexually frustrated and rather disappointed partner at the bottom of the stairs.

Jenny spent the next day and a half in bed. She had another day off from work after that and she needed it. She was exhausted from; jet lag, sex, and confusion. That time in bed

seemed to blend together into a mix of food brought up by her partner, sex with her partner, sleep and one time even fingering herself subconsciously as the blonde girl dominated her thoughts. Her face seemed to flash before her in her dreams night and day; she even saw her details in the bottom of her coffee mug.

On her last day off Jenny chose to stay in again. The weather outside was dismal and she had a couple of films that she hadn't yet watched. After she had got out of bed Jenny looked out of the window. She looked around the street and noted just how boring her home life was. She thought back to India – hot weather, new people and Sheila the sex crazy maid. She thought back to their days together, the smell of her pussy, the taste of her breasts, the feeling as the maid's delicate fingers brought her to orgasm after orgasm. Her hand had now slipped past the waistband of her pyjamas; she didn't make use of the hole at the front as she rubbed her vagina. It wasn't long however before two of her fingers had slipped into the sheath and she began to masturbate rhythmatically, her breathing turning to short pants and her heart beating faster and faster as her senses were stimulated by her own fingers. Jenny's eyes rolled back as she got closer and closer to an amazing cum. Just as she began her orgasm she snapped her head back down and opened her eyes, and her fingers were sprayed with cum as she looked straight into the eyes of the blonde girl. A minute later and she had recovered. Looking up again she saw that the girl was gone. How long had she been watching her? And why were the curtains open? She was certain that they had been drawn closed when she had begun.

For the rest of the day Jenny sat watching films and worrying about the blonde girl situation in between times. She found the next day came too fast and soon enough she was sitting in her car steering towards her work place without even knowing how she had got there. She walked up the stairs and into her office feeling like a drugged out character in a movie –

stumbling through in auto pilot in a bland environment which seems to get more and more surreal. On the way to her desk she got several confused glances, one coffee and one maintenance mans behind shoved in her face. It seemed that ever since she had kissed 'the blonde girl' everything else just lost its importance. She wasn't even surprised when she saw that company profits had dropped by 7% in their weekly count ups. She simply got back to work and mindlessly blitzed through the mountains of backlog that had built up in her absence.

It was only on her lunch break that the trance was broken. Sitting in her local coffee shop Jenny had almost forgotten why she still went there. The coffee was mediocre and priced in the line of ridiculous +. The waitress who served her managed to act as a reminder, or at least her name tag did: 'SANDY'.

The name caused a spark to charge her brain back into gear. This was coffee Sandy, this was her secret lover. She remembered in a flash – they had met on the second day that Jenny had come to work in the area. She was working in the coffee shop even back then and Jenny had made contact with her over a cappuccino. Every day they caught each other's eye and every day they exchanged more and more personal greetings, from the original good afternoon, to the hiya, to the smile and the hug. Eventually the two had got together proper and had made love round the back of the shop, but that was another story.

Sandy now sat in front of Jenny and they both smiled warmly at each other;

"I missed you Jen, my lunch breaks just weren't the same without your company."

Smiling Jenny took another sip of coffee and replied;

"I missed you as well Sandy, how's it been over the past couple of weeks?"

"Oh fine" Sandy said, "It hasn't been all that busy lately so I've mostly been bored and thinking about you! How was India anyway?"

India was great Jenny thought, but she didn't really want to tell Sandy why and so she told a little white lie...

“India was good thanks, weather was great and so was the wildlife! You would love it there, imagine we could grind each other with our backs to the hot sun and listening to the colourful birds sings their own mating songs...” She didn’t mention where she got that idea from.

Sandy grinned and licked her lips, “Maybe we should visit some time, but right now I’m satisfied to fuck you here in England”.

Knowing this was her cue Jenny got up and headed out of the shop. She walked around the corner and turned around at a dead end to a hidden alleyway by the shop, two minutes later Sandy joined her. Without her work clothes on she looked even more radiant than before. At nineteen years old (having been a seventeen year old part time worker when they first met) she was young enough to have all the cuteness of a sexy schoolgirl but old enough to satisfy the needs of even the most demanding lover. Jenny knew that Sandy had had her first lesbian experience at sixteen with her own teacher and since then had been 100% devoted to girls and their bodies. Her brown hair was in bunches which opened up her pretty face and Jenny felt her whole body quiver with excitement as she laid a hand on the girls perky little breasts and kissed her full on the mouth. Their tongues exchanged greetings for the next two minutes before Jenny poked the waitress’s vagina through the fabric of her leggings, feeling the girl juices absorb into it as the leggings were rubbed against Sandy’s moist slit. Sandy gasped as her first sexual experience for over two weeks began.

Still Sandy’s senses were still intact and she knew that she couldn’t go into work with wet leggings and the resulting smell of arousal every time she opened her legs, therefore she pushed Jenny’s hand away and pulled down her leggings.

Jenny was now faced with Sandy’s sweet, young pussy. She had obviously gone commando to work, perhaps anticipating Jenny’s return, and now there was no knickers to cast aside. Instead here was the most natural thing about a woman’s body. Sandy’s mound had a prominent patch of light brown hair right above the clit itself. There were also a few more hairs around the pussy. Jenny began to rub the inside of Sandy’s thighs as she kissed her neck. She then began to rub the vagina and was now kissing more passionately. Then her fingers began to explore the lubricated folds and darted in and out, soon though her lust and the smell of desire emitting from Sandy compelled Jenny to change positions. She licked her fingers, sucking in every last drop of girl juice before kneeling down.

In front of her face were Sandy's glorious genitals. Jenny immediately plunged her tongue past the petals of the sweet smelling orchid and probed the clit that lay just past the cave entrance. Sandy was now bobbing up and down and was clearly enjoying Jenny's tongue motions. This pattern of flick and lick, swish and swirl, carried on for just a few minutes before the girl released herself onto Jenny's face, moaning loudly and continually as her body convulsed with the immense orgasm.

Jenny smiled and ignored the gritty effect that girl cum had on her teeth as she enjoyed the taste of it.

Now her own cunt was throbbing, with droplets of pussy juice condensing in-between her pink lips. Sandy noticed this and now kneeling down herself she licked off the girl juice from Jenny's more mature vagina. She then lay down on the floor and stuck her tongue in the air. Jenny knew exactly what she wanted and so she walked over before gently squatting over Sandy's face, her muffin protruding onto her tongue. She then laid back as her lover tongue fucked her sex.

Jenny became more and more excited as she rode Sandy's face, "Oh, oh oh I'm going to cum, oh ... oh fuck me oh Sheila....."

Sandy's tongue froze, her head struggled free and not for the first time that week Jenny was confronted with angry eyes;

"What did you just call me???!!"