

Jenny's story –

part three, a new leaf

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@googlemail.com

Stay tuned...

"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??!!?"

Continued:

Jenny tried to ignore her. She pushed her sex towards her face "come on girl relieve me, relieve me I feel like I'm gonna burst!" She wanted to cum and whatever Sandy was angry about was just going to have to wait.

But Sandy was looking more and more menacing by the second. She pushed Jenny's vagina away, causing the woman to gasp as the nineteen year olds palm pushed against her clit.

"You called me Sheila, who the fuck is Sheila? No wait I don't even care. Here I am – a young girl offering her pussy up to you on a platter and you cheat on me? You should be grateful to me not backstabbing me!"

It was only then that Jenny realised what she had done, she would have laughed except that it seemed all so serious. Her muff was aching, Sandy was angry and she suddenly felt lonely. "Please Sandy honey; please it was a slip of the tongue."

Sandy replied sharply "Oh yeah a slip of the tongue alright, I bet it slipped all the way into her cunt!"

"It was a mistake, I'm so so sorry, she meant nothing – I only want you babe."

"Well you can't have me, not anymore, not ever again"

With that Sandy hastily pulled her clothes back on and stormed off down the street in the opposite direction to the shop, Jenny had a feeling she wouldn't be going back to work that day. Jenny's mind however was still focused on sex, she was still wet and she knew that she couldn't leave it. Sitting back down Jenny plunged a finger back into herself.

She must have looked a disgrace; if anyone could see her they would probably feel pity. A middle aged woman sitting on the floor fingering herself desperately – trying to release huge amounts of pent up sexual energy.

After a few minutes she succeeded and she was sure that people outside of the alleyway must have heard her as she screamed in ecstasy - hands flooded by girl juice and her body in orgasmic spasms.

After work that day Jenny went straight back home and spent the evening in front of the telly with her partner. Every now and then he fondled a part of her body but she just wasn't interested. Things finally came to a head when she shouted at him as he tweaked one of her

nipples. Now dressed in her usual pink pyjamas she looked a strange sight, hair all over the place and shouting furiously at a cowering man in boxers with a hard on;

“Just leave it ok? I’m fed up with you, all you want is to touch me, you don’t appreciate me one bit!”

“I don’t appreciate you?” he replied, sounding shocked “what about you? I help around the house, I do all you ask of me and I love you but I never get a thank you, never any intimacy. It’s always ‘Oh I’m too tired’ or ‘Oh it’s been a hard day’, well I’m fed up with it.”

Jenny’s partners erection was gone now, he was obviously angry, but Jenny wasn’t about to back down;

“Don’t even try and hide it, you don’t care about that stuff your just looking for sex and nothing else, it’s a big turn off.”

“Oh really that’s the turn off is it? Are you sure it isn’t my penis? Yeah I’ve seen the internet history and the unclosed tabs. You’ve been watching lesbian porn and even reading lesbian erotica for ages now. At first I liked it, I thought you might want a threesome or something but now I realise, you don’t want that your just a muff muncher through and through.”

Jenny gasped, but was able to steady herself and reply, “I’m not standing here and listening to this abuse, I’m leaving you, you pervert.”

Now it was Jenny’s turn to storm off, she ran to the bedroom and began to strip down.

Before long she was dressed in normal clothes again and had shoved a few extra bits into another bag. She then grabbed her handbag and walked to the door, only turning briefly to tell him that she would be back for the rest later. It was only when she had got into her car that the full realisation of what had happened hit her. Not only had she broken up with her partner who now knew that she liked girls but she also had nowhere to sleep and no idea of what to do. Jenny did the only thing she could – she cried into her steering wheel. She spent

the next five minutes sobbing like this before finally managing to pull herself together. Now she just felt determined and so, pulling out of her driveway, Jenny began to drive towards town.

Ten minutes later and she was parked up in a parking bay opposite a night club. It had 'Sapphos Lighthouse' written in bright pink letters above the door and she could see one young girl pressed up against the wall by a butch looking woman who had her hand in her trousers. Smiling now she felt ready to start again.

Inside the club was surreal – short haired girls were dancing half naked around poles scattered across the floor. A stage stood at the centre of the club where an all female rock band screamed into microphones in place of the usual MC. On the far end of the club was an extensive bar 'manned' by five scantily dressed women. The icing on the cake was a sofa on the far right hand side where two twenty-something Barbies were 69ing. The cherry on the cake being that this was simultaneously being filmed and played live on four TV's, they were placed in such a way that you could always see one of the televisions and the brilliant footage that they played from wherever you were in the club. The Sapphos Lighthouse was a famous club amongst lesbians and people went on 'pilgrimages' from all over the UK, Europe and even North America to be enlightened by the Sapphos experience. Jenny felt a sudden surge of pride and arousal at the thought of this famous club being in her home town.

"Hey let's dance!"

Jenny turned to talk to look at the sweet sounding girl who had suggested this to her; What she saw was, at that moment, like what Da Vinci must have seen in Lisa. The girl was tallish with pink spiky hair; she had a pierced nose and a ringed ear, wearing dark skinny jeans, a pair of converses and a grey short sleeved top with a Nirvana-style smiley face on it,

she certainly looked like a Sapphos girl. This coupled well with a rainbow coloured bracelet that she wore on her left arm.

Jenny agreed enthusiastically and followed the girl onto the dance floor. She immediately got to it and Jenny found herself looking down onto the back of her neck as the pink haired girl rubbed up against her. She noticed that the girl's nipples protruded straight out against the fabric of her top and she was clearly enjoying herself. The whole rhythm of that club seemed to send Jenny into a trance and she soon found herself dancing like she did in clubs ten years earlier. The pink girl grinned at Jenny's shock as she planted her own lips on hers. She plunged her tongue straight in and the two exchanged saliva in a passionate frenzy.

Both sets of hands wandered all over the others body and both set of hands found their target, Jenny's on the girls nipples and the Sapphos girls on Jenny's backside.

Minutes later Jenny found herself on the bonnet of her own car and with a pink head in between her thighs. They had barely spoken but now the girl's mouth was being put to better use. The car alarm went off as Jenny threw herself backwards in a short sharp orgasm. The girl then placed her hands on the front of the car and bent over, this was Jenny's cue and, having pulled her trousers and knickers down, Jenny ate her out from behind. Her pink tongue flashed against this girl's arsehole and pussy and she heard unmuffled gasps as she darted and danced over and around the clit. Eventually the two finished and Jenny watched as the girl began to walk away, apparently well satisfied with her night. "Hang on, I don't even know your name!"

"Oh yeah sorry, its Adrian – short for Adriana, I have to go now but thanks for the sex girl, maybe we'll see each other at the club again sometime?"

It was a rhetorical question and Jenny watched the girl stroll away, feeling better after a bout of no strings sex.

Jenny spent the next few weeks getting used to her new life. She was single again and it felt liberating – she no longer had to live a double life. In fact she had already come out to two of her work colleagues. They both found it very shocking but, after realising that it really wasn't a joke, had both promised that this wouldn't change their friendship in any way. For the first time in several years Jenny felt truly happy.

It was on the third week of living in her rented apartment that Jenny was thrown back into the realms of reality. She was in her local Tesco's branch when she heard her name being announced on the shop tannoy –

This is a customer service announcement - Jenny Smith, will Jenny Smith please make her way to the customer service help desk, thank you.

She felt sceptical, after all she had a fairly common name and who would want to see her, but then again what did she have to lose? When she got to the customer service desk she found an assistant who was waiting for her. After confirming that she was indeed a Miss Jenny Smith a customer assistant handed over her purse. She must have dropped it earlier on she thought. The real shock, however, came five seconds later when she turned around. Standing in front of her was that girl again. The blonde who she had felt so paranoid about coming back from India. The two locked eyes and Jenny opened her mouth to talk to her, before reconsidering and making to leave the area of the shop. The blonde on the other hand obviously wasn't quite so ready to give up;

“Hi, how are you?”

Saying that she had sounded like the sweetest angel, Jenny replied by walking up to her and placing her hand on her shoulder,

“Fine, what happened back in the airport? Didn't you enjoy the moment?”

She looked guilty at this, "I don't know what you're talking about, what moment? I thought we just talked..."

"Ha is that a joke? I don't even know your name, we kissed remember?"

The blonde blushed at this and turned her head away, this was getting weirder with each meeting they had.

"I think you must have it wrong, I don't do those things with girls you see."

"OK, fine, play it your way. I'm going to go now because you're creeping me out."

"Whatever dyke, do what you want what makes you think I want to know?"

Even more confused than ever Jenny shrugged and walked off.

Twenty minutes later Jenny was walking back to her flat with a couple of bags of shopping when she saw the blonde girl again. She was sitting on a wall about a hundred metres from the flats. She stood up and blocked her path, in the same way that she had done at the airport. The blonde grasped Jenny's hands and kissed her full on the lips.

"Jesus not again! What was that, an accident?" Jenny said sarcastically.

The blonde didn't seem ready to reply however, she pulled Jenny to the floor and began to unbutton her jeans, breathing heavily as she did so. Jenny felt powerless to stop her, the girl gave out a sense of control and it seemed almost rude to even think about stopping her.

Soon her jeans were completely open and Jenny felt scared at the immense and overwhelming ecstasy that this strange person could give her with just her tongue.

As Jenny had her orgasm the look she saw in the girls eyes seemed incredibly desperate, she seemed almost hungry...