

Cocktail Party
Chapter 1

Seanna McCaffrey is the president and CEO of McCaffrey & Associates, a small but very successful business founded by her grandfather, after whom she was named, and from whom she inherited her business sense. When he took it over for a while, her father did not run it very well, and she has brought it from the brink of disaster to its present thriving condition.

She is tall, about 5' 8", slender and light boned, so that her 127 pounds are not skinny. She wears her carrot-colored hair fairly short, and dresses for business in very tailored grey pants-suits, with just a touch of color in her accessories. Although she appears to be in her early twenties, she will celebrate her thirtieth birthday this coming November. Her body is soft with curves. Her waist is small, accenting the firm roundness of her hips, the small mound of her belly. She has been known to freeze uncooperative subordinates with her grey-green eyes. But, as you might guess, under the severely private, cold exterior, beats a hot and passionate heart.

She normally separates her business and private life very strictly, but then she discovered Alexandra 'Sandy' Marlin. At 26, she had worked her way 'up the corporate ladder' to a minor management position, entirely on her ability. Seanna discovered her record, and promoted her to Administrative Assistant to the CEO. She is an untiring worker, a top business analyst. She produces the neatest, most complete reports of anyone Seanna has ever known.

Sandy is of average height, but with outstanding looks. Her long dark- brown straight hair frames her thin pixie face, a contrast to her large deep blue eyes. She dresses less severely than Seanna, going in for earth-colored skirt-suits with pastel blouses. She loves sexy shoes, and wears them well on her small, well formed feet. She has large, well proportioned breasts, which carry well on her larger-boned frame. Though she is self-conscious about it, they jiggle delightfully when she walks. Her legs are firm and solid, but not at all heavy, and men at the office enjoy a peek at her nylon-clad 'stems' as she climbs the stairs. Her hips and ass blossom forth from her waist in a very eye-pleasing way, and she has an unconscious wiggle, accented by her high heels, that has drawn whistles in the parking lot. Her quick, bright smile is matched by an equally quick frown, and her young face already shows signs of 'worry lines'. She is subject to stomach cramps, and somehow, this awakens a protective urge in Seanna, who finds herself unaccountably attracted to this woman.

For her own part, Sandy thinks the world of Seanna. She wonders at how she always seems to know the right thing to say, the right moves to make in business, and secretly wishes that she were the sister she didn't have. About six months ago, Seanna's secretary left the company because of pregnancy, and she placed an ad for a replacement. Several applicants showed up, and among them was Erika Jansson. Erika had all the necessary skills, and so she hired her. Erika is a writer, but as yet has not made her mark. Her works have been published from time to time in magazines, but she needs an income that's more regular. Putting aside her considerations, she applied at McCaffrey. She was glad she did. She enjoys being around Seanna, and is not ashamed to admit she admires her ability as well as her looks.

Erika is five-foot-ten, eyes of blue, with sand-colored hair. Her mother was a Scottish lass, and there is a hint of red in her hair when you see it in a certain light. She got her father's big Scandenavian frame, and she carries it well. She wears European-cut suits in brown and tan, and fitted shirts to the office. She keeps a light tan by stopping at the gym's sun room once in a while. She's got a nice ass, something which both women noticed right away, and which Seanna tends to watch when she exits her office. They have also noticed, from time to time, that her bras are pretty well filled too.

Twice a week she spends some time in the gym across from Duffy's and works out or plays a round of racketball with her friend Mike, so she hasn't lost her muscle-tone. She was a varsity letterwoman, specializing in uneven bars and balance beam. Although she almost always has a date when she wants one, she has no strong attachments, and, as she tells Mike, is 'just lookin' around.'

Two months ago, Seanna invited Sandy to a restaurant for dinner after work. The two women had a few drinks, and began to lose the 'edge' of employer-employee relationships, beginning to become friends. They have been out to dinner together several times since. After their last dinner, and a few drinks, Seanna suggested they go to her apartment, where the drinks would be as good, and they could be more comfortable. Sandy agreed, and a short cab ride later, they arrived, and were greeted by the doorman.

'Hullo, Ms. McCaffrey. Fine ev'nin.' he said, as he pressed the elevator button.

'Hello, Matt.'

The two women entered the elevator, and shortly were in Seanna's large, but not ostentatious apartment. Sandy looked around at the comfortable, modern furniture, and said, 'I love your place.'

'Thank you. Give me your jacket. Like to look around?'

'Yes.'

Sandy was relieved of her suit jacket, revealing a sheer pink blouse that only slightly veiled her well-filled bra.

'Well, go ahead,' Seanna invited her as she put away Sandy's jacket and her own. 'Make yourself at home. What will you drink?'

'Um, seven and seven.'

Seanna crossed the room to a small bar, tuned the stereo to soft music, and began making the drinks while Sandy looked around. The older woman brought up two glasses as the brunette peeked through the open bedroom door.

'Here y'are. Cheers.'

'Um. Good. Oh, what a big beautiful bed. Your apartment is wonderful, Seanna.'

'Thanks. I like it. Come sit on the couch with me and relax. You seem nervous. Can't you forget I'm the boss? We're friends.'

'Sure, Seanna.' Sandy was not willing to tell her the real reason for her nervousness. Not yet.

'Tell me some more about yourself, Sandy. Do you have brothers or sisters?'

'No, and I always wanted a sister. My parents died in a car crash when I was 12, and my aunt and uncle raised me. They had two boys younger than I.'

'That must have been difficult.'

'Actually, no. They treated me like their own. There was never any 'me against them,' or anything. They even saved my parents' modest holdings and sent me to business college. How about you, Seanna? Do you have a sister ?'

'I have three brothers, one older. I always thought a sister would be fun, too. Someone to talk girl-talk to.'

'We were a strict religious family, and there wasn't much talk about the

things I wanted to know - mainly boys, then. My brothers weren't much help, they wanted to 'protect' me.'

The younger woman drained her glass.

'Another?'

'Uh, yes, thanks.'

The red-head got up and walked to the bar.

'Seanna?'

'Yes?'

'Let's be sisters.'

'What a wonderful idea! We could 'adopt' each other.'

'Yes. And we could share secrets, and all the things we wanted to talk about and do as kids.'

'We should celebrate. Say, I'll open some champagne!'

They giggled over pulling the cork, Seanna holding the bottle between her legs, and Sandy stroking the neck of the bottle.

'What a big one you have, and what an odd color!' Sandy laughed. Secretly, she was fighting an urge to kiss Seanna, finding the red-head unaccountably attractive. 'What's going on with me?' she thought.

Eventually, the bottle was opened and the bubbly was poured.

They clinked glasses, smiled at each other, and toasted their new 'sisterhood'.

'But no favors at work,' Sandy said after a moment. 'I want no mistake, I'm gonna make it on my own.' The drinks had loosened her tongue a bit.

'Why, of course not. Not even for a real sister. You should know me better.'

They drank in silence for a while.

'My aunt and uncle were religious, too. They made sure we all went to church and Sunday school and all that, but I stopped when I went to college.' To herself Sandy thought, 'I never was attracted to another woman before. Should I tell her?'

'I stopped going to mass many years ago,' Seanna answered. 'To me it seems the church doesn't see that God made us the way we are, and, well, that it's ok to enjoy what we've got.'

'I wish I were as beautiful as you,' the brunette whispered, as the red head refilled the glasses.

'What? Silly, you're a very beautiful woman. The men at the office think so, too. I've watched them look at you. Sandy was loosening up, the champagne and the sudden close friendship making her feel very comfortable. They sipped some more. A warm cozy feeling was creeping up Sandy's insides. Her secret attraction to Seanna was taking a toll.

They sipped a while in silence.

'Do you have a man in your life now, Sandy?'

She has had several men, but has found them generally too rash and insensitive, and not formed any lasting attachments.

Besides, though she would like a warm, nurturing relationship, and fulfilling sex, she would rather not give up her career, as she feels she must if she were to marry, and she is convinced that living with someone would be the same.

'No, not right now. You?'

'None'

'Seanna? Is it wrong for a woman to be, er, ah, attracted to another woman?'

'Wrong? No, of course not.'

'Would that make her a lesbian?'

'No, not unless she preferred women to men as a rule.' Seanna replied,

'Why?'

'Oh, er, nothing. Excuse me. All this champagne, I need the bathroom.'

She got up, went down the hallway and closed the door. The inner warmth was very strong, and after relieving her bladder, the touch of the paper sent a thrill up her belly.

'No,' she thought, 'not here.' But the demanding warmth called her, and she wet a fingertip in her mouth and touched her love button.

Meanwhile, Seanna sipped more champagne and wondered about Sandy's question, and thought about her own attraction to the voluptuous brunette. She got up, walked to the bar, and found some pretzels. She poured them out into a bowl, carried them back to the sofa, and nibbled at them. Sandy's touchings had only increased the heat, her juices flowing, her now swollen nether lips hungry. She spread her thighs a little wider, her love bud lengthening in its nest. Her fingers played in the medium-brown patch of gently curled hair which barely covered her full woman's lips. She pressed her thumbs together above her sparsely covered mound and pushed downward. Her bud stood out straighter, her frilly inner lips opening. She moved her thumbs up and down, and the little hot wad moved up and down in the caressing nest. Desire filled her, like a hollow in her loins. She rocked her hips forward, sliding to the front edge of the seat. She kicked the white cotton panties off her legs and spread her knees yet further. Her thigh muscles tensed and relaxed, tensed and relaxed. Her flexing fingers milked at her hot delta of flesh, drawing waves of heat from her inner needs. She inserted a finger, then two, and worked them in and out, trying to console her agonized need. Then she began to walk them around inside herself. She began to mew softly. Her other hand joined the first, rubbing at the frilly inner lips, teasing the bud which sent such intense chills and warm lightnings in her belly.

'She's been gone a long while,' Seanna mused, finishing her glass. 'I wonder if she's all right.' She chuckled aloud. 'She's had a lot to drink, I hope she didn't pass out in there.'

Sandy's hands were working a dance on her soft wet flesh, her little moans becoming audible. She flung her knees wide, pressing a third finger into play. She clawed at her inner softness, her other hand gripping the top of her pussy, twisting and sliding against her erect button. Shocking heat speared through her. Her ass bounced on the toilet rim.

'I better see if she's okay.' Seanna got up and walked to the closed bathroom door, and listened a moment. She heard a soft moan from within. 'Sandy?'

No answer. Sandy's mouth was open in a grimace, her head tossing from side to side, her three fingers buried to the second knuckle, her left hand massaging a breast. Now Seanna really was worried. She hesitated a moment, then opened the door.

'Oh! Excuse... Oh.' Embarrassed at having barged in, but fascinated by the scene she was witnessing, Seanna stood a moment in the doorway. Sandy turned three shades of purple, returning to

the world, and began to cover herself.

'Oh, sweet little sister, don't stop. Finish what you started.'

Sandy's hands really didn't want to leave their work, and after a moment resumed their clawing. Seanna watched, her own fires warming. She softly

entered the room, and sat on the edge of the tub next to Sandy.

'Oh yes. Oh, is that good? Mmm.' Her hands went to Sandy's face, pushing back a strand of hair.

Sandy had both hands back on her mound, one working the puffy lips back and forth, the other once more plunged in, wriggling at the hot flesh of the front wall of her canal. The older woman leaned forward a bit, until her lips just brushed those of her newly-adopted sister. Her tongue darted out, just whisking against Sandy's soft red, also darting tongue. Seanna found the buttons up the back of Sandy's sheer blouse, and undid them while they kissed, then pulled the blouse gently from the brunette's shoulders as she broke away. Her hands went to the front snap of her bra and undid it quickly. The older woman's fingers gently drew the straps from the brunette's shoulders and pulled the bra from the treasures it had held. Sandy's full large breasts were capped by brownish silver-dollar sized areoles surrounding little berries that had puckered up hard with her excitement. Seanna's hands went to the twin globes and stroked them, rolling the nipples gently.

'How big your areoles are! And look how your nipples pucker.' She bent and darted her tongue over them.

Sandy's hips began to buck, her moaning grew louder. The red-head leaned forward and flicked her tongue over the hard-puckered tip of Sandy's nipple, while her hand joined Sandy's own. At first exploring, then massaging Sandy's erect love bud. She pressed and pulled at the little wad, watching Sandy's face.

'Unn!... Ohh!... OOOOH!'

'Cum, little sister. Oh, yes, cum. You look so pretty when your cumming!'

Sandy reached the heights. She tottered a moment, delightfully pausing at the brink of the precipice, then plunged headlong. Lightnings and sparks went off in her body, her muscles jerked and spasmed, her round ass bumping on the seat. Her head was thrown back, her mouth open. The tight muscles forced her fingers half out of her body.

'OOOOOOOHHH.'

Skillfully playing the rhythm of Sandy's spasms, Seanna gently stroked her trigger, extending the awesome throes of Sandy's pleasure. Slowly, the after-shocks eased, settling into a warm fuzzy glow. Seanna was enthralled, watching the younger woman. Her own love channel had heated, her ice-blue lace panties were drenched.

'Kiss me again,' Sandy murmured.

Eagerly, she did, and found a warm, wet tongue licking the corners of her mouth. Sandy's tongue answered. The brunette's hands went out to Seanna's body.

Suddenly, she broke away. 'Seanna, I'm scared and I'm embarrassed. I... I've never... er, ...'

The red-head replied, 'Neither have I, sweet little sister. I've never even considered it before. Relax. We're sisters, remember?'

'You always seem to know things,' Sandy remarked, nodding.

'Come on, let's not stay in here.'

They wandered back out into the hallway, Sandy clutching her discarded blouse and undies. They returned to the living room, and sat back down on the sofa. Sandy's bounteous breasts were still exposed, her rumpled skirt askew on her hips. Sandy took a big gulp of champagne. Seanna smiled at her.

'I'm hot, too, now,' she said softly.

She picked up her champagne glass in one hand, sipping, and slid the other hand to the crotch of her pants, her eyes welling deeply as she looked at the full-chested brunette. Sandy watched wide-eyed as the red-head began to rub herself gently through the cloth. She drank some more champagne, and watched in silence. Her curiosity was aroused as well as her inner fires, which rekindled at the sight. Suddenly, she leaned forward and began to undo Seanna's blouse.

'I bet your breasts are beautiful.'

'They're kinda small, not like yours.'

The brunette stopped at her words. 'Maybe she doesn't want me to,' she thought.

'Go ahead. Please. I want you to,' the red-head whispered.

Sandy slowly and gently finished with the buttons, then slowly pulled the tails from under the belt, drawing the blouse open like curtains, unveiling the shapely fleshy mounds beneath. Seanna was not wearing a bra. Though not large, her breasts were well shaped and full, firm, set high, and crowned with quarter-sized areoles which stood firmly, almost like a breast on a breast.

'Oh! They ARE beautiful. And I love your freckles!'

Her chest, like her face, was sprinkled with little freckles. On sudden impulse, she leaned forward and kissed the hardening pink tips. Seanna's nipples were highly sensitive and erectile. She has been known to 'get off' just on these. The sensation sent chills down her spine, and little sparks of heat in her belly. Seanna removed the blouse and sat back to enjoy the attention, humming softly in her throat. Sandy broke off to kiss her again on the mouth, parting her lips, hungrily pushing her tongue between the red-heads lips. Sandy's fingers explored the other woman's firm breasts, cupping and squeezing them, pulling the nipples, which grew puffy and full. She kissed her way down her neck and fastened her mouth around the full pinkness, flicking the tip of her tongue over the ripening raisins.

Seanna's moaning grew.

'Come, little sister.' She said, after a while.

Getting up, she took Sandy's hand, and led her to the bedroom. She dimmed the lights to a rosy glow, and began to remove the rest of her clothes. Under the severe business suit, she had worn very feminine lace underwear in Ice-Blue, a color that accented her hair and milk-white skin.

In fact, sometimes, she will go without underwear, delighting in the delicate sensuous feeling, and in the secrecy and the 'naughtiness' of it. When she had removed the clinging material, Sandy saw that her 'bush' was full, a tangle of color slightly deeper red than the hair on her head, diamond-shaped, with a thin spear of color projecting three-quarters the way to her full, sensuous navel. Her legs were thin but well shaped, and terminated in a pair of globes that were a delight to behold, and, as she bent to remove her stockings, the brunette glimpsed the sanctuary whose altar lies behind nature's pink and frilly veil. Sandy giggled slightly and removed her skirt and stockings. In a moment, there were two very different, very beautiful and very naked women standing by the bed. Seanna laughed.

'We forget to bring the bubbly!'

'I'll get it,' Sandy laughed.

Seanna watched her go. She really did have a nice derriere.

'Don't forget the glasses,' she called out.

Seanna turned down the cover on the big bed, and when Sandy returned, she smiled and bounced onto the bed, sliding over and patting the space next to her. Sandy giggled again, put the bottle and glasses on the night-table, and sat next to and facing her. She put her arms around the older woman's neck, her ample breasts just brushing the tips of the red-heads smaller ones. Seanna began to stroke Sandy's back, running her hands up and down the other woman's spine, the unfamiliar touch of her feminine finger tips beckoning the brunette back down to the dizzying rush of excitement. She reached lower

and lower, finally stroking and squeezing the younger woman's rounded

buttocks. Sandy flicked Seanna's cone-shaped nipples with her tongue, lightly brushing them, teasing, then covered one with her mouth, sucking it in and out between her lips. Seanna began to groan again, lying down, her legs writhing on the covers. Sandy flicked the tip of her tongue over the now full cones, and the red-head began to shiver. Seanna cupped her hands over Sandy's breasts as they hung down over her, and began to knead them, squeezing the warm flesh, rolling her large nipples in her fingers.

'That feels so good, Seanna,' she murmured. Her hand strayed down Seanna's

belly. 'You're so pretty. I love your red hair. See how it curls. It's so full and bushy.'

She ran her fingers through the shock of curls adorning Seanna's belly. She pulled gently at the red curls, stroking her way closer and closer to the mound they covered. Then, slowly and gently, she parted the fleshy folds and

ran a finger in the valley between. The red-head put her arms around the brunette and pulled her onto her undulating body, wrapping her thin legs around the younger woman's fuller ones. She pressed her hot wet flesh against Sandy's thigh. Sandy squirmed around, then sat up, working one of her legs under, the other over, Seanna's. Then she pressed forward, until her warm woman's lips were kissing the red head's. She stroked the other woman's belly with her fingers, running them up over her breasts, down over her hips.

She manoeuvred herself until her again erect bud was pressing hotly against

Seanna's, almost like a miniature penis. She ground her hips forward, the heat rising once more. She pushed her index finger down so that it touched both their triggers, then pumped it up and down. Seanna lunged her hips forward and up, raising the pressure, pressing her own lengthening bud against the brunette's. The two women writhed and squirmed, finding the right angle, pressing. Their wet warmth bumped and ground together, kissing and sucking against each other like two hungry mouths, their hands squeezing each other's breasts, pulling each others nipples. The red and dark-brown curls mingled wetly as their writhing bodies sought release, their two erect love- buds straining against each other.

Sandy dimly thought to herself, as she started the trip to the pinnacle, 'Am I doing this? Or am I dreaming?'

Seanna was lost to thought, her quicker responses having already brought her near the edge. She began to quiver, her nipples erected, her voice lost in little mewling whimpers.

'Mmmm... oo, oo, mmmMMMM.'

As Sandy went up the ladder of excitement, a part of her was watching

Seanna. 'She really gets into it, doesn't she.' she thought. Seanna had begun to cum. Her stomach muscles knotted, little beads of sweat grew from her skin, her areoles grew so they looked ready to burst.

'mmmmmmmmmmMMMMMMMMMAAAAAAH!'

In the next moment, Sandy, too, went over, plunging into the lightnings once more. Her lips clamped and released as her sphincters went into spasms, rubbing more fiercely against her slender partner's.

'OHH... UNG...AHH.'

Sandy collapsed over the red- head's body. They twined their arms and legs about each other, squirming in their after- shocks.

'Ohh. Nice,' Seanna breathed. 'But I still want. Oohh. I want something in me.'

She rolled over, refilled the glasses, handed one to Sandy, and sipped.

Then she got up, walked across the room, opened a drawer and withdrew a huge knobbed vibrator.

'Do you have any 'toys' at home, Sandy?'

Sandy was embarrassed, first at the sight of Seanna's 'toy' and second to admit that she used them. Actually, when she feels the urge, at home, she

would often and easily 'help herself' with fingers, pillow and a 'toy'. She

usually keeps her wants and desires to herself, not expressing them easily.

But after a moment, she admitted.

'Yes, a smaller one, though.'

Seanna walked back to the bed, brandishing the instrument like a sword. She sipped some more champagne, then lay back on the pillows. She held the

vibrator between her legs, prodding at her still- moist lips, then stopped.

'Here, won't you do me?' she asked, handing the instrument to Sandy.

Sandy hefted the thing, stared wide-eyed at Seanna's writhing, vulnerable body, her legs spread wide, her pink gates open.

She gulped down the rest of the glass, then crawled over until she was sitting between the red- heads knees. She lay the vibrator lengthwise in the the older woman's valley and rubbed it slowly up and down. Seanna reached down and pulled her lips apart with her fingers, moaning softly. Sandy prodded at the entrance to the tunnel of love with the bulbous head of the instrument, twisting and turning slowly. She found the control knob on its butt end, and turned it a little. A low pitched hum began, the device waking in her fingers. She prodded and twisted some more, wetting the end in Seanna's ample juices. Seanna moaned, her fingers dancing on her lips and mound. Sandy watched fascinated as the device began to slip into the warm pink opening, framed so beautifully by the red curls. She pushed, then pulled it almost out, then pushed again, recalling how she did herself at home. With each entry Seanna's moans grew deeper. When half its length had disappeared, Sandy turned the control up a bit more. The low hum rose to a snarl, the instrument pulsing and growing in her hand.

'Ohh... Good... Mmm... More... Ohh...'

Sandy pulled it slowly out, then back in. It slid more easily as Seanna's moisture wet the ribbed shaft. Sandy was warming to her task, and began to pump the instrument in and out, twisting the control up and down.

Sandy's free hand worked itself around her left breast, squeezing herself,

pulling at the nipples, stretching them, then pressing them. Seanna was squeezing her own breasts. She spread her fingers in a fan,

and rotating her wrists, drummed her erect nipples. Her knees spread wide on each in-stroke, then drew together on the out stroke. Her head rocked back and forth.

'Ahhg! Yes! Ohh! Innn! Ohh. Harder!'

Sandy pumped. She pressed in as far as she dared, feeling the soft resistance of Seanna's insides. She watched enthralled as the red head began to buck, her hips and her delicious ass thrusting up off the bed, her knees shaking. Sandy's hand found her own wet tunnel, and probed.

She watched the red-heads pink flesh as it drew back and forth with the instrument, how her erect nubbin clawed at it as she pressed it in.

'Ohh. Give it to me! Ohhhhhh!'

Seanna bucked up, her body contacting the bed only on her feet and shoulders. Her skin flushed, her freckles seeming to stand out, her nipples expanding. Sandy turned the control up all the way. The instrument roared, it seemed almost to draw into Seanna's body of itself. Seanna pressed her hips forward and down, impaling herself even more deeply than Sandy had dared.

'mmmmmmmmMMMMMMMAAAAH!'

Sandy rotated the butt of the vibrator, twisting it in the red-head's body, stirring the flesh. She stirred her own flesh with her fingers.

'mmmmmmMMMMMMMAAAAAAH!'

Again the rising moaning cry burst from Seanna's throat. Her body flopped back to the bed, she rolled onto her side, the vibrator still deep in her body. She drew her knees up to her chest and shook. Sandy had released her hold when Seanna dropped, but now reached out and took it once more. The butt end was slippery with the overflow of Seanna's hot honey. Her round ass-cheeks glistened with it. Sandy pumped the shaft, jerking it with very short quick strokes. Seanna's whole body shook with each stroke. Her arms clasped her knees, her head jerked back, her face a grimace.

'Nn... NNg... Ggk...'

Inarticulate throat noises escaped her lips. Finally, the spasms began to ease. She rolled onto her back, her legs straightened. Sandy turned the control off and began to withdraw the vibrator.

'Ahh! Wait! Slowly.'

More gently, she eased the monster from its soft casing.

'Gee, I never cum like that,' she thought.

Seanna lay back, exhausted, her eyes closed. Sandy looked at the instrument, slick with the red-head's honey. She lay down next to Seanna, spread her legs and pressed it to her tunnel. How big it felt! Wet as it was, and ready as she was, it entered easily. She pressed it in another inch, then reached up and turned it on. Oh, how it moved! Her finger play had readied her, her watching the other woman's pleasure had dazzled her, and now the vibrator was completing the work. She raised her knees higher, spread them as wide as she could, and took the device in both hands and pushed.

'Ohh. Yes, its good. Ohh.'

Seanna awoke from her drowse at the sounds.

'Oh, little sister, let me.'

Seanna took both the big fluffy pillows and mounded them together.

'Here. Lie over these,' she instructed.

Sandy rolled over onto the pillows, her voluptuous round cheeks in the air, her knees far apart.

'Now relax, little sister.'

Seanna parted Sandy's lips with one hand and guided the huge instrument into her love channel with the other. She snaked it around in Sandy's body.

When a good part of its length had disappeared, she switched it on. 'Mmmm' Sandy mumbled into the sheets as the device hummed within her. Seanna worked more and more of the device into Sandy, twisting and turning it as she did. With her free hand she began to stroke and pinch gently at the elevated cheeks of Sandy's wiggling derriere.

'Ohh. Umm.'

Seanna advanced the control another notch, the device began to growl.

'Oooh... Ung..'

The red-head pumped the vibrating device in and out of Sandy's hot tunnel, pressing it this way and that, stimulating every nerve. She watched how Sandy's flesh clung to the huge shaft as she withdrew it, how it pressed her flesh inward as she forced it back into the depths. She watched as the little ring of her rearmost opening pooched in and out. Sensing the brunette was at the edge, Seanna turned the machine on full and pressed it in, working it around. She massaged the soft purple pucker of Sandy's other opening with a wet fingertip.

'Arrrg... Ohhh.. NNNNNG!'

Sandy's cheeks waved back and forth, the muscles jiggling and rippling, as the waves of intense pleasure mounted to climax. Sandy came. And came.

Her insides churned as never before, her muscles tightening, flashes of heat coursing her spine. She clamped hard on the monster, as it roared within her. She thought she would pass out, but still Seanna insistently stirred the machine in her body, stroked her little ring as it pooched in and out.

At last she slumped, and the device turned off. Slowly it withdrew from her body, she felt both relief and loss at its going.

'Oh, Seanna. That was... beautiful! Oh, I'm so tired!'

'Me too, little sister. Stay with me tonight, we'll sleep well.'

'Good. Thanks. Hold me?'

They kissed and fell asleep in each others arms.

Chapter 2

A week later, on Friday afternoon, Sandy came storming into Seanna's office.

'About the Blau proposal...', she began.

'Yes, what about it?'

'Well, I think the figures are wrong.'

'Damn. Blau needs it Monday morning. Show me.'

'Well, here look. This. And this.' Sandy flipped pages and pointed to neatly marked sections. 'And here.'

'You're right.' Seanna buzzed for Erika.

Erika walked in, 'Problem?'

'Have a seat, Erika. No, on second thought, fire up the computer, we're going

to have to fix this. Sandy found a problem in the proposal for the Blau job. It may take some time. Can you both work tonight?"

Sandy nodded, and Erika said she had to make a call to cancel something. Time passed quickly for the three workers. Erika worked the computer, which she did with a skill that surprised people who knew how little training she had. Sandy was a genius at the facts and figures, and Seanna made quick, accurate decisions, changing a word here, a sentence there. They made a good team, but by the time things were put in order, and the new pages printed out, it was well into the night.

'Listen,' Seanna began, 'we've done a big job, and a good one. I owe you both thanks. Why not come up to my place, and we'll celebrate having found and fixed this. If we hadn't, we would have lost us a bundle on the Blau job.'

Sandy thought exactly a quarter of a second, and said, 'Great. Thanks. I'm too keyed up to go home, anyhow.' Erika didn't even have to think. She had cancelled her date for that evening, and was very curious about how 'the boss' lived. Besides, she liked both the women. 'Thanks, Seanna. You're on.'

'Terrific. Let's go.' They packed up the proposal, stuffed it in a large envelope, turned out the lights and left.

'Oh, Erika?' the red-head began, 'I don't know if the mail will get the proposal to Blau's in time. Could you drive across town and leave it with her night guard?'

'Oh, sure, Seanna. No problem.'

'And,' handing her some folded bills, 'could you pick up some fried chicken or something? I'm starved, and I bet you two are too.'

'Yes. You bet,' the woman replied.

'Do you know where I live?'

'Riverside Towers, right?'

'Apartment 36-B.'

It was a short drive from the office to the president's apartment. The

doorman let them in, smiling an 'Ev'nin Ms. McCaffrey, ev'nin ma'am.'

'Hi. Matt. A tall, blonde woman will be joining us later. Her name is

Jansson, you can just let her in.'

Matt saluted, and pressed the elevator button. The two women entered the apartment, and Seanna winked. 'We have about an hour before Erika gets here, and I have some more champagne.' Sandy chuckled. She had wondered about their relationship, since Seanna had been 'business as usual' at the office.

They got the bottle, and turned the stereo on. The cork was off, and the glasses filled.

'Sisters,' Seanna toasted.

'Right.'

They sipped some bubbly, then put their glasses down. Seanna leaned over and kissed Sandy, pulling at her lower lip, then parting her lips to flick her tongue into the brunette's mouth. They snaked their arms about each other as their tongues twined.

'Wait a moment,' Seanna said, breaking off and getting up. 'Stay there, I have a surprise for you.'

She walked off down the hall, and returned in a moment. 'Okay, it's in the bathroom. Go look.'

Sandy hesitated a moment, remembering what had started in that bathroom last time, then got up and went in.

'Oh Seanna! They're beautiful!'

'One's yours. Well, put it on, silly!'

Seanna had bought a matched pair of dressing gowns, fashioned like short Japanese kimono. They were of black silken material embroidered with colorful designs. Sandy quickly shucked out of her skirt and blouse, and began to put one on.

'Oh, no,' Seanna interrupted, grinning. 'You have to promise never, never to wear underwear with it, or you can't have it!'

'Oh. Well, alright.'

She wriggled out of her bra, squirmed out of her hose and panties, and wrapped herself in the silky stuff. She knotted the wide belt which was all that held it closed. The gown reached halfway down her thighs, leaving her lovely legs exposed.

'Ohh. I see what you mean. It feels so... so...'

'Sensuous. Hang your clothes in my closet, and I'll put on the other one.'

'Oh, no. You watched me, now it's my turn to watch you.'

Grinning, Seanna began to undo her blouse. Then she started to rock her hips, and mimicked a strip-dancer. She made a production of peeling, and Sandy was surprised to see that the red-head had worn neither bra nor panties.

'You naughty girl!'

'I know! I've been hot all day.'

She drew the kimono on, knotting the belt authentically high on her body, just below her perky breasts. Her shapely slender legs scissored beneath the hem. In a moment, two beautiful, but unlikely looking geishas emerged, and returned to the sofa and the bubbly. After finishing and refilling the glasses, Seanna asked, 'Do you like your present, little sister?' Sandy folded her arms around Seanna's shoulders and kissed her.

'Oh, yes, Seanna. Oo, the way it feels!'

'Good,' she said, drawing back the folds of her kimono to expose her

freckled breasts, her full pink nipples. She winked at Sandy, and continued, 'How will you thank me for it?'

Sandy giggled, put her glass down, and began to run her fingers over the rosy cones. Seanna slipped down on the couch, till she was half-lying on it, the kimono riding up to her waist. Sandy's questing fingers gently squeezed the fleshy globes. She stroked and skimmed them with the tips of her fingers, then gently flicked them each with her tongue. She loosened the knot in the belt, and drew the silky material apart, then drew her fingers over the red-head's belly, pausing to play with her sensuous navel. Her questing fingers strayed downward,

playing in the red curls that speared up from the white curved belly, all the while, her lips and tongue working the sensitive tips of Seanna's breasts. After a while, Sandy's searching fingers found and parted the soft lips hidden beneath the bushy curls. Then she wet her fingers in the champagne, and stroked the scalloped little folds she had revealed.

She gently plucked and stroked, then finding the little wad at their junction, attended to it. She pressed a finger on each side of the little ridge above it, and slid them up and down.

'Ohh, that's nice. Mmmm,' Seanna spread her thighs wider, 'But doesn't your big sister deserve a... kiss?'

'You really are naughty tonight!' Sandy remarked, but bent over the red curls and began to kiss belly and thighs, tantalizing and teasing.

Her hands skimmed over the rigid cones of Seanna's nipples. She sniffed the musky perfume of Seanna's womanhood, noticing how rich it smelled, and bent closer. She parted the fleshy outer lips with her fingers, then flicked her tongue-tip over the scalloped inner folds. Seanna's hand went under Sandy's gown, and began to play with her breasts, little humming sounds escaping her lips. Her fingers plucked gently at Sandy's 'berries', squeezing the young woman's large firm globes. Sandy pursed her lips over Seanna's lengthening love bud, and sucked gently, coaxing it further from its nest. She ran her tongue over the ridge above it, tracing its outline.

'Is that nice?' she asked.

'Ummm. Yeeesss. Don't stop.'

Sandy worked her tongue tip around the red head's soft pink valley, exploring, looking for the highest centers of sensitivity. She slowly stroked the entrance of the older woman's tunnel. She flicked her tongue back to her trigger, poking it gently. She pressed her tongue tip gently at the entrance to Seanna's urethra, sending chills into the red head's body.

'Is it good?' she murmured.

'Unh hunh. Gooood.'

Suddenly, with a wicked gleam in her eyes, she sat up, 'Well, I think I've said 'thank you' enough. I'd like some, too.'

'You fox! It was just getting nice!'

'Well, then, slide around,' Sandy guided Seanna's hips onto the couch,

helping her to lie back comfortably. Then raising her gown over her hips, carefully set a knee on each side of Seanna's head, and bending forward, resumed her attentions.

'See, we can both be busy,' she said.

Seanna grinned as she guided the younger woman's hips downward. She

clamped her open mouth onto the brown-fuzzed lips, kissing the entire organ

at once, savoring the perfume of Sandy's excitement. Sandy had resumed her gentle tongue-prodding, finding the tip of the red-head's trigger, working it gently with her lips. Seanna extended her tongue, pressing it between Sandy's hot lips, working it around. She sucked and plucked at the frilly inner lips, subtly kissing the soft, hot flesh between.

'Ummm'

'Mmmng'

Sandy stroked Seanna's thighs and buttocks with her hands while flicking

her tongue back and forth between the soft fleshy folds of the red-head's

valley of love, prodding gently at the quivering wad of her trigger. Her own

love-bud was being caressed and pulled by Seanna's mouth and tongue. Suddenly Sandy felt her tunnel being invaded gently by first

one, then another of Seanna's fingers, gently working into the wet, warm flesh of her canal. Seanna's lips kept up their slow gentle

sucking at Sandy's trigger and the frilled folds of flesh surrounding it. Both women began to moan, little soft cries escaping their throats

while they continued their attentions to one another. Sandy pulled Seanna's knees up higher, and began to lick the length of the valley

of love, running her tongue its whole length. Then she moved to kiss at the entrance to the red-head's darker tunnel, prodding it with

her tongue, tickling it with her lips. Returning her tongue to the quivering lips and love-bud, she slowly and gently inserted a wet finger

into the dark tunnel she had just left. She moved it gently within the older woman, while working her tongue at the warm wetness of her

love tunnel. Slowly, the inner heat in both women increased, their fires prodding them to greater levels of abandon, their mouths and

fingers working feverishly, little cries and moans escaping their throats. Gradually the moaning from both women increased, the little

writhing motions of their hips increased. Fingers, tongues and lips doing a frenzied dance on each other's bodies, and finally, they cried out together.

'OOOOOOHHH!'

'OOOOOOHHH!'

Slowly they untwined, gently playing each other's after-shocks, kissing and teasing gently. Then, sitting back up, kissed and hugged each other.

'Erika will be getting here soon, won't she? We'd better straighten up,'

Sandy remarked, looking at the clock.

'Oh, my, yes. She better not have forgotten the food, I'm starved!'

The two women adjusted their clothing, straightened the pillows on the

couch, and 'made their faces'. Seanna produced some more champagne, and set it in a cooler. Just in time, for as they finished, there was a rap on the door.

'Oh. There she is!' Seanna took a quick look around, winked at Sandy, and opened the door.

Erika had been greeted by the doorman and let in. She whistled softly as the elevator lifted him to Seanna's floor. She

wondered to himself how 'the boss' lived, and what she should say to the two women. She found them both very attractive. She

reached the apartment and knocked. The door opened, and there stood Seanna, looking like a different woman, transformed from the

severely dressed business executive, wearing a very, very short dressing gown, and smiling as she let him in the door. As she entered,

she saw Sandy seated on the big couch, dressed in the same fashion. She really was surprised and excited by the sight of the two

beautiful women, and their apparel. As attractive as she had found them both at the office, she now found them both irresistibly

beautiful. She wondered why they were dressed as they were. Recovering herself, she said, 'Hi, ladies. I got some fried chicken,

French fries, a few rolls, and some soda. I'm so hungry I could eat a house!'

'Great, thanks, Erika. But we have something better in mind than soda,'

Seanna laughed as she pointed to the champagne in the cooler.

'And I'm sure we can find something tastier than a house,' Sandy added with a wicked look.

'Take off your jacket, Erika,' Seanna suggested, taking the bag of

food, 'and make yourself comfortable.'

As Erika followed her suggestion, Seanna spread out the food on the coffee table. Sandy patted the sofa next to her and said, 'Come sit here, I'll pour you some bubbly.'

Sandy filled a glass for Erika and refreshed the other glasses as Erika sank into the couch beside her. Seanna took a seat opposite them and opened the bucket of chicken.

'I'm hungry too,' she said, taking a piece.

'Mmm,' said Sandy, reaching for a leg. As she did so, she 'accidentally' brushed her left breast against Erika's arm.

Erika savored the delightful feeling, then reached for some food as well. She looked up at Seanna, and while admiring her legs, said, 'The night guard promised to put the envelope directly on Blau's desk.'

'Good,' Seanna said around the chicken. She raised her glass. 'And that's that.'

They drank to the night's work, then ate in silence for a while. Then Sandy took Erika's free arm with hers, and squeezing her leg just above

the knee, said, 'Erika, you did a great job tonight.' She wiggled herself

against her, crushing her left breast against her arm.

'Thanks. So did you.'

The cloth of her gown had fallen slightly away from her body, affording

Erika an excellent view of the ripe fullness of her other breast. She smiled

as she admired her turgid nipple. She smiled at her coyly. Erika was thoroughly enjoying her position, but felt somewhat uncomfortable,

for she admired both women. She wished she were alone with one of them. Either one, for, despite her cool aloof behavior, Seanna's

eyes were speaking clearly, 'I'm available.' She had always found them both very attractive and pleasant company. The situation was

having a predictable effect on Erika's body. A noticeable stain had begun to appear in her trousers. Sandy disengaged her arm from

Erika's and refilled her glass, then Seanna's, and finally her own.

'So, do you think we'll get the Blau job?' Erika asked as she took a another

wing.

'Yes, I do,' Seanna replied, 'But let's not talk work. Cheers!'

Seanna lifted her glass, and the others raised theirs in turn. Sandy touched glasses with Erika, then locking eyes with her,

flicked the tip of her tongue at the rim of her glass as she tipped it to her lips. Seanna watched the goings-on with mixed feelings. She

found Sandy's forwardness very exciting, Erika's discomfort amusing, for she was obviously enjoying it also. A certain twinge of jealousy

spoiled the feelings, and she was wondering whether to move to the couch to join them, when she decided on another tactic. She

reached over the table to bring the French fries closer, and in so doing, let her kimono fall open enough to expose most of one of her

delightful cones, its ripe tip standing proudly. She settled herself back in the soft chair, and with a meaningful look at Erika, kissed her

champagne glass. Sandy looked over at Seanna also. 'Isn't she beautiful?' she asked Erika. 'Do you suppose she got this apartment

number to match those lovelies?' Erika's moistness had become quite obvious by now, her womanhood reacting to the events and

sights. 'You are both very beautiful.' Sandy twined a finger around a button of her shirt and tickled at the light hairs of her chest.

'Wouldn't you like to press her doorbells?'

Erika could hardly tear her eyes from Seanna's full rose-tipped freckled

beauty. She very deliberately brought her hand to it as though to replace the

kimono over it, but then, with equal deliberation, uncovered the other as

well. Sandy watched Erika's growing excitement with great interest, and was

herself excited by both Seanna's display and by Erika's femaleness, so near at hand. She wound her left arm around her neck and

tickled her left ear. Erika tore her eyes from Seanna to look at Sandy, and found her warm, moist mouth on her. She relaxed, 'Let the

fates decide,' she thought, and gave Sandy a very thorough kiss. Parting her lips with her, she tickled their insides with the tip of her

tongue. She sucked at her lower lip, she brushed her lips with her. Sandy caught her hand in hers and brought it firmly up to her breast.

Erika cupped its fullness gently, then more firmly. Then found her way inside the silky soft material to hold the soft flesh within. Seanna

watched with growing excitement. She found it difficult to sit still, her thighs beginning to rub, her chest heaving. Seanna began to pluck

very slowly at her full conical nipples with the thumb and forefinger of her left hand, while touching her tongue to the rim of her

champagne glass. When the two on the couch gently broke away, Erika looked over at her. She riveted her eyes to her and kissed her

glass, drained it, and parted her knees. Erika eyes grew large as she took in the beautiful and enticing view of her carrot-colored thatch

framed by the white of her well-formed thighs. Her eyes grew wide.

Sandy got up and crossed over to her. She murmured 'I want some of that

honey, too,' and, leaning over the arm of the chair, kissed Seanna on her mouth. As she did this, she raised the hem of her kimono, so

that Erika was treated further with an excellent view of the join between her buttocks and her thighs, the lower half of her full round

nether globes, the gap between her upper thighs, and the hint of brown curls in the gap. Making sure that Erika had an unobstructed

view of the proceedings, Sandy ran her fingertips down from Seanna's shoulders, brushing ever so lightly over the red-head's twin

delights. She brushed her fingers up and down, then clasped the rosy cones which so beautifully capped the older woman's breasts,

rolling them, gently plucking them, teasing them forth. Erika was entranced by what she saw. She wanted to kiss, suck and pluck at

both women, but found the sight of what was happening held her transfixed in her seat. Seanna began to rock her hips in the chair, and

her hands rose, as though by themselves, to clasp Sandy by the buttocks. Her fingers pinched and squeezed at them, following the line

separating their roundness from her thighs. Sandy's hands clasped Seanna's breasts firmly, squeezing them. Her tongue danced at the

raised nipples.

Seanna looked over at Erika and breathlessly murmured, 'Come on, little

sister, our guest is getting hungry, too,' and leading Sandy by the hand,

brought her back to the couch, seating herself on Erika's left, and returning

the brunette to her place on her right.

'So she is, Seanna,' she remarked, eying the material of her trousers.

'Now,' Sandy smiled at Erika, 'you kiss her, too.'

Erika did as she was told. She explored her mouth with her tongue, she

greedily took it, sucked it flicked it with her own. She brought up her hand

and touched the flat of her palm to her raised nipple and brushed it, barely

touching it. She shivered with delight. She slowly cupped her hand, enclosing

the freckled globe, and gently squeezed. The red head twined her arms around

her neck, ran her fingers through her hair, and moaned softly. Sandy watched, her heat growing. She was fascinated by the wetness in

Erika's trousers. Her fingers went out and touched the material, then traced the outline of what was within. 'Oh, nice!' she exclaimed.

Erika turned to see what was happening.

'No,' Sandy ordered. 'Kiss her more. Kiss her titties.'

Erika shrugged and turned back to Seanna. She kissed her ear, then her neck. She searched the hollow of her neck with her tongue. Her hand continued to squeeze the firm globe, her fingers to roll the turgid cone at its tip. Sandy continued her exploration. She found her belt buckle and solved its little puzzle, undid the clasp of her trousers. Her deft fingers worked slowly to open the zipper. Seanna was unbuttoning her shirt with her free hand, running it over her chest. She watched Sandy's efforts with eager anticipation. Erika's hand turned to attend to the other freckled globe as her mouth found the first. Her lips touched at the hot pink crown, her tongue wet it, her breath chilled it. Seanna nibbled her ear, her breath becoming short. Sandy opened the front of Erika's trousers slowly, like an unveiling. Her womanhood was still captive in her red designer panties, but its outline was plain. 'Ohhh. Very nice,' Sandy breathed, tracing the lips with her fingers.

Erika's hand trailed down and undid the knot in Seanna's belt, then drew the silky material back. Her fingers trailed down her belly, and curled in the reddish down below her navel. Her lips and tongue continued their attention to the delights of her very sensitive breasts, and she delighted in the response she was getting, and in the attention she was receiving as well. Sandy pulled at Erika's trousers, and she lifted her hips. She drew them down to her knees, leaving her in her panties. Seanna began moaning steadily as Erika attended to her now super-sensitized breasts. She began to quiver slightly. Erika continued her exploration of Seanna, her hand working slowly down her belly. She parted her t