

Jenny's story – part one, servatile quality

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 ☺

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Stay tuned...

Jenny packed the last of her clothes. She checked her passport and other vital accessories (money, health card, lipstick) were in her hand luggage and began to lug it down the stairs. Then, plonking herself on the bottom stair, she waited for her partner. He was picking her up and dropping her off at the airport.

Five minutes later she heard his car pull up on the drive. She opened the door and stood, leaning against the frame, smiling as he walked towards her. They exchanged a quick kiss and then he grabbed her bags. Jenny admired his strong arms as he carried them both one handed over to the boot.

Five minutes later they hit the motorway traffic. Thirty minutes later they exclaimed as they noticed an 'Airport – twenty miles' sign. An hour and ten minutes of heavy, tedious traffic later and they were at the parking bay. Here Jenny got out and her partner quickly loaded

her luggage onto the trolley and jumped back in the car. Jenny kissed him over the window of the door, he smiled, said goodbye and drove off. He had to be quick as the airport had just introduced parking fees for anyone who parked at all, even for five minutes.

Jenny sighed and began to push her trolley to the front door of the airport. She prepared herself for an extremely boring two hour wait before she could board and then another boring 8 and a half hour flight to Mumbai followed by a one and half hour connecting flight to Baroda.

She made her way to the book shop in the airport, hoping to buy a newspaper or magazine while she waited for the flight. She was conserving her iPod battery for the flight itself. The whole lot was trash and she ended up buying a book – Bridget Jones’s diary instead.

After twenty minutes of reading Jenny finally looked up to confront the eyes that she had felt burning into her ever since she had started to read. Opposite her was a young ordinary looking blonde girl. She had green eyes and a very long hair. She certainly wasn’t the prettiest of girls but Jenny felt something inside her switch when she saw her. However, when she made to stand up now captured by this girl, all she got was an icy glare and the girls steely determination seemed to pierce Jenny directly. She sat back down and attempted to bury herself back into the book.

With the rush of other customers Jenny made her way to the boarding area. She looked around quickly for the girl but didn’t see her. Shrugging lightly, as if she wasn’t affected, she moved straight onto the plane.

A total of fourteen long, boring and cramped hours later Jenny had finally arrived at her destination.

As a British born Indian Jenny felt she should fit in better. Of course in terms of appearance (apart from dress) she did. However she wasn’t used to the culture and she considered herself just as Westernised as the blonde girl from next door. She felt slightly disorientated in Baroda and found even the taxi ride to her brother’s house strange as local music played

on the radio whilst dust was churned up – seemingly from nowhere – on the way to the suburbs of Baroda.

Her brother who she was visiting lived in a three storey detached house and here she found herself more at home. It was filled with all the latest mod cons and creature comforts. Of course it also contained the warm greetings of her family and they soon settled into a pattern of chat and tea drinking in the warm evening, sitting in the outside dining room. Unfortunately Jenny was tired and she soon had to make her excuses and retire to bed. Her brother understood of course and he seemed to seep wealth as he told her that yes the maid had already taken the bags up and yes she had the entire third floor to herself and yes the new maid was going to be personally making sure that her stay in Baroda was comfortable and that her room was kept clean. Jenny was certainly overwhelmed by the family service but she was also feeling the effects of a long haul flight and so she found herself quickly moving from grateful to indifferent. At this point her brother left.

Jenny sighed as she got out of her clothes and flung her shoes across the floor. She rubbed her tired feet and riffled through her bag until she found the pyjamas that she always wore to bed. She enjoyed their texture and it was something that seemed to turn her partner on quite a lot.

Now her ritual began. Something that she had done ever since reaching puberty was to masturbate in every new bed she slept in. She didn't know why she did it but it made it feel more like home. The hole in the crotch area of her pink pyjama trousers were testimony to the amount of times she had travelled overnight.

Now using this rip to her advantage Jenny inserted a finger and began to stimulate her vulva. She soon found herself lubricated enough to slip two fingers into her vagina where she then moved on to stimulating her clit.

As she pumped her pussy more and more vigorously she found images of the airport blonde fly through her mind. She tried to discount them and think about her partner but his face was replaced by the steely blonde and his penis by her vagina – how Jenny imagined it anyway. Eventually she gave in and spent the next five minutes thinking about the blonde as

she rubbed herself up and down on the bedpost. Tired of this but in the height of sexual fever she then moved onto the en suite where Jenny used the shower head to masturbate. She groaned and moaned loudly as the head finally penetrated past her slit and soon after she collapsed as she was overcome by a splitting orgasm. She rocked slowly to a halt as she painfully pulled the shower head back out and massaged her now wider pussy. It was completely soaked with girl cum and droplets of water.

11am the next morning and Jenny was startled awake by the maid girl ripping the curtains open. This caused the bright Indian sunshine to illuminate her pretty face and produced a glow that clung to her body as Jenny's eyes struggled to adjust to the light for the next few seconds.

"Good morning Miss Jenny, how are you this morning? Would you like a cup of tea? My name is Sheila."

Jenny found Sheila to be quite stunning. Her traditional Sari dress wrapped around her slim body and the cloth seemed to pause into lighter colours around her chest. She obviously didn't have very big breasts but from what Jenny could make out they were firm and could hold themselves out against the dress. She had long flowing hair which seemed to have a permanent shining quality and her face was well angled with no extra fat to shift the attention away from her qualities. The cherry on the cake was her luscious red lips which seemed to be a perfect complement to her already good looking face.

Jenny wondered why this Indian goddess's eyes seemed to linger over her lower half until she remembered the hole! From where she was standing the maid would be able to see a woman in her mid thirties laying spread out across the bed with a hole in the crotch of her pink pyjamas that was further circled by a wet patch, reminiscent of the previous night's activities. Inside the hole the servant could probably just about see the pink of Jenny's labia region. Deciding to take the risk Jenny let her hand tumble down from where she was stretching and traced a line from her side to her knee, brushing along her crotch as she went.

"Yes, Tea would be fantastic please" Jenny smiled.

The maid gulped slightly, her voice came out croaked and weak "Of course Miss, I will err... enquire with the head of the household about your preferences"

Jenny smiled again, "My preferences are clear enough I think".

Blushing furiously, which gave her skin a more burgundy colour, the maid fled the room and hurried about getting the tea sorted.

Jenny saw the obvious relief on her face when on return the maid was confronted with her fully dressed. She accepted the tea with a thank you and then the maid quickly left again, apparently eager to be about her duties.

The next day Jenny acted normally again. She spent a while sightseeing and checking out the local market before coming back and relaxing by the pool. As the maid was cleaning the outside area Jenny had the perfect opportunity to find out more about her. With that conversation and facts she had deduced from her brothers conversations she was able to learn a bit about the girl.

Sheila was still quite young; despite this however she was already married. She had moved into the area recently and had taken the serving job to keep busy. When Jenny enquired to find out more about the maid she seemed surprised. When Jenny asked her why she replied;

"I have not been in service for very long Miss, but the family I helped with in my last neighbourhood kept strict regulations on how a servant should act, I expected all of my superiors to be of the same attitude..."

Jenny looked seriously at the young maid, wondering if any particular incident had made her more cautious than was ordinary or if this was the ordinary in India, even in the 21st century? Still she respected different cultures, she just felt a little strange at how much she had lost touch with her roots.

“Sheila, back in the UK things are slightly different. People tend to be more equal and there is meant to be much more interaction between the ‘classes’. Here I will carry this on and I don’t intend to treat you as anything less than an equal.”

The maid remained silent, as if she was scared that this was a ploy to get her to speak out against her masters. However Jenny noticed a difference in her over the next couple of days. Eventually they even started to have full conversations. By the end of the first week of her stay Jenny considered the maid to be a friend. On the evening of the seventh day, when Jenny had been talking about her own partner, Sheila asked her why they weren’t married. Immediately Jenny answered that they were going strong as they were and they would only get married if they felt it was right. Sheila nodded and said what turned out to be the first discontented comment Jenny had heard from her all week;

“Maybe... maybe I should have waited. My husband doesn’t really fulfil his duties as a man, and well, well I never wanted to be married so young in the first place. ”

Jenny raised an eyebrow; she was surprised at the maid’s sudden outspokenness.

“But he brings good money in doesn’t he? And he doesn’t beat you does he?”

Sheila shook her head, “No, no it is nothing like that. It is just, well I have urges – the urges you talk about – and he does not satisfy me”.

Jenny suddenly comprehended her, the maid was sexually frustrated!

“When we sleep together he just does it you know? There is none of the foreplay. And he falls to sleep as soon as he is done... I am ashamed now.”

A giggle slipped out of Jenny’s mouth before she could stop it. Sheila looked abashed at this but before she could move on Jenny reached out. Her hand grasped the young girl’s and she looked straight at her, “don’t worry Sheila, I’m sorry for laughing but don’t worry, if you ever need to talk well then you know where I am”

At this Sheila smiled her pretty smile and with a silent thank you moved on, this time not for want but to complete her chores.

Thinking back to the moment Jenny felt a surge of passion, she needed to get the girl out of her Sari. She wanted to help her let her hair down and she wanted to share her lusts.

The next day Jenny knew she had to hit a real relationship off with the girl, if she didn't do it soon they would not have enough time to spend together. Therefore she sent for the maid to help her with the shower. She was still wearing her pink nightwear when the maid came in. Again she was embarrassed by the sight but Jenny just beckoned her in to the shower room. She stepped into the shower itself and began to fiddle with the nozzles explaining that she was struggling to get them to work. After a few seconds she muttered "no good" and began to strip.

Sheila was taken aback and she stammered out a "Wha...what... what are you doing miss?"

"Well I don't want it to suddenly turn on and then get wet"

Sheila didn't reply and Jenny set back to work. Just as the maid went to leave Jenny said "Sheila? Could you give me a hand with this please?"

Cautiously the maid edged her way over and, trying to avoid looking at Jenny's naked body, began to fiddle with one of the nozzles. Immediately a stream of cold water rushed down onto them both. Jenny spluttered and reached up to turn it off. She then turned to Sheila.

"Ah here let me help you get that off, you will freeze to death otherwise".

Before the maid could even think about protesting Jenny had begun to remove the six yard long Sari. When it eventually came off Jenny pulled on the cord that held her petticoat on, despite it not being wet. Her pussy was already dripping with something other than water and the smell of arousal was obvious in the confined room.

Sheila had pink panties which had got up her back crack and there was a big damp spot on the front. Slowly Jenny knelt down. At any moment she expected the maid to flee but she instead stood there, completely motionless and with not a hint of protest on her face. In fact Jenny even thought she saw the beginnings of a smile tugging on her lips. Still now it was time to give some attention to a different set of lips...

Jenny buried her face in Sheila's panties and smelled euphoria as the sweet fabric brushed up and down on her nose. No longer able to control herself Jenny bit down on the white lace of the girls flowery knickers and tugged them down. She almost growled a note of satisfaction as she beheld the softest smelling, tastiest looking vagina of her life. It was completely smooth and the skin was a slightly lighter brown than the rest of Sheila's body. The sex itself was swollen and a cherry tinted pink. A droplet of lubrication bulged out of the hole and wetted the surface of the masterpiece in front of Jenny.

The maid began to shake as Jenny darted her tongue over the protruding lips. However before she continued Jenny stood up and placed her hands on her lover-to-be's shoulders. She then gently pushed her downwards and the maid responded by nodding and sitting on the toiletries bench. Now she was on a raised platform and it would be easier for Jenny to pleasure her.

As she spread out her pussy seemed to blossom into a beautiful flower. Jenny wasted no time to admire it further though and dived in to her muff. She furiously ate out the Indians sex and as Sheila reached each stage of her climax she thrust herself more and more into Jenny's face.

With a final feminine gasp Sheila exploded onto her face and the waves of orgasm rippled not just through her body but transferred to Jenny's. She could feel the pure ecstasy that was coursing its way through the maid's body.

Jenny suddenly had a strong urge to kiss her new found Sheila and they both kissed impatiently, tongues probed and they swirled the girls own cum around in their mouths.

The pair now embraced, it was their greatest moment of closeness since they had met and still the arousal that they shared was not gone. Jenny's pulse ticked at an incredible rate as she felt Sheila's hot cunt against her thigh. She looked down at her friend and smiled;

"How did you enjoy it?" she asked.

The reply was very complimentary "I think, I think that this is much better than what me and my husband do together and I would like to do it again Miss".

"Well this time" said Jenny, "This time it is your turn to taste vagina, I want you to lick and suck on me until I am satisfied".

The maid bit her lip seductively and raising her innocent eyes to Jenny's she slipped in two fingers into her slit. The pair then spent the next stage of their encounter kissing as Sheila, seemingly as an expert, fingered her lover until she released herself onto her fingers. The maid then wiped the cum onto Jenny's cheeks as if like tribal paint.

The two Indian lovers then began to shower together, embracing and stroking each other intimately as they did so. Jenny adored Sheila's flat stomach and pierced belly button which gave her the appearance of an exotic dancer.

When they got back to the bedroom the two dried themselves separately and just as Jenny made to put fresh knickers on she felt a hand on her waist. Turning around the maid smiled and explained that she couldn't wait any longer to return the favour; she wanted to taste her for real. Immediately Jenny obliged and lay on the bed with her legs wide open. Sheila surveyed the scene before her and looked confident, as if about to set to work cleaning up a room, she put her hands on each of her older lovers butt cheeks and buried her face into her pussy with the same speed at which Jenny had done so earlier.

It wasn't long before the woman in her mid thirties was going wild. She was clawing at the bed in delight and almost screaming as the maid subtly licked her arsehole at random

intervals. Just as Jenny felt herself on the brink of climax one more sensation swept over her – Sheila had inserted three lubricated fingers into her anus. A sexual blackout followed.

Over the next few days the two made love as regularly as was humanly impossible. On one occasion they even found themselves fucking each other with a rolling pin in an empty cinema.

Eventually however Jenny's time of stay was at an end. She needed to get back to England for work and her partner. Her time with the young maid had been amazingly enjoyable to her but at the same time she missed her partner's body as well. She had planned to give some advice to Sheila on 'interacting' more with her husband and letting her hair loose more but she knew that it would fall on, ultimately, deaf ears as her husband was unlikely to change his ways. Still she left having made a promise to both her brother and her lover to return again as soon as she could.

The plane journey back was pretty uneventful and Jenny was happy to get out of the cramped plane aisle. As she strolled into the main area airport area with a bottle of water in one hand and a wheeled suitcase in the other however, something shocked Jenny out of her tranquil state. There, on a bench by the doors, was that blonde girl from her original departure.

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?