



NATASHA WALKER

The
SECRET
LIVES
OF EMMA
DISTRACTIONS

About the Book

The continuing adventures of Emma! A series of erotic novels that tap into our deepest romantic fantasies ...

After a steamy affair with her young neighbour, Emma Benson flees to her friend Sally's beach house to recharge her emotional batteries. Her marriage to David has been going through a testing time, but now she's determined to be the wife he would like her to be.

If only it was that easy.

How do you tame a woman who's brimming with uninhibited sensual desires, a woman for whom pleasure is the ultimate goal in life?

Sally's beach house is the perfect place to relax and reconnect with a secret relationship Emma had thought had ended years before.

But then the arrival of David at the beach house reignites her fantasies – and offers her a temptation she can't help acting upon.

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LIVES
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*Dedicated to my best friend,
lover and muse*

'I just had to get away, David. No, there was no reason. No, it wasn't anything you did. It was spur of the moment. We just thought it would be fun. Well, you're playing golf all day tomorrow. I know. I know. No, I didn't think you'd mind. It's just for the week. I *will* do my uni assignments. Up here it's better. There are too many distractions at home. Yes, that includes you. You're a distraction. I need to get the reading done. Sally will probably lie in the sun all day. You're not angry with me, are you? Good. I just like to keep you on your toes. To keep you hungry. You want me now, don't you? But you can't have me. Well, come up next Friday. Can you wait that long? No? Good. OK. Bye-bye, baby. I love you.'

Emma ended the call. She stood at the open balcony door, a glass of white wine in her hand, and she tossed the phone across the room onto the couch.

'He took that well,' she said to Sally, before noticing she was bustling about in the kitchen with her back to her. Her friend turned around, eyebrows raised, when Emma spoke. Sally was speaking on her mobile, which she'd tucked between her ear and shoulder.

Emma shook her head and mouthed, 'Doesn't matter,' and the clatter of pots, the jingle of the fridge door laden with wine bottles being opened and closed, began again.

She turned back to the balcony and listened to the ocean's unvarying roar and the occasional distant boom. The night was darker than Emma had ever remembered. The ocean haze swallowed everything up. She noticed that the houses to the left and the right were vacant. The holiday season had yet to begin.

She sipped the wine, enjoying its clean taste. Through the door, the beach house was inhaling a cool fresh sea breeze and exhaling the earthy aroma of garlic. She rubbed her bare feet together. They were still slightly sandy. She'd run onto the beach in the darkness when they first arrived. She had gone down to the water. She hadn't gone in, it had been freezing but her skin now felt dry and salty. She closed the door and draped one of the throws from the couch over her shoulders.

She remembered how cold it had become at dawn that morning as she lay with Jason under the blankets in her backyard. Was it really *that* morning? It seemed an age ago to her now. Her flesh hadn't forgotten though. The merest thought of Jason sent heat through her body. The things he had done to her. She hugged herself.

She had to stop this. She had to stop thinking about him.

'Does Mark want to drive up tonight?' asked Emma, loudly, breaking into Sally's conversation.

'Did you hear?' asked Sally into the phone. 'Right. Yes. No.' She turned to Emma. 'He says he can't be arsed. Lovely, thanks, babe. No, I'm sure she understands. We don't want you up here anyway ...'

Emma turned back to the ocean, but her mind had drifted to Jason. To the mini-market. He had taken her G-string. No, she had *given* it to him. Willingly. A minute or two more and they might have been interrupted by his mother. It was too awful to think of. She'd been right to leave. Things were getting crazy. And Jason, spending time with Jess instead of her. Unforgiveable. Un-for-giveable.

She smiled to herself. She had already forgiven him really. In the car on the drive up, while Sally rattled on about her plans to go into business with a friend who made good money as a decorator, she had run over and over the short time she had spent with Jason. She had absolved him and blamed herself. Her anger had subsided and along with it her reason for leaving Sydney. Then she remembered the marks left by her young lover, the scratches and bruises of ecstasy. David could not be allowed to

see them.

~~‘Dinner’s ready,’ announced Sally, carrying two plates of steaming pasta to the dining table.~~

A groan escaped her lips as Emma sat down. Her muscles were sorer now than they were when she had woken that morning.

‘What was that?’ asked Sally, smiling. ‘Getting old?’

‘I slept badly last night. My neck hurts a little.’

‘You haven’t been coming to yoga with me, that’s why. If you don’t use it ...’

Emma smiled. Oh, I’ve been using it, she thought. She pictured Jason naked, standing over her. She shook the idea away and yawned.

‘Early night for you, then.’

‘Sorry, Sal,’ she said, before lifting a forkful of pasta to her mouth. ‘Mmm, this is really good.’

Sally stared at her, thoughtful, then said, ‘So, are you going to tell me what you and David fought about?’

‘What?’ spluttered Emma, her mouth full.

‘That’s why we’re here, right? You two had a fight?’

Emma shook her head.

‘I had plans this weekend, Em. Mark’s friend is having his fortieth tomorrow night. Mark wasn’t very happy with me.’ Sally waited a moment before asking, ‘So why *are* we here?’

Emma had thought she was going to tell Sally everything. She had almost told her on the way up but something kept her quiet. Now she knew what it was. Sally had retreated into normality. Sally wouldn’t want to know. Not really. That part of Sally’s life was over. Sally was nice now. A good wife.

‘I can’t tell you.’

Her friend was silent. Emma saw the beginnings of a frown forming on her usually trouble-free forehead.

‘*Yet*. I can’t tell you, yet,’ said Emma. What could she tell her? That her eighteen-year-old lover had cheated on her with his teen girlfriend? That she had to leave because she couldn’t allow her husband to see the marks her lover had left on her body? Or, that the life she had been leading had become a farce?

Emma saw the disappointed look on Sally’s face.

‘Maybe tomorrow. I just needed you to get me out of Sydney. And you did. And I love you even more for dropping everything just for me. OK?’

‘You love me?’

‘Always, darling. Always.’

The next day, after a brunch of fresh fruit, coffee and croissants, the two women continued to sit at the table on the balcony. There had been no rush that morning. They had slept in and taken their time getting up and ready. It was now eleven. A huge white umbrella kept the sun at bay. Both women perused last month's glossy fashion magazines in silence while sipping their coffees. The vast, bright, glistening ocean was ignored. The pounding, rhythmic surf was reduced to white noise. Emma's attention was focused squarely on the page devoted to solving the problems women have in bed. And she finished the coffee, which was exceptionally good.

'Did you sleep well, Em?' Sally yawned.

'Like the dead.'

'Lucky you! I didn't.'

Emma said nothing.

Sally left the table and lay down on the day bed, and said, 'God, I love it up here. Whenever I come up I feel more alive.'

Sally's parents had owned the holiday house on the Central Coast since the seventies. Emma had been a guest there many times during her childhood. The awkward fibro house on stilts was bulldozed in the nineties and Sally's parents had built anew.

The new house was also raised on stilts but was two storeys, the top storey housing two large bedrooms that both opened onto a shared balcony. The large first floor was open plan with kitchen and living and dining spaces facing the uninterrupted view of the tumbling, pounding waves. Two small bedrooms with bunk beds were found at the back. There was also a pool out the front between the house and the beach, a feature which was repeated, house to house, along the entire beachfront.

'Just close your eyes and listen to the surf, Em.'

Emma did as she was told. The dazzling sunlight and the sea salt in the air were triggers of happiness. A buoyant mood rose from the depths of her being. She had been so angry after leaving Jason, angry with herself. He had injured her pride. She smiled at it now. Jason, David and Mosma seemed a world away. What did it matter?

The slight breeze across her skin was tantalisingly cool.

She would use the time away to get a grip. The beach house was now dubbed 'Sally's Sanatorium for the Criminally Sensual'. She'd come to be cured of her obsession with that young man. For a week now, since he had leapt over the fence, he had been ever present on her mind. He had texted her overnight, but she had deleted the messages. She longed for the life she'd led before seducing him. Now she had to banish him from her thoughts.

'Shall we wander down to civilisation today?' asked Emma, languidly.

'You do mean the village? Not Sydney?'

'Just down there,' she said pointing, 'to the surf club. We can observe the locals.'

'Are you sure you want to? You know what they're like.'

Sally had long since tired of the 'us vs them' attitude of the locals and avoided the village shop where she was made to feel unwelcome. Her family had been visiting every year since she was a toddler. Whole summers had been spent at the beach house when she was a teen. But to the local girls she was a 'tourist' and never was or could be one of them. So she'd brought with her enough supplies to last a week. She had no intention of visiting the village at all. When supplies ran low she'd shop off to the mall, half an hour's drive away. Coming out of season meant she didn't have to mingle with

anybody. Even on a beautiful sunny Saturday she could see that the neighbouring houses were empty. As her parents' beach house would have been, if Emma hadn't pushed her to come up.

'Besides, Em, haven't you got homework to do?'

'You're not going to start sounding like my mother, are you?'

'I might. I have to do something. I can't have you wandering the streets looking for trouble. I know what you're like.'

'Bitch.'

'Tart.'

'Touché.'

Emma picked up the magazine and considered whether she should have another coffee.

'Em?'

'Yes?'

'Why *are* we here?'

Emma had hoped she had escaped the question. She placed the magazine down and turned to look at Sally.

'I had to get away. I suddenly felt ...' She couldn't complete the sentence. 'I just couldn't stand it.'

'What?'

'My life, I suppose. It was as though I had shrunk overnight and nothing seemed to fit.'

'Even David?'

'Yes, even David. The whole life I had chosen seemed a mistake.'

'How can that be?'

'It doesn't now. I feel better now. I can breathe again. Maybe I shouldn't have neglected our friendship. Maybe I just needed more Sally in my life. I feel so much better today.'

'Shall we go home then?'

'No, no! Let's never go home. Let's live here together. Or let's pretend we are going to. Please?'

'OK, Em,' said Sally, aware that there was more to the story. Something *had* happened that Emma was reluctant to share with her. She had always wondered at Emma's choice to settle down with David. It seemed out of character. Indeed it seemed doomed to failure. She thought now that she was witnessing the end. But she wouldn't push. Emma would tell her in her own time. It was the pattern of their friendship.

Emma smiled at Sally, thanking her for not pressing her further.

'Is that your phone, Em?'

Emma listened. She could just make out the ring tone. She got up and walked inside. It was on the kitchen bench. She picked it up thinking it would be David or her mother, but it was Paul, her lover. She glanced around. Sally had stayed outside. She answered.

'Hello?'

'Guess where I am?' asked Paul, without any preamble.

'I have no idea? Peking?'

'Peking? Jesus, Em, it doesn't even exist any more!'

'Constantinople?'

'You're just fucking with me.'

'Yep.'

'I'm in your lounge room.'

'What the hell are you doing there? How did you get in?'

'David let me in.'

'Oh, shit.'

'Oh, shit, indeed.'

Emma was keeping an eye on Sally, making sure she didn't come in the house.

'Why is he home? He's supposed to be playing golf.'

'He said he has a cold, but he doesn't look sick. He was still in his pyjamas. He's taking a shower now. I said I had come to take you to lunch but as you weren't home I'd take him. He tried to decline the offer but I insisted.'

'You and your impromptu visits! I knew this would happen one day.'

'You love my impromptu visits!'

Silence.

'Where are you?'

'Up at Sally's beach house.'

'Shall I come up?'

'No! Jesus, Paul, do you want me to get in trouble?'

'Yes.'

Right, the bastard probably did want her to. But it was good to hear his voice. He was entirely immoral. It was cleansing.

'Did David say anything?'

'Like?'

'Are you fucking my wife behind my back?' said Emma, with a smile.

'Yeah, and I was honest with him. I also told him about the night before your wedding.'

'You're a shit.'

'As if he would say anything! Even if he suspected there is no way David would ever give me the satisfaction. He would just divorce you and move on. He'd probably never speak to you again.'

Emma was silent. She hated Paul for saying that. It was true, though. David would just move on. There would be no middle ground, she thought, and this had always frightened her.

'Look, Em, don't worry about any of this. Nothing is going to happen. I'll take him to lunch, we'll talk about the rugby or the cricket or I'll tell him stories about the women I've been fucking and he'll be fine. Hey, why are you up there?'

At that moment Sally stood up.

'I've got to go. We'll talk later,' she said and ended the call.

'Who was that?' Sally asked as Emma returned to her seat.

'David.'



Later on, Emma sat with a novel under the shade of the umbrella. She hadn't noticed Sally had left her side till she passed by the top of her page. She was down by the pool in her bikini. Emma watched her for a moment then fell back into the novel. Some time later she heard a splash and looked up to see the blurred figure of her friend swimming the length of the pool underwater. Sally emerged by the wall of the shallow end. As she stood up and pushed her hair back, Emma saw she was naked. And, like many other admirers of Sally in the past, she was startled by a sudden new impression of her friend's beauty.

Emma liked Sally's decision to drop the bikini and break the norm. Though with no neighbours to spy on her, and a low sand dune screening views from the beach, it was hardly a brave break with convention.

Sally began to swim again and Emma could not take her eyes from her.

After ten or so laps, Sally gripped the side of the pool and pushed herself up. Emma saw her rise out of the water, lifting herself with an easy strength. The dynamic bend of her body accentuated the muscles in her back and thighs, revealing how fit and strong she was. But as she stood the muscles retreated and the soft, lean figure returned. Sally moved gracefully towards her towel and the outdoor

lounge. She stretched the towel out over the lounge seat, bending this way and that before, briefly kneeling on all fours and then lying flat on her stomach. Emma realised she had been holding her breath. She exhaled.

Some time later the sound of a car door slamming and the laughter of children interrupted Emma's voyeurism. She hadn't been able to read. She rose to warn Sally of the arrival of her neighbours but saw that Sally had already wrapped the towel around her and was walking back to the house, out of view.

‘David must be rough,’ said Sally.

‘Huh?’

The women were sunbathing on the balcony on Sunday afternoon. Emma was putting on sun cream and had lowered her bikini top slightly.

‘I didn’t notice yesterday, but you’ve got battle scars, honey!’ Sally said, pointing at a faded bruise mark on her friend’s breast. Emma had completely forgotten about the marks. She was momentarily embarrassed, but quickly covered her tracks.

‘Well, he’s a big man, with a big man’s strength and appetite.’

‘Yes?’ Sally prompted, hoping for more information.

‘He can be a little rough.’

‘Truly? I can only imagine.’

Emma smiled and let it drop.

But Sally wanted more. ‘Do you two get into that ... stuff?’

‘What stuff?’ asked Emma, looking up at her friend while she slathered suncream over her legs, examining the bruises as she did so. There weren’t that many, she thought to herself. Besides, with her pale skin bruises looked worse than they were.

‘I don’t know ... the rough stuff,’ persisted Sally.

‘Do David and I get dressed up in leather and whip and beat each other for kicks?’ asked Emma, smiling.

‘Yeah.’

‘I thought only librarians and accountants got into that.’

‘Then those marks are David just being David?’

‘Yes,’ said Emma, remembering how Jason had knocked her down onto her knees, gripping her tightly by the neck, completely overpowering her, as he’d taken her from behind.

‘I always wondered about that. He is so big.’

‘If you’d like I could let you take him for a test drive.’

‘Emma! That’s not what I meant. I’m afraid of big men.’

‘Liar.’

‘It’s true,’ said Sally, reddening. She had often fantasised about having David’s bulk on her. But such fantasies were allowable, she had reasoned, because acting on them was impossible.

‘Have you forgotten Simon Crowe? He was huge.’

‘He was different.’

‘How so?’

‘He was a sweetie.’

‘And David is ...?’

‘Scary,’ said Sally and laughed.

Emma smiled. She knew what her friend meant, but also knew that behind the forbidding facade was a man capable of great tenderness.

Sally was in a talkative mood.

‘I remember the first time I saw him naked.’

‘Who?’

‘Simon. I remember we were just going to go skinny-dipping in my parents’ pool. He stepped out

his jeans and pulled down his boxers and I froze. I hadn't seen anything like it. I still haven't. Have you?"

Emma shook her head.

'I hadn't even decided whether I liked him or not. I hadn't even taken all of my clothes off and had no idea he was married. I walked towards him to take a closer look. I was shameless. He stood there while I reached out my hand to touch it. It was the craziest thing. He was such a big man, tall and broad and I felt so small beside him. Then the thing started to grow in my hand. It was enormous.'

'I remember,' said Emma.

'I had no idea what to do. I didn't want him to fuck me with it. I liked holding it though. Is that what David is like?'

'What? No! Ha! I have never seen another cock like Simon's. I wouldn't want to.'

'I grew to love it. I've never told you before, but I went back to him a few times later, as well, after everything had happened. The sex wasn't that good but ...'

'What?'

'I just loved that thing!' Sally said, and let out a screeching laugh. She brought her knees up and wrapped her arms around them and hid her face in her lap, rocking backwards and forwards. Emma laughed with her.

'I want a big man again, Emma. A big, big man!'

'Darling, you can borrow mine. Seriously!'

'Stop saying that!' Sally covered her ears.

'I'm sure he wouldn't mind. Who wouldn't want to fuck you? You're sublime. I'd fuck you again given the chance.'

Sally raised her head.

'We can't do things like that any more, Em. Besides, he's your husband.'

'Come on, you'd share your husband with me.'

'No I wouldn't. Not a chance. When they have you they're never quite the same.'

'Do I ruin them?'

'For others.'

'Well, that doesn't stop you from fucking David.'

'Stop it.'

'Sally and David sitting in a tree – f – u – c – k – i – n – g – e – e – e – e.'

'Stop it!'

'He's good.'

'Stop it, Em.'

'He could do us both.'

'I'm not listening.'

'I think you are. I could call him. Come up and fuck Sally while I watch.'

'La la la la la.'

'Maybe we could tie you up and make you watch us.'

'Emma! My god! You are the devil!'

'You know you want to. Admit it.'

'I don't want to fuck David.'

'Sorry, all I heard was "I want to fuck David."''

'Please.'

Emma stood up. She thought the moment called for champagne.

'OK. You don't want to fuck David. You've convinced me. Let's never speak of it again.'

'Thank you.'

Emma stepped inside the house, knowing Sally was watching her. She turned back suddenly and said, 'But I bet you do!'

Sally started laughing.

Moments later Emma returned with two glasses and a bottle of champagne.

'You'd never cheat on Mark, would you?' asked Emma, unwrapping the bottle.

'No. Never.'

'Never ever?'

'Never. I couldn't do it. I love Mark too much.'

'What about with a girl?'

'You?' asked Sally, picking up a glass.

'Me.'

'You don't count, do you?'

Emma popped the cork and Sally held out her glass. Emma filled both glasses.

'Cheers to me not counting.'

'Cheers.'

'You won't cheat but you want a big man?'

'Yes, but that is different. I want one. I want lots of things I can't have. It doesn't mean I will take one. Sometimes at the gym when I'm working out I'll notice someone noticing me. If he's hot it sends a shiver down my body. I always think of you in those moments. I say to myself, Emma would. Sometimes I flirt. Sometimes I let them help me work a machine, to adjust a seat for me, to set the weight. It would be so easy to take it the next step. But then I think of Mark. I think of you. I think how hard it can be to break off these flings. It all seems too difficult.'

'But you like the attention?'

'I love the attention. Sometimes it's the most exciting thing that happens to me in a month.'

'Poor Sally!'

'Don't poor Sally me! When I think of the things we've done together, of the men we've had, the nights we've shared. I sometimes can't believe it was me. It seems like something I watched or read. Mark has no idea what his wife is capable of. And now it's in the past. It belongs to another life. Married life must be different. And that difference isn't bad. Married life is wonderful.'

'But if you could step outside of marriage without consequences for half a day ...?'

'Don't!'

'What would you do?'

'Emma, you make it so hard to be good!'

'What would you do?'

'Do you still have Simon Crowe's number?'

They laughed.

'Let's not talk about men. We have none to hand. I can't get all worked up,' said Sally.

'Agreed. Let's not talk about men,' said Emma, refilling their glasses. 'Cheers to women!'

Sally clinked her glass against Emma's. 'To women!'

Within moments Sally returned to the subject of men.

She reminisced about certain men they had shared, going into detail, driven on by that unsatisfiable impulse to talk of sex even when she had no chance of enjoying it. She went on and on, driving herself and Emma mad.

While Sally dreamed of unattainable men, Emma's lust found a much nearer focus. Sally's body. Her skin especially. She had kept the glow of youth. How many wondrous potions had been rubbed into that much pampered flesh? Her tanned legs, long and slender, were now stretched out before her. Emma could imagine them being wrapped around David. Or herself. The tanned skin against her

translucent white. And her feet. Such childlike, innocent feet. Her hands were beautiful, too. Light hands, slim hands, intelligent hands. She couldn't help but picture those hands gripping Simon Crow. It was too indecent for words.

The first bottle was drunk and Sally went for the second. The day was ending. Emma could not get comfortable. She kept shifting her position. Pop! The champagne spilled over as Emma rushed forward with her glass. Her desire for Sally came and went, only to return. So many men were discussed. So much sex.

But really Sally wanted to discuss David, openly, honestly, with her friend. She wanted to praise the attributes Emma must already have praised. She wanted to hear what he was like as a lover, using the words they found came so easily when discussing other men. This afternoon he had become stuck on her head and would not be dislodged by talking about all the lovers they had had and shared. She had heard Emma talk of him in the past but something had changed now. The evidence of his brutality on Emma's skin was a far greater turn-on for Sally than anything else they said and did that afternoon. And then there was Emma's confession that she was dissatisfied with her lot. She didn't deserve him. She tried to distract herself. She was the good friend, of sorts.

The afternoon had dwindled away while these two lust-ridden women smouldered, giving off more heat than light. Emma's thoughts had returned to Jason, the true cause of her bruises. Eventually Sally excused herself, saying she wanted to take a shower before preparing their dinner.

Emma sat for a time listening to the surf till her skin began to chill. The cooling air affected her all the more because, now that Sally had stopped talking, and her near-naked loveliness was gone, Emma's desire died, and the heat ran out of her body as with a corpse. She picked up the empty glasses and bottles and went inside. She rang David.

This simple and solitary life suited them. The wisteria in the front of the house, on the street, was blossoming and when the wind changed, salty ocean air was exchanged for the sweet fragrance of the flowers. Sally had arranged bowls full of them, which she then scattered around the house.

Over the last few days Sally and Emma had taken walks together in the fading light of late afternoon before the temperature fell at sunset. In their bikinis and wrapped in sarongs they gingerly crossed the low spinifex-covered dune before skipping on to the beach. The golden rays of the sun coloured their backs and set Sally's hair alight. The soft dry sand underfoot felt so clean. Hand in hand they walked northwards towards the deserted end of the long stretch of beach that eventually became part of the National Park. Down at the water's edge their feet sank in the cold wet sand, slowing their pace. But then, they were not heading anywhere. They played at the edge of the water.

The longer their stay, the less either had to say. They woke in the same bed, preferring to sleep together than alone, and then sat together all day speaking with smiles and touches. Their bodies found an ease of expression that comfortable silence will often encourage. Hands met and clasped without comment or ceremony and parted without regret; when walking or dashing from waves, shoulders would bump gently; laughter fell lightly from smiling lips; arms found their way around waists; and kisses of hands and cheeks came naturally and meant only as much as they expressed. Delight. A spell had been cast over them. The holiday spirit was paramount. Small pleasures were the order of the day. And these accumulated.

On Thursday afternoon the tide was out and the sand beneath the water had turned the shallows gold. Emma evaded the spirited wavelets, which seemed determined to convince her she was mistaken about their temperature. The ocean air was invigorating. Emma would have loved to exhaust herself by swimming with strong strokes out through the breakers. Doing very little left her with a great deal of excess energy. All day she'd read with a tapping foot. She had more energy than she knew what to do with.

She started to jog. Sally obviously felt the same and kept pace. They ran in silence for a bit then Emma dodged a clever little wavelet that Sally failed to see. Running right through it, Sally was surprised to find the water not as cold as she'd presumed it to be. But she didn't share her discovery. She ran back up the beach and threw off her sarong and stood smiling at Emma for a second. Emma knew what was coming next.

'It's freezing, Sally!'

But there was no stopping her. Sally dashed past her and bounded through the shallows, squealing like a five-year-old. Then she paused, hopped around in circles, her hands clasped under her chin, her forearms pressing her breasts.

'It's not so bad when you're in,' Sally shouted to Emma over the sound of the waves. She was smiling broadly. 'Really, it's quite warm!'

Emma laughed, more at Sally's facial expression than the obvious lies she was spouting.

'Come on out, Sally!' Emma shouted back. 'I won't tell anyone. It's too cold.'

'But it's lovely, come on *in*, Emma!'

'Not a chance.'

Sally was walking backwards, her eyes tightly shut now, arms still pressed to her breast, her deep-tanned body set against the white foaming waves rolling in behind her. The setting sun lit her up. The further back she went the larger the waves. They crashed round her calves, then thighs and then higher

She squealed and bounced up and down. Having had enough cold water torture, she turned her back on Emma and faced the ocean again. Emma watched with some admiration as she dived into the new wave. Sally swam under the water quite a way then surfaced only to dive under again as another wave rolled in. The two dives had loosened her bikini. When she stood up the top was around her waist.

'Strapless. Well, at least it looks good,' Sally shouted, swinging the bikini top around so she could unhook it easily. She strode out through the shallows towards Emma. 'It cost a fortune too!' She rolled it into a ball and threw it to her. Then, after a hasty scan of the beach, stepped out of her bottoms and threw those to her friend as well.

'You have the look of a naughty schoolgirl,' said Emma.

'You know that look well,' answered the nudist. Sally struck a pose, a Marilyn Monroe special, knees together slightly bent, and her arms above her head.

Emma grinned.

'Come on, Emma, take off your clothes,' she said.

Emma shook her head.

The cooling breeze on Sally's wet skin gave her goosebumps from head to toe. She turned cartwheels in the shallows to celebrate. Being naked was a buzz. The cool air rushing over her whole body, but more specifically over that one place rarely exposed to the outside world. For her, public nudity was a sexual act. A potent one. Had a man appeared, any man, she'd have been his, there, on the beach, in front of Emma. But only if he had intuited her willingness fully. She knew what she wanted. It would have to happen exactly as she pictured it, or not at all. These thoughts only turned her on more.

'Seriously, Em, it's lovely. Truly,' she said, stepping back and laying down in the shallows. The sun was sitting just above the hills to the west. The air was cooling. The water felt warmer to Sally than the air. She was tempted to go back out and catch more waves now that she was naked. But there was that look in Emma's eyes again. A prompting look, a daring look, a look that encouraged very bad behaviour.

'Come on, baby,' she cooed. 'It's so liberating. You've got to try it.'

Sally knew Emma had done as much and worse many times before. They had both swum nude with friends just off Balmoral when they were younger. In fact, she remembered swimming nude with Emma on this very beach five or six years before.

'I won't be seduced. Sirens can't be trusted!' shouted Emma.

'I'm a mermaid,' replied Sally, lying flat on her stomach and pressing her legs and feet together and slapping the water with her fishtail. She teased Emma because she knew her appetite. She knew how Emma wanted her. She could feel it. It was lovely to be an object of lust. She was highly aroused by the circumstances. She wanted to be a bad girl.

'I WANT A MAN!' she screamed at the top of voice, unleashing the beast even though she knew her words might hurt her friend.

Emma could only laugh. 'They didn't hear you, sweetie.' And she sat with a bump on the sand.

'I WANT A MAN!' Sally shouted again.

'You do have a husband, baby. Shall I go call him?'

'I know. I know.' Sally flopped onto her stomach in the shallow water. Then started to crawl towards Emma. 'I love him. I do. But ... I want someone else. I want someone new.' She collapsed on the wet sand and raised herself on her elbows, resting her chin in her hands. 'Sometimes I just want more than I'm allowed to have. Like we used to, Emma. We always had more than our fair share.'

'There's no reason we can't do it all again.'

'There are a million reasons why we can't.'

'Are there?' asked Emma. 'Name one.'

Sally smiled. She felt like saying, because he's your husband. But she didn't.

'You make being good so difficult, Em.'

Sally stood up and strode back into the deeper water and dived under wave after wave until she was out past the breakers.



When Sally finally emerged from the surf it was getting dark. Emma was frozen through. She had wandered down the beach to find the remnants of Sally's clothes, and had wrapped Sally's sarong around her shoulders. But the material was too flimsy to do more than lessen slightly the effect of the breeze.

Now Sally stood shivering in the shallows. 'I'll race you back,' she shouted to Emma.

'You go, I'll follow,' Emma replied, handing over the sarong. She was stiff from sitting in the cold.

Sally dashed off through the shallow water. She looked funny to Emma, like a stalker running across a stadium. Emma made her way back so slowly Sally was showered, dressed and already in the kitchen by the time Emma entered the house.

They flopped in front of the TV for a few hours. Sally laid her head on Emma's lap, then they headed for bed.

Emma fell asleep almost immediately. But Sally was wide awake. She switched on the bedside lamp and started to read a magazine, but this was no help. Since arriving at the beach house she'd been feeling very unsatisfied. There was something profoundly wrong with her marriage.

Frustrated as she was, sleeping next to Emma had been an unexpected joy. A silent one. Though Emma was completely innocent, they behaved like old lovers who had tired of the physical. Her love for Emma was intense at times. She wanted to look after her. To care for her. She wouldn't let Emma do anything. And all she required in return was to be held so that she may sleep. But Emma lay so quietly beside her. Her breathing was regular and deep – her repose complete. Emma seemed to hum with satisfaction, and Sally couldn't bring herself to disturb her.

She wrongly attributed the hum to David's prowess and had become fixated on him. He no longer disturbed her thoughts and kept her from sleep.

How can one woman be calm around another woman who emits a satisfied hum?

Emma was awakened by a noise. She lay still for a moment then she heard it again. There it was — sharp intake of air. The bed she shared seemed to be shaking slightly. Emma opened her eyes. It was still dark but she could make out the shape of Sally in the bed beside her. She listened to Sally breathing. It was irregular. There was movement too. Emma suddenly realised what Sally was doing. She smiled in the darkness.

Sally was lying on her back and Emma could see that both of her hands were busy. The more she watched the more excited she grew. Sally was being very quiet. Emma wondered how often she had done this while her husband slept. She wanted to reach out but feared her friend's reaction. Would she be embarrassed?

Emma started to touch herself. She couldn't help it. Sally's breathing turned her on. And her sudden shudders, and her raised nightie, her bare stomach, her wrists and that one knee slightly lifted. She was so close to Sally, too. She wanted to lift her nightie up further and take a nipple in her mouth.

Then Emma saw the dildo. Sally had been using it and it now lay down beside her. Emma reached for it, making sure she wasn't spotted. It was enormous. She grinned at her friend's appetite. It was wet and felt heavy in her hand.

Sally had stopped. Emma couldn't decide whether she had come or not. Emma could smell Sally on her fingers. She had to use the dildo. She didn't know how Sally would react, but it didn't seem to matter any more. She rubbed the soft head of it against herself.

Emma moved closer to her friend. She ran her hand along the underside of Sally's raised leg. Sally was silent. She ran the tip of the dildo along Sally's thigh as she laid her head on Sally's shoulder then pressed the dildo into her. Sally gasped and started to touch herself using both hands. Emma kissed the side of Sally's face as she brought the dildo out and then pressed it back in. She began to fuck her with it slowly, keeping the rhythm she kept herself, and listening to her breathing.

Sally turned her head and tried to find Emma's mouth with her own. They stumbled in the darkness, noses bumping and lips finding chins, until lip met lip and Sally expressed her urgent desire by pushing hard against her friend's mouth. Emma slid her arm under her neck and grabbed her, pulling her closer.

Their kiss was heated. Fire made. Emma left the dildo in, and rolled over on top of her, spreading Sally's legs so that she could lie between them. She kissed and rubbed and pressed her body against Sally. Her hands were everywhere. Sally in turn wrapped her legs around Emma, as she would a man, and squeezed against her.

Sally hadn't been expecting any of this. She and Emma hadn't done anything together for years, and when they had there had always been a man present. She hadn't been able to sleep and as a last resort had decided to do what she had done many times before to the accompaniment of her husband snoring.

But things hadn't gone to plan. She wasn't able to come. She had nearly given up when Emma had woken.

Emma's kiss had surprised her. Sally was overcome with desire. Emma's touch, her hands in her hair, her body on hers, smashed through her reserve. She had believed she was beyond all of this, that her flirtations with Emma were just that, flirtation. A tease for the men they had shared. But this was something different. Sally felt a dull and heavy yearning deep within her. Something that she knew nothing could serve to quiet. Something that made her pull Emma against her, to feel flesh again.

flesh, her muscle and bone aching for union.

~~She rolled Emma over and lay on her. She kissed her mouth, forever surprised by its yielding nature. Emma accepted her, received her and seemed always capable of taking more. Sally wanted to give. She wanted to embed herself within Emma.~~

When Emma felt Sally's hand against her she broke from her kiss and moaned. She had been fantasising about her friend for days now and had become fixated on the beauty of Sally's hands and wrists. Now one of those perfect hands was on her. And now in her. She was being so gentle. Her hands were so unlike David's. His were rough and thick, they were heavy and hurried. Sally's were intelligent. They remembered her, they knew her.

Ever so slowly Sally moved down Emma's body. She kissed her way along, lifting Emma's nightgown, kissing her belly, returning to kiss her breasts. Emma lifted it over her head and Sally did the same with her own. She hungered for Emma.

Entirely naked Sally lay herself against Emma and kissed her anew. Again she began to kiss her way down Emma's body. Bit her. Tasted her. Coming slowly to her destination.

The smell of Emma overwhelmed her. She remembered it so well. Memories flooded her mind. Her youth was here. All of the most erotic moments of her life had happened near or between these legs. The debaucheries they had shared together.

Emma arched her back. Sally remembered what Emma liked. When Sally pushed her fingers into her, Emma knew she was done. The mere fact of Sally on her was enough. The way Sally had initiated the act had filled Emma with love. She knew that Sally was sharing herself completely. The weeks alone together had rekindled their friendship, their lost love. Sally's tongue, her mouth, was on her. The beautiful face between her legs. Emma came. There was no stopping it. She came and it was bliss. She lay back with eyes closed, allowing the final waves to shudder through her body, while Sally slid along her and rested against her, kissing her breasts. Her nipples rubbed against Emma's thigh.

Now it was Emma's turn to lead. She eased Sally onto her back and then straddled her lovingly backwards, lowering her face between Sally's legs. Emma reached for the neglected dildo. And as she did so she felt Sally grip her hips and pull Emma down onto her mouth. Emma moaned as Sally's tongue entered her. The dildo in her hand was momentarily forgotten. She closed her eyes and pressed her mouth against Sally and flicked her clitoris with her tongue.

Emma could feel Sally, rather than hear her moans, the reverberations exciting her as much as her mouth. Emma picked up the dildo again. It was there to fill not fuck. Emma's focus was Sally's clitoris. The tip of her tongue lapped the bud softly, softly, barely touching. She eased the dildo in and eased it out again in long, deep slow motions.

Sally nibbled and licked too and the women found themselves keeping the same slow beat.

The pleasure they received from men came not from their expert attentions, not from their ability to focus in with the intuition of a woman, but from the very thoughtless nature of their wayward tongues which teased, which tormented and left the whole experience tantalisingly close to orgasm but not there, not quite there, then ... Oh! And then ... Oh! So close, so close, so close, so ... so ... so ... torment, a torture, dripping, drop after teasing drop of ... yes ... yes ... yes ... Till, by some beautiful accident, three or four random touches ignited something a woman's sure tongue could never have stumbled across!

Now they were easing back into an old lounge chair of loving. Soft hands touched soft thighs, gentle tongues lapped delicate pleasures, flesh melted into flesh, their bodies pressed the other into satisfaction of feminine curves, of breasts against bellies, of soft lips and wet lips.

The two women brought each other to climax with unfeigned casualness. Their orgasms were long-lived, rambling and deeply satisfying affairs. They lay together, in this extraordinary embrace, letting the shudders run their exquisite course. Each was full of the other. Some change had been affected.

the way they thought of each other. Sally had re-established herself as an independent lover and could now allow herself some of the levity of her early years. Emma found Sally a far more mature, even wilful, lover. Such a change in so short a time.

There was no embarrassment when they woke. Both women felt revitalised. They'd accepted something. Something simple but hard at first to grasp. There was no going back.

By one o'clock they were seated on the balcony eating watermelon, in the nude. The weather was its finest. It was hot. Summertime hot. But then Sally noticed people walking from the house two doors down. A family, with young kids, crossing the dune, wandering onto the beach.

'Here they come,' she said, with a hint of resignation. 'The weekend mob.' She stood and went inside. After a moment she returned with their bikinis.

'And I just realised, the boys will be up tonight,' said Emma. She had been so far from all these realities. She stood to dress herself. 'It's silly to think of such a tiny piece of material as clothes.'

'Yet I feel naked without mine on,' said Sally, and she caressed Emma's bum as she leant over to step into her bikini bottoms.

Touch and love. Love and Sally. Sally and Emma, together, alone. How much could one woman fit in her life? thought Emma. She wanted to remain Sally's lover. She didn't want the presence of Sally's husband, or her own, to force them to name what they had. Her desire was to have her cake and eat it too. Puritans can have the dilemma all to themselves, she'll own a cake shop.

'I think we should run over to the mall and pick up some meat. The boys can barbecue for us tonight. What do you think?' asked Sally.

Emma leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. 'Brilliant,' she said, sitting back down. 'There's no rush is there? I feel happy and it's too lovely to move.'

'No rush. Do you want some more watermelon?'

'Yes, please.'

Emma took another slice from the plate offered by her friend. She noticed both of them were seated in the same way, almost squatting rather than sitting on the chair, their heels on the edge of the seat, knees up and spread. They ate their fruit between their knees. She wondered who had influenced whom. The position was very childlike. Cute. Sally's toes were splayed and the tendons in both her feet were stretched.

Emma would have liked to see photos of her and Sally naked and entwined. The contrast of their skin tones would have been delicious.

She couldn't stop herself from feeling jealous of their time together. She knew such moments were fleeting. 'I wonder if I should accept that this is how I want to live my life. I have tried being the good wife. I'm not good at it. We crossed a line last night, didn't we?'

'Does last night count?'

'How can we tell what counts and what doesn't?'

'Last night shouldn't count.'

'The way I'm feeling now I think last night counts more than anything else.' Emma looked at Sally. 'Maybe we should just be who we are.'

'I don't think I can.'

'You won't have to give anything up, you'll just have to make room in your life for more. We're co-conspirators now, Sal. There's no going back. We can do whatever we want to do.'

Sally was silent.

Emma stretched and yawned. In a way there were too many delights in her life. How could she fit them all in?

She ate her slice of watermelon and began to think about David. He was loving, and yet so strong, a frighteningly attractive combination. Love and strength.

She reached out a juice-covered hand and touched Sally's knee, drawing on the shiny brown skin with the juice, making dark wet circles. She wanted to suggest that she and Sally try to find a way to get David into bed. They were allies now, weren't they? But after what had happened she found that words would not come. It suddenly seemed too real. She wondered what David would make of it. Few men would reject such an offer, but David had certain scruples. He didn't like to shit where he slept, and she put it crudely.

The reason she had never suggested a threesome had more to do with her friend's sentiments than her husband's scruples. The friends had married within months of each other and Sally had wasted no time becoming the very model of a dutiful wife. There would have been little chance of turning Sally's head back then, as there really was only one man in her world, Mark. Emma found this kind of love charming in others. But was glad to see that by close and regular exposure to Mark his spell over Sally had been broken naturally.

'It will be strange with the boys around,' said Sally.

'Shall we call them and tell them to go to hell?'

'Yeah,' said Sally, putting the watermelon rind on the table and stretching out. She looked across at the family on the beach. They were all down at the water's edge. The two adults stood facing the ocean while three little ones splashed and dashed about at their feet.

'But do you know what I was just thinking?' asked Emma, her heart began to beat wildly. She liked that feeling. Life burst open.

'No, what?'

'I was thinking how lovely it would be to have you on your knees between my legs kissing me here,' she said. How strange it felt to talk like this now that everything was back to normal. She wondered if she would tell Sally the important bit.

'You're a beast, Emma. Do you know what you've just done to me? Just like that?'

Emma looked across at Sally, every nerve in her body felt as though it had fired.

'I will do it. I'd love to do it,' continued Sally.

'But wait there's more,' added Emma, standing on the fence, quivering.

'Tell me, Emma,' said Sally. She wasn't lying, she would love to do it, she had gone from idle, relaxed, and sleepy, to hot, wet and horny in the time it took for Emma to finish her sentence. Had you pulled her aside two minutes before, she would have told you she'd think twice before doing anything sexual with Emma again. Once was fun. Very exciting. But she wasn't a lesbian, and she knew Emma respected that.

'I don't know if I can tell you,' said Emma, truthfully. She was so excited and nervous she could hardly speak. She felt herself blushing bright red. How silly to feel like this with Sally! She had been so flippant about it only days before. But she couldn't help it. The suggestion was far harder than she had thought it would be. To share her husband. To lower her husband in Sally's eyes. To reduce her marriage to the level of one of her flings. She had been flippant about sharing David with Sally before but this was different. Things had changed. Sally would know she was serious now. Sally would think of the past – how lightly Emma had treated those men of hers. But she did so want the three of them to be together. At least one time. At least. To prove that life could still be as it was.

'You have to now, Em!' said Sally, leaving her chair and crawling on her knees till she settled between Emma's legs.

Emma could imagine David behind her, his face sporting his appreciation of Sally's wiggling arse. Did she dare tell her? What would Sally think of her? Sally had already shown interest in David. But how would her wifely side react?

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