

# Lesbian Licks

LADY ENGINEER

*by Trisha*

The innkeeper unlocked the door of Room Twelve and said: "Here is your chamber, Captain. I hope it will be to your liking." Stepping aside, he bowed respectfully as his guest entered the room, before adding: "You are the first woman to stay at this inn. Our usual clientele are male officers. Indeed, these premises were built as a place where high-ranking men come to relax."

"The room seems fine," his guest replied, turning around with a smile. "Thank you, good sir."

The innkeeper looked at her, his brain still puzzling over her reason for staying at the inn. It seemed to be a strange choice of accommodation for a middle-aged lady.

"I did not want to spend my nights at the fortress," she explained, as though perceiving his thought. "Twenty years ago I would have braved the cold stone barracks, but not any more. At fifty-six, a warrior woman craves the comforts of an inn."

"How many nights will you be staying here, Captain?"

"Three," she answered, giving a small shrug. "Or maybe four. The army's High Command has asked me to inspect the ruined bridges along the river. The task is fairly simple, but it might be delayed if the enemy launches another attack across the frontier."

"Are you an architect?" the innkeeper asked.

"Engineer."

"Well, Lady Engineer. I will leave you in peace for the rest of the evening. But first, I must ask you please to tell me your name and regiment. I need to update the register of guests."

"Carla. Captain Carla Reeth. My regiment is the Thirty-Ninth Infantry."

The innkeeper nodded, before closing the door and walking away along the corridor. Carla listened to his heavy footsteps on the stairs as she unpacked her small bag. The room was quite spacious, with plain walls and a high ceiling. A large bed lay along one wall, its white sheets gleaming in the late afternoon sunshine that filtered through the single window.

Carla walked over to the bed and kicked off her black shoes. Next, she unrolled her white silk stockings and folded them neatly over a chair near the window. An army wagon, carrying provisions and hauled by heavy oxen, trundled slowly past on the dusty road below. Carla watched it as she unbuttoned her short red dress. Then, in vain, she looked for somewhere to safely hang the garment, for it was her formal military uniform and she did not wish to crease it. Clicking her tongue in frustration, she suddenly noticed a small door in a far corner of the room. Could it be, perhaps, a closet for clothes? She walked towards the door and was within five paces of it when it opened of its own accord.

A teenage girl in a long white gown emerged from behind the door. She was of similar height to Carla who, at five feet and nine inches, was considered quite tall. The girl had

smooth, honey-brown skin and long blonde hair. Her eyes were icy blue, like crystals in a sea-cave, and they glittered as their gaze scanned Carla's bemused face.

"Oh! I think there has been a mistake," Carla ventured. "I did not know that this room was already occupied. Please excuse my invasion of your privacy."

"I am not a guest," the girl said calmly. "I am the slave of Room Twelve. This is where I dwell, but my task is to serve the customers."

"That won't be necessary," Carla replied, giving a gentle laugh. "I need no slave. In fact, I prefer to be alone during my time at this inn. Please tell the innkeeper that your services are not required."

"Does my presence displease you?"

"No, of course not," Carla answered. "I merely wish to stay here on my own."

The girl bit her lower lip anxiously and rolled her eyes. "If you reject my services, lady, it will be seen as a mark of displeasure. The innkeeper will be angry. It is likely that I will be whipped."

The laughter in Carla's throat was muffled when she realized that the words were not spoken in jest. She stared at the girl and saw genuine fear in her sparkling blue eyes.

"Please, dear lady! I cannot bear to be whipped. I implore you to let me remain in this room!"

The plea was so heartfelt, so pitiful, that Carla felt obliged to relent. With a heavy sigh she said: "Alright, I agree to your request. But never have I visited a place as strange as this inn. Does every room have an individual slave?"

"Yes, indeed. Fourteen rooms and fourteen slaves. All of us are girls of age eighteen or nineteen or twenty, and all of us are captives of war."

Carla peered over the slave's shoulder and asked: "Do you sleep in that little closet?"

"It is not a closet, my lady. It is a small bathroom, for your personal use, with a latrine and water-tub. But I sleep in the bed, alongside the room's guest."

Carla glanced at the bed and guessed why the room-slaves were teenage girls. "The guests are usually men, I hear?" she mused. "Gentlemen officers of the army. So, do your duties include offering your body to whoever sleeps in this bed?"

"That is correct."

"What is your name?"

"Yoni."

"Please, Yoni. Call me Carla. If we are to share this room, and this bed, we should dispense with formalities. Now, where can I hang my uniform?"

"On this wall-hook, dear lady. Sorry....dear Carla. Here, let me help you."

"Thanks," Carla replied, standing motionless as her red dress was eased down her body. Then, as she stood pale and naked in the center of the room, she ruffled her shaggy bob of silver hair and yawned. "I'm so tired after my journey. Is there some hot water in the bathtub?"

Yoni nodded, tossing her silky blonde tresses behind her sun-bronzed shoulders. "I filled the tub in readiness for your arrival," she answered. "A warm bath is always prepared for a new guest."

"Excellent!" Carla exclaimed, clapping her hands as she entered the closet. A large wooden bathtub, of oval shape, stood on the tiled floor. Steam rose from it, while soft white towels lay on a stool nearby.

Carla stepped into the tub and stood in the middle, smiling as the hot water lapped her knees. "Leave, if you wish," she said. "My withered old carcass is not a pretty sight."

"Your body is not withered at all," Yoni observed. "You're slim and supple, with only a few wrinkles and creases. Also, you have retained the womanly figure that the gods bestowed upon you in your youth."

"I doubt it!" said Carla, chuckling merrily. "This body gave birth to four sons and has long since lost its firmness. Everything seems now to sag or crinkle. But I thank you for your kind words. I wish my husband would speak so gallantly when he sees me unclothed."

"He is a very fortunate man," Yoni mused. "Does he not praise your beauty?"

"I'm too old to be beautiful," Carla murmured.

Yoni shrugged, while her fingers unfastened the buttons at the rear of her gown. The white garment fell shimmering from her shoulders to tumble down her arms. It slid to the floor as she stepped gracefully out of it. The nude perfection of her gorgeous young body brought an admiring gasp from the older woman, to whom Yoni seemed like an image of startling loveliness.

"Dear girl!" said Carla. "What are you doing?"

"Helping."

Carla stared in bewilderment as the slave stepped naked into the tub. The warm water lapped around Yoni's knees as she stood there, her blue eyes narrowing as she beckoned Carla to move closer. Soon, the two women stood facing each other in the tub, their nude bosoms lightly touching. Yoni bent to scoop water in a wooden bowl, which she emptied slowly down the front of Carla's body. The droplets trickled over the older woman's breasts before streaming across the gentle curve of her belly to dribble among her dark bush of pubic hairs.

"You don't have to wash me," Carla whispered, reaching out to caress the girl's face. "It is not a duty that this particular guest demands."

"I must perform this service," Yoni replied, scooping the bowl. "The rules of the room demand it, even if the guest of the room does not."

"Well, it feels wonderful," Carla murmured, as the second bowl of water spilled down her body. "I accept the service gladly, if you are happy to offer it."

"Turn around, please," said Yoni.

Carla obeyed without hesitation, drawing a deep breath as water streamed down her back. The warm liquid ran along the groove of her spine before cascading over her bottom. Then, to her astonishment, she felt strong fingers stroking and squeezing the firm flesh of her buttocks.

"Do not be anxious," Yoni explained, nuzzling her face into the captain's silver hair. "A massage of the hindquarters is always offered to guests. The men seem to like having their buns grabbed and groped by a teenage girl."

"I can see why!" Carla gasped, wiggling her buttocks in response to the pleasurable squeezing. "I guess your sensual touch makes their erections stiffen."

"Indeed it does," Yoni whispered, pressing her sleek body against Carla's back. "Their cocks get very hard, especially when I do.....this." With that, she placed a tender kiss on Carla's neck, lifting the silver hair aside to expose the skin.

"Oh my, this does feel very strange," Carla muttered.

"Just relax," said Yoni, reaching around with both hands to cup the engineer's breasts.

"That feels so lovely!" Carla gasped, her nipples stiffening under the gentle caress of the slave girl's thumbs.

Yoni began grinding her hips against Carla's buttocks, bringing a series of moans and sighs from the captain's throat. Carla smiled when she felt the smooth lips of a shaved vagina rubbing her ass-cheeks.

"Am I wrong to be enjoying this?" she mused aloud. "Never before have I been intimate with a woman, yet now I find myself standing in a tub with a gorgeous young girl. Damn, I'm probably ten years older your mother!"

"Probably," came the softly-spoken reply. "But I care not, for you are beautiful and sensual."

Carla turned around, putting her arms around Yoni's neck. For a while the two women stared at each other in silence. Then, without word or signal, their mouths met in a passionate kiss. The young blonde's hand slid downward to clasp Carla's backside, before a lone forefinger burrowed leisurely into the cleft between her supple buttocks.

"It tickles!" Carla giggled through the kiss. "Are you trying to.....?"

"Well, dear guest?" Yoni interrupted, withdrawing her lips hastily. "How does that feel?"

"Different," Carla replied, nuzzling her face into the shiny golden mane that swirled around Yoni's shoulders. "Different, because nobody has ever put a finger inside my anus before. But I must say it feels quite pleasant."

"Touch me, if you wish," the slave suggested. "Touch my cunt, or my breasts, or wherever

you like. I am your plaything, your toy, to be explored in whatever way you desire."

"I have never touched another woman before," Carla confessed. "Intimately, I mean. Nor is it something I ever wanted to do."

"Until now?" Yoni ventured.

"Until now," Carla admitted, smiling as her right hand trailed down the suntanned curves of the girl's panting body.

"Dearest lady!" Yoni gasped, closing her eyes and arching her spine. "Your caress is so.....," but her words ended in a breathless gasp.

"Was I too sudden?" Carla inquired, her face full of concern as she kissed the slave's half-open mouth. "Did my finger move too quickly?"

Yoni shook her head, opening her eyes and grinning merrily. "Not at all. Please, don't be shy. I can feel your fingertip inside my flesh, but I want to take the full length of your finger. I want to grind my cunt against the knuckles of your hand."

"Like this?"

"Mmmmm, precisely! That feels unbelievable, Carla. Twist your hand from side to side, and push your middle knuckle against my clit. Oh yes! You do learn fast."

Carla gave a small squeal, before burying her face in the teenager's blonde hair. Her cheeks turned pink, while her mouth seemed to be locked in a wide mischievous grin.

"Dearest Yoni," she chuckled. "You're such a naughty girl!"

"Why?" Yoni quipped. "Just because I now have two fingers inside your tight asshole?"

Carla hastily nodded and said: "I'm embarrassed, I guess, but the sensation feels incredibly sexy."

"Does your husband not touch you there?"

"No, never," Carla answered coyly, peering down to where her own fingers probed Yoni's hairless crotch. "He thinks anal sex is absolutely disgusting. So did I, until about two minutes ago."

"Despite your age, you sure have a lot to learn about lovemaking."

"I know," Carla said wistfully. "Will you teach me, during my stay at this inn?"

"Of course. Where do you want to begin?"

"With a bath," Carla replied. "A real, thorough wash in this tub. Then, perhaps, we could move to the bed?"

"Sounds like a plan," said Yoni, slowly withdrawing her fingers from the older woman's bottom. "Here, sit down in the water with me. Take my hand."

"This must be the best inn for miles around," Carla laughed. "The room service is particularly good."

"We always aim to please," said Yoni,

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