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BAD GIRLS HAVE BETTER SEX 2

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Bad Girls Have Better Sex - Part Two

Nice Surprise For Her

I just adore England in the spring; it's the most perfect time of the year. The trees are starting to leaf, the hedgerows are filling out and different hues of red, white and pink blossom seem to adorn every other tree you can see. Spring was the time Brooke had first picked for her visit to see me in England, and I couldn't wait to see her again.

We'd fallen in love online some six months earlier. Neither of us had been looking for love or had even remotely expected to have found it in the way we did. Countless hours of online chat had all culminated in my mad last minute dash to Oregon to spend Christmas with her. That seemed ages ago now and even though I had returned to England after a truly amazing and loving five days, our love had continued to blossom and grow in the months between then and now.

I sat in Heathrow Airport watching the arrivals board, intently waiting for it to flick from 'expected' to 'landed' for Brooke's British Airways flight from Seattle. After what seemed an eternity of waiting it finally made the change. I trembled with joy as I knew I'd see her shortly. My mind was also filled with excitement at the thought of what I'd worked out for her visit.

I planned to show Brooke all the sights in London for a couple of days before having a slow, relaxed and romantic tour round Southern England. I knew she wanted to see pretty countryside and quaint villages, and I had a route all mapped out culminating with a visit to my parents who lived in North Devon.

The baggage reclaim doors slid back and forth more times than I can remember as I waited for Brooke to emerge. Finally, she popped out, grinning from ear to ear as she saw me waiting. We threw ourselves into each other's arms and hugged for what seemed like an eternity.

"Oh my god, I am so amazed to see you again," I cried into her ear as we held other tight. "I love you, Zoey," she blurted back, not wanting to let go of me. We sat in the coffee shop in the terminal for some time just talking, glad to be in one another's company again. "What are we doing then?" she finally asked. "We're going on a trip," I replied, "and every day's going to be a surprise." "I like surprises," Brooke giggled. "Then you'll have a perfect time. Perfect like you," I said before grabbing her hand and leading her to my car.

The next eight days were truly the happiest in my life. We walked hand in hand on the pier and beach in Brighton, having fun looking in all the tiny novelty shops in The Lanes. Next was the New Forest, where we rambled through the gorse bushes and heathland. I took Brooke to Stratford and the picture postcard villages in the Cotswolds. We picnicked under a tree in a stunning field of **** seed in its full and glorious yellow bloom.

Every night we found a bed and breakfast to stay in, having dinner in quaint country pubs. There wasn't a day that we didn't just gaze longingly into each other's eyes, share dozens of laughs and make slow passionate love to each other after sharing a bottle of wine. We were truly in love and didn't care how obvious we were about expressing that.

At the end of the eighth day we arrived in Bath. It was our last day alone together before we headed down to Devon to visit my parents. After a fabulous day exploring the Roman Baths and the Royal Crescent, I felt I really needed to give Brooke a special romantic treat before we had to be subtler with each other under my parents roof. I planned a passionate evening where I could truly express my love and desire for her.

I pulled the car over on our way to the bed & breakfast I'd booked.

"Wait here, Brooke, I'll be back in a second," I said, giving her a very mischievous smile. Brooke looked quizzically back at me but didn't say a word. I ducked into a supermarket and made my way to the toiletry aisle. One big bottle of scented bubble bath later and I was off to the home-wear aisle where a pack of twenty tea light candles and some matches were added to the basket. I paid and then smuggled my purchases into the boot of the car. I got an another 'what on earth have you been doing?' look from Brooke when I hopped back into the front seat and drove off.

We had dinner and shared our by now customary bottle of wine. "Bed time, Brooke," I said as we finished our glasses. "But this time I have an extra special surprise!" "Ooo, I like surprises," she replied, as I grabbed her hand and led her to our room.

"Okay, I'm going into the bathroom and you're not to come in until I say so," I giggled at Brooke. "When you do come in, turn out the lights to the room and I want you naked." I said it as seriously as I could to make sure she really did what I wanted.

I turned on the bath taps and poured half the contents of the bubble bath bottle into the running water. I wanted a crazy amount of bubbles in that bath! While the water was running I set about placing the tea lights. Ten were put round the edges of the bath and the others on the sink, cistern and floor.

I turned the taps off when the water was nice and deep, and bubbles were just started to brim over the edge of the bath. Then I lit the tea lights and turned the bathroom light out. It looked amazing. All the candles sent a very seductive and shimmering light up the walls and across the ceiling, as well as playing sexily across the bubbles in the bath.

I undressed until I was left with nothing but a skimpy white lace thong on. I was ready for Brooke. In fact, I was ready for anything! "Brooke, I'm ready. Lights out and naked please," I giggled through the door.

The door opened and Brooke walked into the bathroom. She looked stunning. I'd always fancied her and I couldn't help but look her up and down with lust in my eyes. She closed the door. Her naked body looked amazing as the subtle light of the candles danced over her breasts, tummy and thighs.

She walked over and stood in front of me, her breasts just touching mine. I ran my hands up and down her arms, bringing goose bumps to her skin. I loved touching her. She was stunning, all mine and right at that moment I wanted my hands to wander and caress every inch of her.

I let the backs of my hands play over her breasts, feeling her hardening nipples rub against my skin. Then I traced my hands down over her tummy before placing my palms on her hips and pulling Brooke close to me. I leant forward

and kissed her softly on the lips as my arms encircled her, my fingernails gently scratching up and down the length of her spine.

I returned to her arms, caressing up and down before moving my hands to Brooke's and interlocking my fingers with hers. I let myself guide her hands onto my waist, before moving her hands slowly in circles over my hips and behind me over my cheeks.

I loved guiding her hands over my body and feeling the soft warmth of her palms glide over me. I moved her palms in circles over my cheeks, curling them underneath me, letting her fingers trace the line of my panties as they curved round between my legs. I hoped she could feel the heat radiating from the pleasures in my panties she was yet to explore.

I parted my body slowly from hers and guided her hands to my breasts, letting her cup and caress them. Her hands were warm from moving over my cheeks. I felt my nipples harden as my breasts nestled in the palms of her soft hands. I started gently circling my own hands over my breasts, taking Brooke's with me, moving her palms into a slow sexy rhythm of caressing, squeezing and stroking. All the time I just looked into Brooke's eyes, smiling playfully at her. I could see the passion in her face as I guided her hands from my breasts and back down my sides to my hips. I slid her fingers just under the hem of my panties on each hip.

"For you," I said as seductively as I could to Brooke before kissing her on the lips again. She needed no second invitation to kneel in front of me and slowly peel my panties over my hips and down my legs. I lifted each foot in turn to allow her to remove them completely. She leant forward as

she knelt, kissing my tummy softly before tracing the tip of her tongue from hip to hip and back again. I felt an almost irresistible urge to lift a leg and place it over her shoulder to allow her to kiss and trace her tongue everywhere I wanted her to. Somehow I managed to resist. I felt like teasing both Brooke and myself for a while, knowing the moment when we finally touched each other would be just that little bit more divine.

I pulled Brooke to her feet and we embraced again, our naked bodies pressed together as we stood in the candlelight. "Bath time, Brooke," I whispered in her ear. I broke the embrace, yet still held both of Brooke's hands in mine, before guiding her to the edge of the bath.

I got in and lowered my body through the luxurious and deep layer of soapy bubbles into the warm water. I lay back and with the exception of my face, my whole body was submerged and hidden beneath the bubbly water. I beckoned Brooke to join me. She climbed in and slowly sat down with her back to me, nestling in the water between my legs. I pulled her down into the water, lifting my legs to encircle her. My calves rested on top of her thighs, with Brooke resting her head on my chest between my breasts.

For a moment we just lay there enjoying the heat of the water and the warmth from each other's bodies engulf us. The moment didn't last. I felt the urge to start touching Brooke again, my hands drawn uncontrollably to her body.

My fingers started to circle over her head, my nails gently scratching her scalp through her hair. Brooke sighed softly, loving the attention. Despite the heat of the water, I felt the goose bumps rise on her skin again as she snuggled and pressed back into me between my legs in the water.

The tips of my fingers moved to her neck, pressing and massaging her skin, moving firmly but gently over her shoulders and around her collar bone. I then slid my fingers under the water, searching for and finding her breasts. I moved in slow circles, using each hand to massage the scented bubbles into her soft skin. I felt her nipples harden again beneath the water as I tweaked and pulled gently at them.

I squeezed my legs tightly round Brooke as they completely enveloped her beneath the bubbles. I pushed myself into her lower back, my lips desperate to be pressed and pushed apart by the touch of my lover. My hands continued to cup and hold her pert, yet soft breasts, playing and rolling her nipples between my fingers and thumbs.

"Zoey, this is just amazing," Brooke cooed softly, as my hands trailed lower over her body, caressing over her tummy.

"Shhh. Just enjoy," I replied.

I wanted to reach lower to caress and soap Brooke's entire body, but I was struggling to reach. I shuffled up the bath a little and moved to a sitting position. Brooke lifted herself too, sitting upright between my legs. Sensing what I wanted to do, she hooked each of her ankles outside my own legs, spreading herself in the bath with her knees poking out of the water.

I couldn't resist. I collected a handful of bubbles in each palm, then tipped my hands slowly, letting the bubbles fall onto Brooke's thighs. I watched intently as they slowly slid over the top of her thighs and dripped into the water. Some of the bubbles slid down the tops of her thighs, trickling in a slow line downwards. I placed one hand on each thigh,