

Tower Top

Luke led Jenna into the tiny space between the belfry and the final steps to the roof, carefully closing the heavy wooden door behind them and blocking off the view of the bells hanging mouth down in their mechanisms. He pressed the bell-push to sound the buzzer in the ringing-chamber to signify that they were clear of the belfry, and after a few moments the bells began to speak as they were rung up, firstly the tin-tin-tin of the treble with the other seven bells joining in, one after the other.

He could feel the tower swaying, but he knew that was normal and, like the flap of an airliner's wing, was perfectly OK as long as it moved in both directions. Reaching through the small hatchway door which led out on to the church roof, he extended a hand. Jenna took it and he helped her crawl out on her knees onto the small lead-lined area, neatly divided into four quadrants which sloped gently out from the apex. Each one faced a definitive point of the compass: north, south, east and west, each one with its own gutter to allow rain to drain away.

Reluctant to release her hand, and pleased to detect an equal enthusiasm on her part for holding onto his, he steadied her as they walked cautiously across the roof to one of the battlement-like walls. This one faced out over the gentle mounds of the churchyard, the headstones from the 17th and 18th centuries reeling in a state of apparent drunkenness as their gradual decay from the vertical overpowered them.

"I did say the climb was worth it."

Jenna nodded and brushed dust from her jeans. "I imagined the belfry full of pigeon poo, and I wasn't looking forward to that."

"Nothing like that since we fixed chicken wire over the louvres. You get very small birds in sometimes, and bats of course, but then you'd expect to find bats in a belfry."

Jenna laughed. "No belfry would be complete without." She leaned over the crenellations, her blonde hair dancing in the gentle summer breeze. "Heck, but it's hot up here. I can feel the heat through the soles on my shoes."

"I know, I brought a thick rug to lay down." He fished in his rucksack, extracted a large tartan picnic rug and folding it in half, lay it on the lead. "Try that."

She stepped onto the rug. "That's much better. That lead's so hot in the sun. I bet you could fry an egg on this roof."

Luke nodded. "You can, I've done it."

"What?"

"It was a charity thing about five years ago during that heatwave, we had a tower open day, you could put a couple of quid in the hat, have a belfry tour, then come up here right to the top, enjoy the view and eat a fried egg sandwich. I scrubbed a corner of the roof clean, made a little dammed area, poured in oil and Bob's your uncle. It was a great laugh, we made about fifty quid out of it. Not everyone had the egg sandwich, most of them just came for the view."

Jenna turned to face inwards. "If you don't kiss me, I'm going to explode," she stated, simply.

Luke had realised several weeks ago that she fancied him, but had carefully done nothing about it, not wishing to cause any embarrassment. But now he was just as sure that he fancied her, and taking her in his arms, kissed her as comprehensively as a first kiss allowed. Afterwards they held

each other and, reacting to the sway of the tower as the bells began to ring method, enjoyed the closeness and simple intimacy of their first embrace.

Luke took the plunge. "I've fancied you like mad for weeks, but it was only a fortnight ago that I realised there was something there for you as well."

Jenna nodded. "Same for me, I kind of knew how you felt, but it was just that dance at the County Society's annual do that made me realise that I felt the same way."

"I've been standing behind you for ages, talking you through Bob Minor and so on, and just wanting to put my arms around you and hold you. But of course –"

"You couldn't do that on a practice night."

He laughed. "Not really, it would raise a few eyebrows."

"Well, you can do it now." She turned to face away and as his hands slid around her waist to hold her first gently then firmly, rocked with him as the ancient tower moved in sympathy with its many tons of swinging metal, rotating handstroke and backstroke under their feet. As the bells fell into rounds and stood, she put her hands over his, lifted them to the shape of her breasts, and sighed with pleasure as he stroked her body, leaning her head backwards, her hair cascading over them both.

Luke turned her round again. "You are," he said simply, "absolutely delicious."

"Am I really? Well, then, you can eat me."

"On toast – and I'd manage without the toast."

Jenna laughed. "Let's make it easier for us both." She lay down on the picnic rug, reached behind to back and unhooked her bra. "Now then, that's much easier." Stripping off her t-shirt, she lay down. "Hold me again, but don't be so gentle."

Luke looked upwards. There were no buildings in sight which were higher, the sky above them was china blue and marked only by airliner contrails. "I don't think anyone will see us from 32,000 feet," she said, and held out her hands to him.

She sighed again as his hands took her breasts, enjoying his pleasure at seeing her topless, feeling her own pleasure being amplified by his own. Her nipples firmed and when he took one in his mouth to tease with his lips and tongue, then to suck, her back arched with enjoyment and she held his head against her body as he stroked her smooth skin and sucked at her with the clear delight of a child with an ice cream.

"Wow, gorgeous," she whispered as he paused to give them both a rest.

"I love doing that," Luke admitted.

"I love you doing it, I've been dreaming about it ever since you said you'd bring me up here."

"You've got fantastic boobs, they're just right for you."

"Not too small for your taste? I thought fellas got off on big boobs."

"Not me. Shape and proportion are important, but do you know what's the most vital thing about them?"

She shook her head.

“Sensitivity.” He teased and tickled under the curve of one breast, watching as the nipple stiffened in response, then flicked his thumb over it, feeling her entire body respond to the sensation. “I’m going to squeeze your nipple, but tell me as soon as it stops being nice, because I don’t want to hurt you.”

Jenna nodded and watched the concentration on his face as he took one of her nipples between thumb and index finger and working to a steady rhythm, very gradually increased the pressure until her body arched and she cried out. Immediately, he stopped.

“Agony, or ecstasy?”

Jenna gasped. “I’m – really – not sure – which.”

“Again?”

“Oh, yes please.”

Luke repeated the squeeze, but on the other nipple, this time watching her very carefully and extremely conscious of not hurting her. Surprised to find that he was squeezing her hard with no sign of her showing distress, he continued for a while and then gradually eased off until she was lying inert in his arms.

“That – was – ecstasy – but I think – I might have – gone through – agony – to get there.”

“Rest now.”

They lay together in the rug, feeling the heat from the lead roof soaking through the material, warm but not unpleasantly hot. Another jetliner cruised overhead.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” announced Luke, “if you would care to look out of the starboard side cabin windows, 25,000 feet below you will see Miss Jenna Martin lying topless of top of the church tower at Binster.”

“And if you look out of the port side, you’ll see something much more interesting.” She undid his belt and sliding a hand inside his underpants, held him with a sure touch, squeezing and gripping and feeling him grow in her hand.

“Will you come in my mouth?”

Luke was astonished; nobody had ever asked him that before. Unsure if this question was to discover whether she wanted this or wanted to avoid it, he could only respond with “Do you want me to come in your mouth?”

Jenna’s reply was the most decisive one he had ever heard. “Yes, I do. I’d really like to do that now, is that OK with you?”

Luke, still astounded by her boldness but already responding to it, nodded. He lay flat and her head dipped out of his sight, her mouth closing around his erect cock, her tongue flicking as earnestly around him as his had on her. She sucked him with clear pleasure, her enjoyment feeding his, changing her rhythm with dramatic switches from gentle to hard. She pushed him remorselessly towards his climax and, feeling the earthquake starting from within his body, held

him in her mouth as he came, tasting and swallowing his ejaculate, calming him down afterwards with lips and hands, until they both relaxed and once more lay side by side under the sunshine.

“Agony or ecstasy?” she asked after a long pause.

“Definitely, definitely ecstasy. And no agony to get there. That was wonderful.”

“I like doing it.”

“I can tell.” He looked into her eyes. “I like doing it, too.”

“Oh, good!”

“But not now.”

“No?”

“No. I’m going to spank you, and let me say first of all, in fact foremost of all, that when I spank you, this is most definitely not going to hurt, it’s not supposed to cause pain.”

Jenna looked doubtful. “Kinky, is it?”

“I guess so, it depends on how you define kinky. I was taught how to do it – oh, donkeys’ years ago – and it’s fun as long as it’s done right. It’s not a punishment, it’s pure fun, if you follow the analogy, it’s pleasure not business.”

“I get you. Ok, I’m up for it. I haven’t been spanked before. What do you want me to do?”

“Slip your jeans down and lie across my lap.”

Luke spanked very carefully across her bottom, ensuring a gentle start, worked across the material covering her upturned cheeks, his other hand holding hers.

“How’s that? Is it working for you?”

“What’s supposed to happen?”

“I’m making your bottom glow, and that should gradually spread forwards between your legs and make you glow there as well.”

Jenna gasped. “Well in that case then – yes – it’s working.”

“More?”

“Yes, please.”

“Softer, the same, or harder?”

“Harder, I’ll say it it’s too much.”

Luke slipped her pants tight into the divide of her bottom and spanked much more firmly on her bareness until she squirmed with pleasure. Then, pulling her pants completely down, gave her a dozen firm strokes, rubbed and gentled her pinked bottom for a couple of minutes and then eased her onto her back.

“Agony, or ecstasy?”

“Definitely pleasurable – not ecstasy – but distinctly nice.”

Luke was pleased to see that she avoided the little-girl look of completely shaved pubic hair, noticing that whilst not full and extravagantly bushy, she had trimmed sensibly around the bikini line. “If you don’t like it,” she said gently, “I don’t mind shaving.”

“No, don’t – you should look like a proper woman. It’s a proper woman’s badge. Don’t get rid of it.”

“Phew,” she said, thankfully. “It prickles terribly afterwards, I don’t want to shave, but I would if it had turned you on to see me – what you might call - completely bare.”

“I like it the way it is.”

“Then, that’s how it stays. Simplissimo. Heck, I’m wet, that spanking turned me on more than I thought it would. You’re right, it’s sexy.”

“Good, we’ll do it again then?”

“Yes ... Luke?”

“Yes?”

As if the statues of the saints adorning the tower corners could hear, she whispered in his ear. “If I’m bad, spank me properly.”

He met her gaze. “All right,” he said, neutrally, unsure if she meant it.

“I mean it, if I’ve been bad, you can do a – what did you call it – business one.” Her smile showed him that she was serious. “But in the meanwhile, I’m wet and I need to come, so –“ and she kicked off her pants.

Luke kept his eyes on her face as his fingers slid between her legs. She parted her thighs to help him, closing her eyes as his fingers slipped into her slit to find the clitoris, and gasped as he teased it. “I can feel your pulse here,” he quipped.

“That feels **so** good.”

Deeper between her legs she was very wet. Easing his middle finger inside her and careful to watch for signs of distress, he moved in and out, her pleasure and enjoyment accelerating his. Varying the pressure and speed and using his thumb to rub her clitoris until her back arched, he continued until she climaxed, a hand over her mouth as if she could cry out louder than the clamouring bells. Afterwards they lay side by side again until her breathing was normal.

It was suddenly very quiet. “They’ve stopped ringing,” he observed, realising that the last sounds had been that of the bells being lowered.

“Just as well. Who knows what we might have got up to next?”

Luke laughed. “A pleasure to look forward to.”

“Indeed.”

He rang the buzzer and received a double ring in reply. She pulled on pants and top and helped him fold up the picnic blanket. Reversing out through the narrow door and clambering down the wooden ladder and catwalks, they regained the ringing chamber. It was empty, but their hearts were full with what they had shared and enjoyed.

“Buy me a drink, mister?” she asked, mischievously.

“Betcha,” he replied, and hand in hand, they left the tower to its ancient stones.